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INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZ

VOL. LXXXIV NEW SERIES: VOL. L

ADVERTISER, ON THE CANDID.....*Simeon Strun*
ALHAMBRA, CHILDREN OF THE.....*Helen Church*
Picture by W. M. Berger.
ART, A DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO.....*Editorial* ....
ARTIST, THE CAVEMAN AS .....*George Grant*
Pictures from photographs, maps, diagrams, and drawings.
ARTIST, THE, IN WAX FRUIT. Painted by.....*Anna Whelan*
ARTISTS SERIES, AMERICAN, THE CENTURY'S.
M. Jean McLane: Girl in Green.....
Printed in color.
AUTHORSHIP, ON A SABBATICAL YEAR IN.....*Grace Denio L*
BESNARD, ALBERT. THE MAN AND HIS ART.....*Armand Dayot*
Pictures from drawing and paintings by the author.
BLIND, THE, SIGHT TO.....*Lucy Furman*
Pictures by I. W. Taber.
BONDAGE, OUT OF.....*Estelle Loomis*
Picture by F. R. Gruger.
BOX-OFFICE. See "Playwright."
BOY," "FOR A GOOD.....*J. J. Bell*.....
Picture by Harry Raleigh.
BROWNING, LETTERS FROM.....
Pictures by Clara Montalba.
BROWNING, ROBERT .....*William Lyon*
Pictures from drawings by Rudolf Lehmann, Carton Moorepark, portrait from ph
and facsimiles.
BURROUGHS. See "Hawaii."
"BUSHIDO" FOR AMERICA.....*Editorial* .....
BUSINESS, THE USES OF IMAGINATION IN.....*T. Sharper Kn*
BUXTON, THE GREAT DISCOVERY ABOUT.....*Henry Seidel C*
Head-piece by Reginald Birch.
CALLING, ON A VERY SPECIAL.....*H. Belloc* .....
CAMPAIGN PROMISES .....*Editorial* .....
CAMPAIGNS.
The Hard-Cider Campaign of 1840. Drawn by.....*John Wolcott*
The Wide Awake Campaign of 1860. Drawn by.....*John Wolcott*
CARTOONS.
Tribulations of the Police .....*Walt Kuhn* ...
Watching an Airship.....*Hy. Mayer*....

PA

A Closed Incident ..... *W. O. Wilson* 3
Bathing-Beach Etiquette ..... *C. F. Peters* 4
A Fellow-Feeling ..... *J. R. Shaver* 4
"Say, Mister, Let 's Have a Look!" ..... *J. R. Shaver* 6
Childhood's Happy Hours ..... *J. R. Shaver* 8
The Great Leveler ..... *J. R. Shaver* 9
In Dog Days ..... *R. L. Dickey* 9

CAVEMAN. See "Artist."

CHICAGO ..... *Henry B. Fuller* 2
Pictures by Joseph Pennell.

CLEVELAND.
Cleveland's First Election ..... *William Gorham Rice* 2
Cleveland and the Civil-Service Reformers 6

COLE'S (TIMOTHY) ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES.
Mrs. Phipps and Grandchild. By John S. Sargent 3
Philip IV. By Velasquez 9

COLONIAL SIGNATURES, CURIOUS ..... *Eliza Frances Andrews* ... 1
COLOR PRINTS, JAPANESE ..... *William Lawrence Keane* . 8
Pictures from Japanese color prints.

COMPIÈGNE, THE ENCHANTING FOREST OF ..... *Lillie Hamilton French* ... 6
Pictures by Bernard Boutet de Monvel.

CONGRESS, ON RUNNING FOR ..... *William Lyon Phelps* 9
CONVENTIONS, THE, FUN AT ..... *Richard Washburn Child* . 7
CREED OUTWORN, A ..... *Editorial* 7
CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, THE, DECORATIONS FOR THE BUILDING OF. Painted by ..... *Maxfield Parrish* 5
CURVES, GRAPHIC, ON THE APPLICATION OF ..... *Simeon Strunsky* 7
DANISH HEATH, THE, CHILDREN OF ..... *Jacob A. Riis* 4
Pictures from photographs, and map.

DEAD, THE NECESSITY FOR REMAINING ..... *Freeman Tilden* 8
Head-piece by Joseph Clement Coll.

DIPLOMATIC SUCCESS, ON THE SECRET OF ..... *Hilaire Belloc* 9
DOCTOR, THE, IN APPRECIATION OF ..... *Editorial* 7
DOUGLAS, STEPHEN A., PORTRAIT OF 8
DREAMS, THE NEW INTERPRETATION OF ..... *Samuel McComb* 6
Head-piece by Reginald Birch.

DRINKER, THE HARD, HELP FOR ..... *Charles B. Towns* 2
DRUG HABIT, THE, THE PERIL OF ..... *Charles B. Towns* 5
DRUG-TAKER, THE, AND THE PHYSICIAN ..... *Charles B. Towns* 8
EMOTION AND THE THINKING-CAP ..... *Editorial* 9

ENGLISH ART, EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY.
Portrait of Mrs. J. W. L. From the painting by ..... *W. G. von Glehn* 5

EVEN THREES ..... *Owen Johnson* 4
Pictures by F. R. Gruger.

FACE, THE ..... *Anne Warwick* 9
Head-piece by Reginald Birch.

FINERTY.
Finerty Holds the Meeting for the Candidate ..... *Charles D. Stewart* 2
Finerty on Presidents ..... *Charles D. Stewart* 4
Pictures by C. J. Taylor.

FORTUNES, LARGE, AND THE IMAGINATION ..... *Editorial* 4

FRENCH ART, EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY.
James, Henry. From the painting by ..... *Jacques Emile Blanche* ... 1

FUJI, THE FAMOUS, IN LIGHTNING. From the color print by *Hokusai* 8
GAVROCHE, A VENEZUELAN ..... *Charles Johnson Post* 4
Pictures by the writer.

INDEX

GENTLEMAN, A, CAN A NATION BE ..... *Editorial*
GERMANY AS A SEA POWER ..... *W. H. Be*
Portrait of Emperor William II, and picture by I. W. Taber.

GILBERT, SIR W. S. See "Pinafore."
GIRL WITH HAND-GLASS. Miniature by ..... *Lucia Fair*
GUTTER VERSE, ON ..... *Warren Bo*
HARRISON'S, GENERAL, ATTITUDE TOWARD THE PRESIDENCY .... *E. W. Hal*
HAWAII, HOLIDAYS IN ..... *John Burr*
Pictures from photographs; decorations by F. C. Gordon.

HEART, THE, THE EYES OF ..... *Ethel Wat*
Picture by Howard Giles.

HOLY INNOCENTS, THE, THE FEAST OF ..... *Marshall Il*
HOME RULE. See "Irish."
HOME, WHEN HE CAME ..... *Freeman T*
Picture by F. R. Gruger.

IRISH QUESTION, THE, A GLANCE AT ..... *Sydney Bro*
Pictures by John W. Alexander and from photographs.

KEATS AND THE GRECIAN URN. Drawn by ..... *Paul J. Mey*
KINGDOM, THE DIVIDED ..... *Katharine F Gerould*
KRAPOTKIN, PRINCE, THE ESCAPE OF ..... *George Ken*
Portrait from photograph.

LABOR-UNIONS NOT OMNIPOTENT ..... *Editorial*
LEE SHORE, A, OFF SOAP-AN'-WATER ..... *Norman Du*
LEHIGH COUNTY, REVENGE IN ..... *Elsie Dunca*
Pictures by C. F. Peters.

LINCOLN, CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF ..... *Helen Nico*
LOCUST, THE YEARS THAT THE, HATH EATEN ..... *Carolyn We*
LORD ROBERTS," "ASK ..... *F. Hopkinso*
Drawings by Reginald Birch.

LOVE, TRUE, THE COURSE OF ..... *Lucy Furma*
MAGPIE OVER THE HILL ..... *John Galswo*
Pictures by Arthur I. Keller.

MAKE-BELIEVE, MASTER OF, A ..... *Christian Bi*
Pictures by Maxfield Parrish.

MAN TO BE PROUD OF, A ..... *Editorial*
MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE, A ..... *L. Frank To*
Pictures by Martin Justice.

MEN HIGHEST UP, THE ..... *Editorial*
MIDDLE WEST, THE ..... *Edward Als*
IV. Society and Culture .....
MINIMUM WAGE, THE, PERILS OF ..... *Editorial*
MOTOR CAR. See "677-X-7."
MOUNTAIN THAT MOVED, THE ..... *William Gil*
Picture by Denman Fink.

MURAL DECORATIONS, TWO ..... *Robert Wint*
MURDER IN ANY DEGREE ..... *Owen John*
Pictures by F. R. Gruger.

MUSEUM, GERMANY'S GREATEST ..... *Henry Smit*
Pictures from photographs. Head-piece by Reginald Birch.

NATIONAL PARKS, THE PEOPLE'S ..... *Editorial*
NATURE, THE GOSPEL OF ..... *John Burro*
NEWSPAPER CRUELTY ..... *Editorial*
OLD LADIES, WHERE ARE THE? ..... *Lillie Hamil*
Head-piece by Elizabeth Howell Ingham.

PAGE

OLYMPIC IDEA, THE ..... *William Milligan Sloane* . 408
Pictures by André Castaigne.

OMNIBUS, THE FAIRY ..... *Hilaire Belloc* 336

PAGODA, THE WHITE ..... *Anne Douglas Sedgwick* .. 770
Picture by Norman Price.

PANAMA CANAL, THE, BUILDING. Pictures by ..... *Joseph Pennell* 567

PARIS, AN INTELLECTUAL NOVELTY IN ..... *Anna Bowman Dodd* 163
Pictures by André Castaigne.

PERRY MEMORIAL, THE, THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR ..... { *J. H. Freedlander* / *A. D. Seymour* } 284

"PINAFORE," THE AUTHOR OF ..... *Rowland Grey* 843
Head-piece by Oliver Herford. Pictures from photographs.

PITCHER FULL OF CREAM, A ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 643
Pictures by Henry Raleigh.

PLAYWRIGHT, THE, AND THE BOX-OFFICE ..... *David Belasco* 883
Head-piece by R. C. Hallowell.

POLICE COURTS, THE, OF NEW YORK ..... *Frederick Trevor Hill* 87
Pictures by Jay Hambidge.

POLITICAL OPPONENTS, SPARING ..... *Editorial* 952

PORTRAITURE, EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY.
Portrait of Edwin Markham ..... *Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy* . 942

POSEUR, ON THE ..... *O. W. Firkins* 317

PUBLIC SPEAKING, ON GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF ..... *Simeon Strunsky* 315

QUAKERS, THE PEOPLE CALLED ..... *Henry Seidel Canby* 266
Pictures by Elizabeth Howell Ingham, and from daguerreotype and photographs.

REALISM AS AN INVESTMENT, ON ..... *R. S. Landmann* 153

RECALL, THE JUDICIAL ..... *Bruce B. McCay* 15

RED CROSS, THE AMERICAN NATIONAL ..... *George Griswold Hill* 131
Pictures from photographs.

REPARTEE, THE ART OF ..... *Brander Matthews* 619
Picture by Reginald Birch.

SAFETY AT SEA. See "Titanic."

"SAID" ..... *Frances Aymar Mathews* . 59

"SCIENCE" AND "ART." From the bronze statues by ..... *Bela Pratt* 96–7

SEAL, THE ELEPHANT, NOT EXTINCT ..... *Charles Haskins Townsend* 205
Pictures from photographs.

SEINE, THE, THE MAN FROM ..... *John S. Reed* 285
Pictures by W. M. Berger.

SIMPLE AND A SIMPLER SOUL, A, THE STORY OF ..... *Vaughan Kester* 749
Head- and tail-pieces by I. W. Taber.

SOCIALISM AND ITS MENACE. THE VIEWS OF PRESIDENT TAFT *Reported by Charles D. Hilles* 943

SOCIALIST PARTY, THE, ON RECORD AGAINST LAWLESSNESS .... *Editorial* 473

SOUTH, THE, A DUTY OF, TO ITSELF ..... *Editorial* 631

SPIRALS, THE, THE STORY OF ..... *Edward Arthur Fath* 757
Pictures from photographs.

STAGE, THE AMERICAN, ONE WAY TO HELP ..... *Editorial* 632

STELLA MARIS ..... *William J. Locke* 34
Pictures by Frank Wiles. 226, 353, 533, 704, 860

ST. FRANCIS, EVERYBODY'S ..... *Maurice Francis Egan* 3
Pictures by M. Boutet de Monvel. 183, 369, 588

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Painted by ..... *M. Boutet de Monvel* 2

ST. FRANCIS RECEIVING FOOD FROM A PEASANT WOMAN IN ASSISI. Painted by ..... *M. Boutet de Monvel* 162

SUMMER GIRL, THE, AND THE SAND ..... *Carolyn Wells* 638

SYNDY, THE, A DAUGHTER OF ..... *Chester Bailey Fernald* ... 173

TAFT, PRESIDENT. See "Socialism."

INDEX

TARIFF, HIGH, AND AMERICAN TRADE ABROAD ..... *Oscar W.*
TARIFF, THE, AND "PAST PERFORMANCES" ..... *Editorial*
"TITANIC," THE, HEROES AND HEROINES OF ..... *Editorial*
TOILERS IN THE TRACES. Pictures by ..... *Paul Bran*
Color plates engraved by H. Davidson.
TRADE. See "Tariff."
TRADE OF THE WORLD PAPERS, THE ..... *James Dave*
XI. Belgium, the Balance-Wheel of Trade .....
Pictures by Joseph Pennell and Norman Price.
XII. The Trade of France .....
Pictures by Joseph Pennell and Bernard Boutet de Monvel.
TROUVILLE, THE COLOR OF LIFE AT ..... *Anna Bown*
Pictures by Bernard Boutet de Monvel.
TOWNS, CHARLES B. See "Drug," "Drinker."
TUPPER, MR., THE ADVENTURE OF CORKEY AND ..... *Eden Phillp*
Pictures by Fred Gardner.
UNDERGRADUATE, THE AMERICAN ..... *Clayton Sed*
Pictures from etchings by Thomas Wood Stevens, Katharine Merrill, and Hel
VIDOQ. See "Seine."
VIDOQ, MONSIEUR, STEPS UP ..... *John S. Ree*
Pictures by Reginald Birch.
WEBSTER, DAN'L, KEEPING UP WITH ..... *Irving Bache*
Pictures by F. C. Yohn.
WOMEN, PERSIAN, IN THE RECENT CRISIS ..... *W. Morgan*
WOMEN, TEACHING VIOLENCE TO ..... *Editorial*
677—X—7 ..... *Henry C. Ro*
Picture by Thomas Fogarty.
YES-MAN, THE ..... *Freeman Til*

VERSE

BIRD-HOUSE, THE, NEW RULES AT ..... *Blanche Eliza*
CREATION, THE, A SERMON ON ..... *Margaret Ru*
Willett ...
DADDY DO-FUNNY'S, OLD, WISDOM JINGLES ..... *Ruth McEner*
DARK, THE ..... *Allan Updegr*
EFFORT, THE JOY OF ..... *Charles Wha*
Picture from a bas-relief by R. Tait McKenzie.
ENDYMION, ON RINEHART'S ..... *Lloyd Mifflin*
Picture of statue, and decoration by Marian Stoll.
FIFTEEN ..... *Hermann Ha*
Picture by W. M. Berger.
GREETINGS FOR TWO ..... *J. W. Foley.*
HIDDEN HERITAGE ..... *Edith M. The*
HOLIDAY ..... *Horace Holle*
Decoration by W. M. Berger.
HOUSEHOLD PAGE, THE, BALLADE OF ..... *Corinne Rock*
INNER PASSION, THE ..... *Alfred Noye*
LAY DIETETIC, A ..... *Corinne Rock*
LIMERICKS:
Text and pictures by Oliver Herford.
VII. The Feminine Seal .....
VIII. The Cantankerous 'Gator .....
IX. The Cockatoo .....

		PAGE
X. The Delsartian Eel		480
XI. The Oratorical Crab		639
XII. The Thoroughbred Horse		640
XIII. The Melancholy Crane		801
XIV. The Humorous Ant		802
XV. The Chromatic Chameleon		961
XVI. The Inquisitive Leopard		962
MAY EUCHARIST	*Marian Warner Wildman*	279
MEDITERRANEAN, THE	*O. W. Firkins*	46
PIXY WOOD	*Madison Cawein*	910
REBEL TALK (1775)	*Horatio Winslow*	339
ROAD-SONG OF THE RACE, THE	*Irene P. McKeehan*	265
SEA-BIRD, TO A	*Clyde Walton Hill*	903
SHIPWRECK	*Robert Browning Hamilton*	897
SILENCE	*Edith Willis Linn*	624
SONG THAT IS FORGOT, THE	*Florence Earle Coates*	95
SWAIN, THE CLEVER Drawing by A. G. Learned.	*George F. Whicher*	320
TIDES, THE, THE BOAST OF	*William Rose Benét*	14
TROUBLE, WHEN, COMES ROUND	*Joe Cone*	478
UPPER CHAMBER, THE	*Lizette Woodworth Reese*	76
WHEN THE KILTIES CAM'	*Frances Grant Tectzel*	800
WOMEN, A SONG OF	*Witter Bynner*	676

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

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THE CENTURY MAGA

VOL. LXXXIV MAY, 1912

EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANC

I—THE YOUTH OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSIS

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Formerly Professor of the English Language and Literature at the Catholic University o
author of "Songs and Sonnets," the "Sexton Maginnis" stories, etc.

WITH PICTURES BY M. BOUTET DE MONVEL

THE power of St. Francis of Assisi, son of the practical Peter Bernardone and the tender Madonna Pica, over the Western world of his time, and over our hearts in our time, has been explained in many ways. But it has only one source, and that is love. Love made him a poet; love made him a saint; love gave him life and fire and understanding and all the things that were added to him. Let us see if this is not true.

Francis Bernardone, first named John in honor of the first little friend of Our Lord, was not born in a peaceful time. Even distance can lend little enchantment to the view of the panorama of the hating and envious cities, towns, villages, and feudal strongholds which we call Italy at the end of the twelfth century. It is possible that Francis was born during the last week of September, in the year 1181.[1] So far as beauty is concerned, there is no question that he was happ of his birth. People wh would go to Umbria, ever once Bernardone, and aft less, that he might belong world—had not become or and Umbria. He was not that Assisi had claimed. T elegant Sextus Aurelius P equal at least of Lucius who, according to Brownin tibule of the bath at Rome,

Read out that long-planned,
piece,
His Panegyric on the Emper

And later Francis of Assis deified Emperor Augustus the guise and the garb of and in Rome, too, though same purpose. Once a y begged through fear,

[1] The date of his birth is uncertain, some authorities placing it in 1182.

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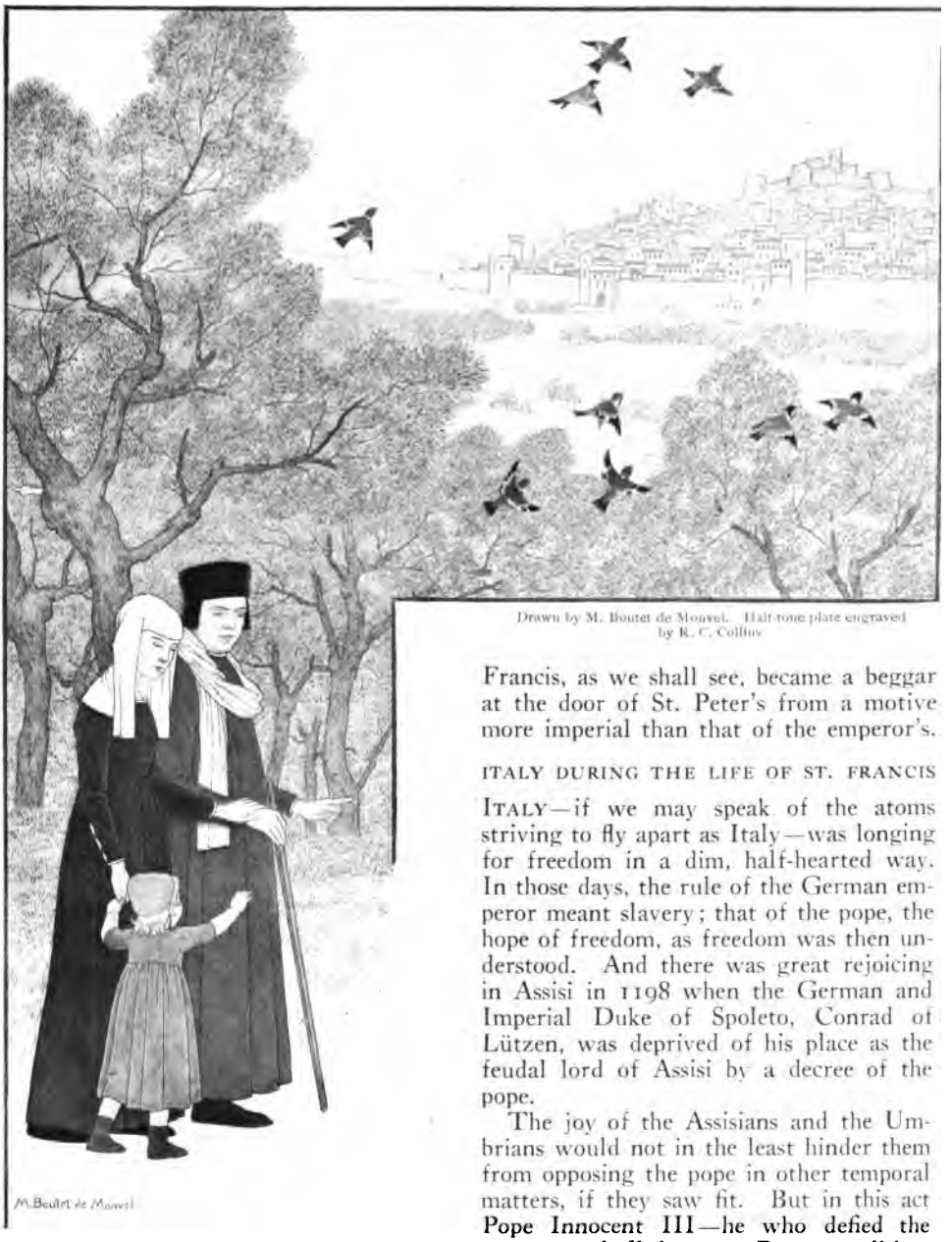


Drawn by M. Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

FRANCIS BERNARDONE, AS A CHILD, WALKING WITH HIS PARENTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF ASSISI

Asking and taking alms of who may pass,
And so averting, if submission help,
Fate's envy, the dread chance and change of things.[1]

Francis, as we shall see, became a beggar at the door of St. Peter's from a motive more imperial than that of the emperor's.

ITALY DURING THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS

ITALY—if we may speak of the atoms striving to fly apart as Italy—was longing for freedom in a dim, half-hearted way. In those days, the rule of the German emperor meant slavery; that of the pope, the hope of freedom, as freedom was then understood. And there was great rejoicing in Assisi in 1198 when the German and Imperial Duke of Spoleto, Conrad of Lützen, was deprived of his place as the feudal lord of Assisi by a decree of the pope.

The joy of the Assisians and the Umbrians would not in the least hinder them from opposing the pope in other temporal matters, if they saw fit. But in this act Pope Innocent III—he who defied the strongest of all forces at Rome, tradition, to bless the beginnings of the work of St. Francis; he who loved symbolism so much that he decreed that the black vestments used in the services for the dead should be lined with green, the color of hope—was hailed by all lovers of freedom in Umbria as their lover and friend. The Guelfs had triumphed; still, the triumph

[1] Browning: "Imperante Augusto Natus est."

was precarious. On the heights of the Lateran the pope heard threats of civil war; the strength of the empire was growing in the Two Sicilies, and that young panther, Frederick of Swabia, of the race of the Red-bearded, graceful, alert, and treacherous, was gaining strength in a palace in Palermo for his chance to spring.

It was not a happy time for the birth of a poet greater than Propertius. Never had Assisi been more prosperous, or more besotted in its love for the things of this world. The peasants in Umbria, though somewhat better off than their neighbors, had no time for abstractions. They believed firmly in what they could see. If Our Lord and the gracious Lady, His Mother, had appeared among them, they would have garlanded the front of their houses with green bushes and strewn the flowers of the season before them. The rich would have treated them as the greatest of the earth; the fountains would have run with red and white wine, and Peter Bernardone would have spared none of his store of money, gained in France and on the road to France, to do honor to the Son of the Almighty God; but no poor man or woman would have been really the better for it all.

"Ah, thou little Lord Jesus," Peter Bernardone would probably have said—"thou art poor; we, the rich of Assisi, will make you rich. Here is a crown of the finest French workmanship and a little sword, made by the infidels of Spain for thee. But, dear and little Lord, be sure that all the world shall know what the greatest merchant of no mean city of Assisi has given thee."

The powerful merchants in the peninsula believed, with the faith of their eye, that the unseen might at any moment become seen; and in this they differed from our modern men of commerce; but in another way they were like: they were firm in their belief in the value of advertising. They were practical. The thirteenth century was an age of faith; but, nevertheless, avarice, sensualism, coarseness, neglect of the rights of the weak and the poor, the worship of material things, were prevalent. In mortal hatred of poverty, in love of luxury, the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century were not exceeded by our own time. Faith without morals or good works was not rare in that time, whi
germs of our modern p
life. The pagan supers
Augustus to propitiate
fessing to be too mean
to pierce him (see Br
rante Augusto Natus est'
life. Brigands, half Chr
to their patron saints fo
a fat-pursed victim; t
sacked the monastery of
opulent abbot, and offer
and gold at the shrine of
family as a propitiation.
faith, which is the gift
credulity, which is not.

All kinds of horrible b
comed. If the devil appe
it was probably because h
nobody who did not see h
would believe in him; a
must at times be enforced
faith would cease to be.
less, impetuous, and unre
wearied of themselves, and
breath to give up all or to

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE

THE ardent preacher co
most hardened voluptuary, t
less free-companion, burst i
tears and curses by telling h
gave up the meek Christ t
mob, or a sudden desire f
woman would lead him wi
denness to sell his soul to
make hell his portion, thoug
the hope that the good St.
kindly St. Magdalen would
'mon in the end.

That bread and wine, th
of food, became in substan
and blood, soul and divinity,
Christ when the priest repeat
words in commemoration was
by anybody except outlaws
mers. That the accidents
form and taste concealed the
stance in which humanity and
was a truism of life. For t
thedrals were built, not mer
a pure spirit in heaven, unkn
off. For this belief monaste
vents existed, and through it
came the center of a vast
economic system. Later, w

destroyed, a great part of Germany and nearly all England changed as if by magic. To eradicate it was to eradicate the power of the church. It would have lived had the temporal organization of Christian Rome perished; but Rome, as a spiritual power, cannot exist an hour without it. It was, and is, the very life of the Catholic Church.

In judging the conditions of the time of Francis of Assisi, this truth is often forgotten or ignored by persons who will see this part only through modern eyes. Without the acceptance of the mass as a potent influence, neither Francis nor his century can be comprehended. In the Middle Ages the sacramental teaching about which the celebration of the mass centered, was the expression of the central truths of life. Without knowing what the sacrifice of the mass stood for, it is as impossible to understand the conditions under which the man of the time of St. Francis of Assisi existed, as to attempt to know the modern currents and cross-currents of life without a knowledge of the meaning and processes of evolution.

It is necessary, too, to comprehend the view of the Italians in the matter of their relations with the popes. In the Middle Ages a quarrel with the holy father about temporalities meant in no sense a revolt against his spiritual teachings, and had nothing to do with those new doctrines frequently arising in Italy in the time of St. Francis, and with which he had no sympathy.

St. Francis broke down some of the most inhuman bulwarks of feudalism, but he was never a politician. He had no rancor against any system of government or social organization. In fact, he did not trouble himself with government or political systems; he thought only of men.

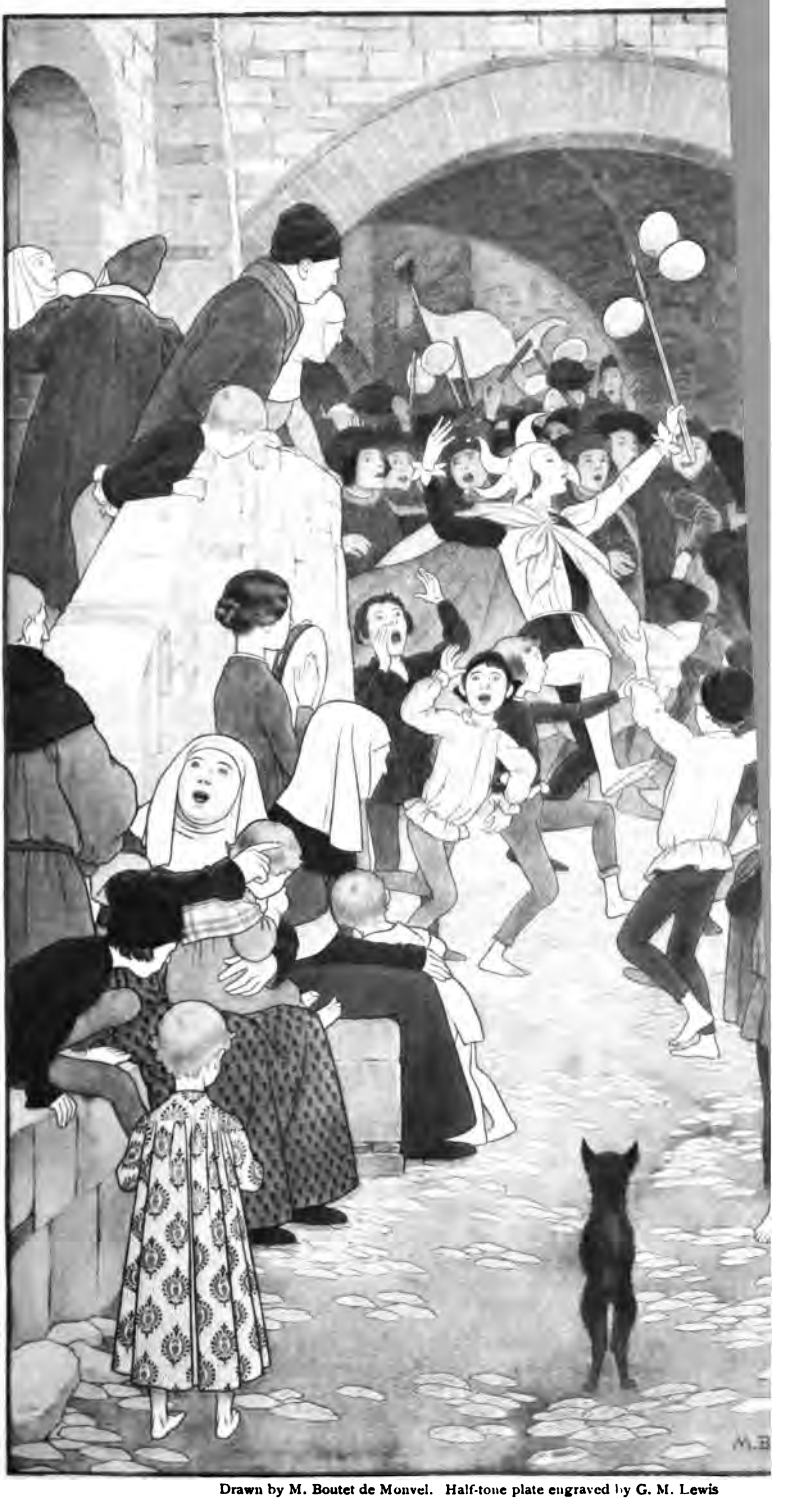
COMMERCE AND GREED

FRANCIS would scarcely have entered into a world more un-Christlike than that surrounding him when he lay in his happy mother's arms under the glowing grapes in the arbor near his father's house. And his father, elate with joy at the birth of a son, represented one phase of the burden of society, for Peter Bernardone was the personification of the commercial spirit. To make good bargains, to show the proud nobles that he could buy and sell them if the occasion arose, to treat the poor as wretched outcasts almost as accursed as lepers, to be content in the luxuries he could give his own, not caring much who wept with cold and hunger outside his gates, were conditions of his life. He was one of the many prosperous men of his time—*homme moyen sensuel.* He valued what he could see. He was intensely practical, a model of common sense. It is probable that his other son, Angelo, resembled him; but Francis was like the Provençal, his mother. She knew the songs of the troubadours by heart; when she dreamed, she lived in her own land, and Peter, coming home and finding his little son, changed his name from John to Francis, in honor of her and the far land she loved, where men understood the splendors of life and women's taste rendered the journeys of Italian merchants profitable.

THE MONEY-CHANGERS IN THE TEMPLE

AT this time there were bishops in Italy and everywhere else who acted as feudal lords. They had been made feudal lords that they might act as buffers between the king and the nobles, and they accepted the mission. In their opinion their personal rights were the rights of the church. There were some priests who looked on the practice of celibacy as merely a feudal ordinance to save the priest from siding with the nobles. There were convents whose monks had drawn themselves from the contagion of poverty, the essential of one of their vows, and lived the lives of accomplished and learned gentlemen, with the consciousness that they were making a proper compromise between the perfection taught by the founder of their religion and the duties demanded of them by the conditions of their times. There were, too, homes for lepers, for the spirit of sacrifice survived, and the poor were not entirely neglected; but they and their conditions were becoming more and more despicable in the eyes of all classes.

Of the strange doctrines that grew and flourished in Italy at the time, that of Cathari was wide-spread. It was a mixture of various Oriental opinions. It had a flavor of Zoroaster and a touch of the teachings of Buddha, and it was so pessi-



Drawn by M. Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

FRANCIS AT THE HEAD OF A BAND OF HIS PLEASURE-LOVING CO

Drawn by M. Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

FRANCIS KISSING THE HAND OF A LEPER

mistic that marriage, the possession of property, and the care of the body were denounced. Suicide was held to be the best method of relieving the wretched soul from the weight of matter, which is accursed. Manicheism and Gnosticism were revived. Their strange reading of the book of life threatened Christianity and society. In vain Pope Innocent III, occupying the most dangerous and insecure position in Christendom, thundered. Hatred was everywhere; sensuality and avarice were rampant, lean, hungry, and strong. Men were voluptuously in love with the temporal things of life. The beginnings of the progress in the sciences and the arts, which we see in the Middle Ages, were everywhere evident, but they did not constitute life, and they were as nothing without love.

THE little Francis was a spoiled child, for it is easy to spoil a pretty child, and Francis had a charming exterior in childhood and youth. Besides, his mother had nothing to do but spoil him. Peter Bernardone was rich enough to give an easy life to the Madonna Pica, whom he had brought into Umbria from Provence, a transplanted bloom, to add grace to the home of the merchant. And the Madonna Pica lived only for the wondrous son who, she firmly believed, would one day be a great prince. She loved her other son, too; but, then, he was so like her husband's family!

It has always been the fashion for biographers of the saints to supply their heroes with noble ancestors; for was not the Mother of Christ of the house of David? In such manner to the Madonna Pica was given the pedigree of the great French family of Bourlement. At any rate, she had a very noble and romantic point of view of life. The Provençal ballads were always on her lips. The first poet to sing the Italian speech was nurtured in the language of Provence. He was to be the *preux chevalier,* a great son of God; a merchant, perhaps, like his father, also, but with the poetry of Provence grafted on the shrewd, prudent, prosperous Umbrian stem.

And Madonna Pica, making her little boy Francis a poet and a knight, began the making of the saint who was to give a new world to Italy and to Christendom. He was to fight the antichrist, then un-

happily reigning, not with the sword and lance of Pica's beloved paladins, but with weapons so subtle that we of to-day can only wonder at and admire without understanding, his success.

Thomas of Celano, to whom we owe many facts of Francis Bernardone's early life, is never intemperate except in the use of rhetoric. In his heart he knew well that this attractive young stripling, better versed in the tales of the paladins than in the art of reading and writing, was in the eyes of the world not only gay, but good. It was not from the point of view of the world that Thomas of Celano, the devout follower of the older Francis, judged the younger Francis, but by comparison with his own ideal of ascetic perfection. And it is to be hoped that his denunciations of the baleful carelessness of Italian fathers and mothers which he uttered were made from that high point of view, too.

THE BRINGING UP OF THE BOY

For the good of his mind and the discipline of his body, Francis was sent to the priests of the Church of St. George. It is insinuated that the neighbors pointed out to his proud parents that he needed such discipline. But whatever he learned from the clerics of St. George, he was not long with them. His father wanted him to assist him in his business, for Peter was much away from home, and the father thought that his younger son would make a salesman in the Assisian branch of the business.

It is not hard to understand Bernardone. He was a man of common sense, opulent, ambitious, and of the merchant stock that hoped in time to become barons and princes by peaceful arts. Francis looked and acted like a young noble. Bernardone was inordinately proud of him. He could afford to give his son anything that the most arrogant lord in Assisi could give his, and the charming Francis, with his romantic and fashionable ideas and ways and his stories of the gay science, of song and farandola,—for his mother had taught him all that was sweet about her delectable country,—was received by the nobles of Assisi not only as a companion, but as a leader. The neighbors were aghast at the extravagance of the son of a merchant, and though the pride of his father was flattered, h
were not altogether e
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It was a time for pag
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It is asserted that the "
Sisto" was first painted
No expense was spared i
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THE LOVE OF PAG

The Provençal poets wer
in Italy, and Francis, fr
knew them well. When
self as a jongleur, in a s
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chic, or its equivalent in t
Assisians. Peter Bernard
grumbled, but he was se
What young noble was the
in the invention and carryi
splendors? Besides, as a sh
he recognized that his sor
costly fashions; so Franci
silk and damask, satin
wished for making window
bright in the days and ni
rades of the corti.

Folgore da San Gemini
later,—about the year 12

Drawn by M. Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

FRANCIS CARRYING A STONE FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. DAMIAN

sonnets the doings of the rich and idle youth of Siena; and from these we may gather the nature of the goings-on of the gay band of Assisi, of which Francis was the leader. In April the members of the club had

Provençal songs and dances that surpass;
And quaint French mummings; and through hollow brass
A sound of German music on the air.[1]

Thomas of Celano and "The Three Companions" who have much to say of Francis, do not mention the German band, but possibly the ascetic Thomas thought of it when he made the extravagance of the early life of Francis appear a thing more evil than it really was.

In July both the gay companions of Assisi and that of Siena had

. . . barrels of white Tuscan wine
In ice far down your cellars stored supine;
And morn and eve to eat in company
Of those vast jellies dear to you and me;
Of partridges and youngling pheasants sweet.

Folgore ends his twelve sonnets by taking thought of his best friend:

Ah! had he but the emperor's wealth, my place
Were fitted in his love more steadily
Than is Saint Francis at Assisi.

It is recorded that the members of the company in Siena, celebrated by Folgore in his sonnets of the months, became bankrupt in a single year; but the earlier company of Assisi became bankrupt only when it lost its leader, Francis. This came about through his love of the poor. This question had interrupted his gaiety many times: "If you learn how to be gracious and munificent in the sight of men, of whom you can expect only a transient kindness, is it not reasonable that you should,—for God, Who gives back all with interest,—strive to be gracious and munificent to His poor?" Once Francis was rude to a poor man who bored him during business hours, for the son of Bernardone was a careful merchant. "If this poor man came in the name of a baron or a count, thou would'st have given him what he asked," Francis

[1] This and the following quotations are from Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Dante and His Circle."

said. "But he came in the name of the King of kings! How much better should you have received him!" And after the poor man he went, leaving a crowd of customers to wait until he had made loving amends.

THE DAWNING OF THE SPIRITUAL

IMPERIAL absolutism in the peninsula had received some hard blows. The emperor was no longer admitted as all-powerful, and when the pope seemed inclined to encroach on the liberties of the communes, he was reminded that even a father might not take all liberties from his children. Perugia stood for feudalism, Assisi for communal freedom. Francis, burning with the ardor of a knight, seeing the vision of Charlemagne and Oliver and Roland before him, threw himself into the fight for Assisi. The Assisians were beaten, and he was taken prisoner and confined in the castle at Perugia. He was not noble by birth, but the imprisoned nobles voted that by his manners he belonged to them, and he was admitted to their company. He was as gay as a lark, and his fellow-prisoners reproached him. Look at the darkness of their lives. What future had they, cut off from the brilliancy of young life in this prison? Francis laughed. "Future? I am content. Don't you know that I shall one day be acclaimed by the whole world? Does not that astonish you more than my good spirits in this jail?"

Was this a jest, or one of those premonitions that flash across the soul of youths and are expressed laughingly? To the pure in heart the dreams of youth often come true. Afterward, this speech of his was well remembered. Francis could put an "antik disposition on," and, like Hamlet, say things in jest that had an earnest meaning. In the year 1205 he had not found himself. No crisis had come in his life. He was in love with no woman. The light fire that played through the revels of his companions did not touch him; nor was he the more serious when others of his companions betook themselves to matrimony. But in a dim way Francis already saw his ideal; and as Guido Cavalcanti spoke later, he also had said:

With other women I beheld my love;—
Not that the rest were women in mine eyes,
Who only as her shadows seemed to move, [1]

He grew more and
he became ill—so ill th
His convalescence was
to be free from the ro
house, through which h
walk, aided by a stick.
air again, the fresh wate
the old sports, the song
honor of Milan and Ita
the gay processions of th
night! When he was ag
that the old zest was
stood on the threshold
where there was love, be
chaste raptures of chival
of the troubadours for th
were as nothing. He lo
thing great and fine.

Just as he had gained
came known that the Si
in revolt against their ha
querors. Innocent III
deprived of his guardians
son of the late emperor,
whom he had been consig
ther. This meant that the
would be brought up un
influences. Now was the
Gautier de Brienne, the
gathered an army. A nob
unteered to join him, and
ing with enthusiasm, offe
squire. Bernardone fitted
didly, and he started off,
equipage and bearing a sh
Assisi expected him to be
been born brave,—and no
outward show. He enjoye
cence; nothing for the mom
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poor noble wretchedly dress
ing with cold. Off went th
Francis, and they stood tog
as a brown nightingale bes
peacock. That night at Sp
a voice which seemed divir
what was his aim in life.

"Earthly honor," Francis

"And which of the two
more," the divine voice furth
master or the servant? And
tinued, "will you forsake t
the servant, the lord for the

"O Lord, what shall I do
cis.

"Return to the city, and

[1] Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation.

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THE HERALD OF CHRIST

FRANCIS obeyed the voice; he left the army of Brienne and went back to Assisi, heedless that his friends and neighbors might call him a coward. But they did not; the youth hailed his return with joy, and again Francis became a leader of the corti, more extravagant than ever. But he was not the Francis of old. He walked about as if in a dream. Now, Francis was essentially a busy man; so his companions laughed at him, and said he was in love. "I am indeed thinking of a bride," he said, "more noble, more rich, and more beautiful than the world has ever seen."

Cervantes laughed the bedizened specter of Spanish chivalry out of existence, while he recognized the gentleness and innocence of his hero, Don Quixote. Francis Bernardone, seeing how inadequate and how worldly the old chivalry had become, looked for the sacred heart within it. He would be the knight of this heart of the old order. What knight was there in all Christendom who would embrace the leper as his brother? What hater of the Saracen, what cross-bearer in all the Italian peninsula, would kiss the ulcers of the sick pauper and call him friend? Who among the nobles at the tournament or in the ranks of the Count of Brienne, on their way to wrest the Sicilies from the aliens, who among all these abhorrers of strange doctrines, would imitate Christ himself and become poor? There were many who would fight in Christ's name for titles and renown, but few who would serve the poor as one of the poor.

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He began to see what the vision of Spoleto meant. During his father's absence he gave away everything that he could give to the poor, and his gentle mother did not find fault with him. The lovely views about Assisi, which he had passionately loved, no longer depressed him with mute questionings, as they had done just after his sickness. Cheerful and peaceful, he could wander in the fields again. After one of those walks he knelt one day in the old chapel of St. Damian and asked God to direct him. The voice answered him, as he knelt at the foot of the crucifix, "Francis, go and rebuild my house, which is falling into ruin."

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God gave Francis great comfort in those days. He found peace; he gave his will to God, and longed above all things to partake of the sufferings of his Lord. But how unlike the gay leader of the corti he was now! Pale and worn, no longer at point-device in his dress, with unshorn hair and beard, the flower of Assisi was greeted as a madman in his native town. The son of the opulent merchant, the most brilliant of the golden youth, had given up all to be poor. This went beyond the understanding of all Assisi. Assisi said that the once-applauded Francis was a madman. His father, frenzied by the taunts of the townspeople and the disgrace brought upon him by his son, beat him with his own hands and dragged him to his home, where he imprisoned him.

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION

FRANCIS rejoiced at this. Was there not One who had been scourged at the pillar after the dark night in Gethsemane? Francis escaped through the kindness of his mother. Peter, returning from a journey, appealed to the consuls. Francis declared to the Bishop of Assisi that, being devoted to God, he was responsible only to Him. The consuls were glad to turn the case over to the bishop. The bishop advised him to give up everything, so that his father might be appeased.

"My lord," said Francis, "I will give him all that is his, even my very clothes."

He took off all his garments except a hair shirt and laid them at his father's feet. The bishop for the moment threw his own mantle about him. An old gown of a laborer was brought to him. He dipped his hand in mortar and drew a large cross on it.

"Peter Bernardone," he said, "until now I have called you my father; henceforth I can truly say, Our Father, Who art in heaven; for He is my wealth, and in Him do I place all my hope."

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terpretation of the counsel t

and mother for Christ, he went into solitude; he praised the Lord in the woods, singing to his brother the wind and to his sisters the birds, his poems of love of Our Lord in the sweet Provençal speech, which in the beginning of his mission was his preferred tongue.

And while he wandered through the snow, the blasts that bore it from the north howled about the comfortable chamber of Madonna Pica. On her heart fell the hardest blow of this parting, for she loved him more than her other children. Many a time she was to see him in Assisi, clothed in a wretched garment and with naked feet, begging stones from each passer-by, that the church of St. Damian might be repaired. He carried the stones on his back, and repaired the breaches in the walls with his own hands, and all the while he sang and prayed tenderly and ardently, and was always joyful. The people of Assisi could not long look unkindly on him. None except his implacable father and mocking brother resisted the sunshine of his smile. He finished the work on the church of St. Damian and began to repair that of St. Mary of the Angels, at the Portiuncula, the little place in which he might sleep as the poorest of the poor.

(To be continued)

THE BOAST OF THE TIDES

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BRIEF is the power ye assume,
  Motes on a mote world aswing!
Heaving through darkness and spume,
Deeply intoning your doom,
  Hark what we sing!

Sweeping all ages we spread,
  Tolling our dirge through the years.
Morning to nightfall our tread
Sounds o'er the graves of your dead,
  Sure as your tears.

Haled by the moon from afar,
  Whelm we the homes where ye hide;
Lords where the green fathoms are,
Lords of the reef and the bar—
  Lords the world wide.

Swelling to thunderous surge,
  Dandle we lightly your ships;
Crooning monotonous dirge,
Weltering deeply to purge
  Man from our lips.

Yet, fettered fast to our law,
  Blindly we chafe on a chain,
Surge 'neath a scourge, and withdraw,
Shamed, when the orb of white awe
  Gyves us again.

Ever and ever—but, hark!
  O'er the far rim of the sea,
When the last storm-stricken bark
Foams to its fate down the dark,
  We shall be free!

Sun-high in mutinous grace,
  Then shall our wild crests be curled,
And the vast roar of our race
Boom, hissing greenly, through space,
  Wide of the world.

The wreck of the moon for our might!
  Far shall we thunder and fall,
Pouring in splendors of light
Down the steep gulfs of the night—
  Lords over all!

THE JUDICIAL RECALL

IS IT A GENUINE REFORM MEASURE?—WOULD IT PROMOTE THE PUBLIC GOOD OR TO ADVANCE AMBITIONS AND PRIVATE INTERESTS?

BY BRUCE B. McCAY

WHATEVER may be the merits of the proposed recall as a remedy for alleged judicial perversion, all must concede that, as a vote-getter, the cleverest politician could not have devised a propaganda better calculated to catch the popular ear and enthrall the average mind. The proposal instinctively appeals to the inherent egotism of human nature. The suggestion that the voter shall be clothed with the high prerogative of discharging every judge who fails to conform to his idea of how things ought to be, is a temptation of power difficult to resist.

The advocates of the recall claim that it is a practical and necessary weapon to be used by the people in bringing the judiciary under their control and in making it directly responsible to the popular will. Those who oppose the recall contend that it will destroy judicial independence, effect the recall of good judges, make political trimmers of all judges, institute a system of legal uncertainty and confusion, and make the judiciary responsible to a fickle and transient majority instead of to high ideals of justice and equity. On the one hand, it is charged that our whole judicial system is steeped in corruption and controlled by interests; and on the other hand, it is claimed that as a whole our judges are honest, independent, and efficient, and that the prevalence of judicial corruption and incompetency is untrue.

There are five thousand judges of courts of record in the United States constantly grinding out judicial decisions. When it is considered that there is a loser in every lawsuit and the defeated party is often disposed to attribu judicial corruption or bias that promiscuous rumors version should gain curren

That judges have been at the instance of power corporations for the purpo their own selfish interests nied by any one who is fa history of the last decade; b not argue that all judges that any considerable numb

It would serve no useful tempt, in this article, to n tent of judicial perversion a It is conceded that there is provement, and the questio judicial recall bring about

THE RECALL A TWO-EDG

IF we could safely assume call would be used exclusive abuses of judicial power ar the benefit of the whole peo would be superfluous, for th spirited men would favor it. call is a two-edged sword—a may be used either upon the upon the unjust, that ma either by the true reformer signing politician with priva promote. All that it wou initiate the recall election signatures of a small perc voters to a petition. A num than a majority has been u gested. Experience has den yond intelligent denial tha how absurd or freakish a pr

be, it is always easy to obtain the required number of signatures, if the party, organization, or interest promoting it will furnish the funds necessary to send out efficient canvassers. Under the recall system there is not a judge in any State in the Union that would not be required to face a recall election every time one of the large political parties or any other powerful organization, corporation, or interest should so decree.

Once injected into our political system, the recall would no longer remain the exclusive property of its present advocates. It would immediately become the instrument of any one who might desire to use it. Those who see themselves as the people's champions going forth with the recall sword in hand to rescue the sanctuary of the Government from the political heathen, would ultimately find themselves overcome by the superior strategy of the enemy in the use of their own chosen weapon.

All must concede that any powerful organization or interest will be in a much better position to initiate the recall than the average man. It is true that if all the voters would agree and act as a unit, they could initiate and effect a recall whenever they should desire to do so; but there is no organized majority of the electors except the dominant political party, and political parties are always more or less under the domination of a few men. That heterogeneous multitude of conflicting interests, ideas, and environment which the politician denominates "the people" is not a unit or an organization that thinks, acts, or votes as a unit.

As a practical matter, the political wire-puller will have more to say in effecting or preventing a recall than any one else. No one knows better than he the sources and means of creating public sentiment. No one knows better than he how to unite the opposing factions, and negotiate by bargain and barter a compromise that will unite many minorities into a majority. And no one knows better than he the psychological moment at which to initiate and effect a recall.

But it is claimed that if the recall is initiated against a just and competent judge, it will be voted down, a gratuitous assumption not supported by practical experience. Except in rare instances the voters are not in a position to know who are the really competent and uncontrolle judges. If a newly elected judge refuse to obey the interests in control, and i likely to disregard their wishes, those in terests will be the first to find it out, an before the public at large can learn of th true character of the judge, he will be re called on some fictitious pretext calculate to turn public sentiment against him.

JUDGES WOULD BE POLITICIANS

JUDICIAL perversion is effected througl political influences. With the recall i force, every judge would be compelled t be a politician all the time. As it is i most of the States, judges are elected fo a long term of years, and decisions base upon political considerations are the ex ception, not the rule; but under the recal system, judges would have no indepen dence of action. They would be at th mercy of powerful politicians all the time. If a judge should make one important de cision contrary to the wishes of the powers that be in politics, he would be required to face a recall election. He might be re-elected, he might be defeated; but where is the judge that would give the best that is in him to his office under the constant pressure of special campaigns and elections?

The basic virtue of the recall, we are told, lies in the fact that it renders the judiciary directly responsible to the ballot. But, as a practical matter, how does that help the average man? If the judge in the performance of his duties is expected to keep one eye on the ballot-box, who wins, the man controlling one vote, his own, or the organization or interest that controls many votes?

It should be remembered that ninety-nine per cent. of all judicial questions do not directly involve politics. A demagogue on the bench could decide contrary to justice and be governed by base or corrupt motives, but by means of an occasional popular political decision retain public favor; but an honest judge would be retired if one decision involving politics should fail to meet with popular approval. And it should be remembered that the average voter seldom knows the reasons underlying judicial decisions. A ruling may be absolutely right, and yet distorted and commented upon in such a way as to prejudice the public mind against its author.

THE RECALL WOULD LEGALIZE A PRINCIPLE OF MOB LAW

THE judicial recall is the embodiment in legal form of the principle of mob law when the mob is composed of a majority of the citizens of a community. It means the decapitation of a judge without a trial merely upon report and rumor. And since complete control of judges means control of their decisions, the recall means that judicial decisions shall be controlled by popular whim and first impression, based wholly upon hearsay. What is the difference between the verdict of a mob rendered without a trial and the verdict of a majority arrived at by mere rumor and report?

The true test of continued occupancy of the bench should be the soundness of the judge's decisions and his proper administration of the law. The recall suggests the idea that the average voter, who has no legal training and whose information is based not upon evidence, but wholly upon conflicting press reports, in a few cases supplemented at times only by the partizan appeals of stump-speakers seeking office, is qualified to review the judgment of a trained judge after a fair trial of the case. When the decisions of learned judges, based upon facts elicited from sworn witnesses who have personal knowledge, can be overthrown by information garbled from a campaign text-book or the confiding gutturals of a ward politician, then will the administration of justice indeed become farcical.

Who will contend that the average voter, who receives his information by reading a partizan newspaper or listening to a curbstone orator, is in a better position to know the facts and better able to expound the law than the judge after a trial of the case? Yet this is the very essence of the judicial-recall idea—that the electors shall become a supreme court and shall sit in review upon the complicated and far-reaching decisions of the highest courts in the land. Then the evidence will be the incomplete and sometimes colored statements of the press, and every voter will read the report which conforms to his peculiar political tastes, or perhaps base his decisions upon chance comment or general political impression. Then will the campaign-book become the brief, and the ward heeler will turn lawyer. ledge of the law count legal experience be of no the polls the vote of the has equal weight with th judge, and the votes of a ward heeler will cont power than the votes of in the country. This is gerated, but logically tru the operation of justice u

ADVOCACY THAT C

THE reasons given in sup are enough in themselves It has been heralded as a over the heads of judges decide all questions so a popular approval. How suggest such an argumen impulses and motives that judge, and how little the man nature! If judges a to the public good becaus honor, and sense of duty, will make them so. The recall may make judges firs trimmers, but it will not m est. If they are to be contr of temporal rewards and pu common people may as w their hands. No lawyer of cept judicial office when he der his independence, know and sense of justice, and b political puppet forced to co of right to an ever-changing jority.

Those who argue the re assume that as a rule judges and need at all times the thr call to frighten them into pr Would it not be more condu acting to assume that judge and that if they swerve fro they do so as the result of th those in control of the politi What we need is a judicia free from politics, not one u stant menace of political Under the recall the judge be obligated to the political ting him in office, but will a constant obligation to hin him there. We cannot elin fluence of politics by provid

frequent elections. The theory that like cures like may be tenable when applied to some of the ramifications of medicine, but it is contrary to reason to contend that the contagion of political corruption may be wiped out by the indiscriminate cultivation of the special recall-election germ.

No one claims that judges are infallible, but some one must be clothed with judicial authority. Legal disputes sometimes arise between the majority and the minority. Unless we would settle such disputes by the tragedy of a civil war, it is necessary that they be submitted to an independent judiciary. Strike down the integrity of the judge and make him the slave of the ballot-box, and you destroy his only attribute favorable to the administration of the law solely for the public good.

Another reason advanced for the recall is the claim that it would improve the personnel of the judiciary.

Under the recall the ideal jurist will be the one who can most adroitly turn his coat to harmonize with the color of the latest political fashion. The honest and independent judge will conduct his court and decide his cases on correct principles of justice, equity, and law irrespective of the gusts of popular favor and disfavor, and irrespective of the threats or promised rewards of bosses or interests. The weak, unprincipled judge will disregard the merits of the cases before him and seek the favor of the power controlling the most votes, whether it be a party boss, big business, a newspaper, the party whip, or what not. The strong, upright judge who refuses to obey the power for the time being in control of the political situation will soon receive punishment for his independence. His record will be searched, his mistakes will be exaggerated, his virtues will be suppressed, and his supposed faults heralded to the public, and at the psychological moment the recall petition will be circulated. The weak and unprincipled judge will cater to those in political power. His faults will be ignored and his supposed virtues proclaimed. His decisions on important and far-reaching questions favorable to private interests will be winked at, and unimportant decisions supposed to be favorable to the public will be exaggerated and circulated everywhere, and the recall will not even be suggested, or, if suggested, the petition will be suppressed before it is finished and filed, or, if filed, it will be voted down.

At the general election, when great issues are at stake, public interest is aroused, and the power of money and big backing is necessarily curtailed. At special recall elections, with only one official to be chosen, the vote will be light, public interest less, and the power of money thereby greatly enhanced. A poor lawyer, or even a lawyer in moderate circumstances, cannot aspire to become an honest and independent judge because he will know in advance that his pocket-book cannot be stretched to cover the expenses of a campaign every time any powerful organization or interest may be dissatisfied with his decisions; but the campaign expenses of the man without any scruples will always be provided. To assert that no honest judge need fear the recall is mere buncombe when applied to a poor judge without the necessary backing. Even if he were reëlected at the first recall election, the operation would be constantly repeated by his enemies until public interest would subside or he would reach the end of his resources.

If the recall be adopted, we may look to see many a faithful public servant retired to private life at a special election, after a skilful campaign against him, who would have won at a general election. Why is not the general election sufficient, when public interest is high, the vote full, and all the forces in the field, and why need a judge be required to leave his duties and enter a political campaign with his scalp at stake every time his enemies may desire to harass him?

DO WE WANT MAJORITY JUSTICE?

ANOTHER argument advanced in favor of the recall is the contention that it will make judges directly responsible to the will of the majority, and supplementary to this is the claim that since in a democratic government the majority has a right to rule, the will of the majority is necessarily right. There are several lapses in this line of argument. In the first place, a judge is not the servant of the majority. He is the representative of right and justice, of the whole people. Whether he be selected to preside at a baby show, to distribute blue ribbons at a county fair, to referee a foot-ball game, or to sit as a jus-

tice in a court of law, he must have special training in the nature, rules, and regulations of the thing concerning which he is to judge, and his duties are to expound or enforce the law, rules, or regulations of the thing about which he is to judge whether the fickle majority happen to be with him or against him. As well might it be claimed that the umpire of a baseball game should decide every disputed point in favor of the side that has the most rooters or makes the most noise as to contend that the judge of a high court should be required to ignore the law and justice of the case and decide according to popular clamor; and when it is taken into consideration that the average voter is not present to see and hear for himself the court proceedings, and usually has little or no knowledge of the law of the case, the absurdity of the judicial recall becomes all the more apparent.

The majority have no right to deprive the minority of their liberty or their property, but this could be done if the judge were their representative rather than the representative of justice. The courts under constitutional government have always been the guarantors of individual liberty and have always stood between the party in power and the oppression of the minority.

A REVIVAL OF THE RIGHT OF MIGHT

To adopt the recall would be to take a step backward to the tyranny of times long past, when it was considered the special prerogative of the strong in numbers to oppress the few. The persecutions from which our forefathers fled were in harmony with the will of the majority. The proscriptions of Sulla and of the Second Triumvirate, the butcheries and crimes of Nero, the burning of the martyrs at the stake, were all approved by an enthusiastic majority. The majority believed in witchcraft, and inspired its cruel punishment. The majority ridiculed Columbus, railed at the introduction of the printing-press, and mocked at Fulton. The majority would have recalled Washington from Valley Forge, Lincoln after the defeat of Bull Run, and Grant after every disaster; they would have repudiated the Louisiana Purchase, and prevented many great public improvements in the history of this country. The heralds of truth and advancement, the pione
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and large can accommodate itself to almost any code or condition if it is stable, but business hesitates to venture where all profits and forecasts may be annihilated by changing conditions. A lawyer dislikes to guess as to his client's rights, much less does a client like to guess as to his own rights; but if a contract to-day will not be a contract to-morrow, if what is law to-day will not be law to-morrow, and the change is to be made not by a statute of which every one may know before it becomes effective, but because a judge sees a new light on the political horizon, then dubious indeed will be the prospects for commercial enterprise. The successful business man under the recall code will be the successful politician. Legal disputes will no longer be settled by law, but by the ability to control special recall elections, and thus control the making and unmaking of judges. And the man who can dictate the result of a recall election can always find legal grounds for litigation. The judicial recall on first impression is popular government made perfect; in the last analysis it is judicial anarchy.

It is apparent that the searchers after political novelty have found in the judiciary a new scapegoat with which to appease public wrath. If a legislature passes a law claimed to be for the public welfare, but so ambiguous that it cannot be understood, so impracticable that it cannot be put into use, or so inconsistent with other laws that it is unenforcible, the judges are blamed for it, and are charged with bad faith or with being controlled. If a few sharp-practice lobbyists inject a joker into a bill, the judges are blamed because it is there. If a party of public-spirited, but ill-advised, citizens secure the enactment of an unconstitutional law instead of first securing an amendment to the constitution, the judges are criticized because they do not make an exception and disregard the provisions of the constitution.

Constitutions are restraints imposed by the people themselves. To ask a judge to set aside a constitutional provision in order to sustain a popular measure is as much contrary to his sworn duty as to ask him to set it aside to sustain an unpopular measure. If the constitution can be ignored in one instance to satisfy the momentary whim or caprice of the party in power, it can be ignored in every instance. The recall strikes at the root of constitutional government. Its expressed purpose is to nullify constitutional restrictions, and to make the party, person, or interest in power the absolute dictator.

THE EVIL OF SPECIAL ELECTIONS

WHAT cannot be accomplished at the regular election in the way of good government cannot be accomplished at a special recall election. The fact of the matter is that nearly all of the so-called exposure of corruption and graft is nothing more than a rehash of what every well-informed person knew at the time of its happening. The great bosses in city and State who in times past have been notorious for maintaining the existence of graft and corruption have been again and again continued in power by the majority vote of the people. It is not necessary to have frequent elections to have good government. In fact, too frequent elections are detrimental to the best government, because they confuse the voter, intensify party feeling, and finally by sheer force of repetition exhaust the energies of the electors. Wherever the electors have shown sufficient interest, intelligence, and determination, they already have good government in every department. If the people know what they want, they can express themselves at the regular election. The presumption is strong that an electorate that is hoodwinked at a general election will be buncoed at a special recall election.

We should provide more practical means for the trial and impeachment of judges and for the punishment of judicial corruption wherever it exists, but we should hesitate before fastening upon this country a recall system that will make all judges mere political trimmers, continuing in office by the grace of the party, boss, or interest in political control.

It is said by the recall advocates that as a matter of political right the majority should at all times have what it wants. From this it is argued that the majority has an inherent right to recall a judge. Aside from the practical dangers of the recall already pointed out, the argument is not sound for the reason that the right to initiate the recall is vested in a percentage of voters much less than a majority. This means that the minority may

order a recall election, with its necessary expense and inevitable waste of energy, directly contrary to the will of the majority. In a district where the political power is about equally balanced, it would mean that there would be a continuous warfare for political supremacy and reprisal, with election following election as frequently as the recall law would permit.

Elections are so often won and lost by the expenditure of money, the pulling off of a campaign joke on the eve of election, a groundless appeal to sympathy or prejudice, and various other devices, that the result often indicates little more than that the successful party has exhibited superior campaign generalship. The writer remembers an incident in a county in the West where two respected citizens, one of them a preacher, were running for a county office. It looked as though the preacher would be defeated. On the night before election day, while he was returning from a political meeting, some irresponsible boys threw vegetables at him. The incident was seized upon by the shrewd county chairman, and on the morrow circulars describing and exaggerating the incident so as to cast suspicion on the opposing candidate appeared at every polling-place in the county. It was too late for the opposing candidate to explain. The preacher was elected by a large majority.

A GREAT JUDICIAL SYSTEM THREATENED WITH REVOLUTION

THE judicial history of our country presents a dignified, gradual unfolding of principles, a safe, stable, wise exposition of human justice and human rights, perhaps wrong in a few instances, but as a whole exhibiting great wisdom, justice, and equity. The Supreme Court of the United States has steered clear of the petty politics, the constant changes, and the dangerous experiments from time to time apparent in the other branches of our Government. With an even-balanced mind and marvelous foresight, with not too much conservatism and not too much radicalism, it has kept pace with progress, and at the same time has avoided the dangerous pitfalls into which the caprice and experimental temperament of the electors would at times have directed it. It has been the balance-wheel of the great machinery of government
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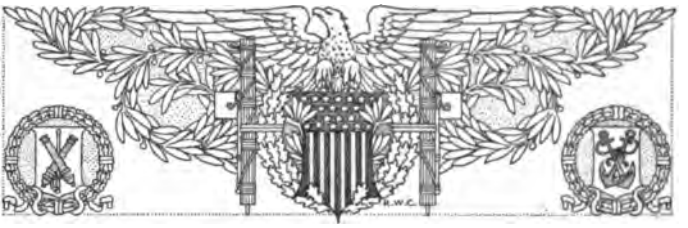

HIGH TARIFF AND AMERICAN TRADE ABROAD

BY OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives

IT is apparent to all that the leaders of the Republican party in National affairs are firmly resolved to maintain without material change their position in favor of a protective tariff, and that they will not make concessions to a Democratic House that will materially reduce the existing rates of duty. Notwithstanding the warnings given them in the last public utterance of President McKinley; notwithstanding the present industrial stagnation in the country, largely caused by the overstimulated domestic production that must come at stated periods under a system that is intended to prevent competition from abroad, they appear wholly to misapprehend the industrial conditions of the country and seem determined to maintain the present high rates of duty, regardless of consequences.

It is not my intention in this article to engage in a general discussion of the tariff schedules; that can be threshed out on the floor of the Congress. I shall not even discuss the question as to whether industrial America has obtained her standing in the markets of the world by reason of our natural resources or by reason of protective policies and paternal legislation. The question concerning us to-day is not a question of inventing a locomotive engine; it is a question of carrying freight. It is not a question as to whether the sun will shine; it is a question of what we shall do in the broad light of day. It is not a question of the past, but of the present. It is not a theoretical question, but a practical one. It is not a question of keeping other nations out of our markets, but of selling our products in their markets. It is not a question of production, but of disposing of our surplus products. It is a question in which capital and labor alike are interested. I shall limit this article to the statement of a few facts showing the effect of the present policies of the Republican party on the capital and labor of the country engaged in the iron and steel manufactures.

When the Republican party first came into power and entered on its protective tariff policies, more than one half of the area of the United States was a wilderness. The great transcontinental railroads had not been built. Civilization had not reached much farther than those States bordering on the western bank of the Mississippi River, and even on the east side there were vast tracts of uncultivated and unoccupied public lands. The Civil War gave a market for manufactures of all kinds. Immediately after the war the building of the transcontinental railroads was begun, and the settlers followed the railroads and developed the country. For more than twenty-five years after that time a vast army of immigrants poured into this country from northern Europe, people of our own blood who went into this Western country to establish homes and develop its resources. From 1865 to 1885 the total number of immigrants amounted to as much as the population of the thirteen colonies during

the Revolutionary War. The development of the West and the vast number of immigrants going into it created a great market for our manufactured goods. The manufacturing plants of that day were not able to supply the demand. The home market consumed the entire product of the factories and foundries of America. Necessarily very little regard was given by the manufacturer of that day to foreign markets: he realized that he could not supply the home demand, and his sole idea was to hold the American market without competition. But conditions have necessarily changed since that day. The West has become settled. There is but little available land left for settlement. The immigration has changed; instead of the immigrants coming from northern Europe, who went west as home-builders, the great percentage of the immigration of to-day comes from eastern Europe, and remains congested in the great cities of the East, competing with the labor of the country, instead of supplying new markets for the manufacturers. Instead of our manufacturers being unable to supply the home demand, the home market is unable to consume our manufactured product. Instead of the manufacturer looking solely to the home market to take care of his product, he is now earnestly endeavoring to find a foreign market to consume his surplus.

It is hard to realize what a vast development there has been in the production of manufactured goods in this country in the last four decades and especially in the last ten years. It would be impossible for me to take up all the great manufacturing interests of the country and show their enormous production and development. But as iron is one of the necessities of life and commerce, and ranks foremost in gross value of the manufactured goods produced, I shall endeavor to show how enormous the production of iron and steel manufactures has grown, the amount of their production to-day, and the necessity of obtaining an outlet in the markets of the world for the sale of their surplus production.

Instead of there being any great danger from the importation of iron and steel into this country, the manufacturers of the Birmingham, Pittsburg, and Chicago districts are shipping pig-iron, steel rails, and other steel and iron manu
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out of employment.

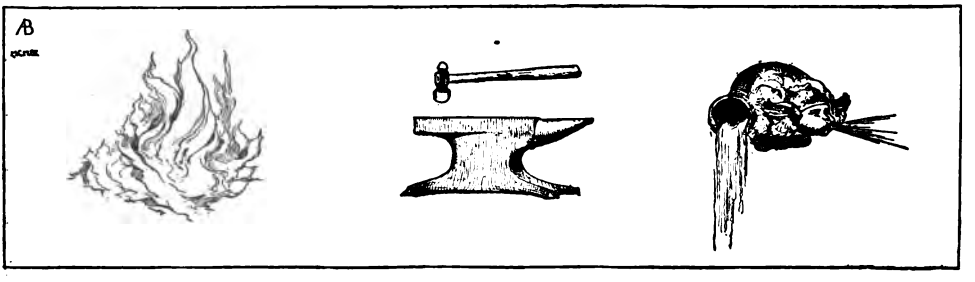
A few years ago pig-iron w
the Birmingham, Alabama, ma
$19, and $20 per ton; to-day
at $10 and $11 per ton, and
ately the same price is obtain
cinnati, Pittsburg, and Chicag
relatively higher than the h
market. A few years ago the y
furnaces were empty; in nor
could you see a pile of surplus
day there is hardly a furnace in
try that is not carrying a larg
of pig-iron in its yards. Wit
market and a diminished dema
cated by the iron remaining ir
of the furnaces, it is evident th
ket for the sale of pig-iron has
and the same is true of all othe
tures of iron and steel.

On account of the discrimin
to our high protective tariff,

discriminated against American manufactures of iron and steel, and virtually driven them out of the French market. Though the Birmingham district has been able to sell iron and steel in the markets of England, it cannot compete with the English iron-master in the French markets, because, in order to enter France, we are compelled to pay a discriminating duty of $1.50 on pig-iron and $11.60 on steel rails more than our English competitors pay, and so on throughout the iron and steel schedule. This virtually has destroyed that market for our manufactured goods.

We cannot expect to dispose of our surplus products in foreign markets if we maintain in this country a tariff wall so high that other nations are unable to trade with us on reasonable terms. We cannot sell for cash and buy nothing in return and develop our foreign markets. The trade of nations is largely governed by the same rules and the same causes that govern and affect the trade of individuals. We trade with the man whom we like, and we refuse to trade with the man whom we dislike; we trade with the man whom we believe gives us the best bargain, and not with the man whom we believe tries to take advantage of us; we trade with the man who in turn is willing to trade with us, and not with the man who refuses to buy what we have to sell. We cannot expect foreign nations to invite us to their markets when we exclude them from ours. We cannot expect them to grant us advantages which we are unwilling to return. When our home markets consumed our entire manufactured products, it was unnecessary for us to consider what effect our action would have on our foreign trade. But to-day, when we are admittedly producing more than we can consume both in manufactures and in agriculture, our development must cease or we must find markets for our surplus.

While foreign markets, instead of being developed, are thus being closed to us by reason of the discriminations made against the importations of other countries, yet it is contended that the American workman is being benefited by the maintenance of the present discriminating tariff. Another reason why we cannot expect to develop our foreign trade unless we are willing to allow other nations to trade with us is the fact that it costs a ship just as much to cross the sea empty as it does to cross the sea with a cargo. We cannot sell our products in the South American markets in competition with English manufacturers, not because they manufacture and sell their goods cheaper at home than we do, but because they can reach these markets with a smaller freight rate than we can. To illustrate, when they send abroad a carload of coal or manufactured goods, the ship, after it reaches its destination in the South American ports, is reloaded with the products of the foreign country and returns home with a full cargo. The return freight pays the charges of the ship coming home, and the exported goods are required to pay only the transportation for the outgoing voyage. On the other hand, when we ship our goods to the South American markets, most of the products of the foreign country being excluded from our markets by our high discriminating tariff rates, the ship must return home empty, and the owners of the outgoing cargo must pay the freight both ways. The English exporter pays one freight, and the American exporter pays two. The difference in the freight charges amounts to a fair profit, enabling our competitors to undersell us and to exclude us from those markets.



CHICAGO

BY HENRY B. FULLER

Author of "The Cliff-Dwellers," "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," et

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

JUST as the American West looms up as the most sudden improvisation in history, so Chicago stands out as the quickest and vastest growth in the West. Three short generations comprise the development of the fifth city of the world. Chicago is the center of our great, new, middle region—the pulsing heart that beats forth and brings back those vital fluids of thought and action which make for a strong, stirring, and highly charged life.

Young in years, rich in energy, Chicago combines hopes still fresh with experiences accumulated through swift and incessant activity. The city possesses both the firm confidence that follows on signal accomplishment and the high expectations that are justified by a momentum which still continues unchecked. Chicago is qualified to lead—and leads. Vigor, confidence, and initiative have won for her the authoritative captainship of the great mid-region of our land.

Twenty-six trunk-line railroads converge at the southwest corner of Lake Michigan. Coming from the East, West, North, and South, they serve the territory tributary to Chicago, a wide region which within a radius of five hundred miles extends from Buffalo to Omaha, from Duluth to Memphis, and includes a population of more than 25,000,000.

Through the midst of that tangle of tracks which is Chicago runs the Chicago Drainage Canal. In a narrow sense it joins Lake Michigan to the Illinois River. In a wider sense it connects the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic with the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

Whether by land or by water, Chicago is the center of our continent, the hub from which a strong and native American influence is irradiated over th the Mississippi Valley, ar West at large.

This central region elec of both houses of Congress. controls the country. Chic of this wide territory, is the quarters of both the great p

The centrality of a positi of Lake Michigan has rece ognized by the United Sta poration in the selection of newest and greatest plant. city of Gary, in Indiana, more than a hundred millio already been spent, is onl miles from Chicago. No po tire country has better facili by land or by water, for the materials and the distributio ished product. Nor is any l qualified for the successful ass satisfactory maintenance of a trial population.

The congeries of manufact close to the boundary line be ana and Illinois, a group of w the dominant center, promises come the greatest industrial di United States and of the worl

Chicago has this vast new its very outskirts. Chicago is gards the country as a whole, hundred miles of the center of within two hundred miles of t manufactures and farm valu three hundred miles of the cer duction of wheat, corn, and within three hundred and fif the center of banking capital speaking, no other large city in States is within so short a di

full half of the American people; no other city is so near the center of production for all staples.

It is upon this firm and central basis of trade, manufacture, and transportation that Chicago stands, and it is from such a ground of vantage that it exerts its influence, economic, commercial, industrial, financial, political, educational, and social, upon the great central region of our land.

Among Chicago banks, there are a dozen each of which has deposits of over $20,000,000. One of these, with deposits, including its trust and savings department, of $150,000,000, has long enjoyed a primacy throughout the West. Recent consolidations have been numerous, and the latest of them has given Chicago the second largest banking institution in the country, with deposits, including its trust and savings department, aggregating $175,000,000. A third bank has deposits of $90,000,000. Chicago, after living through decades of reproach as a borrower, now owns itself. Since 1900, when it passed Boston, it has been the second banking center of the country. The Western crop movements are no longer dependent on Eastern money; the strain of crop-moving is now met in Chicago itself. Since the amendatory act of 1900, hundreds of small banks, capitalized at $25,000, have been established throughout the West, South, and Southwest, and most of these institutions carry a good part of their reserves in the banks of Chicago.

The city's credit is high. Its debt is small. Exclusive of bond issues in promotion of the Drainage Canal, Chicago's indebtedness is about $70,000,000. This cuts both ways. The small property owner is considered—and betterment is delayed. A new charter is needed.

Again, Chicago ranks second after New York in manufacturing. Among these manifold manufacturing interests, the packing industry stands unique. The modern destinies of peace and war waver between Frankfort and Chicago. The Rothschilds hold the purse-strings. The magnates of Chicago's Packingtown, with annual sales amounting to $800,000,000, control the commissary.

Chicago's well-being, material and other, is made matter of concern by many clubs and associations. Prominent among these is the Chicago Association of Commerce. This exuberant body makes itself actively felt both at home and abroad. Season after season it enthusiastically tours the country, sometimes a guest, sometimes a host, in the interest of good-fellowship and extended trade. It has gone into the South and the far Southwest, into the Pacific Northwest, and among the Northern cities of the Great Lakes. On its last trip it chartered its own steamer and lavishly entertained the officials and business organizations of many Michigan and Wisconsin towns. At home it has been one of the prime movers of the new School of Commerce connected with Northwestern University.

It was also one of the chief promoters of the military tournament with which last year Chicago celebrated a "Sane Fourth," an event which some forty mid-Western towns have determined to imitate. The association's latest achievement was its "Chicago Market Week," the first concerted demonstration to town and country alike of Chicago's resources as a manufacturing and distributing center. "Made in Chicago" was the watchword of the day.

Other less aggressive clubs cherish the political and social welfare of the city and occasionally entertain significant figures in the life of the world outside.

Politico-social clubs are numerous, but in politics Chicago's principal achievement has been the Municipal Voters' League. The league specializes in aldermen and is most active during the spring campaign, when its headquarters become the rendezvous of party representatives, candidates, and citizens concerned in the furtherance of good government. This organization, as vigorous and efficient as ever, was formed in January, 1896, at a time when the city's common council had reached the depths of degradation. It is composed of a small group of professional and business men who give their services gratuitously and whose labors are supported by voluntary contributions. Its methods are simple, direct, open, fearless, and non-partizan. Its chief work is to gather information and to make reports on the qualifications of intending aldermanic candidates.

It indorses or exposes according to the needs and merits of each case, and in some instances has put up candidates of its own. Within a few years the league has turned

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

THE LAKE FRONT, AS VIEWED FROM THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL TRAC
ON THE SOUTH SIDE, NEAR SIXTEENTH STREET

a corrupt and disreputable council into a responsible, intelligent, and representative body, and has kept it so. Such an example has of course aroused interest and produced imitation in other cities that have a similar problem. The organization and methods of the league have served as a model for many Western cities, among them St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Kansas City, Louisville, Detroit, and smaller towns like Grand Rapids and Peoria. Similar leagues, patterned after the same model, are also very active in Milwaukee and Denver.

At different stages of its career the league has naturally been viewed in varying lights by the "practical" politician. His feelings toward it have ranged from contempt to consternation, but its general fairness of spirit has not often been brought into question. Thus on one occasion two rival Republican candidates for an aldermanic nomination had precisely the same number of votes among the delegates. Neither would give way.

"I am the better man," said one.

"I have the better prospects
other.

In the end they actually agre
the choice to the secretary of
who thus dictated the nominati

Among the offspring of the
Voters' League must be counted
lative Voters' League. This en
do for the Illinois State legisla
the other does for the Chicag
council. As one third of the m
the Illinois legislature are ele
Cook County, the two fields, t
extent, coincide. The Legislati
League has not equaled the other
success. It is thought by some t
sistent State-wide organization n
to better results.

Chicago is the only American
enjoys a comprehensive and ho
service. There is no question as t
petency and integrity of its ci
commission. Smaller cities in
are constantly inquiring as to its

In the reform of legal proced
cago's most striking accomplish

been the Municipal Court. In 1907 this court superseded the old system of justice courts, with all its delays, inadequacies, and corruptions. The new court is a well-constructed and well-conducted machine for the swift and accurate administration of justice through the application of business principles. Twenty-eight judges get through a vast volume of work without loss of time or energy, and at a minimum of delay and expense for litigants. As originally constituted, this tribunal has jurisdiction in cases involving amounts under $1000. It is emphatically a poor man's court, making justice easy, strong, rapid, and accessible, with or without jury, as suitors may prefer, through the application of common-sense business methods and of centralized executive management, and through freedom from outside control exercised by minor politicians. This court is about to be imitated in Buffalo and Milwaukee. A dozen other cities, among them Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Atlanta, are preparing to pattern after it.

Another type of court, which also originated in Chicago and which has been followed all over the United States, is the Juvenile Court. This institution, formed in 1899, was the first to regard the child not as a criminal, but as an object of society's solicitude, the first to make him feel that the judge was there to protect rather than to punish, and the first to free the judge himself from the technicalities of ordinary criminal-court procedure and to permit him to ask, "What is best to be done?" The Chicago Juvenile Court now has, grouped in one building, its court-room, probation offices, detention home, its clinic, both physical and psychopathic, and its school-rooms. The law of 1899 prohibited the presence of young children in police stations or jails. The court has a corps of thirty-five probation officers. This court has been followed as a pattern by all the large cities of the country, by many of those of moderate size, such as Denver, Columbus, and Rochester, and also by numerous smaller ones in the Middle West.

The child is of course a prime concern in other quarters—at the different settlements and throughout the elaborate system of small parks, playgrounds, and bathing-beaches which, under various forms of official control, is coming pretty thoroughly to cover the city.

The settlements of Chicago form a group almost too well known to describe. When we have named Hull House, Chicago Commons, the Abraham Lincoln Center, Henry Booth House, and the settlements maintained by the Northwestern University and the University of Chicago, we have made a wide and appealing review of a service in the highest degree intelligent, humane, and philanthropic.

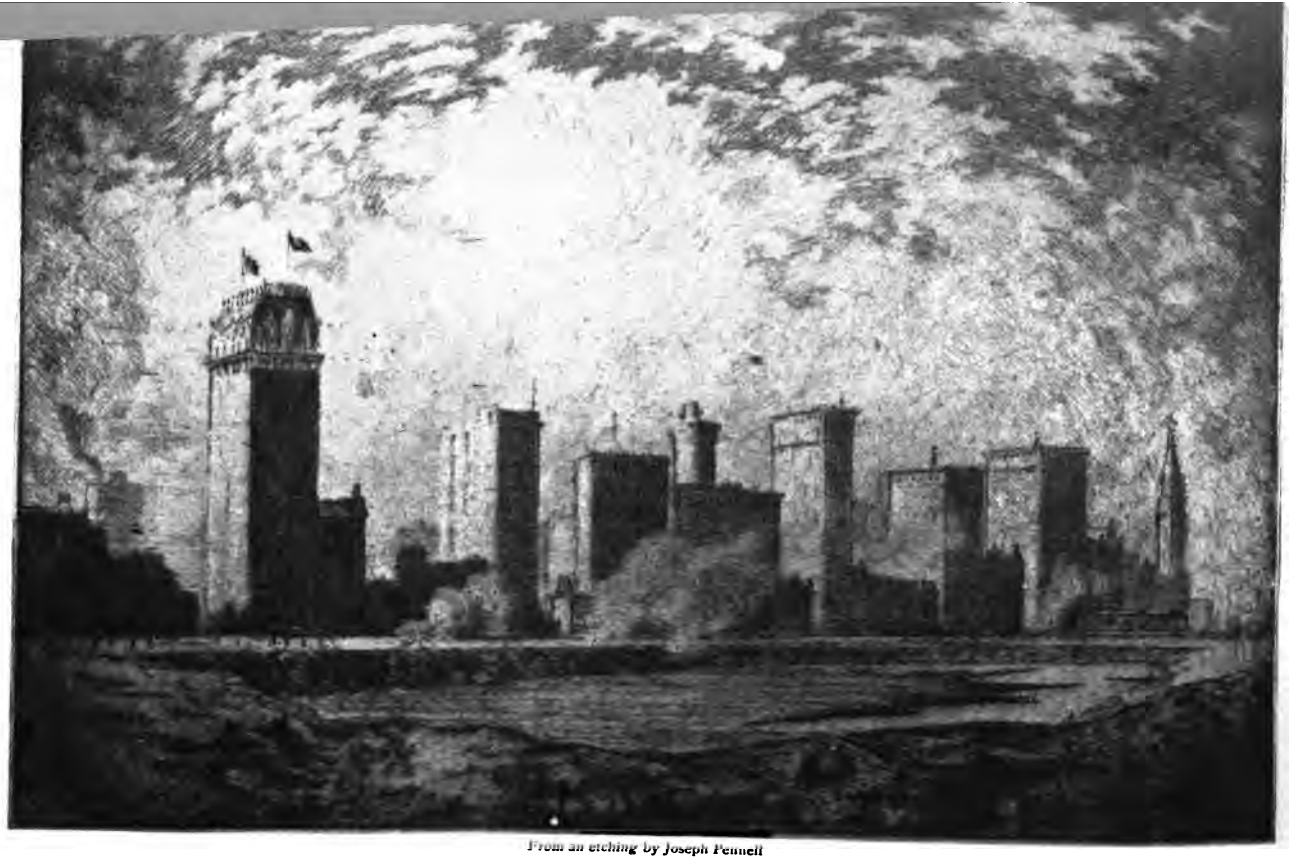
In small parks and playgrounds Chicago leads every city in the country. These parks are provided with field-houses containing gymnasiums, assembly-halls, baths, reading-rooms, and the like. Each is a nucleus of social life. These parks represent thus far an outlay of $15,000,000, money well spent. The idea as a whole is a Chicago idea, conceived and executed locally, and justified by vast success at home and by careful imitation elsewhere.

These parks and playgrounds are social centers of the highest value for young and old alike. They promote the amalgamation of diverse racial elements into one homogeneous people. They further good order and good-will. They represent one of the most systematic and costly endeavors toward definite social service that our day has yet seen. They encourage the "play festival" as an institution. These festivals often last most of the day and far into the night. They sometimes enlist the coöperation of as many as two thousand participants, and draw crowds of from twenty to twenty-five thousand spectators.

These small parks are fully manned by employees who are absorbed in the work and proud of its results. Perhaps the most completely dedicated are the directors of the field-sports and gymnasiums.

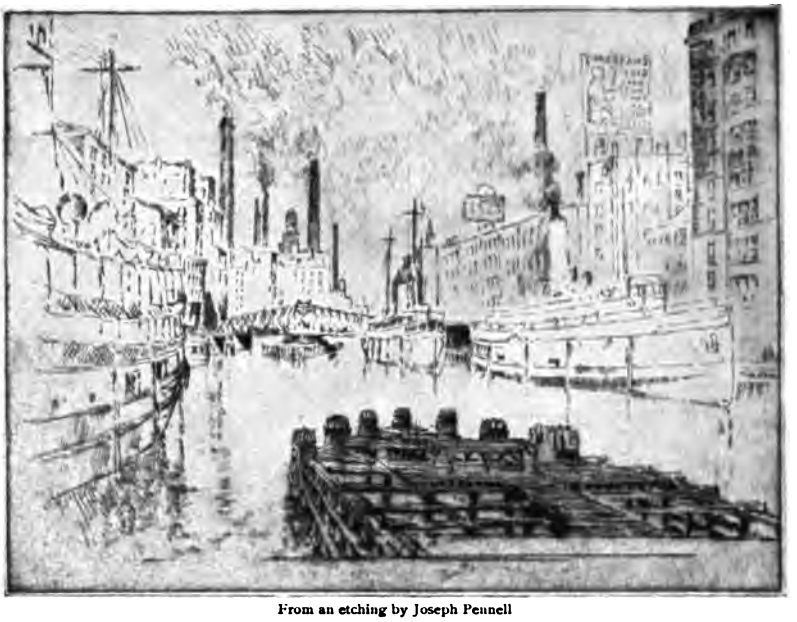
"Look at these boys," said one of them, whose work lies in Packingtown. He extended a photographic group of some dozen young fellows in team uniform. "Three of them are sons of saloon-keepers. Note this one, in particular," he said, pointing to a blond young Pole in khaki. "I took him from behind his father's bar, out beyond the 'Yards.' I have cleaned him up physically and morally, and have given him a future." The director smiled in triumph over this brand snatched from the burning.

Educationally Chicago is of course the focus of the entire Middle West. Thousands of students swarm here for instruc-



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

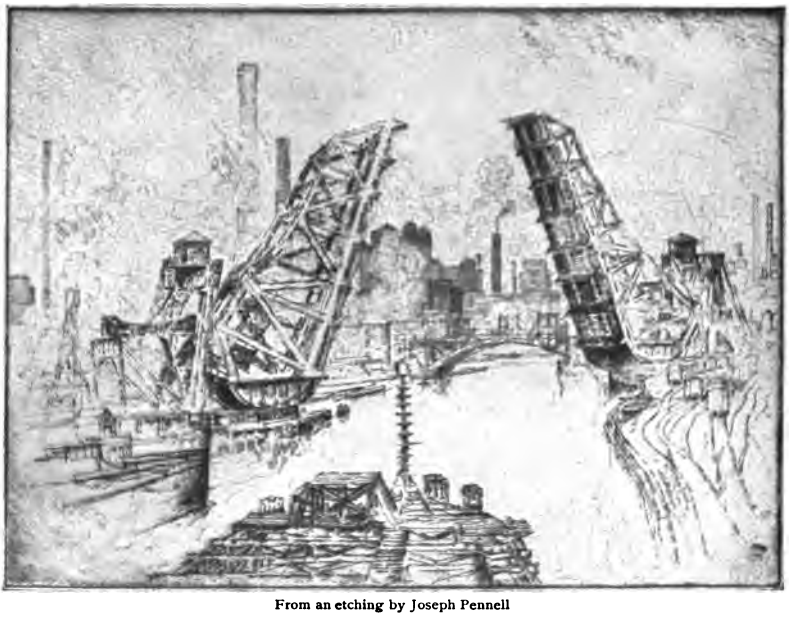
SKY-SCRAPERS ON MICHIGAN AVENUE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE SIDE OF THE FILLING OF GRANT PARK



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

LAKE PROPELLER IN THE CHICAGO RIVER

tion in medicine, music, art, and technology. The West Side medical district, centering about the County Hospital, is widely known and immensely frequented. Musical schools and colleges abound; three or four of them rank among the largest and best in the country. Well-equipped technological schools are found in all three divisions of the city; one or two of them are incorporated in the public-school system. The Chicago Art Institute has one of the most popular and useful art schools in the United States. Attendance at all these various institutions is drawn from



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

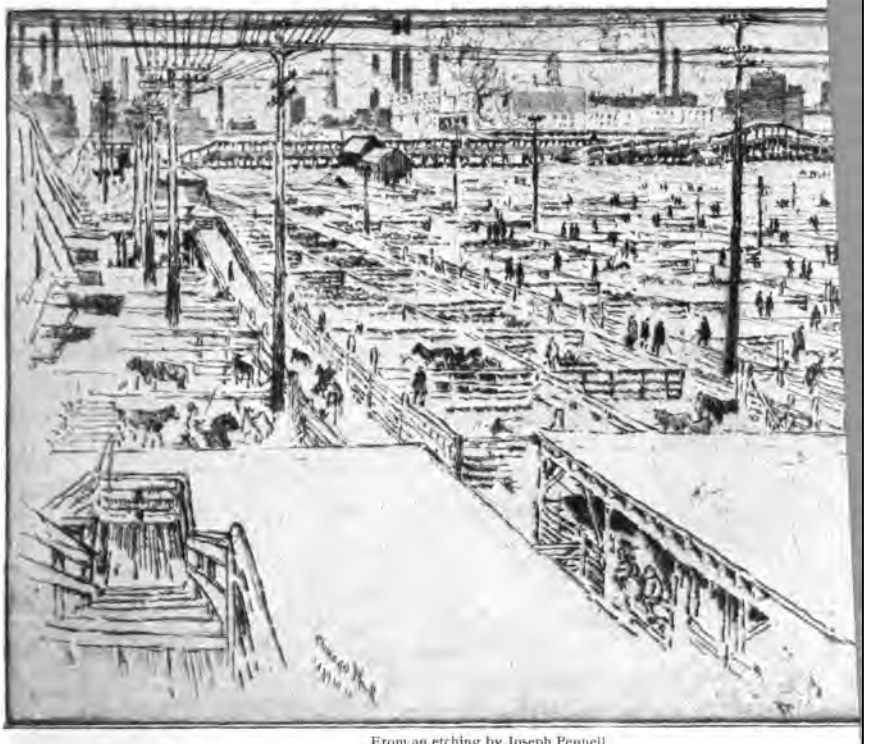
THE JAWS OF A BASCULE-BRIDGE OVER THE CHICAGO RIVER

the whole wide circle of Chicago's influence.

A still wider net is cast by the University of Chicago, whose quarterly convocations keep it constantly in the public eye. On these populous occasions the world-wide spread of American education is made manifest, and non-Caucasian students are much in evidence. Scarcely a class-day passes without its bestowal of certificates and diplomas upon Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, and negroes. The university has filled the West and South with hundreds of affiliated and coöperating schools, and carries on an active system of university extension work through Chicago and the nearer West. The university's annual attendance through its four quarters is in excess of 5000. The Northwestern University, at Evanston, maintains many important departments in Chicago.

The Chicago Public Library, the most used of Chicago's four great collections, is at once a repository for books and a bureau for general information. Its
on an extensive correspondei
and individuals throughout
proving West, and strive to
tary or the associated stude
recognized paths of culture.

Esthetic Chicago centers a
Institute and its vis-à-vis, t
Thomas Orchestra Hall. T
tute, aided by a compact bod
supporters, has had a steady a



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

THE STOCK-YARDS

growth. Year after year it has a
galleries and new class rooms, an
is not yet. The institute keeps
cession of exhibitions, lectures, r
and musicales throughout a great
the year. Its central situation i
immense patronage both of C
and outsiders. The annual at
thanks in part to proximity to th
business district and the hotels,
than that of any other public art
in the country, with the excepti
Metropolitan in New York.

The Orchestra Hall is the hor

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

THE TILTING-BRIDGE OVER THE CHICAGO RIVER, NEAR FOURTEENTH STREET

Theodore Thomas Orchestra, one of the three or four great musical organizations in the United States. This enterprise, like its neighbor over the way, is maintained by a sturdy and undaunted little body of the faithful. During the earlier years of its career an annual deficit of $50,000 dashed the ardor of its directors; but for the last five seasons it has paid its way, and the advance sales for the current season were the largest in its history. The orchestra varies its two weekly concerts from October to May by making frequent short tours throughout the Western cities. It is the chief factor in the musical life of the whole West.

The orchestra, in the work of musical propaganda, may find a rival, or a coadjutor, in the Chicago Opera Company, the second season of which has recently been concluded at the renovated and reconstructed Auditorium. The opera expects, by occasional excursions, to meet the needs of St. Louis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and even San Francisco.

In matters theatrical, Chicago is of growing importance both within its own territory and through the country as a whole. First nights are becoming more and more numerous and significant. "Producers" increasingly exert their skill. The number of minor theatrical organizations sent out from Chicago to tour the West and South is beyond computation. Their general character is not always, unfortunately, matter for pride or praise. However, the town labors strenuously to raise the general level of the theater. It is the chief center of the Drama League, which "bulletins" worthy new plays, and the home of the Chicago Theater Society, an organization which brings forward high-grade dramatic pieces on the guarantee plan.

In architecture, Chicago is the acknowledged home of steel construction and the native habitat of the "sky-scraper," a form of building which has had a vogue the width of the country over.

The influence of the World's Columbian Exposition still survives in Chicago, and was an important element in inspiring the "Plan of Chicago," upon which the Chicago Commercial Club has spent three years of time and more than $100,-

ooo in money. In both the exposition and the "Plan" the moving force has been the same—Mr. Daniel H. Burnham. The numerous and elaborate drawings involved in the "Plan," after having been effectively exhibited at home and having inspired a number of Western municipalities with the wish for better things, were sent on a European tour.

Chicago is emphatically a community at work and at study. Even play is made a matter of serious interest. The city is aware of its unique endowment as a center of primary energy and recognizes its obligations, as a source of light and leading, to the great middle section of our country. Everything functions, everybody is busy. The rich men who made and led Chicago have passed away, but their sons have succeeded to the leadership, the burden, and the responsibilities. In many conspicuous instances they have become as important as the fathers they follow.

Where everybody is occupied, the social tone is wholesome and the moral tone high. In Chicago there is no leisure class to injure itself by its own self-indulgent idleness and cial irregularities. Chicago justly claim to rival in gene rectness the society of any American cities.

The vast and rapid grow has not prevented it from good portion of its earlier —the straightforward vigor simplicity, and right-minde country town. Indeed, ma of its newer citizens are recr farms and villages of the C and bring with them a socia spirit of civic rectitude that mense service in keeping up a ing average amidst the mistak which are certain to evolve in urban life on a great scale. long since rustic herself, wel on the basis of common un and they take their full share that wages freely, fiercely, a whole, promisingly, for the ho Middle West still expects to r

From an etching by Joseph Pennell

THE SKY-SCRAPERS FROM THE LAKE ENTRANCE TO THE CHICAGO RIVER

Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN SHE SLOWLY CAME OUT INTO SUNSHINE AND FREEDOM" (SEE PAGE 42)

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septim
"The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER IX

MISS LINDON moved her goods and chattels, together with Dandy, Dickie, and Phœbe, into the little house at Kilburn. John and Unity followed with the furniture he had procured on the hire-purchase system for their respective rooms, and the curtain was rung up on the comic opera.

Herold had vainly tried to guide his friend in the matter of furnishing; but their ideas being in hopeless conflict, he had given up in despair. John, by way of proving how far superior his methods were to Herold's, rushed into a vast emporium, selected the insides of two bedrooms and a library complete (as per advertisement), and the thing was done in a couple of minutes. He girded triumphantly at Herold, who would have taken two years. Miss Lindon approved his choice, everything was so clean and shiny. She especially admired the library carpet (advertised as Axminster), a square of amazing hues, mustard and green and magenta predominant, the ruins of an earthquake struck by lightning. It gave, she said, such brightness and color to the room. To the bedrooms she herself added the finishing touch and proudly led John up-stairs to inspect them. He found his bed, washstand, toilet-table and chairs swathed in muslin and pink ribbon. His heart sank. This was a mania. If she had owned a dromedary, she would have fitted it out with muslin and ribbon. He glanced apprehensively at the water-jug; that alone stood in its modest nudity. Miss Lindon beamed. Was n't the room more homelike? He had not the heart to do otherwise than assent.

"There 's one thing, my de
don, that John 's very partic
said Herold, gravely, when he
was shown over the premises,
and circumstance; "you must
bons in his pajamas."

Unity, whose early-discovere
needle was requisitioned for th
millinery, thought it all migh
had been impressed upon her t
no longer a guest, as at South
inmate of the house, with a d
tion. She had passed from the
dianship of the Sisters of Saint
that of Mr. Risca. The hou
home, which she shared on e
with him and Miss Lindon. S
longer to call them "Sir" and
Miss Lindon took the child to
heart and became "Aunt Glad
suggested the analogous title
nephew; but he put his foot do
and declined to be called "Unc
He said it was farcical, subvers
tragic dignity of the situation. S
complacently without in the lea
standing what he meant.

"But you must have some nan
she pleaded. "Suppose she found
house was on fire: it might be b
the ground before she could se
to call you."

"Oh, let her call me Demosth
cried in desperation, taking up h
he had been interrupted in the r
an article,—"and also tell her,
aunt, that, fire or no fire, if s
into this room while I 'm writ
make her drink the ink-pot."

It was eventually decided that
he should be "guardian." The s
tity of his library was also theore

tablished. Unity, accustomed to discipline, paid scrupulous observance to the taboo; but Miss Lindon could never understand it. She would tap very gently at John's door, sometimes three or four times before he heard. At his "Come in," she would enter, manipulating the door-knob so as to make no noise, and would creep on tiptoe across the resplendent carpet.

"Now, I 'm not going to disturb you, dear. Please go on writing. I only want to say that I 'm ordering some tooth-stuff for Unity, and I don't know whether to buy paste or powder."

"Give her what you use yourself, my dear aunt."

Then would follow a history of her dentist. Such a gentlemanly man; in great trouble, too; he had just lost his fourth wife. John glared at his copy. "Careless fellow!" he growled. Many of his witticisms were at second hand.

"Indeed he 's not. He 's most careful, I assure you. I would recommend him to anybody."

And so forth and so forth, until John would rise and, taking her by her plump shoulders and luring her across the threshold, lock the door against her.

"She will drive me into a mad-house," he complained to Herold. "I want to murder her and hug her at the same instant."

In its primitive essentials, however, the comic-opera life was not impossible to the man of few material demands: he slept in a comfortable bed, his bath was filled in the mornings, wholesome food, not too fantastic, was set before him. The austere and practical Phœbe saw to these important matters. It was in the embroidery of life that the irresponsible grotesque entered. It took many weeks to persuade Miss Lindon that it was not her duty, if he was out of an evening, to wait up until his return. It was for her to look after his well-being. Before going to bed he might want hot cocoa, or bread and milk, or a cheery chat. How could he, in loneliness, procure these comforts at three o'clock in the morning? It was no trouble at all to her to sit up, she pleaded. When Dandy was ill, she had sat up whole nights together. John prayed to Heaven to deliver him from illness. Another feature of the masculine existence that passed her understanding was the systematic untidiness of the library. Books, papers, pipes pens, paper-clips, and what not seemed to have been poured out of a sack, and then kicked in detail to any chance part of the room. When she restored order out of chaos, and sat with a complacent smile amid her prim gimcrackeries, John would be dancing about in a foaming frenzy Where were his long envelops? Where had that magpie of a woman secreted them? Her ingenuity in finding hiding places amounted to genius. Then in impatient wrath he would take out drawers and empty their contents on the floor until the missing objects came to light. Miss Lindon sighed when she tidied up after him, not at the work to do all over again, but at the baffling mystery of man.

For a long time Unity regarded the feckless lady with some suspicion, sniffed at her, so to speak, like a dog confronted with a strange order of being. For the first time in her young life she had met an elder in only nominal authority over her. Of Phœbe, stern and Calvinistic, with soul-searching eye, who by some social topsyturvydom was put into subjection under her, she lived in mortal terror; but for "Aunt Gladys" she had a wondering contempt.

"Unity," said Miss Lindon one morning, in the early days, "when you 've finished writing your copy for your guardian, you had better learn a chapter. Bring me your Bible, and I 'll find one. In my young time ladies all learned chapters,"—so do orphans still in convents, until orphans hate chapters with bitter hatred; but this the good lady did not know, —"and then you might, like a dear girl, run off the hems of the new sheets on the sewing-machine."

"I dunno 'ow to work a sewing-machine."

"Then tell Phœbe to give you a lesson at once. It 's a most useful accomplishment. You have such a tremendous lot to learn, my dear. There 's the piano and French, and embroidery and drawing, and nowadays I suppose young ladies must learn politics. Perhaps you had better begin. There 's a leading article on free trade—or the Young Turks, I forget which—in the 'Daily Telegraph.' I 'm sure it must be very clever. You had better take away the paper and read it carefully,"—she handed the paper to the be-

wildered child,—"and when you 've read it, come and tell me all about it. It will save me the trouble of going through it, and so both of us will be benefited. And, Unity dear," she added as the girl was leaving the drawing-room, "it 's such a beautiful day, so in an hour's time be ready to come out with me. We 'll take the omnibus to the Marble Arch and walk in the park."

Unity went into the dining-room, where in working-hours she was supposed to have her being, and stared at her avalanche of duties: her copy and the one or two easy lessons set by John; the chapter of the Bible; the instruction on the sewing-machine, involving the tackling of a busy and irritable Phœbe; the long column of print in the newspaper; and the preparation of herself for walking abroad—all to be accomplished within the space of one hour. For the first time in her life she encountered orders which had not the doomful backing of the world authorities.

The copy and the lessons for her guardian were, however, matters of high import. They filled her hour. At the end of it she put on her hat. A ride in an omnibus was still novelty enough to be a high adventure. On the way to the Marble Arch, Miss Lindon in her amiable way asked how she had spent her morning, and hoped that she had not been getting into mischief. Of Bible chapter, sewing-machine, or leader on free trade (or Young Turks) she appeared to have remembered nothing. The result of this flabbiness of command was lamentable. The next time Miss Lindon dismissed her to the execution of certain behests, Unity, after closing the door behind her, stuck out her tongue. It was ungenteel, it was ungrateful, it was un-anything-you-like, but the act gave her a thrill of joy, a new sensation. It was the first definite assertion of her individuality. The red tongue thus vulgarly flaunted was a banner of revolt against the world authorities.

It was a long time before she could accustom herself to taking her meals at the table with Miss Lindon and her guardian. Such table manners as had been inculcated at the orphanage had been lost in Smith Street, and the chief point of orphanage etiquette was not to throw food about, a useless injunction, for obvious reasons. Accordingly, despite her probationary period at the C
Unity regarded the shini
forks and china and glass v
dislike. The restrictions
matter as filling herself wi
were maddening in their co
could n't she bite into her
instead of breaking off a mo
could n't she take up her
gers? Why could n't she
without the futile interm
fork? Why could n't she v
from her plate with soft c
could n't she use her knife
sumption of apple tart? A
cult the art of mastication
lips! She did not revolt.
tried to follow the never-en
tions; but their multiplicity
making her shy and painf
Drink had a devilish habit
wrong way. It never wen
way with her two compan
wondered why.

Then at the table sat h
gloomy, preoccupied, Olym
eyes of the child; and Aunt G
ing corrections, polite instru
niscences, and irrelevant info
an inextricable tangle of ver
Phœbe hovered about, fixing
no matter what she was doing
lentless, glassy eye which no
caped.

There were also a myriad
nal matters which caused her
plexity—the correct use of a h
(one's sleeve was so much ha
one's nose watered), a tooth-
scissors. The last she could
stand. Why, then, did God
teeth to bite with? The questio
presented extraordinary diffic
was months before her ear coul
tinguish between *o* and *aow,*
and *i,* between *ou* and *ah;* an
teries of the aspirate became a t
grew afraid to speak. Thus h
in the graces of polite societ
slow.

John, not fired by enthusias
tent on working out his scheme
nification, gave up an hour or
her mental culture. He was
skilful teacher, but her undevel
had to begin at the beginning
She learned painfully. The g

had revealed itself to her with blinding suddenness. For months she was simply stupid.

"How are things shaping?" asked Herold one day. He had been lunching at Kilburn, and Unity, feeling that she was expected to be on her very best behavior before him, had been more than usually awkward and ungenteel. This time a fish-bone had stuck in her throat.

John frowned. "You saw. Shapelessly. It 's hopeless."

"You 're absolutely wrong," said Herold. "There are vast possibilities in Unity."

"Not one," said John.

"Are you trying the right way? Do you remember what the old don said when he came across two undergraduates vainly persuading the college tortoise to eat lettuce: 'Gentlemen, are you quite sure you are trying at the right end?' "

"What do you mean?"

"Can't you try by the way of the heart?"

John flared up. "You 're talking rot. The child has n't had a harsh word since she has been here. I 'm not honey-tongued as a rule, but to her I 've been a female saint with a lily in my hand. And my aunt, with all her maddening ways, would not hurt the feelings of a black beetle."

"Quite so," said Herold. "But all that 's negative. Why can't you try something positive? Give Unity love, and you 'll be astonished at the result."

"Love," said John, impatiently. "You 're a sentimentalist."

This time Herold flared up. "If I am," he cried, "I thank the good God who made me. This affectation of despising sentiment, this cant that a lot of you writing fellows talk, makes me sick. If a bowelless devil makes a photograph of a leprous crew in a thieves' kitchen, you say: 'Ha! Ha! Here 's the real thing. There 's no foolish sentiment here. This is LIFE!' Ugh! Of all the rotten poses of the superior young ass, this is the rottenest. Everything noble, beautiful, and splendid that has ever been written, sung, painted, or done since the world began, has been born in sentiment, has been carried through by sentiment, has been remembered and reverenced by sentiment. I hate to hear an honest man like you sneering at sentiment. You yourself took on this job through sentiment. And now when I tell you in a few simple words, 'Love that child whose destiny you 've made yourself responsible for,' you pooh-pooh the staring common sense of the proposition and call me a sentimentalist—by which you mean an infernal fool."

John, who had bent heavy brows upon him during this harangue, took his pipe from his mouth.

"It 's you who are feeding the lettuce at the wrong end," he said unhumorously. "This is not a matter of sentiment, but of duty. I do my best to be good to the child. I 'll do the utmost I can to make reparation for what she has suffered. But as for loving her—I suppose you know what love means? As for loving this poor little slut, with her arrested development and with the torture the sight of her means to me, why, my good man, you 're talking monkey gibberish!"

Herold lit a cigarette with nervous fingers. The animation in his thin, sensitive face had not yet died away.

"I 'm not talking gibberish," he replied; "I 'm talking sense."

"Pooh!"—or something like it—said John.

"Well, super-sense, then," cried Herold, who did not quite know what he meant, but felt certain that for the instant the term would floor his adversary. "And you 're as blind as an owl. Deep down in that poor little slut is a spark of the divine fire—love in its purest, the transcendental flame. I know it 's there. I know it as a water-finder knows there 's water when the twig bends in his hands. Get at it. Find it. Fan it into a blaze. You 'll never regret it all your life long."

John's frown deepened. "If you 're suggesting the usual asinine romance, Walter, between ward and guardian—"

Herold caught up his hat.

"Of all the dunderheaded asses! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I can't talk to you."

And in a very rare fury he sped from the house, slamming doors after him, leaving John foolishly frowning in the middle of the violent Axminster carpet.

UNITY, for all her fingers' nimbleness with needle and thread, was clumsy with her hands. Glasses, bowls, vases, whatever she touched, seemed to be possessed

by an imp of spontaneous disruption. Hitherto her code of morals with regard to breakage had been, first, to hide the pieces; secondly, to deny guilt if questioned; thirdly, if found out, to accept punishment with sullen apathy: for chastisement had followed discovered breakage as inevitably as the night the day. Accordingly when she broke a bowl of gold-fish in the drawing-room, she obeyed ingrained tradition. She threw the fish out of the window, mopped up the water, put a hassock on the wet patch on the carpet, and threw the shards of the bowl into the dust-bin. Miss Lindon, entering soon afterward, missed her gold-fish, bought only a few days before from an itinerant vender. Unity disclaimed knowledge of their whereabouts. Phœbe, being summoned, took the parts of principal witness, counsel for the prosecution, judge, and jury all in one. Unity stood convicted. The maid was sent back to her work. "Now," thought Unity, "I 'm going to catch it," and she stood with her eyes on the floor, stubbornly awaiting the decree of doom. An unaccustomed sound met her ear, and looking up, she beheld the gentle lady weeping bitterly.

"I should n't have minded your breaking the bowl, though I should like to know what has become of the poor little fishes,—they must be real fish out of water, poor dears! and one of them I called Jacky was just beginning to know me,—but why did you tell me a story about it?"

Unity, not having the wit to retort truthfully that it seemed the natural thing to do, maintained a stolid silence.

Miss Lindon, profoundly upset by this depravity, read her a moral lecture on the sin of lying, in which she quoted the Book of Revelation, related the story of George Washington and an irrelevant episode in her far-away childhood, and finally asserting that John would be furiously angry if he heard of her naughtiness, bade her go and find the gold-fish, which must be panting their little hearts out. And that was the last Unity heard of the matter. She thought Aunt Gladys a fool. Thenceforward she felt cynically indifferent toward accidental breakages of Aunt Gladys's property.

But one day during John's absence she upset a Dresden china shepherd,—such a brave, saucy shepherd,—th writing-desk, and, to her c rolled apart from the bod of his few dainty possessi that he set an incomprehe the thing. Even Aunt Gl with extraordinary reveren white with fear. Her guar different being from Aunt wrath would be terrible. H far wrong in likening John ceived by the child, to a He His dread majesty overwhe she had not the courage to With trembling fingers she decapitated shepherd on his cately poised the head on th She gazed at him for a mom ness and bravery apparently the accident, and then she dured hours of misery.

The inevitable came to pa covered the breakage, instit mentary court of inquiry, ar the delinquent into his presen

"Did you break this, Unity

"No," said Unity.

The lie irritated him. H fist in a denunciatory gesture. of terror, like a snared r clapped her hands to her face cowering, to the farther co room.

"My God!" cried John, a realization of what had happe you think I was going to hit y

He stood staring at the litt oped, raw-boned, quivering cre assumption of his right to str his capability of striking her, tainty that he would strike her in amazed horror. The phanta to him was the normal to her. wait a few moments before command of his faculties. The up to her.

"Unity, my dear—"

He put his arm about her, led writing-chair, and kept his arm when he sat down.

"There, there, my child," clutching at her side nervously i grasp, "you misunderstood enti his own horrified dismay he hac for the moment her wickedness. find no words save incoheren assurance. She made no respons

her hands before her face, her finger-tips pressed with little livid edges of flesh into her forehead. And thus for a long while they remained.

"I was n't going to punish you for breaking the figure," he explained at last. "You did n't do it on purpose, did you?"

She shook her head.

"What made me angry was your telling me a lie; but I never dreamed of hurting you. I would sooner kill myself than hurt you," he said, with a shudder. Then, with an intuition that came from the high gods, he added, "I would just as soon think of hurting Miss Stella, who gave me the little shepherd you broke."

To John's amazement,—for what does a man know of female orphans, or of female anythings, for the matter of that?—Unity tore herself away from him and, falling in a poor little lump on the floor, burst into a wild passion of tears and sobs. John, not knowing what else to do, stooped down and patted her shoulders in an aimless way. Then with a vague consciousness that she were best alone, he went softly out of the room.

It was thus that, in the unwonted guise of ministering spirits, shame and remorse came to Unity Blake.

SHE had broken a sacred idol. He had not been angry. She had told a lie, and instead of punishing her,—of his horror-stricken motives she had no idea,—he had held her tight in kind arms and spoken softly. He had not actually wept, but he had been sorry at her lie, even as Aunt Gladys had been. Now he, being what to her mind was a kind of fusion of Jah and Zeus and Odin,—three single deities rolled into one,—was not a fool. Dimly through the mists of her soul dawned the logical conclusion: perhaps Aunt Gladys, in her sorrowful and non-avenging attitude toward her mendacities and other turpitudes, was not a fool either.

The bewildering truth also presented itself that lies, being unnecessary as a means of self-protection, were contemptible. In the same way she realized that if folks had no intention of punishing her for destroying their valuable property, even sacred gifts of fairy-princesses, but, instead, smiled on her their sweet forgiveness, they must have in them something of the divine which had hitherto been obscured from her vision. She had proved to herself that they could not be fools; rather, then, they were angels. They certainly could not enjoy the destruction of their belongings; therefore her clumsiness must cause them pain. Now, why should she inflict pain on people who were doing their utmost to make her happy? Why?

She began to ask herself questions; and when once an awakening human soul begins to do that, it goes on indefinitely. Some of the simpler ones she propounded to Miss Lindon, who returned answers simple in essence, though perhaps complex in expression; some her growing experience of life enabled her to answer for herself; some of the more difficult she reserved for her rare talks with Herold. But although the awfulness of John's majesty was mitigated by the investiture of an archangel's iridescent and merciful wings, she could never go to him with her problems. Never again since that memorable occasion did he put his arm around her; he held her gently aloof as before. But he had put his arm around her once, and the child's humility dared not hope for more.

Thus in a series of shocks, bewildering flashes of truth, followed by dark spaces of ignorance, was Unity's development initiated, and, indeed, continued. Her nature, deadened by the chill years, was not responsive to the little daily influences by which character is generally molded. Only the great things, trivial in themselves, but great in her little life—for to an ant-hill the probing of a child's stick means earthquake, convulsion, and judgment-day cataclysm—only the great things, definite and arresting, produced perceptible change. But they left their mark. She was too dull to learn much in the ordinary routine of lessons; but once a fact or an idea could be made to appeal to her emotions or her imagination, it was there for all time. Not all the pains and teaching of her two protectors, for instance, could alter one inflection of her harsh cockney twang.

But one day after luncheon, Herold being present, Miss Lindon ordered her to recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which artless poem she had learned unintelligently by heart, at Miss Lindon's suggestion, in order to give pleasure to her guardian. To give him pleasure she would have learned pages of the army list or worn tin tacks in her boots. After a

month's vast labor she had accomplished the prodigious task.

Very shy, she repeated the poem in the child's singsong, and ended up on the "reef of Norman's *Waow.*"

John, not having been made a party to the "surprise" eagerly contrived by Miss Lindon, nodded, said it was very good, and commended Unity for a good girl. Herold kicked him surreptitiously, and applauded with much vigor.

"By Jove!" said he, impelled by queer instinct, "I used to know that. I wonder if I could recite it, too."

He rose and began; and as he continued, his wonderful art held the child spellbound. The meaningless words resolved themselves into symbols of vast significance. She saw the little daughter, her cheeks like the dawn of day, a vision of Stellamaris, and felt the moonless dark of the stormy night and the hissing snow and the stinging blast, and she shivered at the awful sight of the skipper frozen at the wheel, and a hush fell upon her soul as the maiden prayed, and the tears fell fast from her eyes as the picture of the fisherman finding the maiden fair lashed to the drifting mast was flashed before her by the actor's magic.

"Now, Unity dear, don't you wish you could say it like that?" Aunt Gladys remarked.

Unity, scarcely hearing, made perfunctory answer; but as soon as she could, she fled to her bedroom, her ears reverberating with the echoes of the beautiful voice, and her soul shaken with the poignant drama, and crudely copying Herold's gestures and intonations, recited the poem over and over again.

The result of this was not a sudden passion for romance or histrionics, but it was remarkable enough. It awoke her sense of vowel sounds and aspirates. Henceforward she discriminated between "lady" and "lidy," between "no" and "naow," and although she never acquired a pure accent, her organs of speech refusing to obey her will, she was acutely aware of the wrong sounds that escaped from her lips.

As with this, so with other stages of development, both in things external and things spiritual. Scales had to be torn from her eyes before she saw; then she saw with piercing vision. Plugs had to be wrenched from her ears [illegible] then she heard the horns [illegible] heart had to be plucked [illegible] before she felt; then her [illegible] ered with an undying em[illegible]

So the weeks and the m[illegible] grew into years, and M[illegible] that she was a well-behave[illegible] child, and that it was a [illegible] plain; and Risca, forgetfu[illegible] of her agony of tears a[illegible] angry diagnosis, retained [illegible] she was just dull and stupi[illegible] meaning, and, having his he[illegible] things, took her at last f[illegible] gether with his Aunt Glad[illegible] feature in his sometimes irr[illegible] on the whole exceedingly[illegible] comic-opera household.

CHAPTER X

ONE evening by the last [illegible] ceived a letter bearing the [illegible] and addressed to him unde[illegible] the firm of solicitors who [illegible] his wife. It ran:

I am coming out on W[illegible] thirteenth. I suppose I sha[illegible] where to go to and not be[illegible] walk the streets.

Louisa A[illegible]

That was all—neither *ave* [illegible] was the only letter she had w[illegible] knew well enough that the ho[illegible] Street was being maintained [illegible] allowance would be resumed [illegible] she regained her freedom, ha[illegible] informed by the solicitors, or[illegible] structions; but a reference to [illegible] statement would have disc[illegible] snarl. Prison had not chasten[illegible]

John sat back in his writin[illegible] ignoble letter in front of him. [illegible] a rapid calculation of dates. [illegible] years and three months since th[illegible] had worked out three fourths [illegible] tence, the remaining fourth evi[illegible] ing been remitted on account o[illegible] duct, in the ordinary course. [illegible] and three months! He had sc[illegible] ized the swift flight of time. [illegible] life had been easier. Distract[illegible] had forgotten the past. He had [illegible] found, at his clubs, the society

low-men. His printed name no longer struck horror into a reader's soul. At times he himself almost forgot. The woman had faded into a shadow in some land beyond the tomb. But now, a new and grim Alcestis, she had come back to upper earth. There was nothing trans-Stygian about the two or three cutting lines. She was alive, luridly alive, and on Wednesday, the thirteenth, she would be free, a force let loose, for good or evil, in the pleasant places of the world. At the prospect of the prison doors closing behind her, however, he felt great relief. At any rate, that horror would soon be over and done with. The future must take care of itself.

Presently he wrote:

Dear Louisa:

I am unfeignedly thankful to hear your news. I shall be waiting for you at the gate on the morning of the thirteenth and shall take you to Smith Street, which you will find quite ready to receive you.

Yours,
John Risca.

Then he went out and posted the letter.

"I 'm glad you 're going to meet her yourself instead of sending a solicitor's clerk," said Herold, when they discussed the matter next day.

"I 'm not one to shirk disagreeable things," replied John.

"It may touch some human chord in her."

"I never thought of that," said John.

"Well, think of it. Think of it as much as you can."

" 'You may as well use question with the wolf,' " growled John.

"I don't believe it," said Herold. "Anyhow, try kindness."

"Of course I 'm going to do so," said John, with the impatience he usually manifested when accepting a new point of view from Herold. "You don't suppose I 'm going to stand outside with a club!"

On the appointed day he waited, with a four-wheeled cab, by the prison gate. The early morning sunshine of midsummer flooded the world with pale glory, its magic even softening the grim, forbidding walls. A light southwest wind brought the pure scents of the dawn from many a sleeping garden and woodland far away. The quiet earth sang its innocence, for wickedness was not yet abroad to scream down the song. Even John Risca, anti-sentimentalist, was stirred. What sweeter welcome, what gladder message of hope, could greet one issuing into the upper air from the gloomy depths of Hades? How could such a one help catching at her breath for joy?

The gate swung open, casting a shadow in the small yard beyond, and in the middle of the shadow a black, unjoyous figure stood for a moment irresolute. Then she slowly came out into sunshine and freedom. She was ashen-colored, thin-lipped, and not a gleam of pleasure lit her eyes as they rested with hard remorselessness on the man who advanced with outstretched hand to meet her. Of the hand she took no notice.

"Is this my cab?"

"Yes," said John.

She entered. He followed, giving the address to the driver. She sat looking neither to left nor right, staring stubbornly in front of her. The sunshine and the scent of summer gardens far away failed to bring their message. Though it was high summer, she wore the heavy coat which she had worn in the wintry weather at the time of her trial.

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Louisa," said John.

" 'Unfeignedly thankful!' " She chewed the literary phrase and spat it out venomously. "You — liar!"

John winced at the abominable word; but he spoke softly.

"You can't suppose it has been happiness for me to think of you in there."

"What does it matter to me? What are you to me, anyhow?"

"I 'm your husband in the eyes of the law," said John, "and I once loved you."

"Oh, stow that!"

"I will. But I want you to believe that I am utterly thankful that this—this unhappy chapter is closed—"

She interrupted him with a swift and vicious glance.

" 'Unhappy chapter!' Get off it! You make me sick. Talk English, if you must talk."

"Very well," said he. "I 'm glad my legal wife is not in gaol. I want her to believe that I 'll do my best to forget it; also, that, as far as my means allow, she

will have comfort and opportunity to try to forget it, too."

Not a muscle of her drawn face relaxed.

"I 'm not going to have you or any one else fooling round where I live," she said. "I 'm not going to be preached to or converted. I 've had enough of it where I 've come from. As for you, I hate you. I 've always hated you, and if you have any decency, you 'll never let me see your face again."

"I won't," said John, shortly, and with this the edifying conversation came to an end.

The cab lumbered through the sunny thoroughfares of the great city, now busy with folks afoot, in trams and omnibuses, going forth to their labor; and John, looking out of the window, fancied they were all touched by the glamour of the summer morning. Every human soul save the woman beside him seemed glad to be alive. She sat rigid, apart from him—as physically apart as the seat would allow, and apart from the whole smiling world. She had her being in terrible isolation, hate incarnate. When by any chance their eyes happened to meet, he turned his aside swiftly and shivered with unconquerable repulsion.

When the cab drew up at the house in Smith Street, the door was opened, and a pleasant-faced woman and a man stood smiling in the passage. Mrs. Risca brushed past them into the dining-room, bright with daintily laid breakfast table and many flowers. The latter, John, at Herold's suggestion, had sent in the evening before.

"You see," said John, entering, "we 've tried to prepare for you."

She deigned no glance, but slammed the door.

"Who are those people?"

"A married couple whom I have engaged to live here. The woman, Mrs. Bence, will do for you. The man goes out to his work during the day."

"Warder and wardress, eh? They can jolly well clear out. I 'm not going to have 'em."

Then John's patience broke. He brought his fist down on the table with a crash.

"By heavens," he cried, "you shall have whomever I put here. You 've behaved yourself for two years, and you 're going on behaving yourself."

the door. "Mrs. Bence, h
off with her coat and brin
fast."

Cowed, she submitted w
meekness. Prison disciplin
ter the heroic qualities. M
hat and coat and disappear

"Sit down at the table."

She obeyed. He laid so
side her.

"This is your allowance.
teenth of every month you v
same amount from my ban
prefer, after a time, to live i
we may be able to arrang
meanwhile you must stay he

She neither touched th
thanked him. There was a
and deadly. John stood in th
the window, bending on h
brows. Now and then she gl
furtively from beneath low
like a beast subdued, but no
dominant will was all that c
her now. He thanked an un
ful Providence that had se
Bences in the very nick of hi
Before marriage, Mrs. Benc
under-attendant at a county
lum, and John had heard of
Wybrow, the medical superi
club friend, who had helped
when the defense had set up th
sanity, and whom, with an ide
service in his head, he had agai
No more torturing of Unities,
help it. Wybrow spoke high
Bence and deplored the ruin of
reer as a controller of she-devi
cat will after kind, so must s
honest but impecunious plumber
sought her and come to terms at
once in their courses, he thoug
the stars were not fighting ag
He had not told Herold of th
ment. Herold had counselec
The flowers, for instance, wou
to make their innocent appe
could not fail to fill her eyes.
sentiment in those eyes! Lit
knew of the world of realities
he was at death-grips.

Presently Mrs. Bence came i
fee, hot rolls, a dish of bacon
The fragrant smell awakened
instinct of the woman at the

raised her head and followed the descent of dish and plate. Then a queer noise broke from her throat, and she fell upon the food. John left her.

Mrs. Bence followed him into the passage and opened the front door.

"I 've warned you that you 're likely to have a trying time."

"I 've been used to it, sir."

"She must never guess that," said he.

He walked homeward through the parks, breathing in great gulps of the sweet morning air. He felt that he had been in contact with something unclean. Not only his soul, but his very body, craved purification. In the woman he had left he had found no remorse, no repentance, no sensibility to any human touch. Prison had broken her courage; but in its sunless atmosphere of the underground, all the fungoid growths of her nature had flourished in mildewed exuberance. He shuddered at the thought of her, a poisonous thing, loathsome in its abnormality. As some women dwell in an aura of sweet graciousness, so dwelt she in mephitic fumes of devildom. Implacable hatred, deadly venom, relentless vengeance, were the constituents of her soul. Relentless vengeance— He sat for a moment on a bench in Hyde Park, feeling chilled to the bone, although the perspiration beaded on his forehead. She would not strike him, of that he was oddly assured. Her way would be to strike at him through those near and dear to him. In the full sunshine of gay midsummer, with the trees waving their green and lusty bravery over his head, and the flower-beds rioting in the joy of the morning, he was shaken by an unreasoning nightmare terror. He saw the woman creeping with snaky movements into the sea-chamber at Southcliff, and a pair of starry eyes become wells of awful horror as the murderous thing approached the bed. And he was held rigid by dream paralysis. After a second or two—it had seemed many minutes of agony—he sprang to his feet with what he thought was a great cry, and looked dazedly about him. A nurse-maid, undistracted from her novelette, and wheeling a perambulator in which reposed an indifferent infant, passed him by. He shook himself like a great, rough dog, and went his way, ashamed of his fears. It was a practical world, he told himself, and he was a match for any mad-woman.

Unity was watering flowers in the tiny patch of front garden when he swung through the iron gate. She had grown little during the last two years, and still was scraggy and undeveloped; but a healthier color had come into her cheeks and a more confident expression into her common, snub-nosed face. Her movements were less awkward, and as she was eighteen, she wore the long skirts appropriate to her age and her hair done up with a comb.

She set down her watering-pot and stood at a kind of absurd attention, her usual attitude in the presence of John.

"Please, guardian," she said,—she could never rid herself of the school-child's exordium,—"have you had your breakfast?"

"No," said John, realizing for the first time that emptiness of stomach may have had something to do with his momentary faintness in the park.

"Aunt Gladys has been in such a state," said Unity. "She has made Phœbe cook three breakfasts already, and each has been spoiled by being kept in the oven, and I think now she is cooking the fourth."

In this announcement rang none of the mischievous mirth of eighteen over an elder's harmless foibles. Humor, which had undoubtedly presided at her birth, for like many another glory-trailing babe, she had crowed with glee at the haphazard coupling of which she was the result, had fled for good from her environment ever since the day when, at a very tender age, she had seen her mother knocked insensible by a drunken husband and had screamed single-mindedly for unobtainable nourishment. She had no sense of glorious futility, of the incongruous relativity of facts. Each fact was absolute. Three breakfasts had been cooked and spoiled. The fourth was in the cooking. She narrated simply what had taken place.

"Run and tell Phœbe I 'm hungry enough to eat all four," said John.

They entered the house. Unity hurried off on her errand. The meal was soon served. Miss Lindon, with many inquiries as to the reason for his early start, which he answered with gruff evasiveness, hovered about him as he ate, watching him in loving wonder. His big frame needed much nourishment, and now sheer hunger

was being satisfied. To her acquaintance she spoke of his appetite with as much pride as of his literary achievements. It was Unity, however, who took charge of the practical service, removed his plates and poured out his tea, silent, submissive, and yet with a subtle air of protection. There were certain offices she would not allow Aunt Gladys or even Phœbe to perform for her guardian. She was jealous, for instance, like a dog, of any one touching the master's clothes. This morning, when Miss Lindon absent-mindedly grasped the handle of the teapot, the faintest gleam of anger appeared in her eyes, and her lips grew instinctively tense, and with a quick, authoritative gesture she unloosed the fat, helpless fingers and took possession of the sacred vessel. John liked her to wait upon him. She was deft and noiseless; she anticipated his wants in an odd, instinctive way and seldom made suggestions. Now, of suggestions his aunt was a living fount. They poured from her all day long. He had a vague consciousness that Unity, by tactful interposition, dammed the flood, so that he could go on his way undrenched. For this he felt grateful, especially this morning when his nerves were on edge. Yet this morning he felt grateful also to Miss Lindon, and suffered her disconnected ministrations kindly. To-day the queer home that he had made assumed a new significance.

When Miss Lindon fluttered out of the room, bound on a suddenly remembered duty,—fresh groundsel for Dickie,—John looked up from the newspaper which Unity had silently folded and laid beside him.

"Come here, my child," he said, after a few moments' thought.

She approached and stood dutifully by his chair.

"Unity, I don't think it right for you to remain in ignorance of something that has happened. I don't see how it can really affect you, but it 's better that you should learn it from me than from anybody else. Do you remember—" he paused —"that woman?"

It was the first reference he had ever made to her. Unity drew a quick, sharp breath.

"Yes, guardian."

"She was let out of prison this morning."

She kept her eyes full on
a while neither spoke.

"I don't care," she said a

"I thought it might ca
anxiety."

"What have I to be af
I 've got you?" she asked sir

John twisted round in
reached out his hand—a ra
tion of affection—and took h

"It 's to assure you, m
you 've nothing to fear tha
you."

"She can't hurt *me*," said

"By heaven, she sha'n't!"
consciously wrenching her ar
caused her considerable pain
bore without the flicker o

"You 're a fine, brave girl,
I 'm proud of you. And yo
girl, too. I hope you 're hap
you?"

"Happy?" Her voice quav
word. Her mouth twitched, a
started from her eyes. He sm
one of his rare smiles, known
sides Stellamaris, which lit u
features, and revealed a guard
ferent from the inaccessible Ol

"Yes, my dear, I hope so.
to be happy all your life long."

She uttered a little sobbing
fell crouching to his feet, still
his hand, which she rubbed a
cheek. How could she tell him

"I think you are," said John.

"I 've just remembered
groundsel—" began Miss Lindo
into the room. Then she stop
fied at the unusual spectacle.

John laughed rather fooli
Unity, flushing scarlet, rushed o

"I was only asking her wh
were treating her nicely," said
ing and stretching his loose limbs

"What a question to ask the c

"Well, she answered it like
see," said John.

"But what a way to answer
question! She forgets sometime
is a young lady of eighteen, an
manners ought to be formed.
ners," she continued, hunting
room, "are not what they wer
was young. I declare, I som
young women in the streets wi
caps and hockey-sticks—"

John took a salad-bowl from the mantelpiece. "Is that Dickie's groundsel?"

"Oh, how clever of you! Where did you find it? Dickie has been so angry. He 's just like a man when his dinner 's late. I don't mean you. You 're a perfect saint, dear."

"Which reminds me," said John, with a laugh, "that I 've mislaid my halo and I must go and find it."

With an exultant sense of comfort he went into his library. The women-folk of his household had never before seemed so near to him, so dependent on him, such organic factors of his life. He stood for a long time on his hearth-rug, scowling terribly, with the air of a wild beast standing at the entrance to its lair in defiant defense of the female and whelps within.

(To be continued)

THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY O. W. FIRKINS

IT rose upon my eyes—that wondrous sea,
Bluer than sky or ocean,—with a hue
As if the skies that blur when sunsets flee
Had fallen therein and paved its depths with blue.
I thought of the far springs in storied lands
That fed its fountains, of the echoing streams
That carried memories with their freight of sands,
And strewed its shores with chronicles and dreams.
One drop had lain in Ebro, one in Rhone;
And one had foamed in far Marmora's sea;
And one, a snowflake in the snow-wrapt zone,
Had glinted on a crest in Chamonix;
And one had tossed above the tossing buoy
In Cyprus, or where Stamboul's turrets burn;
And one had, in the heart of ancient Troy,
Snatched a gray ash-flake from a shivered urn;
And one had sprayed some trail of hanging vine
Whose root had pierced a block of fallen frieze
That once had lightened o'er a columned shrine
In Athens for the joy of Pericles;
And one had dropped from some bold sea-bird's wing
By Tunis; one, in Tiber's depths concealed,
Had washed a moldering bishop's drifting ring
Into some crumbled emperor's bedded shield;
And one, a drop of rain, had touched the hair
Or wing of some bright angel carved of yore
By Giotto's or high-tasked Ghiberti's care,
Ere Arno swept it to the Tuscan shore;
And one in Nile had gleams of sunlight caught,—
The unpitying sun half-glimpsed through drooping lids,—
And dreams from vast, imperial Luxor brought
Had deepened by the timeless Pyramids.
I thought how legend, annals, fame, romance,
High memories, conflicts, sagas old and new,
Lay passive, slumbering, in that bright expanse
Of fearless and unconquerable blue.

MURAL PAINTING ON TILES, FROM THE PALACE OF SHAH ABBAS

PERSIAN WOMEN IN THE RECENT CRISIS[1]

BY W. MORGAN SHUSTER

Lately Treasurer-General of Persia

WE live to-day in an era of change and great surprises. We discover every moment new laws of human existence, or novel applications of old ones to modern conditions. For example, if such things could be expressed in mathematical formula, we might assert that the capacity of a people to absorb without nervous shock radical and even epoch-making reforms increases as the square of past experiences; or that the momentum acquired by a people in the pursuit of some long-desired condition is in direct proportion to the past restraints under which they have fretted.

During the last five years, the women of Persia have become almost at a bound the most progressive, not to say radical, in the world. The fact makes one gape with astonishment, and upsets the previous notions of centuries.

Without the powerful moral influence of the Persian women,—those so-called chattels of the Oriental lords of creation,—the short-lived, but marvelously conducted, revolutionary movement in Persia which has recently been smothered by R England would have paled earl mere disorganized protest. It w from their cloistered lives, who, patriotic support of the Islamic fomented the national movement Persian people for the adoption o tutional forms of government, and inculcation of Western political, cial, and ethical codes.

Throughout the five years follo the successful, but bloodless, risin Persians, in 1906, against the unen oppressions, cruelty, and extortions shahs, a feverish and at times fier of patriotism has gleamed in th eyes of Persian womanhood. I thirst for liberty and its modern sions, they have broken down man most sacred customs which from ginning of history have bound thei

During my recent brief sojourn land of Iran my astonishment ir daily at the manifestations of the i and high purposes of the Mohar women. We have long been acc

[1] From the author's forthcoming volume, "The Strangling of Persia."

to the increasingly large rôle played by Western women in business, in the professions, in literature, in science, and in politics; but what shall we say of the veiled women of the near East who overnight become teachers, newspaper writers, founders of women's clubs, and speakers on political subjects? What shall we think when we find them vigorously propagating the most progressive ideas of the Occident in a land until recently wrapped in the hush and gloom of centuries of despotism?

It is interesting to consider whence came their desire to play a part in the political and social regeneration of their country, and their unwavering faith in the political and social institutions of the West. That the desire came, and still exists, there can be no possible doubt; and with it was born the discriminating intelligence which as a rule is acquired only by long years of practical experience. The Persian women have given to the world a notable example of the ability of inexperienced minds to assimilate rapidly an absolutely new idea, and with the *élan* of the crusader who has a vision, they have set to work to accomplish their ideals.

The American finance administrators who went to Persia in May, 1911, to reorganize the fiscal system of that country were fortunate enough to win the confidence of the National Assembly, or Medjlis, a body which fairly represented the hopes and aspirations of the great mass of the Persian people. This point gained, we were soon made aware that another great, though secret, influence was watching our work with jealous but kindly eyes. It is well known in Teheran that there are dozens of more or less secret societies among the Persian women, with a central organization by which they are controlled. To this day I know neither the names nor the faces of the leaders of this group, but in a hundred different ways we learned that we were to be befriended and supported by the patriotic fervor of thousands of the weaker sex.

A few examples may suffice. I was sitting in my office one morning last summer, several months after our arrival at Teheran, when I was told that one of the Persian clerks in the Treasury Department wished to see me on an important matter. Information comes unexpectedly and from such curious sources in the Orient that no offer can safely be rejected. A young ma came in whom I had never before seer We spoke in French, and after receivin permission to talk freely, with many apol ogies he said that his mother was ou friend; that she had commissioned him t say that Mrs. Shuster should not pay visit to the household of a certain Persia grandee, by whose family she had bee invited, since he was an enemy to the con stitutional government and my wife' visit would make the Persians suspect me I thanked him, though at the time I dic not myself know of the contemplated visit but I soon learned that it was true, and o course advised against it. I called the young Persian again and asked him how his mother knew of this purely private social affair. He said that it had been known and discussed in the secret society to which his mother belonged, and that it was decided to warn me against it.

On another occasion last fall a large crowd of poor women came to the Atabak Park, where I lived and had my private offices, to make a demonstration against me because the Treasury had been unable to pay the government pensions, on which over a million dollars was then due. The available funds had been necessary for the volunteer troops who had been fighting against the ex-shah, Muhamad Ali Mirza, who was attempting to regain the throne. I sent one of my Persian secretaries to ask these women who had told them to come and make this demonstration. He reported that it had been instigated by a reactionary grandee who was well known to be favoring the cause of the ex-shah. I had them told that they would be given an answer on the following day if they dispersed quietly, which they did.

I then sent to one of the women's societies a simple explanation of our financial straits and the impossibility of paying these pensions because of the needs of the constitutional government, with a request that the society prevent any further agitation against the Treasury. Though it did not become possible to pay these pensions, there was never another demonstration by women on this account.

They have a saying in Teheran that when the women take part in a *"chuluk"* (strike or riot) against a cabinet or the government, the situation has become serious.

On October 9 and 10, the confiscation of the properties of the two rebellious brothers of the ex-shah took place, despite the illegal and outrageous intervention of the Russian consul-general at Teheran, who with Russian Cossacks made the Treasury officials prisoners on the first day. Finding that their consul-general had no excuse in law or fact for his conduct toward Persia, the Russian cabinet concocted and gave out the pretext that one of these properties was mortgaged to the Russian bank at Teheran, and that its former owner, the Prince Shua-u-Saltaneh, brother of the ex-shah, owed the bank some $225,000. Every one knew that the claim was both false and absurd, but as there is no recognized system for recording mortgages, and as the rebel prince himself would doubtless swear to the transaction in order to save his property from confiscation, we were at a loss how to disprove this claim. To all demands that the Russian bank should produce its books and other proofs of the debt a deaf ear was turned.

It was then that I received a striking proof of the courage and patriotism of Persian womanhood, and of the practical value of their moral support. One of my principal Persian assistants, a very highly educated and patriotic man, came to me and said that his sister was one of the wives of Prince Shua-u-Saltaneh, and that she had obtained one of the copies of the prince's last will and testament, executed within the year, just before he had left Persia, and in compliance with all the ceremony and formality required by law and the Mohammedan religion for a man of that rank. She had informed him that this document, as was required, contained full lists and inventories of all the prince's lands and property, and a statement of all debts due to him or by him—in fact, a complete and solemn report of his financial situation. The sister of my informant had told him to bring me this document, though at enormous risk to the lives and property rights of herself and her children, because she believed it was her duty to her country. I received the document, and with it was able to refute absolutely the last falsehood on which the Russian government had depended to justify the hostile and unlawful acts of her consular officials in this affair.

We come now to the occasi
the Persian women, in their
erty and their ardent love f
tionality, threw down the l
which distinguished their sex
evidence of a courage and hero
to be sung in imperishable vers

The Russian government,
ber 29, 1911, had delivered a s
eight-hour ultimatum to Persi
ing my expulsion from the po
surer-General, the full contro
of all foreign administrators
the payment of a heavy indemn
sia, and a promise to decide all
ent, and future questions betw
and Russia to the satisfaction o
sian government. The accepta
terms of this ultimatum meant
plete abdication by Persia of
eignty. A few minutes before
expired, on December 1, the
Assembly, in public session, gave
mous vote to reject the condition

The cabinet was panic-stricke
gloomy foreboding was in the ai
were neither men nor means wi
to oppose successful resistance to
sands of troops and the batteries
lery which Russia was already
into northern Persia. The day
and another effort was made by
thoroughly frightened cabinet to
National Assembly to vote them
to accept the Russian and British
The deputies again solemnly refus
one of the religious representatives
it in the chamber, "It may be the
Allah that our liberty and our sov
shall be taken from us by force, bu
not sign them away with our own
The people in Teheran and thro
the provinces heard of the Ass
brave stand and were delirious with

Then came the dark days when
were whispered as to whether the
bly would stand firm; sickening
arose as to the effects of the thre
bribes which were being freely used
deputies by Russian emissaries and
gés. It was rumored more tha
that in secret conclave the Assem
decided to yield. The bazaars and
of the capital city were torn with
What could they do to hold their
sentatives to their duty?

Comes forward now the Persian v

Out from their walled courtyards and harems marched three hundred of that weak sex, with the flush of undying determination in their cheeks. They were clad in their plain black robes, with the white net of their veils dropped over their faces. Many held pistols under their skirts or in the folds of their sleeves. Straight to the Assembly they went, and, gathered there, demanded of the president that he admit them all. What the grave deputies of the land of the Lion and the Sun may have thought at this strange visitation, history saith not. The president consented to receive a delegation of them. In his reception-hall they confronted him, and lest he and his colleagues should doubt their meaning, these cloistered Persian mothers, wives, and daughters showed their revolvers threateningly, tore aside their veils, and confessed their decision to kill their own husbands and sons, and add their own dead bodies to the sacrifice, if the deputies should waver in their duty to uphold the liberty and dignity of the Persian people and nation.

A week or two later, the Assembly was destroyed by a coup d'état executed by Russian hirelings, but its members were stainless of having sold their country's birthright.

All honor to the veiled women of Persia! With the constraining traditions of the past about them, with the idea of absolute dependence upon the fancy and caprice of men ever before them, deprived of all opportunity to educate themselves after modern ideals, watched, guarded, and rebuffed, they offered up their daily contribution to their country's cause, watching its servants each moment with a mother's jealous eyes, and failed not, even in that grim, tragic hour when men's hearts grew weak and the palsying dread of the prison and its tortures, the noose and the bullet, had settled heavy on the bravest in the land.

The dearest hopes of the Persian people have been cruelly smothered, but the memory of their heroic women will live to inspire mankind wherever the love of justice dwells in the hearts of men.

PERSIAN WOMEN, FROM A DESIGN FOR A BOOK COVER

ALBERT BESNARD

THE MAN AND HIS ART

WITH SOUVENIRS OF HIS RECENT VISIT TO INDI

BY ARMAND DAYOT

Inspector-General of the Fine Arts, Paris

Cliché Vizzavona

FROM THE DRAWING BY ALBERT BESNARD

EVER since the year 1874, when, at the age of twenty-five, he won the *prix de Rome* scholarship, the painter Albert Besnard has never intermitted hard work. And when one remembers that an admirable power and an uncommon freedom of the brush are among the precious gifts which have made of him a master, if, indeed, not *the* master, of French painting, one can easily imagine the extraordinary importance of his life-work—a life-work filled with variety. One hesitates to say whether he was greater in the execution of the decorations for the entrance-hall of the Ecole de Pharmacie, near the Luxembourg Gardens, of those in the Berck church belonging to the New Sorbonne, of the ceilings for the two art palaces on the Champs-Elysées, of those for the Théâtre Français, of the wall painting in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, or those in the house of M. Jacques Rouché, or in work on many other walls of other mansions.

But if Besnard, the brilliant improvisator, sure of himself, one in whose scientific and instinctive art the memories of Florentine and Venetian masterpieces blend harmoniously with the free tenderness of the impressionists, shows himself lighted in the painting of bro and then, suddenly changing happy in a tenderly sensuous the blond skin of woman as it the luminous caress of his br mains none the less a vigorou found analyzer of the male face traits of M. Barrère, French at Rome; M. Frantz Jourdai of the autumn Salon; and M. these among others are verita pieces of craftsmanship, clevern tality.

Nevertheless, it is fair to re fact that Besnard, like the gr masters of the eighteenth centu voted the larger, if not the bett his time to the painting of wom he has sought for effects of an e kind in the rendering of his fa ject. Who can forget the portrai R. J—— (Salon of 1886), t that won the nickname of "Lac low," the one that was so vehem cussed? After Besnard, an artist ideas in lighting of a special so art has had remarkable influen colorists of his day, had continu periments on combinations of lig reflected lights, there resulted f bold and constant experiments t guished portrait of the actress R appearance in the Salon of the Painters roused almost as man tions as those which greeted the Yellow."

But the works in which Besn himself a marvelous painter of m

From the painting in the Gallery of the Luxembourg

PORTRAIT OF ALBERT BESNARD BY HIMSELF

man are to be found in that series of pastels which has stamped him as the rival of Latour or of Perroneau. In these he seems to have established the very flower of his art, and that with a veritable piety of sensuousness.

In landscape he has known how to interpret and vivify nature, and not only that of the West, steeped in a kind of floating humidity, but the glowing poetry of the African desert. No Orientalist of the brush has expressed with greater force the savage beauty of the typical, perceived beneath the shadows of the *casbahs*. As an etcher, he will leave behind him prints full of luminous power and a rare personality, side by side with those of Anders Zorn and Forain.

At sixty, Besnard finds his fame world-wide. The works already finished are enough to establish it in foreign parts as well as in his own land, where, nevertheless, it must candidly be recorded, they still meet with opposition.

Last year Besnard passed six months in India in company with his wife, a sculptor of remarkable talent, and his two younger sons, returning in June. The artistic results of this trip are soon to be exhibited in Paris. His enthusiasm leaves no doubt concerning the profound emotion he experienced throughout the whole voyage. I asked him if India had revealed itself to him in the semblance which he had fancied.

"Still more beautiful," he replied. "I

had imagined India far below its actual beauty, even as seen through descriptions of travelers. Moreover," he added, "people who love to travel ought to amuse themselves by sketching beforehand in fancy the appearance of the places they intend to see, according to the preconceived idea they have of them. It would form one of the most interesting collections, one that would demonstrate the imaginations of authors. There are a lot of false images in our memories. For do not descriptions, no matter how exact they may be, often bring up nothing but erroneous conceptions?"

Unlike the majority of contemporary painters, Besnard is a natural writer. Besides the treasures of his artistic impressions of India, he will reveal himself as a writer of rare penetration and charming style by publishing his personal souvenirs and running observations in a book which he himself will illustrate—a precious feast for bibliophiles. I give a few extracts.

"Savage, strange land of symbols as old as the world, pardon my ignorance. . . . I belong to those who can learn only through their eyes, and in a few months I shall have seen so much, shall have looked so much about, that I shall certainly need all your indulgence. . . .

"The women here show admirable shoulders and most enviable arms, but this tearing down of the ear, which pulls the torn lobe to the bosom in rags, puts them apart and degrades them, no matter what may be the wealth of jewels which bedeck them for a length of twenty centimeters. Their faces are sweet and sad, and one looks in vain for a single spot on their mouths that might afford room for a kiss. For the juice of the betel-nut does not spare the mouth of a woma
than that of a man."

Here is a picturesque passa

"Strolling along with a
are the Buddhist priests, injec
picture of the mass of passer
ful note of their yellow drape
polled like vultures, and ho
hand a big palm-leaf fan, and
umbrella under the arm, the
full stop here and there, abs
hundred incidents of the t
Suddenly down comes the ra
ciently
curren
a sky
to sto
—and
along t
swampy
their t
up to
like hur
gerating
ment o
who is
getting
wet."

Again
of the b

"Dow
me the
grumblin
falls nois
foot of
though
there it
well beh
a bird's-e
as if at t
of a wash-bowl, I see other batl
the foam and spume. To look
gestures one might think that
performing certain religious rit
shadow of the leafy trees and
cliffs about the waterfall cover t
mystery. Still, the sun, takin
tage of a missing branch or a be
cliff, lights up, just as it can, her
der, there a head, and yonder a

I have had the pleasure of seei
objects in the forthcoming exhi
the Indian sketches. It is to ap
timely moment. Never before
pale West turned its eyes toward
terious East with more of vague
Never, at the same time, has it

Cliché Vizzavona

YOUNG INDIAN GIRL AT BENARES
FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT BESNARD

gaze been more directed toward that focus of inspiration. It is like a new crusade—a crusade of ideas borne upon the flotillas of dream toward those distant lands where everything is filled with the divine essence, work is steeped in warm, burning sensuousness! No other artist was better equipped for the accomplishment of such an art pilgrimage through that land, bathed in a kind of eternal apotheosis,

Cliché Vizzavona

INDIAN DANCING-GIRL

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT BESNARD

where, in a diffused fashion, the puissance and majesty of divinity manifest themselves under forms and aspects of the greatest number, variety, and uncertainty.

What a vast and fruitful realm for such a talented explorer of the brush as Albert Besnard, a great pantheistic painter, if ever one was, whose entire made up of the intimate union of a marvelous dream and a striking reality. His high literary culture, which has included an impassioned study of the hymns of the Vedas and the gigantic Brahman epics; his uncommon sensitiveness, ever on the alert; his love of mystery; his refined sensualism; his Bacchic color-sense; his swift

comprehension—all designated Besnard as the portraitist of that extraordinary country, the ardent life and changing, varied aspect of which we know to-day only through the cold exactitude of pictures without warmth—pictures for the most part engendered from a toilsome and labored interpretation of photographic impressions.

Besnard's trip took him first to Ceylon, where he visited the Buddhist temples besieged by the crowd of the faithful, and reveled in the rich, deep-green landscape; then to Benares the divine; to Agra, Delhi, Jeypore, Ahmedabad, Bombay, and Madura. There at last, under the shadow of its walls, he was enabled to work in quiet for sixteen days. Then came Trichinopoli, Tanjore, Pondicherry, Madras, Hyderabad, and Calcutta.

Cliché Vizzavona

INDIAN GIRLS NINE AND TWELVE YEARS OLD

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT BESNARD

In examining a mass of pai water-colors, and sketches which form part of the exhibition, I notic the greater number of his works sented southern India. When I cal attention to this, Besnard answere the lack of ethical proportion in t tire body of his works was the re the fact that the life of northern

Cliché Vizzavona

THE BRACELET MERCHANT

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT BESNARD

the India of the Rajputs and Moguls, is still difficult of access for the curious artist. In those regions it was with difficulty that even Mme. Besnard herself, after long diplomatic efforts, was permitted to penetrate into the dwellings reserved to women, those poor hermits to whom all life outside the home is forbidden. Of these two parts of India Besnard says:

"In the South the light, the violent contrast of shadows and reflections and their reactions, causes one inevitably to think of Rembrandt. In the North it is Paul Veronese and Tiepolo."

The general impression which disengages itself from this magical collection of splendid canvases of swift and incisive sketches, of water-colors as fresh as flowers,—like the flowers of the tropics,—is the expression which they contain of intense vitality, and, above all, of the vitality of the people. Here there is nothing fixed and hard, nothing official. The models are rarely members of the higher classes. It is among the fresh shadows of the byways, lanes, and booths that Besnard discovers those phantom-like anatomies of men, lighted up by eyes of flame in which one divines all the hallucination and the resignation of Buddhism.

But he does not show us merely the contemplative and resigned Hindu, seeking after holiness by the way of mortification of the senses. His curiosity led him also into the throbbing circles of laborers of humble life, whose gestures and movements he has powerfully conventionalized. I can still see before me the picture which he calls "The Bracelet Merchant," in which the principal personage, having the foolish visage of a faker, tries to pull off a too tight bracelet from the arm of one of his women clients. Besnard has very cleverly expressed the beauty and the pained resistance of the woman.

Without any appearance of effort of the imagination, by a kind of instinctive movement of his brush, Besnard has the art of giving his vision style,—even the

most lowly vision,—without changing the reality of the subject, without doing violence to the truth of nature. His lithe dancers, with fine slits of the eye, tapering fingers, little feet heavily weighted with silver ornaments, bleeding mouths—they live again with a real existence in their hieratic postures. If in his fresh water-colors and his explosive paintings they borrow such noble attitudes from the past, the reason is that these dancers are truly the sisters of those of Herculaneum, and likewise of those of Ispahan, whose exquisite gracefulness Firdusi described many centuries ago. He has caught to perfection the mysterious charm of their art. His power of giving style to a type is no less evident whenever he cares to paint the miserable drawers of water, the women half-clad in striking cotton wraps as they pass through the scorching street with their jars. He has the art to ennoble their gestures without overdoing them; the white-skinned *canephoræ* who figured in the festivals of Dionysus were neither more Olympian in their bearing nor less truly beautiful than these bearers of water, with their gold-colored skins an vous silhouettes. Then there of forests brilliant with striking through which, like the fabled l Ramayana, there pass young wo ing themselves like idols, cov jewels, riding upon sacred youn pale-colored hide. And then, to end, there is architecture that dream, rising up white or ro against the blue sky and reflect with the bodies of women and t of many wings, in the limpid r mighty streams.

Writing of those vistas of which inspire in the artist respe religious fervor, Besnard says:

"Behold the portal of the temp draw near; the declining day is s its violet powder over the roofs trees. A sudden stoppage, and arrived. The tall folds of the hea are partly opened and permit a cl escape toward us, which turns r In my own mind I liken myself t on the point of entering the circl Souls in Anger."

Cliché Vizzavona

TWO NATIVES AT DELHI

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT BESNARD

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. W. I——

PAINTED BY W. G. VON GLEHN

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH ART)

"SAID"

A STORY OF CHINA

BY FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

Author of "My Lady Peggy goes to Town," etc.

SIR ELIOT HOLT had been down in the City the greater part of the day; his brougham had been waiting for him in front of the offices of the Anglo-Chinese Development Co. for over an hour when he finally descended the steps and got in.

"Marsden," he said to the footman, "get me to Sir Walter Thorne's by half after five; so tell Jupe to drive slowly, and by the Embankment."

The man touched his hat, and sprang up beside the coachman.

The afternoon was what is called one of proverbial London weather: the somber sky lowered almost to the touching-point with the somber earth; there was no rift in the lead, no promise in the east or in the west; the fog infolded the Embankment, made one with the river, and hung like a drift of gauze about the houses, the towers, the monuments, and the steeples. It was of course all essentially English, and yet to this man the misty Thames stood that day for one of the yellow rivers of the Orient; the swathe of the British haze was the vapor that swallows up swamp-land and upland alike in the Chinese country, the lights that pierced the gloom were the lanterns of the province of Fu-chau, and for all that his eyes were now closed, they beheld with vivid exactness the face of a gentle, fawn-colored girl of the East, a pupil in the mission-school in Tientsin. He had seen her there only once, and had gone again and again to find her; but she was never found or heard of, save that her father, whose name no one knew, had come secretly and taken her away, probably to earn money for him by making the exquisite flowers of silk on which Holt himself had then seen her working.

As he stared out into the vapory waste, from which even the electric lights had vanished in the merging of earth and sky, he saw in fancy another face—a lish face of rose and pearl, th arching-browed, and quiet-eyed flecting on it, his own face t harder and more reticent express

Sir Eliot Holt was accounted inexorable pride, few foibles, lit and next to no feeling. He was to be addicted to nothing less tha timent or imagination; therefore goes without saying that he was s ruled, even obsessed, by both senti imagination.

At the desired hour the b pulled up before Sir Walter's South Audley Street, and prese Eliot was having tea with Nina and waiting for other guests to lea

When they started to go, she went with them the length of drawing-rooms, and seemed in no return; but when she looked into rors before her, and noticed that pacing back and forth, she smiled self, left the guests, and went back

She was very charming, graciou graceful, perfectly gowned, and a guorous from the top of her tall, head to the tips of her velvet slippe

"So you are really going away?" s

He inclined his head, looking from under his level, appraising Sir Eliot Holt, men said, appraised thing, and while not necessarily money value, at a value of some physical, spiritual, or mental. So of he appraised Nina Thorne. She d look up as she took her seat and inc a chair to him. Her blue eyes were upon the floor.

"How long?" she asked.

"A year, at the least."

Then she did raise her lids, tak his tall, straight figure, his gray ey clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, with jaw, and lips full of tenderness wh

smiled. He was faultless in the little motions of hand, arm, and feature that betray human fineness or coarseness, yet withal calm, unaroused.

"Twelve whole months!" she exclaimed under her breath.

He did not answer at the moment, so absorbed was he in saying within himself, "Shall I, or shall I not?" that even courtesy went by the board. And, too, for all the charm of her pink lips, he did not crave to kiss them; for, between him and the English girl was the exquisite allure of the face of the girl of the Orient.

"Twelve whole months!" Nina repeated in an even lower tone.

Sir Eliot took a step nearer, and standing quite erect before her, said smilingly: "Suppose we call it on. What do you say?"

Miss Thorne's heart seemed to stop beating; the things she had most wished for, this man and his possessions, were actually being offered to her, what matter how? They were within her grasp; the triumphant red flooded her face and throat. At last, after months of subservience and diplomacy, she had her chance. He might wait a minute or two; she had waited many days.

"Don't you think we can hit it off fairly well, Nina?" he said, laughing a little as he sat down beside her. "Come," he added, as she kept silent, "had you not better give me your answer now? I have only a few minutes more. I 'm off, you remember, to-morrow."

"No!" She put out a very beautiful hand a little way; it was not taken. "Not as soon as that?"

"Precisely. I must tell you. A new railway-line is to be built through the valley of the Yellow River." His voice was suddenly full of enthusiasm. "A magnificent piece of work; I am putting a pretty big lump into it personally, and the approximate outlay, all told, will be ten millions. I am pledged for the whole, if it is not subscribed by either the Chinese or our European governments."

"Yes?" she uttered the syllable with sufficient interest, her heart throbbing at the thought of ten millions. Not that she was poor; but her father's income was only four thousand a year, a trifle beside the high-tide mark which she had set for herself.

"What do you suppose 'betrothed' is in Chinese?" He was surveying her critically as he spoke.

She smiled radiantly. "I don't know," she said.

" 'Said.' "

" 'Said?' " she repeated, still smiling.

" 'Said,' and done?" he reiterated gaily. "Is it not?"

"I—suppose so," she replied, laughing gaily with him.

"Then"—he looked at his watch—"I 'll drop in at the club and see your father on my way. He will be there, will he not, as usual?"

"He is there now," she answered.

"My very best to the lady mother." He took her hand, touched his lips to it, looked into her upturned eyes, and added: "I will send you all sorts of pretty things from the Orient, including a ring, and I am sure I am quite the most contented man in England to-night."

"I hope so," she laughed. "You will write?"

"Rather! I 'm not much at long letters, though," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but we understand each other too well to pin our faith on scraps of paper."

"Yes," she assented. "We can leave those to the Chinese: they use them for prayers, don't they?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You have been in the Orient before?" she asked.

"Oh, dear me, yes! I like it." His gaze had gone away from her. "There 's something out there in the East that supplies my lack, or wakes the dormant in me."

"May we not go there together some day?" She moved a bit closer to him.

"Of course. Anywhere you like. On a wedding-journey, eh? We must be married very soon after I get back, if you please." He laughed.

She inclined her head. His hand was on the knob. "I don't ask you to come down and see me off; I 've a lot to do up to the very last instant. I 'll call you up before I board the train for Liverpool." She smiled, and he was gone.

AH-MOY-AH, of the Flowers of Silk, sat in the watching-lodge built on the high, rickety staging at the northeast corner of her honorable father's watermelon-field.

The watching-lodges in the Chinese farm-lands, dotting as they do every ten acres or so of cultivated earth during harvest-time, are among the most picturesque

features of the Oriental landscape. Built of tall, bamboo staves, thatched with sorghum-leaves or bits of old matting, braced with rude arbors full of clinging and flowering vines, with a great number of poles sticking out at angles all over them, and with each of these hung with brilliant-colored lanterns, shining in the misty nights like fairy globes, the watching-lodges are things of beauty to Western eye. To the Mongolian they are simply there to harbor those who watch for the hordes of thieves who infest every spot in China where there is a grain of millet, a stalk of sorghum, a peach, a plum, a grape, a melon, or a cucumber to be pilfered. Were the crops not watched day and night, the farmer would never gather a grain. So Ah-Moy-Ah, of the Flowers of Silk, sat in her father's watching-lodge, looking out between the grape-vine leaves, her fine, oblong eyes now on the fields, where perhaps the robbers were lying flat between the vines or crawling like lizards, now on the basket of silks and velvets on the stand beside her. For the trade of Ah-Moy-Ah was to make, with her nimble fingers, exquisite flowers of silk, velvet, and muslin, which, surpassing in loveliness the flowers of all other makers, had gained her her second name and not a little money.

She sat in the upper staging of the watching-lodge, perched on a slab of thick paper, with no one with her but her grandmother, who slept soundly on her mat in the corner. Her needle was threaded, and near by were a jar of gum, sharp scissors, little steel tools, brushes, and reels. But her needle was idle; for her gaze went away beyond the melons and the millet, the maize, the sweet potatoes, and the golden squashes, to rest upon the river, where it coiled through the far-off burial-places and slid quite over to the Sacred Mountain, limned against the blue-purple horizon. Then the crows laughed in the elms, and Ah-Moy-Ah brought her eyes home again as she heard some one approaching. Those who came were not thieves, but her honorable father and two of his cousins.

The three men came into the watching-lodge and lighted their pipes, and the father of Ah-Moy-Ah screamed up to her and to her grandmother to watch well, for the beggars were abroad. Ah-Moy-Ah shouted back that she would, ready the grandmother was as

While the three men wh gether, Ah-Moy-Ah swept her one side, slipped down to the s ing, and, wetting her finger, la paper carpet, making a tiny ho she applied her pretty ear. T she heard:

In the heavily voweled M father spoke first: "Look at places of our ancestors! the fo have come; they will build t that will lead from the city to t will make cursed bridges over they will desecrate the tombs o orable grandfathers. Is this to

"No, honorable sir," answer "I respectfully bathe myself bef to you; and my reply is, No!"

The father of Ah-Moy-Ah e "I am an old man; I have not l groan greeted this announce have five sons. Of course the married, and there are thirty-thr children, not to say my wife daughter. Forty-one mouths to I have only fifteen acres, and guards my crops save Ah-Moy-A mother of my wife! What can

A third voice said: "But, hono —I prostrate myself before you, vite you to walk upon me as on what of your daughter?"

A murmur like the sighing of greeted this. There was an inte note running through it, as there is when a young girl is spoken of up to the time of her betrothal. father of Ah-Moy-Ah no doubt ma significant sign, for Ah-Moy-Ah c prolonged, sibilant "Ah-h!" denot satisfaction.

"Then," the third voice went o honorable master, not impossible t Moy-Ah, having been at the devil sion-schools in Tientsin, can speal foreign devils in their own tong waylay them with those wiles of that women know?"

But the voice of the father of A Ah broke into so fearful and sc shriek that it startled the crows nests. However, when the echo shriek had died, the same voice t provoked it went on:

"It is at the mission-schools t

Moy-Ah learned the embroideries which fetch to you much money, making your daughter valuable far beyond most, and the price her future husband's family must pay you will be great. Should you not, while she is your slave, instruct her to help us toward the preservation of our venerated tombs? The wit of a woman is an abomination when directed against her husband, but why not in the behalf of her sacred ancestors?"

But the father of Ah-Moy-Ah gave a second wail more appalling than the first, which, however, merely meant that Ah-Moy-Ah should do just what the friend in council had designated. So the father motioned his two companions out of the watching-lodge.

Ah-Moy-Ah sprang from the eye-hole to her post at the lattice as he said to her, "Listen." He stood at the foot of the ladder, looking up.

"I listen, revered and honorable sir; I kneel to receive your words." She knelt, leaning over the ladder toward him.

"The foreign devils have come to survey our land; they will wish to uproot our forefathers; they will dig them up as the dogs dig up the sweet potatoes; they will scatter their ashes to the clouds. You know their tongue?"

"Yes, honorable sir, I know their tongue."

"Then, if any come this way in the pleasant daytime, bid them halt; feed them with the ripest melons; sell them your embroideries, if you can, at the largest price; say what you must say as the bluejay speaks to the crow, softly, but listen, listen, always listen, and tell it to me."

Then her father went away with his two friends across the wide fields to the other watching-lodge, where they also were keeping vigil against the thieves, the dogs, and their own possible starvation.

AH-MOY-AH sat on her mat by the lattice; she did not take up her needles and silks. The little moon had sunk into the arms of the mist, for the mist in the Orient is always holding out open arms to embrace everything; the bushes which separated the different fields had disappeared; only just beneath her casement could she perceive the vines hung thick with fruit. Suddenly she seemed to hear something besides the deep breathing of the toothless old woman who slept on her mat in the far corner of the loft. Ah-Moy-Ah descended the ladder, knelt, and laid her ear to the ground. Yes, she heard the dull pound of a pony's hoofs stuck with mud, then after a silence the voice of a foreign devil speaking to the pony as she had heard other foreign devils do in Tientsin. This could not be one of those who would dig up her ancestors. Oh, no; rather one who came to rob the melon-patch or to please himself with the juice of her father's grapes. She ran up the ladder, drew the gong to her side, and stripped the cotton from the beater. She would frighten the intruder with the noise, and at the same time call to her relatives in the other lodges.

But she did neither, for just then she heard the thud of a man's boots in the loose, damp soil at the threshold of the lodge.

It was Sir Eliot Holt, who on his trip of inspection had missed his way in the fog, lost his companions, and had come to the first light he saw for information. He caught sight of her by the flash of her swinging lanterns, little, lithe, with eyes black and shining, lips of the pomegranate's hue, and hair as sleek as the wings of birds. He saw her before she saw him. Just as Ah-Moy-Ah was raising her right arm to beat the gong their eyes met. Her arm dropped to her side, and her breath came quickly as she recognized him, and now she was not afraid.

"Do not be alarmed, honorable little lady," he said in his best Chinese, raising his hat. "I have lost my way; my pony has gone lame in your thicket garden. The mists are heavy. May I stay down here until the wind blows away the fog?"

Then Ah-Moy-Ah recalled the strange customs she had observed in the mission compound in Tientsin.

"I understand. I have been warned. You come to steal the crops, the sorghum, the little millet, the pears and plums and grapes; but if you do not go away I will strike the gong, and all my esteemed relatives will rush forward and kill you."

So much Ah-Moy-Ah felt she must say for her father's sake; but she smiled as she said it, and she did not strike the gong.

Sir Eliot made haste to deny any appropriative inclination toward the crops.

Then Ah-Moy-Ah, remembering all her father's injunctions, cried: "Oh, you are

then the Lord of Bitterness, and you ride over the sacred places; your servants dig up the honorable dust of my grandfathers and plow up their bones; and the spirits lament; and my ancestors are scattered to the salt winds. You plant instead the bars of iron and screws of steel, and upon these comes riding the evil of evils—the monster on his wheels, with smoke and fire and sparks in his head."

Sir Eliot reached up to the bamboo shed where Ah-Moy-Ah leaned over the uncertain railing, and took her hands in his; then, although she made no motion, he laid her hands back on the sill, drawing away; then bent his head and pressed to his lips the edge of her sleeve. She sighed, lifted the sleeve across her face, and, looking over it, said:

"You are Englishee man I have see' mission-school, Tientsin side?"

Sir Eliot exclaimed, "You speak English?"

Ah-Moy-Ah nodded eagerly.

"Yes, I am an Englishman, but I am not a lord of bitterness. Oh, no. Listen," he said. "It is true I am come to your country to build railways and set the cars running—"

"Ah!" she interrupted with a low wail, at which he smiled. "I have heard say so, truth?"

"That 's true, yes; but it is untrue that I have come to disturb your ancestors."

"Englishee man not dig up Chinee mans as the dogs dig up the sweet potatoes in the dark?" she asked.

"Never."

"But the dragon of a million teeth must make his bed across the sacred place of my ancestors, or else he slips into the river and is lost, for no bridge can be stretched above the river over there." She pointed with her tiny finger toward the west.

Again he smiled as he said, "Listen."

"I listen," she replied, and the sigh of each was as one sigh, and it was a sigh of joy.

"Come?" he whispered, reaching up his arms for her in an adoring entreaty.

There was a little pause.

Then over the top of her sleeve she answered, "I come," and her arms reached down to his.

He gathered her to him, and lifted her to the pile of mats on the lower floor. Not relinquishing her, they sat there, and he spoke:

"I love you." His eyes v into hers by the light of the terns. "Do you understand?

"I understand."

"Say it."

"What, say?" Ah-Moy have raised her sleeve again, it away; then she sprang up, o beside him and, clasping his whisper, "I love you."

They did not speak for a nor stir; presently a gunsh and the grandmother uttered scream. He drew the girl clo

"That is my grandmother; in her dreams; she is up on th above; the shot is from my rel see thieves in the fields; they v

"If I stay with you, what he asked quickly.

"They will make you dead."

"And you?" The curs wer in the potato-patches, and t cries of men, women, and childr pony whinnied.

"Worse, me." Ah-Moy-Ah little.

"I will go away, but I will to-morrow night. You will be

"I will be here."

"And I will fetch two ponies 'll ride fast together to the miss pound, and the mission priest w us. Do you understand?"

"I understand. I have seen so tsin."

"You will be here?"

"I will be here."

"Kiss me, Ah-Moy-Ah."

"I know not how do that," swered.

"Then I will teach you," and h "And you will keep this?" He to from his finger and put it on hers

When he had slipped away f lodge, scattered the dogs, and was his way, Ah-Moy-Ah seized the s began to beat the gong with all he and also to scream, thus waker grandmother, who sprang to th shrieking. From across the fiel responses.

Then by the light of her lant Moy-Ah put the ring in her po fell to stitching and painting her of silk, and thus her father and h relatives found her when they can

THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

FIFTH PAPER: THE COLLEGE MAN AND THE WORLD

"HOW crooked can a modern business man be and still be straight?"

This question was propounded at a college dinner in New York by a young lawyer who, in behalf of the recent graduates of an Eastern university, had been asked to give utterance to some of the first impressions of a young alumnus upon his entrance into the life of the world. The question was not asked in a trifling manner, but it represented the query which inevitably arises in the mind of the graduate of ideals and high desires who to-day leaves his alma mater to plunge into the confused business and professional life of our times.

The question awakens the inquiry as to whether the colleges of America are to-day sending into the world trained leaders or subservient followers; whether graduates enter their special careers with a real message and mission, or whether, however optimistically they may begin their work, their high purposes are buried or not beneath the rush of practical and material affairs.

More than half a million students are to-day studying in our secondary schools and institutions of higher learning, with a money expense to the nation involving many million dollars. Tens of thousands of teachers and trained educators are devoting years of hard and faithful service in preparing these American youths for life. Are these students, after graduation, assuming real leadership? Are they contributing vision, judgment, and guidance in great national enterprises sufficiently definite and valuable to compensate the country for the sacrifices in time, money, and life that are made for the support and continuance of our educational institutions?

There seems to be a difference of opinion concerning this subject even in these times of vast educational enterprises. A business man of high repute wrote to me recently as follows:

> I do not consider that our colleges are meeting the requirements of modern business life. From your own observation you must know that the most conspicuously successful people in business were conspicuously poor at the start, both financially and educationally. Grover Cleveland, who was not a college graduate, once said that the perpetuity of our institutions and the public welfare depended upon the simple *business-like* arrangement of the affairs of the Government.

This is the frequently expressed opinion of men of business and affairs, who present the successful careers of self-made men as

an argument against collegiate education. This argument, however, fails to take into account that the same dogged persistence which has brought success to many of our present-day leaders in industrial and national life would have lost nothing in efficiency by college training.

Ask these masters of the business world who have risen by their individual force what they most regret in life. In nine cases out of ten the answer will be, "The lack of an opportunity for education." And they will usually add: "But my sons shall have an education. *They* shall not be handicapped as I have been." For the practical proof of the genuineness of this feeling, one has simply to read over the names in the catalogues of the great universities and colleges of America, where the names of the sons of virtually all the great business and professional men will be found.

While, therefore, we must take it for granted that Americans generally believe in a collegiate education, we may still question whether the colleges are really equipping for leadership the young men whom they are sending into our modern life. What, after all, do the colleges give? Out of one hundred graduates whom I asked what they had gained in college, twenty-one said, "Broader views of life," or perspective. Long ago John Ruskin said that the greatest thing any human being can do in the world is to see something, and then go and tell what he has seen in a plain way. To make the undergraduate see something beyond the commonplace is still the purpose of education. This enlarged vision is often the salvation of the individual student. It furnishes the impulse of a new affection. It attaches him to some great, uncongenial task. It gives him a mission great enough and hard enough to keep his feet beneath him. It saves him by steadying him.

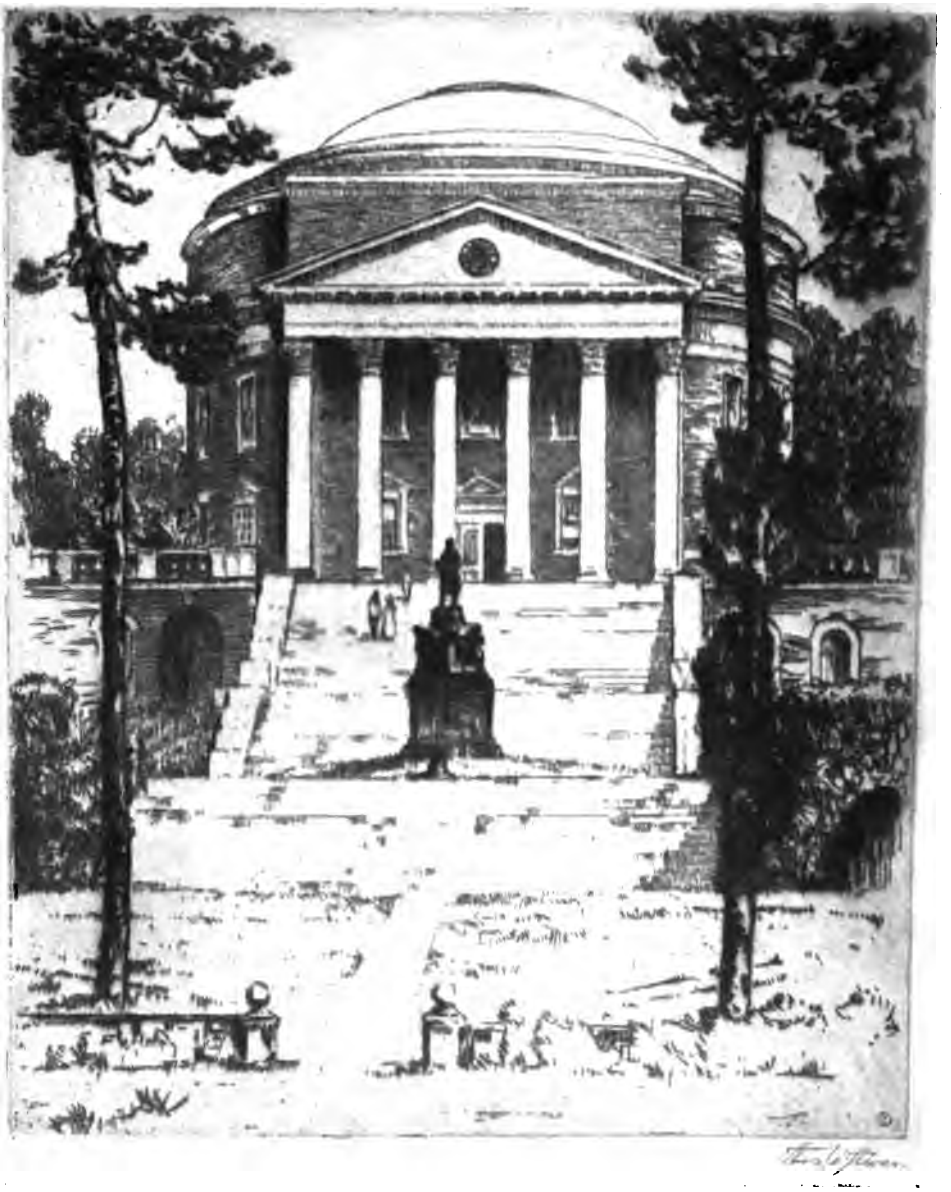
THE ART OF RELAXATION

BUT no graduate is equipped for either mental or moral leadership until he has learned the art of relaxation. Both his health and his efficiency wait upon his ability to rest, to relax, to be composed in the midst of life's affairs. A real cause of American physical breakdown has been attributed by a famous physician "to those absurd feelings of hurry and time, to that breathlessness a that anxiety of feature and tude of results, that lack of mony and ease, in short, by us the work is apt to be accom from which a European who the same work would, nine ti ten, be free. It is your relaxe worker, who is in no hurry, thoughtless most of the while quence, who is your most efficie Tension and anxiety, present a all mixed up together in one once, are the surest drags up progress and hindrances to our s

We find that one of the sup poses of education in ancient G to prepare men to be capable of by their hours of freedom from l his writing upon education, Spencer gives special attention training that fits citizens for leisu

The American college graduat certain to receive early the impres efficiency is synonymous with that modern life, in America at G. Lowes Dickinson has said, chief end in "acceleration." His is frequently in his inability to trate, to compose himself for real ful leadership. Many a gradua years to get over that explosive er the sophomore, which spends itsel out result. He takes display of for real force. His veins are fill the hot blood of youth. He h learned to wait. He is inclined more energy and nervous force into than they demand. Like all youth inclined to scatter his energy in all tions. He is therefore in danger or later of breaking down physica mentally, or both, and in spendi time which should be utilized in s ableness in repairing the breakages uneconomic human machine. The age American graduate rarely need erson's advice for a lazy boy, whicl "Set a dog on him, send him We something to him."

College training must give a ma manent idealism. Too often the ate is inclined to fall into the li march. He begins to worry and t his attractive gaiety and buoyancy. habits of thought and study are



From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

THE LIBRARY AND THE THOMAS JEFFERSON STATUE, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

buried beneath the myriad details of business life or nervous pleasures. He becomes anxious about things that never happen. His anxiety about future happenings or results takes his mind from present efficiency. He becomes tense and tired and irritable. The attitude of composure and self-assurance which for a time he possessed in college is changed to a fearsome, troubled state, the end of which is the sanatorium or something even more baneful. I have sometimes thought that for a month at least I should like to see the office signs, "Do it now," "This is my busy day," "Step quickly," replaced by the old scriptural motto, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

How shall our colleges assist American youth to secure the art of relaxation and to obtain the ability to relieve the tension of the workaday world by beneficial and delightful relief from business strain? Such gifts will often be the chief assets of a college man's training. Business men, and professional men, too, frequently reach middle life with no interest outside their specialties. When business is over, life is a blank. There are no eager voices of pleasant pursuits calling them away from the common round and routine tasks. It is too late to form habits. The rich rewards that education may give in leisure hours are lost, swallowed up by a thousand things that are merely on the way to the prizes that count. This is a terrific loss, and for this loss our colleges are in part at least at fault.

In certain institutions, however, we discover teachers who realize that a real part of their vocation consists in giving to at least a few students habits of real and permanent relaxation.

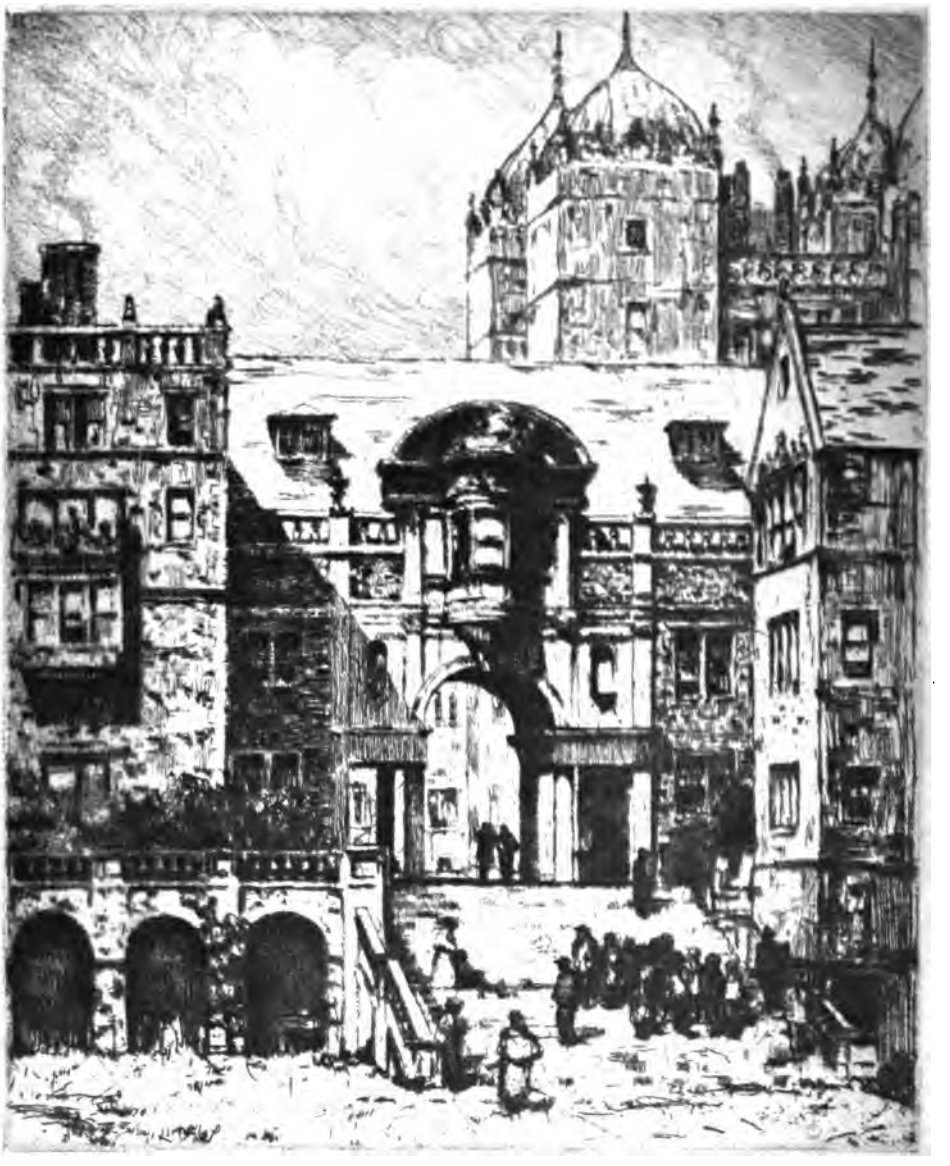
In a New England college recently I found a professor spending two afternoons a week in cross-country walks with students to whom he was teaching at an impressionable age habits that could be continued after college days. These walks occurred on Sunday and Thursday afternoons. With rigid persistence he had followed the plan of walking with his students for six or eight months, a sufficient time in which to form habits. He explained his object by saying that during his own college career he had engaged in certain forms of athletics which he was unable to pursue after graduation. While his college physical training had benefited him physically, he nevertheless found himself quite without habits of bodily relaxation. He was deprived of apparatus and the opportunity for many out-of-door games, but had found an immense value in walking. In passing on to these college boys this inclination for out-of-door relaxation, he was perhaps contributing his chief influence as a teacher.

Why should not habits of this kind be definitely organized and carried out by the physical department of our colleges? The opportunity to study trees, plants, and animals, and to become watchful for a hundred varying phases of nature, would furnish no small opportunity for projecting the influence of college life.

These tendencies toward take different forms according ual tastes. One graduate of tance finds outlet for his ner in a fish-hatchery. To be su his friends by talking fish at ceivable opportunity, and quently get the impression tha has a piscatorial rather tha trend, as he loses no opportuni upon his latest adventure in yet his physician was doubtles saying that this man, the head the largest financial institutions ica, owes his life as well as his this special form of relaxation.

A graduate of one of our larg technical schools who is at the big steel foundry has a private l ery, where with two or three of the life of the world is lost eve evening in the quiet and delight books and book-making. The b ises upon book-binding line the w and rare editions of the most fam ters are carefully sheltered in glass. One end of the room is fi his printing- and binding-machi showed me a beautifully bound which he himself had printed an As he lovingly fingered the soft reading to me his favorite passag this masterpiece, I discerned in hi ferent man from the one I had of sitting in his grimy office discussi tracts for steel rails for China an girders for South America. A finer man had been discovered in th of recreation. When asked how pened to become interested in a m antipodal to his life-work, I fou the tendency started in college days he had been accustomed to browse the books in the old college library the faithful and regular guidance of fessor who once every week took l dents to the library with the expre pose of inculcating a love for o beautifully bound books.

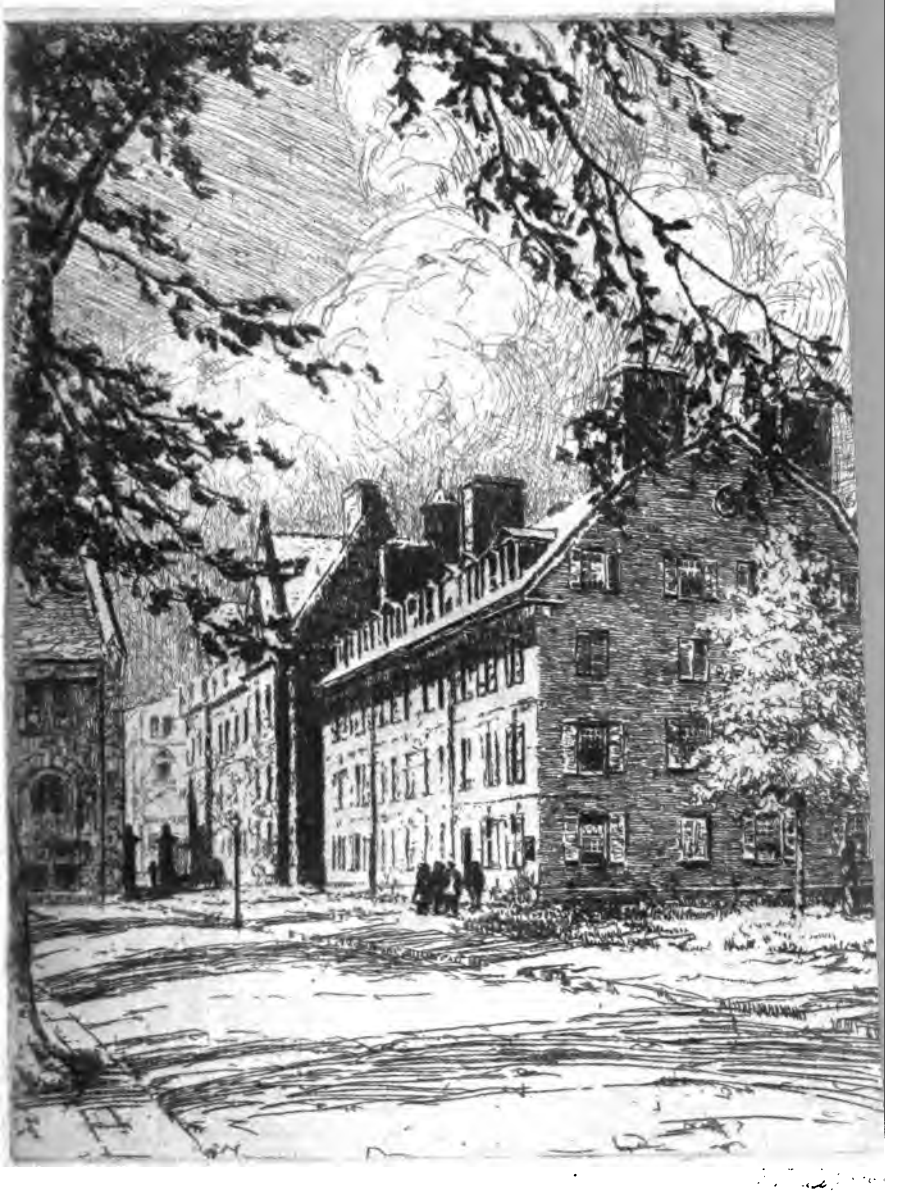
The college, moreover, should st graduate interest in philanthropic a ous enterprises which in themselv nish suitable as well as pleasing rel to hundreds of American universit Letters received from scores of



From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

THE ARCH BETWEEN THE DORMITORY QUADRANGLE AND THE TRIANGLE, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

graduates, many of whom are taking a large share in moral, social, and philanthropic endeavors, state that the beginnings of their interest dated with their experience in the Christian associations, settlement houses, boys' clubs, and charitable organizations of college days. One man of large philanthropic interest received his first view of a field of opportunity and privilege by hearing a lecturer on social betterment tell of finding a homeless boy hovering over the grating of a newspaper building on a winter night. The story touched a chord deep in the hearer, who



From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

OLD SOUTH MIDDLE, YALE UNIVERSITY

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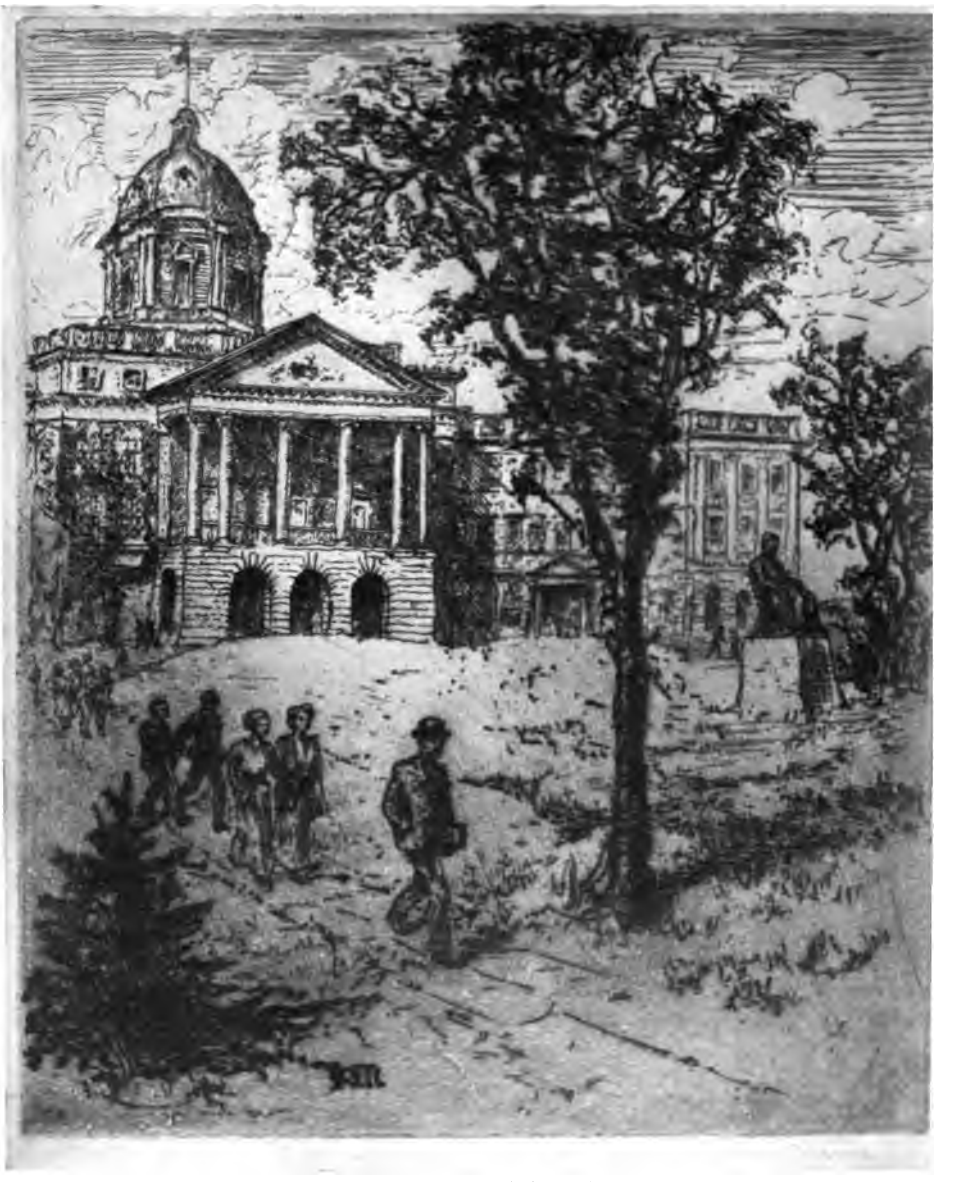

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THE MAIN HALL, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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MENTAL RESOURCEFULNESS

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> the sluggard intellect of this co
> look from under its iron lids a
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> something better than the exerti
> chanical skill. Our day of deper
> long apprenticeship to the learnin
> lands, draws to a close. The mi
> around us are rushing into life
> ways be fed on the sere remains
> harvests. Who can doubt that p
> revive and lead in a new age, as t
> the constellation Harp, which n
> in our zenith, astronomers annou
> one day be the pole star for a
> years.

The challenge is to our underg
And it will be accepted. The coll
teach men to think, to be menta
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From an etching by Helen B. Stevens

UNIVERSITY HALL, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LIFE-WORK PROPAGANDA

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A NEW COLLEGE OFFICER NEEDED

I SEE no possibility of bringing undergraduates to a decision of their proper life-work without the assistance of a new office in our educational institutions. A man is needed who can treat with students with real human interest, as well as with teaching intelligence. He should not be the college pastor, who is looked upon as a professional religionist, and therefore shunned by many students who need him most, but one definitely and actively responsible for the development of leadership. He should be a close student of college af
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tions this man might hold the
in philanthropic, religious, and
vice interests. It might be his
to arrange lectures by leading m
country who were filled with
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possible the endowment of such
a great university would be doin
work for his country.

LEARNING AND INVESTIGATI

BUT while the American under
may consistently look to the colleg
nish him with ideals and with the
of making these ideals effective, th
looks to the college for definite
vanced information. The college,
accumulated stores of intellect, it
atus, and its unusual means for
tion, owes the world a debt that n
it can pay. And this is the gift
the college has given, and is still
to the world so quietly, so unobtr
that the world scarcely dreams
source of its gain. Let one think
myriad signs of modern progress by
society is being constantly carrie
ward. Behind the scenes you wi
some quiet, hidden worker in a
tory or library, an unpractical ma
haps, but one through whom a new
of possibilities in science or indus
letters have been revealed.

What is the world's interest in
men—men who are so generally
paid that much of their best work is
impossible by the necessary outside
to support their families, who, b
their own personal satisfaction, ha
little recognition as perhaps any wo
of modern society? When the worl
mands expert knowledge in industry
ence, literature, and art, the college
well reply, "When are you going to
your gratitude for the self-sacrifice
far-reaching labors of thousands o
voted men whose work is both a cha
and an example to the world to-day

And this example of the man
learns to devote himself to one thi
not lost upon the undergraduate, to
example is ever stronger than pr
Indeed, it is this tendency to learn h

THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

FIFTH PAPER: THE COLLEGE MAN AND THE WORLD

"HOW crooked can a modern business man be and still be straight?"

This question was propounded at a college dinner in New York by a young lawyer who, in behalf of the recent graduates of an Eastern university, had been asked to give utterance to some of the first impressions of a young alumnus upon his entrance into the life of the world. The question was not asked in a trifling manner, but it represented the query which inevitably arises in the mind of the graduate of ideals and high desires who to-day leaves his alma mater to plunge into the confused business and professional life of our times.

The question awakens the inquiry as to whether the colleges of America are to-day sending into the world trained leaders or subservient followers; whether graduates enter their special careers with a real message and mission, or whether, however optimistically they may begin their work, their high purposes are buried or not beneath the rush of practical and material affairs.

More than half a million students are to-day studying in our secondary schools and institutions of higher learning, with a money expense to the nation involving many million dollars. Tens of thousands of teachers and trained educators are devoting years of hard and faithful service in preparing these American youths for life. Are these students, after graduation, assuming real leadership? Are they contributing vision, judgment, and guidance in great national enterprises sufficiently definite and valuable to compensate the country for the sacrifices in time, money, and life that are made for the support and continuance of our educational institutions?

There seems to be a difference of opinion concerning this subject even in these times of vast educational enterprises. A business man of high repute wrote to me recently as follows:

> I do not consider that our colleges are meeting the requirements of modern business life. From your own observation you must know that the most conspicuously successful people in business were conspicuously poor at the start, both financially and educationally. Grover Cleveland, who was not a college graduate, once said that the perpetuity of our institutions and the public welfare depended upon the simple *business-like* arrangement of the affairs of the Government.

This is the frequently expressed opinion of men of business and affairs, who present the successful careers of self-made men as

an argument against collegiate education. This argument, however, fails to take into account that the same dogged persistence which has brought success to many of our present-day leaders in industrial and national life would have lost nothing in efficiency by college training.

Ask these masters of the business world who have risen by their individual force what they most regret in life. In nine cases out of ten the answer will be, "The lack of an opportunity for education." And they will usually add: "But my sons shall have an education. *They* shall not be handicapped as I have been." For the practical proof of the genuineness of this feeling, one has simply to read over the names in the catalogues of the great universities and colleges of America, where the names of the sons of virtually all the great business and professional men will be found.

While, therefore, we must take it for granted that Americans generally believe in a collegiate education, we may still question whether the colleges are really equipping for leadership the young men whom they are sending into our modern life. What, after all, do the colleges give? Out of one hundred graduates whom I asked what they had gained in college, twenty-one said, "Broader views of life," or perspective. Long ago John Ruskin said that the greatest thing any human being can do in the world is to see something, and then go and tell what he has seen in a plain way. To make the undergraduate see something beyond the commonplace is still the purpose of education. This enlarged vision is often the salvation of the individual student. It furnishes the impulse of a new affection. It attaches him to some great, uncongenial task. It gives him a mission great enough and hard enough to keep his feet beneath him. It saves him by steadying him.

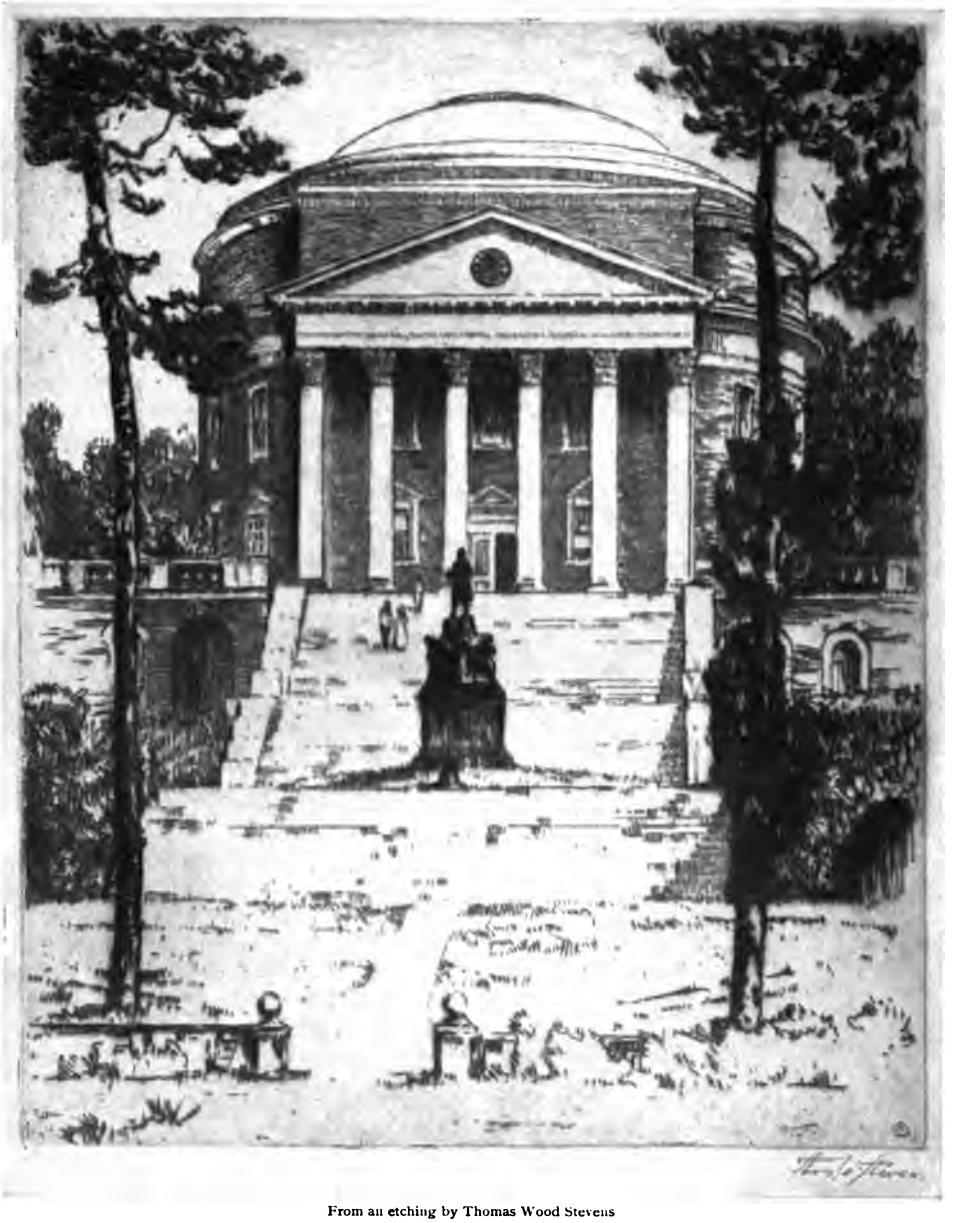
THE ART OF RELAXATION

BUT no graduate is equipped for either mental or moral leadership until he has learned the art of relaxation. Both his health and his efficiency wait upon his ability to rest, to relax, to be composed in the midst of life's affairs. A real cause of American physical breakdown has been attributed by a famous physician "to those absurd feelings of hurry and time, to that breathlessness an that anxiety of feature and t tude of results, that lack of i mony and ease, in short, by w us the work is apt to be accompa from which a European who the same work would, nine tim ten, be free. It is your relaxed worker, who is in no hurry, a thoughtless most of the while quence, who is your most efficien Tension and anxiety, present an all mixed up together in one once, are the surest drags upo progress and hindrances to our su

We find that one of the supre poses of education in ancient Gr to prepare men to be capable of by their hours of freedom from la his writing upon education, Spencer gives special attention training that fits citizens for leisur

The American college graduate certain to receive early the impressi efficiency is synonymous with h that modern life, in America at l G. Lowes Dickinson has said, fi chief end in "acceleration." His is frequently in his inability to trate, to compose himself for real th ful leadership. Many a graduate years to get over that explosive ene the sophomore, which spends itself out result. He takes display of for real force. His veins are filled the hot blood of youth. He ha learned to wait. He is inclined t more energy and nervous force into than they demand. Like all youth, inclined to scatter his energy in all tions. He is therefore in danger s or later of breaking down physicall mentally, or both, and in spending time which should be utilized in ser ableness in repairing the breakages o uneconomic human machine. The age American graduate rarely needs erson's advice for a lazy boy, which "Set a dog on him, send him West something to him."

College training must give a man manent idealism. Too often the gr ate is inclined to fall into the lin march. He begins to worry and to his attractive gaiety and buoyancy. habits of thought and study are



From an etching by Thomas Wood Stevens

THE LIBRARY AND THE THOMAS JEFFERSON STATUE, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

buried beneath the myriad details of business life or nervous pleasures. He becomes anxious about things that never happen. His anxiety about future happenings or results takes his mind from present efficiency. He becomes tense and tired and irritable. The attitude of composure and self-assurance which for a time he possessed in college is changed to a fearsome, troubled state, the end of which is the sanatorium or something even more baneful. I have sometimes thought that for a month at least I should like to see the office signs, "Do it now," "This is my busy day," "Step quickly," replaced by the old scriptural motto, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

How shall our colleges assist American youth to secure the art of relaxation and to obtain the ability to relieve the tension of the workaday world by beneficial and delightful relief from business strain? Such gifts will often be the chief assets of a college man's training. Business men, and professional men, too, frequently reach middle life with no interest outside their specialties. When business is over, life is a blank. There are no eager voices of pleasant pursuits calling them away from the common round and routine tasks. It is too late to form habits. The rich rewards that education may give in leisure hours are lost, swallowed up by a thousand things that are merely on the way to the prizes that count. This is a terrific loss, and for this loss our colleges are in part at least at fault.

In certain institutions, however, we discover teachers who realize that a real part of their vocation consists in giving to at least a few students habits of real and permanent relaxation.

In a New England college recently I found a professor spending two afternoons a week in cross-country walks with students to whom he was teaching at an impressionable age habits that could be continued after college days. These walks occurred on Sunday and Thursday afternoons. With rigid persistence he had followed the plan of walking with his students for six or eight months, a sufficient time in which to form habits. He explained his object by saying that during his own college career he had engaged in certain forms of athletics which he was unable to pursue after graduation. While his college physical training had benefited him physically, he nevertheless found himself quite without habits of bodily relaxation. He was deprived of apparatus and the opportunity for many out-of-door games, but had found an immense value in walking. In passing on to these college boys this inclination for out-of-door relaxation, he was perhaps contributing his chief influence as a teacher.

Why should not habits of this kind be definitely organized and carried out by the physical department of our colleges? The opportunity to study trees, plants, and animals, and to become watchful for a hundred varying phases of nature, would furnish no small opportunity for projecting the influence of college life.

These tendencies toward
take different forms according
ual tastes. One graduate of m
tance finds outlet for his nerv
in a fish-hatchery. To be sure
his friends by talking fish at
ceivable opportunity, and pe
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has a piscatorial rather than
trend, as he loses no opportunity
upon his latest adventure in t
yet his physician was doubtless
saying that this man, the head
the largest financial institutions
ica, owes his life as well as his s
this special form of relaxation.

A graduate of one of our large
technical schools who is at the h
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books and book-making. The be
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which he himself had printed and
As he lovingly fingered the soft l
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this masterpiece, I discerned in him
ferent man from the one I had ofte
sitting in his grimy office discussin
tracts for steel rails for China and
girders for South America. A
finer man had been discovered in the
of recreation. When asked how h
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antipodal to his life-work, I found
the tendency started in college days,
he had been accustomed to browse a
the books in the old college library
the faithful and regular guidance of
fessor who once every week took hi
dents to the library with the express
pose of inculcating a love for old
beautifully bound books.

The college, moreover, should sta
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to hundreds of American university
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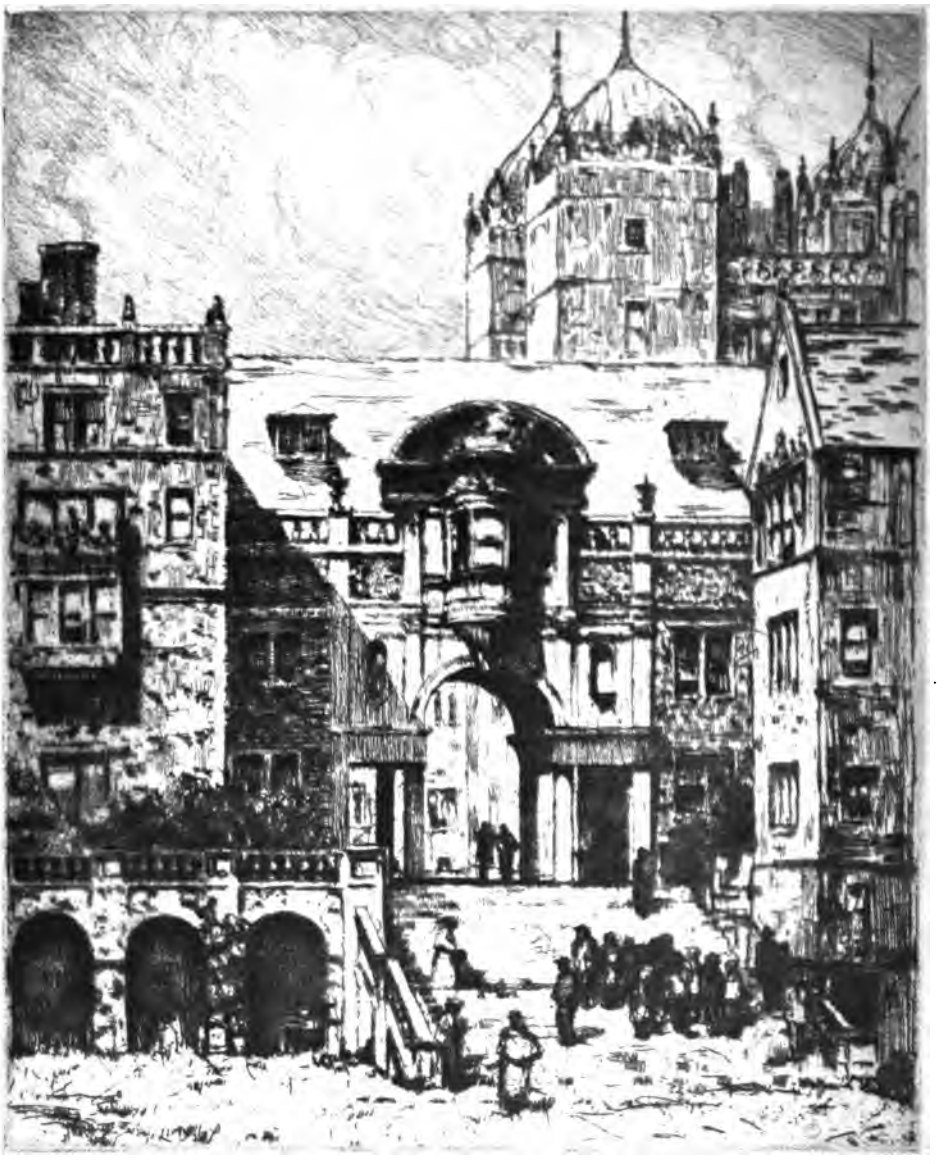

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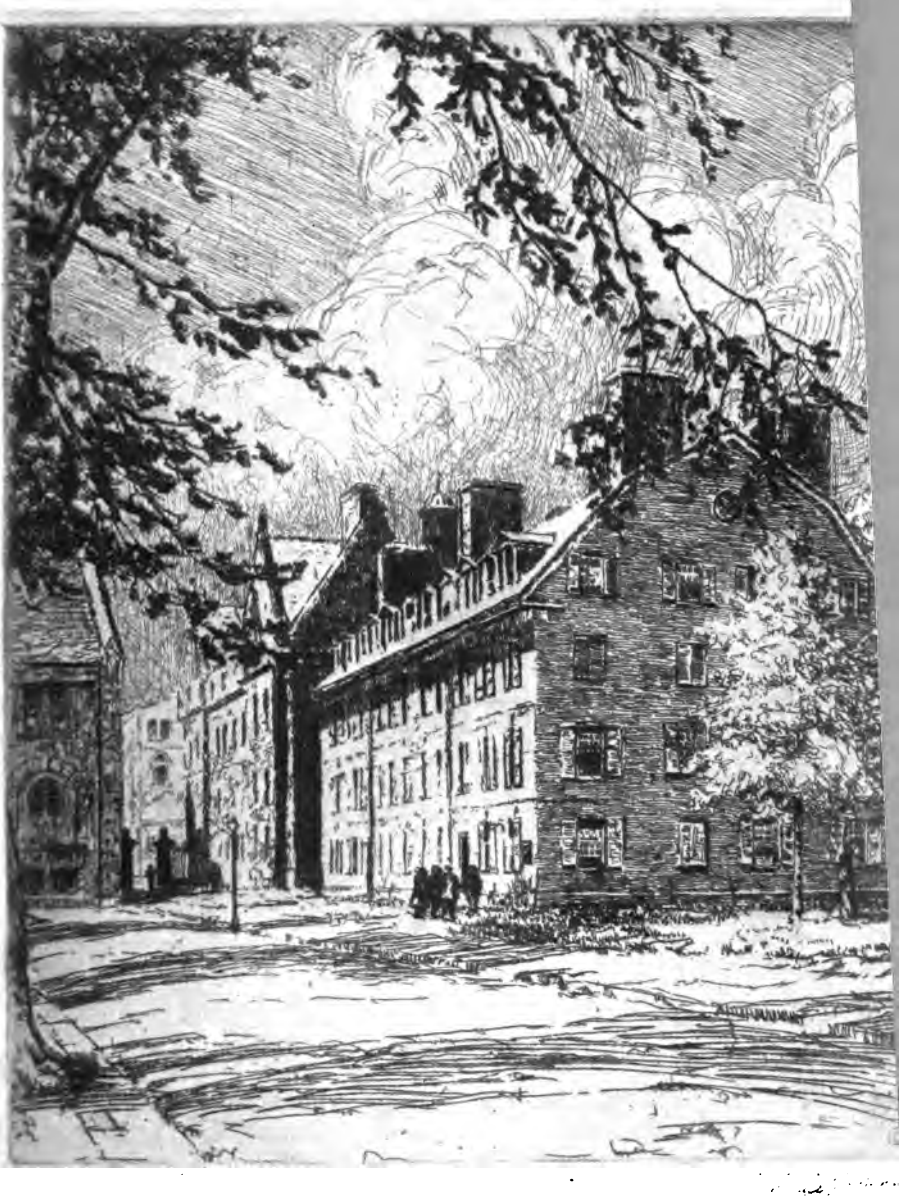

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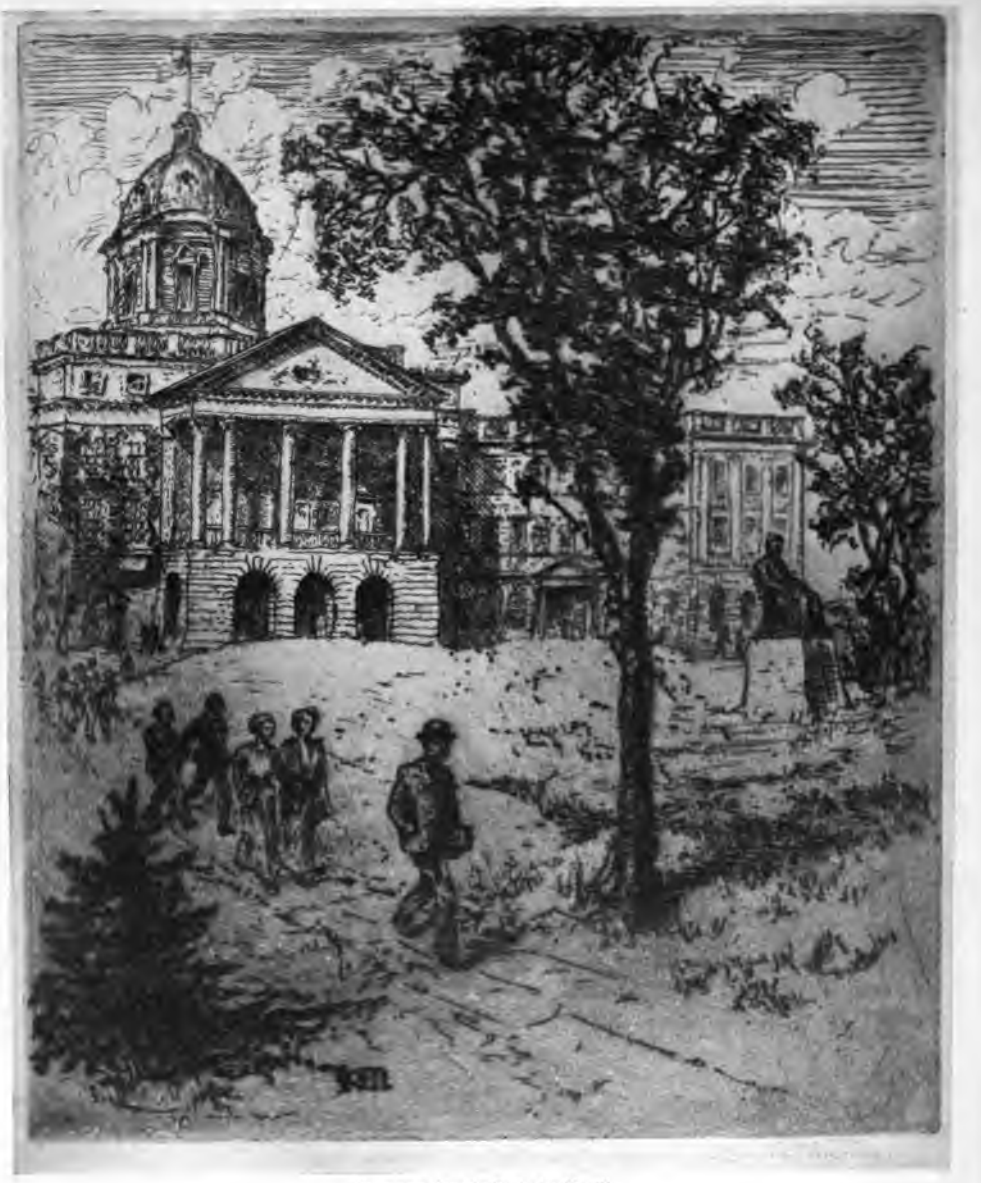

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may consistently look to the colleg
nish him with ideals and with the
of making these ideals effective, th
looks to the college for definite
vanced information. The college,
accumulated stores of intellect, its
atus, and its unusual means for
tion, owes the world a debt that n
it can pay. And this is the gift
the college has given, and is still
to the world so quietly, so unobtr
that the world scarcely dreams
source of its gain. Let one think
myriad signs of modern progress by
society is being constantly carrie
ward. Behind the scenes you wi
some quiet, hidden worker in a
tory or library, an unpractical ma
haps, but one through whom a new
of possibilities in science or indus
letters have been revealed.

What is the world's interest in
men—men who are so generally
paid that much of their best work is
impossible by the necessary outside
to support their families, who, b
their own personal satisfaction, ha
little recognition as perhaps any wo
of modern society? When the worl
mands expert knowledge in industry
ence, literature, and art, the college
well reply, "When are you going to
your gratitude for the self-sacrifice
far-reaching labors of thousands o
voted men whose work is both a chal
and an example to the world to-day

And this example of the man
learns to devote himself to one thi
not lost upon the undergraduate, to
example is ever stronger than pr
Indeed, it is this tendency to learn h

do one thing well that is bringing the colleges into the attention of the modern world. The secret of genius is to be able to seize upon some concrete, near-at-hand piece of work, to see it with unobstructed and steady vision, and then, out of the rich treasure of knowing how to do one thing thoroughly, to draw by insight and expression the general principle.

For, after all, the contribution of the college to the world is often one which cannot be fully analyzed. It is not discovered in a thorough knowledge of a curriculum or in the statistics of athletics any more than a foreign country is discovered in a guide-book or in a hasty recital of its industries. There is no master word to express what a college career may mean or should mean to American youth who in years of high impression experience with a multitude of their fellows

Days that flew swiftly like the band
That in the Grecian games had strife,
And passed from eager hand to hand
The onward-dancing torch of life.

After we have said much concerning the life and the work of the American undergraduate, there is still a valuable thing which the college should impart to him, and through which he should become enabled to present with greater charm and with greater force the message which is in his soul. This valuable thing, at once both idealism and incentive, is the undergraduate's *individual* message to the world. It may be composed of knowledge, the ability to think, the faculty of relaxation, and the power to do faithfully and successfully some given task. These things, however, are all dependent upon the *spirit* of the actor, upon his vision, his determination, his ambitious and unflagging attempts. The true modern university contributes to the world a great-minded and a great-hearted man, to whom college life has been a soul's birth as well as a mind's awakening. It gives to its youth that peculiar but indispensable thing which burned in the heart of the young art-student who stood before the masterpiece and said, "I, too, am a painter."

THE END

THE UPPER CHAMBER

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

OH, high and still!
As still
As drip of dew
In August, when no gusts do pass;
And marigolds, a score or two,
Pour their thick yellow down the grass
Under my neighbor's sill.

My neighbor 's gone. She went,
A little gray, a little bent,
A day or two ago.
Just now I saw her plain,
From the dull shop across the lane,
Homeward coming slow,
Her gay, plaid shawl
Upon her head,
Her apron filled with bundles small.
I had forgot that she was dead!

I hope that still place holds for her
Some common little thing,
Fit for remembering,
A bit of years that were;
A tall chair painted black,
With gilt rose on its back;
A dish or jug;
Or else a braided rug
Of red and blue,
The kind she used to make
On rainy days, when her old house did ache
With memories through and through.

For such a simple thing was she,
Close to the earth, as flower or tree,
A sweet and honest country wife,
Bound to a hard, belovèd life;
I hope that He,
Lord of that Chamber fair,
Some homeliness keeps for her there,
Some bit of long ago,—
A rug, a chair,—
Else will she miss it so.

GIRL IN GREEN

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. JEAN McLANE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

Author of "The Transit of Venus"

WHEN Mrs. Oberly, the blacksmith's wife, declared they were saints, her husband said: "Don't you go for to fool yourself, Joan. I know 'Lecty Milk had the old Nick in her when she was a girl, and she 's got it in her yet."

"Now, Tim, if you saw the way they work up there to the church, delicate ladies like them! Why, if 'Lecty war n't right down on her knees scrubbing up the altar steps when I went in this morning to help 'em carry out the Christmas tree!"

"That 's all right. Like us, they 're getting along in years, but without a chick or a child. It 's only natural they should want something to occupy their minds, and if they choose for to paper up the church winders, and have candles by day, it don't follow they 're saints. I guess you forgot what Corny said the other day when she come into the shop with her broken fire-iron and overhear' me a-cussin' Dan's colt."

"O' course they 're that good they would n't want for to hurt your feelings."

"No, ma'am, I saw her a-laughing at me out the corner o' her eyes. 'There are occasions,' says Corny, 'when we 'd like to have a man around ourselves to *say* something.' Yes, 'm, you give 'Lecty and Corny Milk a chance, and I guess they 'd show you they war n't no saints."

However, Joan Oberly was not easily put down, for she had been shown the large engraved invitations, with cards of admission to the cathedral, that had come to the Misses Milk, asking them to be present at the consecration of the new bishop upon the Feast of the Holy Innocents, and she was satisfied that if the ladies were not saints, they at least stood high in the councils of the church.

In the breasts of the two sist
selves there were pride and sa
for the invitation was the first ou
as it were, official recognition o
portance of their services to th
The acceptance of it, therefore,
upon them as a solemn religious
anyway, if not quite a duty, surel
lege for which one should make a
fice. And as such it was discusse
down and round about; for on
joys of winter in the country is t
never lacks for discussion. The or
that lacks, sometimes, is a questi
for argument. So, very sensib
these two ladies, however irre
definitely, finally, absolutely, once
all, any question was settled one d
was always reserved a right for
and rehearing next morning. H
could they have kept young hear
otherwise have known they were v

Foreordination was a doctrine t
horred. So long as a thing had n
pened, it might or might not happ
dozen different ways; and even w
had happened, there was comfort
thought that it probably never woul
pen in just that way again. Such
lent excitement to the most famili
of daily life. You never could te
the stove would draw two days in
sion, so how could you be sure o
bread even, let alone so fragile a
tion as a sponge-cake? In Electa's
they never came out of the oven
alike; and as to having your curra
two seasons running, that was as n
miracle for prayer as the liquefact
the blood of St. Januarius.

So, though for a fortnight the p
derant decision had been against gc

the consecration, Electa, a virgin of forethought, had trimmed her lamp, or, in other words, put her black silk in perfect order, with fresh lace in the neck and sleeves, and was ready against any miraculous wafting on angels' wings that might occur. You never can tell what may happen, and an alert preparedness is half the miracle.

The sisters had inherited their sanguine temperament from a father who had gone to his grave after sixty years of living in Millet with an unshaken faith in its future, though, to be sure, a faith that had suffered change. When Anson Milk emigrated to the West from Albany in the early forties, he chose Millet as a settlement that promised a metropolitan future; when he died on the eve of the twentieth century, he was confident that the town was some day destined to become a flourishing summer resort.

The Milk girls, as the neighbors called them, kept the farm on the outskirts of the village, living on in the small, stove-heated house, full of the substantial plain furniture, walnut and mahogany, that had been brought from Albany, and which was raved over and coveted by summer visitors from cities wherein anything over fifty years old is an antique, and everything antique must be beautiful. And along with their well-rubbed bureaus and tables the ladies cherished eight gilt Spode tea-cups, the last of a set; and a pair of Bohemian glass decanters, with nine thick, red wine-glasses, that had been kissed by the moist lips of numberless callers wishing a happy New Year, according to the Dutch custom of bygone days in the old New York capital.

It need scarcely be said that the sisters exquisitely appreciated their household gods, and along with them kept a shining face on the family tradition of a once gay, refined, and elegant city life. There were innumerable bright surfaces to this legend, and not the least bright was the tale of how, in 1837, their father had visited Paris, when Louis Philippe was king, when sailing-packets were still a first-class mode of transportation, and when a pleasure-trip to Europe was somewhat a patent, if not to nobility, at least to acknowledged gentility.

Though Millet was only thirty-odd miles from the metropolis, and only three from the railway-station, an income that yearly grew more and more problematical trebled the miles, and it was rare that the ladies accomplished the journey to town. To be sure, with commendable forehandedness, there was apt to be some small emergency fund on hand from the sale to summer people of spiced gooseberries, quince marmalade, strictly fresh-laid eggs, and finely crocheted table-mats, but after Christmas this fund was a negligible quantity.

With their taste for a refined and elegant city life, the sisters had acclaimed rural free delivery as a close tie to the town, and they hastened to subscribe to a one-cent daily paper, which came to the box at their gate every morning almost as early as it fell on the door-steps of the enviable denizens of the city. But they found this urban blessing tempered; for the closer it brought the town to their imaginations, the harder perhaps was it to endure the iron hand of reality, which persisted in holding it just at arm's-length. The breath of the city blew in their faces; the clamor of its bells sounded in their ears; the doors of its women's clubs stood alluringly ajar; to its hundred and one bridge-parties there surely would be cards for them; the lights of its theaters flared in their eyes; and its pleasant music almost—ah, no, the richness of a full orchestra could not quite reach to ears that rarely had ever heard one.

But saints or no saints themselves, St. Sylvanus, the little, old, wooden Episcopal church on the hill, with its oak panels and bits of quaint carving brought from England by an early immigrant to the West, could hardly have been maintained without the unfailing devotion of the two sisters. They were not only the Altar Guild, but they were the Dorcas Society, and they were the Missionary Alliance, and they were the leaders in the Sunday-school; and it was even they who had manufactured the impressive stained-glass windows in the chancel from red and blue wall-paper, when High Church practices had been introduced from the neighboring seminary, and it had been revealed that the old clear-glass windows, letting in the obvious light of day and tempting the soul with their vision of tossing elms and free-winged robins, smacked of Evangelical Protestantism.

As Mrs. Oberly reported, Miss Electa

and Miss Cornelia had put in a morning of muscular Christianity at the church, redding up after the Christmas celebration, yet, despite those strenuous hours, there was still ecclesiastical service unfinished for these handmaidens of the Lord.

After the dinner dishes were done up, and the ladies had changed their dresses for the afternoon, the Altar Guild, in the person of Cornelia, got out a freshly washed altar-cloth and sat down near the window to sew on the fringe. "This is really not fit to go on again," she said, holding up some of the worn edging. "I wonder if it would do to take some off this old shell-spread of mother's. It 's perfectly good, and we never use the spread nowadays."

"Why not?" Electa replied from behind her newspaper.

"Do you think it would be quite proper after it has been on a bed? No one will know, and I won't tell Mr. Soames."

Electa lowered her paper. "Corny Milk, how you talk! the Lord will know, but I guess He will forgive you; He must have to forgive 'most everything in this world." Electa's common sense was not mitigated by the extreme ardor with which her esthetic nature responded to the ritualistic suggestions of the red-cheeked, innocent, intoning Mr. Soames, the missionary who rode over on his bicycle from the seminary every Sunday to officiate in the tiny church. As the blacksmith had shrewdly suggested, the more there was to "do," the better the sisters liked it, in their lives starving for sensation, for expression.

Then Electa went on with her reading. It was the first moment all day that she had had to sit down with the paper. A new "Churchman" and an unopened "Missionary Zeal" lay at her elbow, but she turned first to the daily press, with its entrancing chronicle of musical, theatrical, and social diversions, a Barmecide feast to which the sisters never failed to draw up their chairs. "If we could only have heard the 'Messiah' with that English tenor!" she sighed. "I declare, Cornelia Milk, I think it is awful the way we are wasting our lives." She perused her paper for some minutes further, and then apropos of some item she broke out, "Corny, do you realize that Saturday is the sixtieth anniversary of father and mother's wedding, as well as the the Holy Innocents?"

"Goodness! don't remind me don't like to think how the years plied Cornelia, biting off a threa

"Now, I don't agree with yo only right and fitting to remembe I think we ought to do somethin brate. After all, we ought to ma rifice, and go to the consecration; be almost a sin to miss it. It w beautiful service, and we never h a high celebration in a cathedral, the candles and vestments; and a sent us cards, too."

Cornelia studied on this. Th knew each others' mental modes fectly that surprises or subterfug difficult, but intercourse would ha dull indeed if they had had to say every time what was at the bo their minds. Now, as their pare been dead for several years, and ters never had celebrated this pa anniversary, or had ever heard Feast of the Holy Innocents until th came for the consecration of the some good reason must be discove Electa's energetic opening of the cas

"I don't see where the money is t from. You know as well as I that mas has taken every cent of the Cornelia answered.

"I won't get a dress, that 's all," returned.

"The idea! You have got to have dress, there are no two ways about but perhaps I might get on withou I don't wear my things as hard as yo

"I would n't let you do that. I the church would send us as delegate

"We might call a meeting of the ance," Cornelia drolled. "We mig the meeting; we could elect ourselves gates, and then we could raise the sub tions out of our own pockets, and go.

Electa laughed at this. She was a laugher, and she pretended that was kept her so thin. "It won't cost so n we have that present Cousin Jacob sen She was famous for producing exped

"Now, Electa, you need n't pre As if we did n't have that every C mas! It is a regular part of our in and you know perfectly well that wa the new dresses," Cornelia pronounc

"Well, we can sell a lot, then; th

no use hoarding our capital at our ages. I don't want to die rich. In twenty years, what difference will it make?" To sell a lot was Electa's device to cross every stream. They had sold two acres off a corner of the farm to summer cottagers, and promptly spent the very small proceeds. "We probably neither of us will ever have another chance to see a consecration, though this is the fifth bishop I can remember; but he is young, and is going to last longer than we are."

"We can't sell a lot to-morrow," said Cornelia, sagely.

"Of course not. We 'll use Cousin Jacob's money, and when we need more, we 'll borrow of Mr. Oberly, and give him a mortgage. The paper says that 's the way they 're all doing in town to get those automobiles."

"I guess we 'll end up with calico dresses, that 's all, if we keep out of the poorhouse."

"I don't care if we come to sackcloth; this is an occasion we have no right to miss. I am going to sit right down now and write to Mrs. Oman; and if she can have us, I 'll ask her to telephone to the store to-morrow. We 'll go in Saturday morning on the early train, and stay over Sunday, and go to all the services, and have a real good time. What do you say?"

"I say you 're cracked, Electa Milk."

"Good! That means yes." Electa gave her sister a hug as she passed to the desk in the corner. When the note was written, after much discussion over the delicacy of the phrasing, for the sisters' standard of ladylike propriety was of an Albany of the early part of the last century, Electa hastened to the village to post it in the afternoon mail. When she had gone, Cornelia laid the altar-cloth over the back of the sofa, and scanned the morning paper with anxious brow for light on some unsolved problem. "Great Annual Bargain Sale at Baxter & Baxter's." She paused a minute at this, and her eye ran down the alluring list. "Exhibition of Modern French Paintings." This was a reading notice, and she perused it carefully. Electa at one time had done "theorem" painting on glass and velvet, and the sisters continued to take a professional interest in the world of art. Then Corny turned to the column of amusements. "Lecture on Borneo." That did n't detain her. "Piano recital, Mme. Augusta Brown-Fricke." That would be nice, but the price was high. "Engagement Extraordinary: the World-Renowned English Actress, Judith Strange: Three nights and Saturday matinée . . . La Tosca, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Sappho, and Camille. All the lower floor and first four rows of balcony, $2.00." Um! Cornelia read this over twice, and then laid down the paper. She sat silently rocking to and fro in the twilight until her sister returned. Finally she rose to set the supper table, and a smile played over her delicate lips. When the sisters sat down face to face over their tea, toast, and stewed prunes, Electa perceived that Cornelia had satisfied herself as to the real reason why she was suddenly so decided about going to town, though this time she felt secure that her sister had not guessed right.

"After spending all we dared to for Christmas, here we are launching out in this wild extravagance," Cornelia began.

"Oh, if you think we can't go, of course we can't," Electa summed up. "But we have our life to live only once, and I believe it is well to be imprudent once and awhile. We can save our fares if we get our dresses at that annual bargain sale Monday."

Cornelia did not have to look at her sister to read dissimulation in her tone, and she knew that if this were the ultimate reason, it would not be uncovered so soon.

"I don't know that I 'd dare go to one of those sales," she commented. "You saw in the paper of that one at Cleveland the other day where a woman was trampled to death."

"I would n't be afraid to go," Electa replied, "but I don't know if I would dare to buy. They won't let you exchange a thing."

The sisters loved to shop over in Beaseley, six miles from Millet, for they could take things home from Carr & Bunn's, and think about them over night before deciding; and as a rule the first choice had to be taken back. There is no better way to make a small income go a long ways. The blacksmith's wife lent them her "rig" for these expeditions, and they repaid her in currant jelly.

Electa was in gay spirits all the evening, and her talk ran upon their father's

visit to Paris in 1837. She got out a faded portfolio of yellow-edged prints of the famous edifices of the French capital, one of the cherished souvenirs of the paternal excursion, and made her sister look at them. She even took out volume "P" of the ancient encyclopædia, which moldered on the lower shelf of the bookcase. Autumn leaves of twenty years back fluttered to the floor when she opened the book. The article on Paris began: "The history of Paris begins with the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, wherein he speaks of Lutetia. Strabo calls it Lucotocia; Ptolemy, Lucoticia; and the Emperor Julian, Louchetia." The ladies decided after a few paragraphs that the composition was intended for the male intellect.

Friday was a day of breathless suspense, but before noon a telephone message came from their good friend Mrs. Oman, asking them to come and stay a week if they would. Straightway Jennie Oberly, the blacksmith's daughter, was called in to receive minute directions how to keep the base-burner going, what to feed Petkins the cat, and exactly what the hens must have each day; and next morning it was Jennie who drove them over to the station in the bob-sleigh, three on a seat, with their gray "telescope," swollen to its largest dimensions, in behind.

It was a soft, open winter, and the Feast of the Holy Innocents rose with the childlike smile of April. The runners scraped through the melting snow. As Miss Electa was subject to neuralgia she had put on her red knit sontag under her cloak, and wound a long, blue, tasseled nubia well about her head, so she arrived at the station in a dripping perspiration; while Cornelia had put over her flat bonnet, with its sprig of moss-rosebuds, a black broadcloth bashlyk, embroidered in gold and lined with lavender silk, which for years she had always worn when driving in winter. It had been a coquettish garment in its day, the Russian hood of the early seventies, and she never lost a light sense of youth and fashion when she threw the ends with their gilt tassels over each shoulder. The coquettish effect was somewhat marred by the black spectacles she now wore as a preventive of the snow-blindness of which they had read in Kane's book on arctic explorations.

Though there was ample allowance of time, Jennie kept trying to beat plow horse out of a walk; but th of her hickory stick only mad switch his tail. Every time the wh down, Miss Cornelia cried: "No nie, if you are so crool, I will get walk; I won't stand it. I shou you 'd never been in my Sunda class."

And then Electa would say an "But, Corny dear, we must not m train."

The station stove was red-hot, sisters were obliged to unwind the dresses. Jennie tied the horse, an in to see them off. It still lacked minutes to train-time. It was at th that Electa said:

"I don't know, after all, if we o go. What do you think?"

Their young driver opened her amazement at this calm proposal to don a holiday so auspiciously begu Cornelia received it with unruffled and replied:

"Jennie 's here, and we could h nice ride back. This pleasant weath does n't so much need a change."

"Miss Electa always likes to chan mind, and mother says she does n't her," Jennie volunteered. "That last she took back the brown dress, said—"

"Now, Jennie, excuse me, dear, bu must n't talk about older ladies," nelia said firmly, and turned to her s "If it is a matter of conscience, and begin to think it safer not to go, I turn back now."

Electa gave her sister a shrewd for no word had passed between the other motive for their excursion than sacred function at the cathedral. Cor returned the glance calmly. Electa tated a moment, then oblivious to her ter's spiritual solicitude, she answered

"It might n't be just safe for You 're always more apt to take col mild weather; your face is wet with spiration now. I 'll go back if you say word."

"Oh, Miss 'Lecty!" burst from t young driver.

"Be still, Jennie! You must n't in rupt. This is a very serious matter have got to decide." And continuin her sister: "I don't want to have your

on my conscience—if you take pneumonia, or anything."

"Or anything"—the words were full of a hidden significance.

"You need n't have me on your conscience. If I go, I go, and I 'm old enough to know my own mind."

"I don't want you to come back at me for having led you on."

"Well, if you 're talking about my health, Electa Milk, you 're much more delicate than I. You always were, and ever since you had that pleurisy in your left side—" There had always been this rivalry between the sisters as to which was the more delicate. After every ill turn there was a triumphant "I told you so!" from the one who had escaped.

"There are other considerations beside health, and we must n't be hasty. I 've been studying all the way over. If we sell another lot to summer folks, it will put their back yard and all their Monday wash right where we should have to see it out of our front window, and you never could abide that."

Jennie was bewildered at the seriousness of the discussion that had precipitated itself, and to bring it to a head, she rose and said:

"I guess perhaps I must be goin' along home now. Mother will need me to help with Saturday doughnuts."

"Sit still, Jennie; sit still. We can't decide things offhand; we may change our minds. Mr. Williams," she called to the station agent, "if you get our tickets ready, please, we 'll pay for them when we hear the train up at Beaseley. There 's no telling what may happen before then." It was Cornelia who spoke.

"Now, to think of the bishop," said Electa. "I suppose after he takes his vows he can't change his mind; but he will have to be bishop till he dies. That 's just like men, so impulsive; they don't seem to consider the future. It is almost as bad as getting married."

"That 's just what mother says," broke in Jennie, "She says if you had been married, Miss Electa, your husband—"

"Now, Jennie my dear,"—it was Cornelia who continued censor,—"you must learn your manners. It is n't polite to repeat what others say or to talk about husbands to unmarried ladies." And then to her sister: "That is just the trouble. If you once do a thing, you may be sorry for it forever after."

For twenty minutes they sat in delicious suspense discussing as to whether they ought to go or not, but when they heard the train whistle, with one mind they deposited their money at the ticket-window, and waved good-by to Jennie.

THERE was no shadow upon the morning's program. Mrs. Oman met them as they came out of the station with flushed, eager faces, carrying nubia and bashlyk on their arms, and a rubber-tired carriage whirled them off directly to the cathedral.

Candles gleamed; golden crosiers and crosses were borne aloft; there were boys in trailing scarlet, with lace-trimmed cottas; there were mitred heads and yellow, brocaded vestments; there were purple sleeves and crimson hoods, and a long flock of merely white-robed priests. The sisters were lifted up on the wings of song, the splendid chorus of men's voices, and they had to pinch themselves to realize that their humble souls had intimate and valid part in this beautiful and imposing ceremony. They saw their own red-cheeked missionary pass in the solemn procession, his palms pressed together, pointed before him.

It was one o'clock before the function was over, and the young bishop had taken his vows with all the imprudence of youth venturing into matrimony. And when the ladies had been whisked home in their friend's carriage, and sat down to luncheon, pink spots burned in each delicate cheek.

"To think of having this every day!" Electa sighed.

"We don't exactly have a consecration every day," Mrs. Oman returned.

"Oh, no, I mean just this." The sister indicated the polished mahogany, the lace doilies, and the painted cups, as pretty as their own priceless Spode.

"Yes, you must excuse us, Mrs. Oman," Cornelia quavered, breaking into her crisp sweetbread patty, "if we do say how happy we are."

"I suppose you go to bridge-parties every day," Electa continued. "I see your name in the paper so often."

"Fancy your noticing what we do here in town!" their hostess laughed in surprise.

"Of course we do. We follow all the society events. We have our paper almost as soon as you have yours. And we do enjoy the musical and theatrical criticisms, too, we are so fond of the theater." Dear souls! as shipwrecked mariners on a raft are "fond" of fresh-water. They had been inside a playhouse perhaps ten times in thirty years.

"I wish there was a nice play on this afternoon," responded their hostess, "and we would go to the matinée; but I am so sorry, there is nothing you would like. There is only Judith Strange, and you know what her plays are. My husband absolutely refuses to take me to see them."

A thrill went through the two sisters. Electa avoided Cornelia's eye; her head slightly swayed as she spoke: "Are the plays really so wicked? I read the theater is crowded."

"What a pity it is n't last week, for we had the 'Old Homestead,' such a sweet, wholesome play. You would have enjoyed that; it was about the country," replied Mrs. Oman.

There was a pause. Electa cast a swift glance at her sister. Her fingers were tremulous over her tea-cup, and then she said with subdued intensity:

"I am so sorry your husband feels that way. You see, we could n't tell—that is, not exactly—what the play would be, and we are so very fond of the theater. It seemed a shame to miss it, we get to town so seldom, so sister and I planned to have you go with us as our guest; but I suppose, if Mr. Oman feels that way—"

Cornelia did not turn a hair at this announcement or at the editorial "we." It was a familiar phrase; the truth did not suffer, for when thoughts are similar, a plural pronoun is indispensable. She knew it would have been the height of impropriety for her sister to have hinted before the bishop's consecration at their desire to see the famous Judith in one of her improper plays, but now that they had the grace of the consecration safely stored away in their hearts for all time, and as events in a three-days' visit must tread on one another's heels with the rush of episodes in a three-act play, there was no incongruity in this new move.

Nor was Mrs. Oman slow to appreciate the occasion, and with a swift, apprehensive smile at the two innoc
awaiting her answer, she said:

"You would like to see 'Sapph
course I will go. We are of a s
are n't we? It won't hurt us.
telephone for seats immediately;
may be too late, for there is sure
crowd; and then we shall have t
luncheon."

"Oh, we sent for seats by mail,'
confessed.

The beautiful team-play of the
was shown when Cornelia chimed
every detail had been talked over
hand:

"You see, our father visited Par
ing the reign of Louis Philippe,
course we have naturally always b
terested in Parisian life. They say
quite a picture of certain phases of
the French capital."

"We think every one should have
tle knowledge of the world, don't
demanded Electa. "We don't beli
being narrow. Of course we hard
pect now to get to Paris"—she wou
before she gave up expecting—"w
read about it; but, you know, a p
more like really being there."

"We live such a quiet life, don'
see," her sister took up, "that some
with a little tang to it livens us up
gives us a theme for conversation."

And then Electa broke in quaintly:

"Of course you can't understand,
you have gentlemen's society, and the
offers so much besides; but, as sister
we feel at times,—well, I don't suppo
ought to say it,—but we do feel as if
would enjoy something—well—spicy."

"Now, sister dear, be careful!"
nelia cautioned.

"Why, Corny, you said yourself yo
like to see a lady smoking one of th
cigarettes."

"But, dear child, I did n't suppose M
Oman's friends—"

"Of course I did n't mean that;
still it would be an interesting specta
so sort of foreign—just as it would b
curious sight to see ladies playing ca
for money, though naturally we wo
not care to play ourselves. That is—v
—I might like to once, just to see hov
feels."

Cornelia shook her head. "I d
know, dear; I think there you go a li

too far, a little too far. We never in the world can let Mr. Soames know such thoughts. He is our rector; he was in the procession this morning, a lovely fellow, with such an innocent face. He would like to restore the office of confession, and it may be right,—I don't pretend to judge in church matters,—but I say to sister, I would feel like a goose if I had to tell that boy such things. It would n't be proper, do you think so? I sha'n't even tell him we have been to the play; I sha'n't tell a soul in Millet."

"I don't know,"—Electa smiled,—"it might do him good to be shocked. We told Tim Oberly,—he 's the blacksmith, such a nice man; his daughter Jennie drives us over to the station, and she takes care of our cat and the hens while we are away,—we said to him, 'You need n't be so worried, Tim, about what we hear when we go by the shop.' For, you know, Jennie said her father was mortified because we overheard rather strong language when he was shoeing a vicious horse."

"Excuse me, sister," broke in Cornelia; "we must n't give Mrs. Oman a false impression. She must n't think we would stop to listen. We went to the door with our broken poker, and it was rather exciting to hear a man mad, so long as he was n't intoxicated."

"Well, we must be going," said their hostess. "Only there is one thing: I cannot let you take me; you are my guests, and I insist upon giving you this pleasure."

There was a murmur of protest on the sisters' part, and then a sudden thought came to Electa, though her sudden thoughts were sometimes of long premeditation; the country allows of much meditation.

"Let us take you this afternoon, and if you really want to, you can take us to see 'Camille' to-night," she said.

"Now would n't that be lovely!" Cornelia threw in. "We could stand it after a good cup of tea."

IT was noon of Thursday when the sisters got back to the country station and found Jennie waiting for them with the bob-sleigh and buffalo robes, for it had turned cold. Cornelia got into her bashlyk, and pinned the ends round her throat, and Electa wound her blue nubia over her face. They were in high spirits, and with muffled voices their adventures were poured into Jennie's ears in strophe and antistrophe, first from the right and then from the left.

They had gone three times to church Sunday, to three different places of worship; they depicted the mad excitement of a bargain sale; they described an elaborate luncheon party; a visit to the modern French paintings was noted, but the pictures were not described; and as for the bridge-party, they touched lightly upon card-playing, so as not to corrupt Jennie's morals, and they did not repeat what Mrs. Oman had whispered to them, that at the table in the quiet back room the four serious ladies were playing for real money. One night they had heard an orchestral concert, and one afternoon the piano recital by Mme. Augusta Brown-Fricke; so much had been packed into five days.

"And did n't you go to the theayter?" questioned the guileless Jennie.

"Oh, yes; we saw a pretty play," Electa conceded prudently.

"I 'd 'a' liked that best," the girl sighed. "What was it about? I guess it was all about love."

WHEN safely restored to their own stove-side, and Electa had unwound the long nubia from her head, she exclaimed:

"Well, Corny Milk, I declare, I feel ten years younger, yes, fully ten years. I believe we ought to sell a lot every season now and go to town."

"Do you know," Cornelia said, for they had not had time alone together to begin to thrash out their theatrical experiences, "I was a wee bit disappointed in that first play. Of course, when you come right down to it, *Fanny Legrand* was perfectly horrid, there 's no two ways about it,—the things she did, I suppose that 's Paris,—but she was so sort of appealing and pretty you could n't help being sorry for her. I was n't really shocked."

Electa sighed. She had sat down before taking off her cloak to fondle Petkins, who was in her lap. "Well, to tell you the truth, I was n't either, and I was so hoping I should be," she said.

THE POLICE COURTS OF NEW Y

A RECORD OF PROGRESS IN THE MINOR CRIMINAL CO

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "Lincoln the Lawyer," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

A FEW years ago no one but a humorist would have ventured to assert that the most important tribunals of justice in America were the police courts of its great cities. From Maine to California those courts have, almost without exception, been classed by the law as inferior, and the general public has accepted them at that official estimate. This neglect has afforded an opportunity for the professional politicians, of which they have fully availed themselves, and the result has been the same in virtually every large city in the land. Thus in Chicago, in San Francisco, in Denver, in Cincinnati, in New York, and in other great centers of population, while there have been vigorous efforts at times to better the administration of the criminal law in its higher branches, the police courts have remained in the control of those who have been shrewd enough to realize that these so-called inferior courts are superior in point of influence to any other legal tribunals in the land. In the last decade, however, this fact has come to be widely recognized, with the result that many metropolitan communities have already bestirred themselves to direct the immense power exerted by these courts, and other municipalities are slowly but surely being aroused to like efforts.

Certainly the facts amply warrant attention, for they provide a startling demonstration that police courts are important factors not only in the administration of justice, but also in the social and civic life of the whole country. That this is not an overstatement will be readily admitted by any one familiar with the existing conditions. In New York, for e upward of two hundred thousand were arraigned before the police trates during the year 1910, and hundred thousand were probably into their courts by summons. O huge army of people, many of wh entirely innocent of any offense, the trates exert an almost undisputed sw their decisions are, in nine cases out absolutely final. In other words, th judgment upon the personal liber rights of more than twenty-five th citizens every month of the year, an in a few instances their decisions a cepted without appeal or review c kind. No other tribunal in the lan ministers justice on so vast a sca exerts anything even approaching s bridled a power. It is at once a co first and last resort, presided over Cadi, supreme arbiter of the facts largely a law unto himself.

From these allegedly inferior c thousands upon thousands of forei gain their first and perhaps their onl pression of American government. many of them the court-room is a center; for it must be remembered tha presiding magistrate is not conce solely with crimes and criminals, but a great mass of business involving all of subjects, from the regulation of s traffic to the care of dependent chil Not once, but many times, a day judge upon the bench has it within power to impress the newly arrived i grant with respect for American ins tions or to make him the enemy of law

order. A Russian peddler, for instance, is arrested for obstructing the traffic. He has paid for his license and is privileged to do business, but he speaks no English, and his arrest is, perhaps, the result of a complete misunderstanding between him and a police officer. Now, there is a man, aware of possessing certain rights purchased from the government and innocent of any real offense. A little impatience on the part of the magistrate will result in a fine or a jail-sentence, and make the prisoner a bitter foe of society, while tact, patience, and a knowledge of human nature will probably inspire him with a confidence in American justice which will affect not only him, but all his kith and kin. No other department of the government exerts even a tithe of this direct, personal influence upon our citizenship, and that influence extends to both sexes and to young and old alike; for in New York the Women's Night Court, the Court of Domestic Relations, and the Children's Courts are all branches of the tribunals termed inferior by the law.

These and similar facts, long known to the district leaders and other more or less personally interested observers, have little by little become familiar to the community at large through the medium of settlement workers, sociologists, and philanthropic agencies of various kinds, and public opinion has been gradually educated to a proper appreciation of their importance. Accordingly, in the year 1908, the New York legislature appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject of inferior criminal courts, and on the report of this commission a law was passed in 1910 completely reorganizing that department of the civic government. This law was drawn upon highly novel and somewhat revolutionary lines, and its practical working is being followed with intense interest by every large city in the land, for it undoubtedly marks a distinct era in the development of municipal government in America.

To appreciate the changes effected by this new law, it is necessary to understand something of the conditions which have surrounded the administration of justice by the New York police courts in the past, and of the evolution that has rendered possible the present effort at reform. Less than twenty-five years ago the scene in one of those courts was anything but impressive, and to the uninitiated the procedure was utterly incomprehensible. On entering the court-room, the stranger would find himself in a small, ill-ventilated, and often dirty chamber, crowded to suffocation with a huddled mass of humanity, herded by policemen, who roughly endeavored to maintain some semblance of order. Ranged along one or perhaps two walls of the room stood a long line of prisoners,—men, women and children,—subjected to the morbidly curious gaze of the spectators and the more or less brutal surveillance of the police. Absolutely no discrimination was made between the victims of this sorry spectacle, which was popularly known as "the line up." The old and the young, the clean and the filthy, the sober and the intoxicated, were intermingled without regard to age, sex, or condition, and all were treated as criminals, although of course their cases had not then been heard. There was plenty of time for these unfortunates to familiarize themselves with their surroundings. On a busy morning some of them had to stand in the line for hours before their cases were reached; but what they saw was not likely to increase their respect for the law or their confidence in the administration of justice.

Behind a broad desk at the far end of the room sat a number of clerks noisily transacting the routine business of the court, amid a litter of books and papers and almost at the elbows of the judge, who could not readily be distinguished from the clerical staff, for he, like them, was attired in citizen's garb. Indeed, foreigners, in the hubbub and confusion about them, frequently mistook a clerk for the judge, and some of those officials did not scruple to take advantage of such errors in a manner that thoroughly convinced their dupes that American justice was for sale. The judge himself was usually far too busy to observe little irregularities of this sort; but even if he had had the leisure to look about him, he could not have seen anything, for his view of the court was completely obstructed. Directly in front of his desk stood a small platform known as "the bridge," and upon this each policeman arraigning a prisoner at the bar, took his stand, closely surrounded by reporters, lawyers, professional bondsmen, and privileged spectators of all sorts, who occupied every inch of space, clung to the steps of

the platform, and sprawled over the desk in their anxiety to see and hear. What took place behind this human screen no outsider could possibly ascertain. Frequently the complaining witness or sometimes even the prisoner himself was elbowed and jostled out of hearing distance, to remain in ignorance of the whole transaction except as it was reported by the policemen or others occupying posts of vantage. Again and again prisoners were "tried" in this fashion without even catching a glimpse of the magistrate, and sometimes the first intimation they received of his decision was finding themselves being roughly hustled toward the lock-up or the street.

Amid such surroundings and under such conditions it is not at all surprising that the judges were not always men of the highest character or the loftiest ideals. Indeed, it is somewhat astonishing that they were as good as they were, for there was nothing in the service to attract a man of dignity or standing. Nevertheless, some of them performed their duties conscientiously and effectively, administering rough-and-ready justice with impartiality, their shrewd knowledge of human nature going far to compensate their meager acquaintance with the law. Others, however, were politicians of the lowest type, placed upon the bench by the local powers-behind-the-throne to serve as the alter egos of the district leaders in controlling present and prospective voters, and the spectacle of one of those jurists at work on a busy morning was as sinister a sight as has ever menaced civic government in America. Around him gathered a horde of ruffianly police, rascally lawyers, "straw" bondsmen, vicious saloon-keepers, proprietors of disreputable resorts, and all who prey upon human weaknesses; and the tenement district confided to their tender mercies experienced a despotic rule that virtually nullified the existence of any higher civic authority.

As long as the bench was disgraced by characters of this description there was, of course, no possibility of reformation; but better types of men gradually took their places, and they in turn were succeeded by lawyers of ability and reputation, who realized the possibilities of their office and sought to raise it to a dignity commensurate with its power. Thanks to their efforts, the disgraceful "line up" ished, the business of the "straw men was diminished, the activity ward politicians was discourag many other changes were effect immeasurably increased the popu spect for their tribunals. One wisest moves in this direction adoption of the judicial robe, a effect of this was instantly observa only upon the prisoners and spectat upon the magistrates themselves. while, the Children's Court and the Court were established, eliminatin of the worst evils; and the way w gradually paved for the recommen of the investigating commission whic now been enacted into law.

Any one acquainted with the con prevailing under the old régime w perience a strange sensation on visiti reorganized courts to-day, for he wi himself on familiar ground without able to recognize his surroundings. H men no longer loll about the roo noisily dominate the occupants of the lic benches. Indeed, under the new police officers are not allowed to ente court-rooms except when their presen required as witnesses, complainants custodians of prisoners; and the dut maintaining order has passed to n uniformed attendants under the direct trol of the magistrates themselves. change has not only restored a large n ber of police officers to their proper w but has freed the courts from an appa alliance with the police. But the po men are not the only familiar figures have disappeared from the scene, for clerks have been removed to quarters side the court-room, leaving the judge to perform his duties undisturbed. "bridge," too, has gone, and with it all crowd that clustered around the judi desk, whispering advice to its occupant a plucking at his sleeves. In its place sta a table sufficiently broad to protect magistrate from intrusion, and at the ri of the bench a chair has been provided the use of witnesses, who must now g their testimony facing the court-room a in full view of all the spectators.

These few, simple changes have i measurably increased the respect and c fidence of the public. The chief fact in the transformation, however, are

magistrates themselves. Their self-respect and official dignity have undoubtedly been served by the improvement in their surroundings, but without their intelligent coöperation this would have produced only a superficial result. "The wrong man on the bench can make a brothel out of any court-room, and the right man can turn a pig-pen into a temple of justice," is the observation of an experienced jurist; and the views expressed by one of the present magistrates on the maintenance of order fairly reflect the attitude of all but a small minority of his associates. "I have never owned a gavel since I went upon the bench," he remarked to the writer. "If I cannot keep order in my court without one, I cannot do it with one."

With the increased efficiency of the bench has come increased responsibility, for each judge is now required to visit, at least once a year, every institution to which he has the power to make a commitment. The effect of this provision upon the quality of justice may be readily imagined from the fact that, in the past, magistrates have been known to sit on the bench year after year, sentencing prisoners to jails and workhouses that they themselves had never seen and where conditions existed that should and probably would have been remedied by even one judicial inspection.

Additional care and responsibility are likewise demanded of the magistrate by the sections of the new law which require complete records not only of all cases which are brought into the courts by arrest, but of all that originate from summonses issued by the judges. Under the former practice, very imperfect records were kept, and no note whatever was made of the summonses, which, as one of the judges put it, were "forked out to the public like hay to a hungry elephant," supplying the unscrupulous creditor with "a new way to pay old debts." Now, however, summonses can no longer be had for the asking, and those who seek them must apply to the judge in person, who scrutinizes each application closely before appending his signature.

Altogether too great a burden would have been placed upon the magistrates by these and similar reforms had they not been reinforced by a Chief City Magistrate, upon whom most of the executive work devolves. Their labors have been further diminished by the creation of two additional courts; and the provisions of the law which apply to these courts are perhaps the most important features of the new legislation, for they bring into being tribunals entirely new to the experience of the metropolis.

One of the saddest sights which formerly greeted the visitor at the magistrates' court was the number of despondent and generally careworn women invariably present at every session, waiting patiently for an opportunity to interview the judge. These women were neither prisoners nor persons summoned to appear in the court, so until the regular business of the day was disposed of they could obtain no hearing, and sometimes hours would elapse before the magistrate had leisure to listen to their stories. They were usually rather long stories, hard to tell and difficult to understand, but the general theme of them all was abuse, neglect, and abandonment by a husband. Sometimes the story was told by a half-starved woman, whose long vigil in the court-room and whose small store of strength caused her to falter and even to faint in the telling; sometimes it was listened to by a woebegone group of children who had been staring open-eyed for hours at the very scenes from which the Children's Court was supposed to protect them; sometimes it was timidly told by women whose faces and manner proclaimed the horror they felt at finding themselves in a criminal court, and whose frightened whispers betrayed the fact that, come what might, they would never be found there again. All this was distressing enough, but after the judge had heard the facts and given the applicant a summons directing her husband to appear on a future day, the wife might find another magistrate upon the bench when she returned with the delinquent, and her story would, of course, have to be retold. This time the judge would very likely order the offending husband to provide for his family under penalty of some kind; but if he failed to do so, the woman, revisiting the court to report that fact, would probably find herself confronting another magistrate wholly unfamiliar with the history of the case, and the proceedings would virtually have to be begun again.

Under the present law this needless hardship is largely eliminated by the estab-

lishment of the Domestic Relations Court, which has exclusive jurisdiction, among other matters, of all causes arising out of abandonment and failure to support. Strictly speaking, this court is not a criminal tribunal at all. It is rather the guardian of the home, and the judges assigned to it are men specially selected for their fitness to handle the important problems which daily come before them. Almost every phase of domestic difficulty comes before these experienced officials, and, by coöperating with probation officers, relief associations, and other philanthropic agencies, they are enabled to effect results quite as beneficial to the general community as they are to the parties directly concerned.

Similar relief, to an even greater degree, has been afforded by the Women's Night Court, which is in session from about eight in the evening till one in the morning. This court, which is likewise a complete innovation in New York's administration of justice, is a logical outgrowth of the general Night Court established in 1907 to afford prompt hearings for all who fell into the hands of the police after the day courts closed. This tribunal effectually destroyed the activities of the "straw" bondsmen and blackmailing policemen who thrived on arrests involving all-night detentions, but in many respects it failed to meet the requirements of the situation. For instance, no discrimination was made between men and women prisoners, and as all persons arrested anywhere within the Borough of Manhattan were brought to one court instead of being distributed throughout the various districts, the crowding of the prison-pens and the promiscuous herding of the overflow was nothing less than scandalous. The investigating commission accordingly recommended the creation of another night court exclusively for women.

The legislation which brought this new tribunal into existence was unquestionably framed with a view not only to the improvement of public morals and health, but to the protection of young and possibly innocent women whose treatment under the prevailing law was neither decent nor human. For example, there was formerly no opportunity for making any distinction between the various classes of women brought before the courts, with the result that girls held merely as witness very trivial causes, were frequent with hardened offenders. Indee instance, a girl detained as a witn abduction case was found in the with her abductors.

This evil has been recognized provision of law which authorizes of Detention, with proper accomm for the care and segregation of all prisoners while their cases are and when this institution is actual lished a long step will have bee toward a much needed reform. Ag records which are now kept in th insure a fairer and more scientifi ment of the unfortunate women streets than was formerly possible. the old régime, a woman might raigned in a different court every the week without much danger of nition, and the unreconcilable decis the various magistrates upon virtua same state of facts reflected anythi an impartial administration of Now the complete record of all co prisoners is at the disposal of every together with a finger-print which r all doubts as to identification, prot the innocent as well as curbing the

These reforms all tend to an handed administration of law; but th cretion reposed in the magistrates as nature and extent of the penalties they may impose upon the unfort women who come before them render tire impartiality extremely difficult. instance, the law authorizes either fi imprisonment, but the amount of the or the length of the imprisonmen within certain limits, entirely in the m trate's hands. The result of this has that no two offenders have been tre alike, some being fined heavily, ot lightly, and still others being sent to workhouse, and all for precisely the s offense. The unfairness of this has been recognized, but it has been rega as unavoidable, in view of the discret ary authority vested in the magistr Nevertheless the majority of those have been assigned by the Chief Magistrate, under the new law, to pre in the Women's Court have, to a large tent, now obviated this difficulty. T policy is to impose *no* fines upon wo of the streets, confining their discretio

discharging the accused or imposing a workhouse sentence, and thus effectually condemning the enormity of enriching the public treasury by virtually licensing violations of law. It is safe to say that no greater public service than this has been performed by the officials of any municipality, for it bids fair to open the way for a more enlightened policy in regard to this whole subject than has heretofore seemed possible.

No less promising are the changes effected by the new law in regard to the Children's Courts, which were first established in New York in 1902, and have now come to be one of the most important features, if not the most important feature, of the city's judicial system.

Under the existing law no child below the age of sixteen years may, if arrested, be taken to any police station, but must be brought directly to the Children's Court or to the rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, if the court be not in session. This is a far cry from the days when almost every "line up" of criminals and disorderlies in the old police courts had its quota of children. The present law further provides that upon being arraigned the youthful prisoners are "to be considered not as upon trial for the commission of a crime, but rather as children in need of the care and protection of the State." The wisdom of this admonition is reflected in the statistics of the court, which show that almost one half of the small offenders brought before it are charged with no more serious breach of the law than playing games in the streets.

Prior to the passage of the new law, all the judges of the Court of Special Sessions occupied the bench of this important tribunal in turn without regard to their qualifications for the delicate duties involved, and this produced unfortunate results. Indeed, some of the judges who were compelled to serve utterly lacked the patience and the experience to deal wisely with children, and were almost driven to distraction by their efforts to perform the tasks imposed upon them. This has now been partially remedied by providing that the Chief-Justice of the Court of Special Sessions shall designate which of his associates shall sit in the Children's Courts. That official can, therefore, by assigning those eminently fitted for the work to long terms insure efficient and fairly continuous service. As long as the Children's Courts remain under the control of a criminal tribunal this is, perhaps, all that can be hoped for. It is, however, far from being an ideal condition of affairs and when the public fully realizes the possibilities of the Children's Courts there will doubtless be an irresistible demand for their complete emancipation from criminal jurisdiction.

The sight of one of these courts, as at present organized, under an experienced jurist, certainly provides an object-lesson for parents and all others interested in the welfare of the coming generations. The entire proceedings are conducted with as little formality as possible, but there is no lack of dignity or any weak sentimentality about them, and the majesty of the law is fully represented. Many of the children who are brought before the justices are accused of being "ungovernable," and these cases, in a great city like New York, require the utmost scrutiny. Indeed, complaints against "ungovernable" children are frequently made by foreigners who seek by this ruse to relieve themselves from the duty of supporting their children during their unproductive years. But the day has passed when it was possible for such people to have their children committed to institutions, and then call upon their relatives abroad to admire the photographs of "the grand, free, American colleges" at which the youngsters were established! Those who attempt this manœuver to-day, with an efficient justice on the bench, speedily find that they, and not their children, are on trial.

No other judicial officers in the city require such a wide knowledge of human nature or such quick perception as those who preside in these courts. Every morning they face a room crowded with new problems, and even the oldest and most commonplace stories often develop highly novel situations. A small boy is brought up to the bench, sullen and defiant and aware that silence is a weapon that he can employ with considerable effect. The charge, let us say, is theft, and the parents admit, perhaps, that it is not a first offense. To the casual observer the case seems plain and the facts not at all out of the ordinary. But something in the culprit's face has attracted the judge's at-

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE OLD METHOD OF CONDUCTING A POLICE COURT IN NEW YORK CITY

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE NEW METHOD OF CONDUCTING A POLICE COURT IN NEW YORK CITY

tention, and he talks to him quietly until he coaxes him into speech, listening intently to all he has to say and watching him closely without appearing to do so. Then he suddenly adjourns the case and beckons to a probation officer. "Mr. X," he whispers, "this boy stammers badly and has other evidences of a nervous disorder. Have a physician examine him, and report what he says to-morrow."

That whisper may mean the making of a life, and there are hundreds of such opportunities for public service in this courtroom every year.

Sometimes the friendly colloquies between the Bench and the small group before it result in astonishing revelations from the inner circles of Boyville. Not long ago four youngsters were arraigned in one of the courts charged with the rather serious offense of stealing electric bulbs from a railroad sign. They were bright, manly little chaps who frankly admitted the charge, and the judge was evidently disinclined to be severe; but the facts seemed to admit of no leniency. Nevertheless, His Honor patiently questioned the lads until he won their confidence, and then suddenly one of them clarified the whole situation. "We did not intend to steal the bulbs at all, Judge," he confided. "All we wanted to do was to take them up to the roof of the
tie strings to them, and lower the
the third rail to see if they 'd light

Who but a boy, and an intel
curious boy, too, could have concei
idea of this highly interesting scien
periment? A less patient man up
bench would certainly have disposed
case without even suspecting that it
be divested of any criminal aspect
that judge understood boys, and as
journed the case for further conside
more than one grown-up in the sma
ence remarked to his neighbor: "I w
whether the third rail *would* have l
those bulbs? I 'd rather like to kno

There are many important im
ments in the administration of justi
fected by the new law which cannot
tailed within the proper limits of thi
cle, but the whole spirit of the legis
reflects high credit upon its framers
thus far its results have exceeded ex
tions. It has not only promoted ju
curbed oppression, and safeguarded
needy and friendless, but it has sup
invaluable material for increasing the
fulness of minor criminal courts thro
out the country, which, though terme
ferior by the law, are centers of po
education and civic influence witho
peer in the judicial system of America

THE SONG THAT IS FORGOT

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

TIME, like to sand from out the glass, unceasing flows away;
Then wherefore deem to-morrow more worth than yesterday?
The fairest rose the future knows time darkling will entomb
With the rose that breathed in Persia, long since, its rare perfume.

If sands of time, effacing, flow, then what—ah, what of fame?
Nothing is lost that blesses the hour to which it came:
Nay, questioning heart, which gave it most the world itself knows not—
The song that is remembered, the song that is forgot.

DETAIL OF THE STATUE OF "SCIENCE" BY BELA PRATT

"SCIENCE"

From the bronze statue by Bela Pratt to be placed in front of the Boston Public Library. The base is from the unfinished sketch in clay.

DETAIL OF THE STATUE OF "ART" BY BELA PRATT

"ART"

From the bronze statue by Bela Pratt to be placed in front of the Boston Public Library. The base is from the unfinished sketch in clay.

about thoughtful, an' talkin' to himself, an' just nibblin' at his victuals? I ask ye as the true friend ye be."

Mary Ann turned upon him a startled look.

"Why, he does sometimes," she said wonderingly. "He don't eat much, an' he don't talk much to *me.*"

Captain Amos could not conceal his shocked surprise.

"He *don't?*" he exclaimed. "That 's bad; that 's bad." He was thoughtful a moment, then added solemnly: "Ye know he 's naturally one of the biggest talkers ever lived; got that name. An' as for eatin'—well!"

Mary Ann seated herself.

"I don't know what ye mean," she declared.

"No, *you* would n't," he agreed, with soothing tenderness; "they ain't no queer streaks in your fam'ly. But I 've noticed 'em in Cap'n Webster for some time, an' they 've worried me. I don't suppose you remember, but his brother's wife's aunt, Ellen Thompson, over to Gilead, went crazy, an' chased the whole fam'ly out o' the house, an' then tried to drown herself in the well. I guess you would n't recall the circumstance; it was before you was born."

Mary Ann had risen to her feet with a white face.

"Why, I would n't stay in the house another minute!" she declared. "I 'd be scart to death."

Captain Amos looked at her narrowly in his effort to ascertain how far he might go in a modification of his diagnosis. Apparently his scrutiny was satisfactory, for he went on to say:

"Quite right, my dear; quite right: it shows your good sense. Of course you can make your mother's bein' under the weather an excuse for goin' right off. I 'll pay ye a month's wages ahead, so ye need n't wait for Cap'n Zeb. We don't want to excite him any. An' mind, don't say nothing about this here business to any one at present, for there 's another explanation of them actions of his; an' that is, mebbe Cap'n Zeb 's in love. In the first stages I guess there ain't no diff'rence betwixt bein' in love an' bein' loony, an' all the more if ye ain't been took with it before ye git as old 's the cap'n is. I 'm ruther inclined to believe it 's love with him, myself. Of course, if it was the other thing, ye would n't want to stay." He stopped short, then grinned with pleased surprise. "By gum!" he exclaimed, "I never once thought on it, but mebbe he 's in love with *you!* He certainly does talk about ye enough. Well, if that 's the case, it 'll come to a head quicker if you 're out of the house, an' he gits a chance to miss ye. Either way you look at the proposition, I guess you 're wise to go an' take care of your mother for a month, say. If it 's love, you 'll know it by then; or the other thing, either. So don't say nothing to anybody till we see how the cat 's goin' to jump."

"I don't know 's I want any old man, or young one, either, in love with me," replied Mary Ann, loftily.

Captain Amos waved his hand airily.

"Why, I guess that 's something we can decide later," he declared. "We don't need to cross no bridges till we come to 'em."

Half an hour later he stood at the window, watching Mary Ann going swiftly along the road to the village with her carpet-bag in her hand. He was exultant, but not unduly so, and not without certain conscientious prickings, which he strove to allay. He gave voice to his justification as he saw her disappear round a curve in the road:

"Well, I don't know 's I could swear in court to ev'rything I said, but I guess I come about as near to the truth as a man ever does when he 's dealin' with women-folks. Blame' if it ain't queer how they do put ye out!"

He was sitting in the kitchen when Captain Zebulun and Sim came in with every evidence of joy and pleased wonder. It was clear that they had been watching the Horeb Road and had seen the passing of Mary Ann.

"Amos, how in land did ye do it?" inquired Captain Zebulun.

Captain Amos was complacent, but somewhat vague in his reply.

"Why, we talked the matter over, an' spoke about her mother's ailin' some, an' one thing an' another; an' then she just went."

"Was n't she mad?" asked Sim.

"Oh, no," replied Captain Amos; "she seemed pleased to go."

A WEEK went by before the two friends met again, and naturally the first question that Captain Amos asked was about the new cook.

"Why, he does pretty fair," answered Captain Zebulun, but without enthusiasm. "He seemed mighty good after Mary Ann; but it strikes me he 's fallin' off some. Too much of a sameness."

"How are you progressin' with the widder?" his friend asked.

"Why, I was over there last evening," Captain Zebulun acknowledged modestly.

"Well?" demanded Captain Amos, with a touch of impatience.

"She talked about her first husband some," replied Captain Zebulun, after a conscientious effort to recall the conversation.

"What did you say to that?"

"Not much," confessed the lover. "She 's considerable of a talker."

Captain Amos turned upon him wrathfully.

"Zeb," he snapped, "you ain't got no more courage than a hen."

At that Captain Zebulun chuckled.

"Mebbe not," he declared, "but I held on to her hand a good deal longer 'n was necessary when I said good night."

"I suppose you was too scart to let go," was Captain Amos's sarcastic comment. He was silent a moment. "I tell you what I 'm goin' to do," he then announced with great firmness. "I 'm goin' home to supper with you to-night an' kind o' get a line on Sim, an' then I 'm goin' over to the widder's with ye an' git a line on how ye stand with her. You don't seem to realize that Mary Ann may come trampsin' back at the end of the month. We kind o' made that arrangement if—if nothin' did n't happen."

"Sho!" exclaimed Captain Z with dismay.

"Well, then, why don't ye cro sail, an' not keep standin' off, back fillin' like ye be? 'T would serve y if I married the widder myself."

Drawn by Martin Justice

"'AMOS, HOW IN LAND DID YE DO IT?'"

He hailed Sim with great heartine when he turned into the back yard wi his reluctant host, and in the dusk of t lowering twilight he followed Capta Zebulun and Sim into the warm ar lighted kitchen, sniffing audibly the od of supper as he entered.

"My, my! but that smells good!" h declared, with Punic faith; for, once i side, he looked about the kitchen with s verely critical eyes. "Heh! man's ki chen," he muttered, with disapproval- "a slick here an' a lick there, but no re cleanin'."

He feigned not to see the angry gla that Sim bent upon him, but seating hin self, sniffed again, declaring:

"Gone down to the village to see her folks. She don't mind running up and down that hill any more 'n you 'd mind stepping off a log. She must be considerable tough."

"How does she do?" inquired Captain Amos.

His friend's face darkened.

"Amos," he declared, "if I had a steward aboard who did n't do any better, he 'd go over the side, bag and baggage, quicker 'n I could tell ye; but with a woman, ye know—" He shook his head sadly.

"I know I 'd discharge her if she did n't suit," retorted Captain Amos, belligerently.

"Well, we 'll see; we 'll see," temporized Captain Zebulun. He rose to his feet. "Just catch a-hold of that side of the basket," he commanded. "We 'll cart this corn out to the loft."

As they crossed the yard, coming back, Mrs. Gilbert came out to the fence. She had a big dish in her hand, covered with a napkin. Captain Amos followed his host to the fence.

"I rather guessed from what you said last night," she began, "that Mary Ann does n't improve any; so I 've brought you some more doughnuts and a pan of raised biscuit. I 'm afraid the doughnuts are poorer 'n the last batch, though."

"That could n't be, ma'am; that could n't be," protested Captain Zebulun.

"I jedge, Mis' Gilbert," explained the grinning Captain Amos, "that he 's tryin' to tell ye that anybody who could make doughnuts like them others, could n't make *poor* ones; but blame' if it sounded that way."

"Of course I did," declared Captain Zebulun, with evident embarrassment. He was almost hysterical in his profuse thanks. "I hope I 'm not robbing you, ma'am. This pan is pretty heavy-loaded, seems to me."

"Well," broke in Captain Amos, as they moved away, "if *you 're* passin' things to eat over the fence, I don't wonder Zeb 's kind o' got out o' conceit with Mary Ann's cookin'. I know what you can do in that line."

"Well, I don't want to make him dissatisfied," laughingly responded the widow.

"Oh, I guess the mischief 's done already from what I hear," Captain Amos called back. "You 're like all the women —quick to lock up the stable after the horse is stolen."

He followed the retreating bearer of gifts toward the house.

"For a man who don't do no runnin' around, you 've got a pretty good idee of lettin' your wants be known," he told Captain Zebulun. "An' I 'd like to know what you was over there last night for. Borrowin' an ax?"

Captain Zebulun disdained to reply.

Captain Amos had finished his second doughnut before he recurred to the subject again. He was sitting by the kitchen table, and was reaching out for a third, when he turned to his friend, placidly munching on the opposite side of the table.

"Zeb," he said solemnly, "there ain't no two ways about it—you 've got to marry that woman."

"Sho!" exclaimed Captain Zebulun; but he grinned sheepishly, and even after the grin had faded from his face there still lingered upon it a touch of thoughtful complacency.

"Here you be," persisted Captain Amos, "right in the prime of life, an' stranded 'way up here; an' there, right across the fence, there she is, in the prime of life, an' stranded similar'. Blame' if it don't look like the hand o' Providence was in it!"

Captain Zebulun brushed the crumbs from his waistcoat.

"Think so?" he asked anxiously.

"Think so!" retorted Captain Amos. "I know so. Why, you can see for yourself."

"Well," Captain Zebulun answered, with becoming resignation, "if Providence is in it, there ain't no use in kicking. Rub the fur the right way, I 've always held. She certainly is a fine cook." Then a look of doubt flitted across his face. "I won't deny I 've thought of it," he continued; "but I don't know. Think she 'd have me?"

"Have ye? Of course she 'd have ye," declared Captain Amos. "Ain't she a widder, an' young, an' good-lookin'? This is the way they look at it: a woman may git married once just through good luck; but if she can do it again, it proves it was n't luck the first time, but pure merit. Why, pride would egg 'em on to prove that, if nothing else. They 're human."

"Well, I ain't the only man in the world," suggested Captain Zebulun, dubiously.

"You 're the only man next door to her, ain't ye? You 're good-lookin' as most, you 've got property, an' though you ain't been broke to double harness, any bright woman like Nancy Gilbert could see right off that you 'd eat out of her hand from the start. She would n't have to tame ye."

"Well, I 'll think of it," responded Captain Zebulun. "I certainly would like to get rid of Mary Ann."

"Then it 's good as settled now," Captain Amos told him, "for I can see with half an eye that she 's thought of it. If you ain't opposed too violent, you might as well give in first as last. She 'll do all the thinkin' necessary."

II

CAPTAIN ZEBULUN'S housekeeping went from bad to worse.

"I live out of the cracker barrel mostly," he told Captain Amos one day as he sat beside him in the shipyard, "and I 've et boiled eggs to that extent I 'm ashamed almost to look a hen in the face."

"Well, how are ye comin' on with the widder?" demanded his friend.

"Why, things look promising," Captain Zebulun replied. "I can't say more 'n that. She was telling me only the other night that it was no way to live as I was living. I felt some encouraged."

"Encouraged!" sniffed Captain Amos. "Do you expect her to ask ye herself? Why did n't ye speak up then an' there?"

"Why, I did have it on the end o' my tongue to say I was thinking considerable of making a change, just to lead up to the subject; but that girl of hers, Martha, came stamping into the room, and of course I turned it off. But I don't see how I 'm going to stand that Mary Ann's cooking much longer."

"Don't stand it," said Captain
"Go home an' pay her off, an' th
over an' ask the widder to marry
Captain Zebulun shook his head
"No, no," he answered; " 't wo
do to be as sudden 's that. That
be too pointed."
Captain Amos eyed him scornfu
"Zeb," he declared, "you 're af
Mary Ann. Ye dass n't discharge

Drawn by Martin Justice

"'I HOPE I 'M NOT ROBBING YOU, MA'A

Captain Zebulun squirmed and lool
embarrassed.
"No, I ain't afraid of her, but I wo
n't like to hurt her feelings—a woma
he acknowledged weakly.
"Oh, sho!" grunted Captain An
and relapsed into silence.
But suddenly he jumped to his f
and shouted across the shipyard at a t
lanky young fellow who was going un
the sawyer's shed with a clam-rake an
pair of oars on his shoulders. "H
there, Sim!" he called. "Sim!"
Simeon Carr waved his hand, and
moment later slouched across the yard
ward the pair.

"Set down, Sim," ordered Captain Amos. "I 've got a job for ye."

"I guess not," replied Sim; "I was n't thinkin' of shippin' before spring."

"Well, you would n't mind shippin' for a month to stay ashore, would ye?" demanded Captain Amos. He turned to Captain Zebulun. "Here 's the very thing for ye," he said. "You 're patchin' up your barn an' fussin' about the place, hirin' Tom, Dick, an' Harry to help ye; but here 's the chance to kill two birds with one stone. Hire Sim for cook, an' have him help around between times. He 's a good cook, an' handy, too."

"I thought Mary Ann Ketchum was cookin' for him," said Sim.

"That 's just the trouble," declared Captain Amos, with a grin. "He don't want her, but ain't man enough to give her her walkin'-papers. You help him for a month while he looks around for a new housekeeper."

"Better make it two months," suggested the cautious seeker for a suitable housekeeper. "Good women for that job are mighty scarce."

"No, a month 's enough," said Captain Amos, firmly. "I 've got one in mind now." He winked at his friend over Sim's bowed shoulder, but Captain Zebulun pretended not to see.

"Why, that sounds better 'n clammin'," Sim remarked thoughtfully. "When would ye want me to start in, Cap'n Zeb?"

"Right away," declared Captain Amos before the beneficiary of Sim's services could reply. "Get your dunnage an' go right up. Cap'n Zeb 'll give ye Mary Ann's wages, an' you pay her off, an' take charge."

"Oh, I see," said Sim, musingly. He was silent a moment, and finally shook his head. "I don' know, after all. On second thought, Cap'n Sparks ruther depends on me to help him out clammin'. He—"

"You 're afraid," broke in Captain Amos, hotly—"afraid of Mary Ann! Of all the chicken-hearted lot o' men—"

"Don't seem quite proper for me to pay her off," interposed Sim, with what, for him, was surprising consideration. Then he turned irritably upon Captain Amos, hearing that gentleman's derisive sneer. "An' if you 're so brave, Cap'n Amos," he snapped, "why don't ye discharge her yourself? You seem most interested."

"Well, I will," declared Captain Amos, "I will. What do you owe her, Zeb? I 'll go right up. I ain't afraid to face no woman with the truth."

Captain Zebulun hesitated.

"Don't it seem rather sudden, Amos?" he suggested. "Perhaps in a week or so—"

"In a week or so means never with some folks," sneered Captain Amos. "No, sir; it 's never too soon to do right. I ain't goin' to see you imposed on."

Half an hour later he was on his way up the steep Horeb Road, mounting somewhat slowly, it must be confessed, under the stress of his mental debate whether it would be better to tell Mary Ann that Captain Zebulun had been suddenly taken ill with all the symptoms of smallpox, or that public opinion was strongly against a single man's employing so young and handsome a housekeeper as Mary Ann. Neither plan seemed wholly satisfactory, and he came simultaneously to the gate and to the laudable decision that only the truth was justified of men.

As he entered the kitchen door, Mary Ann stood at the glass, putting on her hat, preparatory to making her accustomed afternoon call on her people in the village.

"Cap'n Webster ain't about, eh?" he remarked with an easy unconcern that gave to his speech the impression of being declaration rather than query. Mary Ann's hat-pin was in her mouth, and her reply was inarticulate; but she glanced around at the caller with a fleeting expression of anxiety as he calmly seated himself. "Better put on a thicker jacket than that," he went on, with almost tender thoughtfulness. "It 's mighty chilly out. We would n't want ye to catch cold."

She looked at him simperingly.

"Oh, I 'm real warm-blooded," she declared lightly. She hesitated a moment, then added: "I don't believe Cap'n Webster 'll be in till supper-time. I was just goin' to run down to mother's a minute. She ain't very well."

"So I heard, so I heard," he answered gravely. "Well, Mary Ann, she 's gettin' on; I don't blame ye for wantin' to

Drawn by Martin Justice

"'WHY, I WOULD N'T STAY IN THE HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE!'"

see her all ye can. Life 's uncertain at the best. I 've been ruther surprised at your bein' willin' to go so far away. Seem 's if she might want ye by her at any hour."

"Oh, 't ain't nothing serious," Mary Ann assured him, "an' I would n't want to leave the cap'n in the lurch, with winter comin' on. I 'm ready to sacrifice myself for such a nice old gentleman."

"That shows your kind heart," replied Captain Amos with much feeling. "It does truly; but the young an'—good-lookin' have got some rights. Cap'n Zeb feels that. 'She 's young,' says he to me, 'an' handsome, an' she ought to be in the thick of young folks. Now, a man cook 'u'd do for me good enough, an' help about the farm, too.' "

"A man!" sneered Mary Ann.

"He 's been used to men's cookin' all his life, ye know," mildly hinted the captain. "Mebbe his system would break down under any other kind. There ain't no knowin'. We 've got to look at the question on all sides."

"A man cook 's good enough at where ye can't git anything else," sni Mary Ann. Apparently the captain not hear her, for he continued musing

"As Cap'n Zeb says, 't ain't as if needed the money, for ye don't; an', th you 'll be gittin' married before m years, an' ye ought to be home with y mother, learnin' things—the fine p'int housekeepin'. Cap'n Zeb 's very thou ful about ye. It 's surprisin' how h got your interest at heart."

Mary Ann laughed.

"I guess there ain't much mother learn *me,*" she declared, with what C tain Amos considered unfilial lightness

He rose uncertainly to his feet, sayi

"Well, it 's good to see so much t hearted kindness in the world; it t is." Then as he moved slowly tow the door, and all his failure rose vivi before him, he shut his lips closely gether and dropped into a chair ag "Mary Ann," he said abruptly, "I w to ask ye—have ye noticed anything pe liar about Cap'n Zeb lately, like wall

about thoughtful, an' talkin' to himself, an' just nibblin' at his victuals? I ask ye as the true friend ye be."

Mary Ann turned upon him a startled look.

"Why, he does sometimes," she said wonderingly. "He don't eat much, an' he don't talk much to *me.*"

Captain Amos could not conceal his shocked surprise.

"He *don't?*" he exclaimed. "That 's bad; that 's bad." He was thoughtful a moment, then added solemnly: "Ye know he 's naturally one of the biggest talkers ever lived; got that name. An' as for eatin'—well!"

Mary Ann seated herself.

"I don't know what ye mean," she declared.

"No, *you* would n't," he agreed, with soothing tenderness; "they ain't no queer streaks in your fam'ly. But I 've noticed 'em in Cap'n Webster for some time, an' they 've worried me. I don't suppose you remember, but his brother's wife's aunt, Ellen Thompson, over to Gilead, went crazy, an' chased the whole fam'ly out o' the house, an' then tried to drown herself in the well. I guess you would n't recall the circumstance; it was before you was born."

Mary Ann had risen to her feet with a white face.

"Why, I would n't stay in the house another minute!" she declared. "I 'd be scart to death."

Captain Amos looked at her narrowly in his effort to ascertain how far he might go in a modification of his diagnosis. Apparently his scrutiny was satisfactory, for he went on to say:

"Quite right, my dear; quite right: it shows your good sense. Of course you can make your mother's bein' under the weather an excuse for goin' right off. I 'll pay ye a month's wages ahead, so ye need n't wait for Cap'n Zeb. We don't want to excite him any. An' mind, don't say nothing about this here business to any one at present, for there 's another explanation of them actions of his; an' that is, mebbe Cap'n Zeb 's in love. In the first stages I guess there ain't no diff'rence betwixt bein' in love an' bein' loony, an' all the more if ye ain't been took with it before ye git as old 's the cap'n is. I 'm ruther inclined to believe it 's love with him, myself. Of course, if it was the other thing, ye would n't want to stay." He stopped short, then grinned with pleased surprise. "By gum!" he exclaimed, "I never once thought on it, but mebbe he 's in love with *you!* He certainly does talk about ye enough. Well, if that 's the case, it 'll come to a head quicker if you 're out of the house, an' he gits a chance to miss ye. Either way you look at the proposition, I guess you 're wise to go an' take care of your mother for a month, say. If it 's love, you 'll know it by then; or the other thing, either. So don't say nothing to anybody till we see how the cat 's goin' to jump."

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"Amos, how in land did ye do it?" inquired Captain Zebulun.

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"Was n't she mad?" asked Sim.

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"She talked about her first husband some," replied Captain Zebulun, after a conscientious effort to recall the conversation.

"What did you say to that?"

"Not much," confessed the lover. "She 's considerable of a talker."

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He feigned not to see the angry gla that Sim bent upon him, but seating hi self, sniffed again, declaring:

"Well, well, that supper smells like old times—just what I like. An' short-cake, too!" he cried as Sim kneeled before the oven and drew forth a pan. "Now, that 's what I call real livin'."

"Oh, we live like fightin' cocks," said the mollified Sim. He hurriedly dished up the supper, and the three drew their chairs up to the table. "We eat in the kitchen," Sim explained. "No use in cartin' things all over God's creation just for style."

"All foolishness," agreed Captain Amos, and held out his plate.

He began to eat with great heartiness, but with momentarily decreasing interest; then suddenly he put down his knife and fork, and reached for a piece of short-cake. He held it so long, eying it wonderingly, that he drew Sim's sensitive gaze.

"See here," he exclaimed hotly, "I hope you 'll know that short-cake when ye see it again."

Captain Amos dropped it in apparent confusion.

"I was just admirin' the color," he explained—"beautiful yeller."

Sim slammed his knife down, inarticulate with rage.

"Now you keep quiet, Sim," warned Captain Zebulun.

"Oh, he wa'n't sayin' anything," interposed Captain Amos. "I guess the saleratus in that there short-cake kind o' choked him. It does, in big doses." He looked up at Captain Zebulun as Sim jumped up from the table and left the room, slamming the door after him. "Often taken in that way?" Captain Amos asked blandly.

"No," replied Captain Zebulun.

"It 's dispepsy," declared Captain Amos. "You can see where you 'll land if ye don't make a change soon."

Sim did not return, and as they finished their supper, Captain Amos pushed back his chair.

"Better change your clothes, Zeb," he advised, "an' we 'll go right over."

But Captain Zebulun did not stir.

"I don't know about going over to-night," he said hesitatingly. "I rather think—"

"You go change your clothes," his friend ordered.

"You have n't changed yours," hinted Captain Zebulun, rising.

"Me?" exclaimed the self-effacing match-maker. "I ain't goin' to foul your anchor by outshinin' ye."

"Well, don't you go and foul it by talkin' too plain, either," warned Captain Zebulun as he left the room.

It was clearly with considerable foreboding that he followed his friend to Mrs. Gilbert's. He stood back in the shadow as Martha Coleman opened the door, and tiptoed into the house in anything but the mood of an eager lover.

The widow received them affably, and if she felt any surprise in seeing Captain Amos, she did not show it. Nevertheless, he explained his presence.

"You see, ma'am," he declared, "I invited myself up to supper with Cap'n Zeb, an' I did n't understand just why it was he did n't seem to want me till I wormed it out of him that he was goin' callin'. So I evened things up by comin' along, too."

"Well, I 'm pleased to have ye," she replied cordially. "I don't often see folks 'way up here. If I 'd known you came up to supper with the cap'n, I 'd have asked ye both over here. It seems funny—three men taking supper alone."

"It does so," agreed Captain Amos; "but I enjoyed it. Sim 's a fine cook, an' I ruther got the idee I 'd like that sort o' thing myself, with no fuss an' feathers. But Zeb he was all ag'in' it. 'Man can't live by bread alone,' says he—'really live.' He seemed pretty doleful, like as if he had something on his mind. I told him—"

"Seems to me I forgot to thank ye for that last batch of doughnuts, ma'am," hastily broke in Captain Zebulun. "It was the best yet."

"Why, ye thanked me last night," laughed Mrs. Gilbert.

"Did I?" he muttered. "Well, I was n't sure."

"Ye see?" declared Captain Amos, with a great show of solicitude. "I told ye he had something on his mind." Then he settled back in his chair, with the evident intention of effacing himself. But the widow gave him little opportunity.

"I should n't call Captain Webster *doleful,*" she remarked, with a coy glance at that silent gentleman. "Martha was saying only this afternoon how he 'd brightened us up with his jokes."

"He would, ma'am, he would," heartily agreed Captain Amos. "He 'd make a graven image laugh. I was only referrin'

to something temporary that seemed to be on his mind. It 's worried me considerable; but he would n't let on what it was. He don't like to trouble folks, ye know."

"Why, ye make me dreadfully curious," laughed Mrs. Gilbert. "It seems just like a mystery."

"It does, ma'am," replied Captain Amos; "an' if you can unravel it, you can do more 'n I can."

A pleasant odor of coffee had pervaded

Drawn by Martin Justice

"'SHE 'S IN THE KITCHEN NOW, ROLLING OUT A BATCH'"

the house, and Mrs. Gilbert now rose, excusing herself.

"I know how the cap'n likes doughnuts," she explained. "I 'll see if I can find some to go with Martha's coffee. I guess ye both have had a hint of that."

As she closed the door upon them, Captain Amos leaned over toward his friend.

"Now, Zeb," he whispered, "I 've got her curiosity excited, an' she 'll be sure to ask questions; so have some spunk an' ask her to have ye. She will. Soon 's I can swaller a doughnut or two an' drink some coffee, I 'm goin' to remember som I 've forgot, an' light out. You 'll b cuse me, won't ye?" He snickered bc

He was nearly as good as his wo as he was finishing his fourth dou he sprang to his feet with an exclan

"My land!" he cried, "here I a tin' round eatin' and drinkin', an' merry, when I promised to see a m business! Don't you get up, Zeb. G know the way out. You set still, an' some o' them jokes you 're so fond o

It stormed for three days, with the cold rain of the winter, Captain Amos had a touc rheumatism that kept hi the house; but in the glitt sunshine of the fourth da climbed up Horeb Road, thick with its sodden b leaves. As he t in at Captain Z lun's gate, he face to face with gentleman, sur himself on his porch, a pleasant of contented happ about him.

Captain Amos him narrowly; the face broke in a con hending grin.

"Blame' if you look good an' comfortable!" he exclai "Make me think of one of them sn heathen idols folks fall down an' wors

The happy allusion had no meanin Captain Zebulun. His mind was with his own surging thoughts.

"Don't it beat all how deceitful women can be!" he exclaimed, wi touch of austerity in his voice. "Th Mrs. Gilbert, now, never once lettin about them doughnuts. I guess if praised her once for making 'em, praised her a hundred times, and al while it was *Martha* made 'em. do ye think of that?"

"Well," snapped Captain Amos, doughnuts is what your heart 's se why don't ye ask *Martha* to marry ye

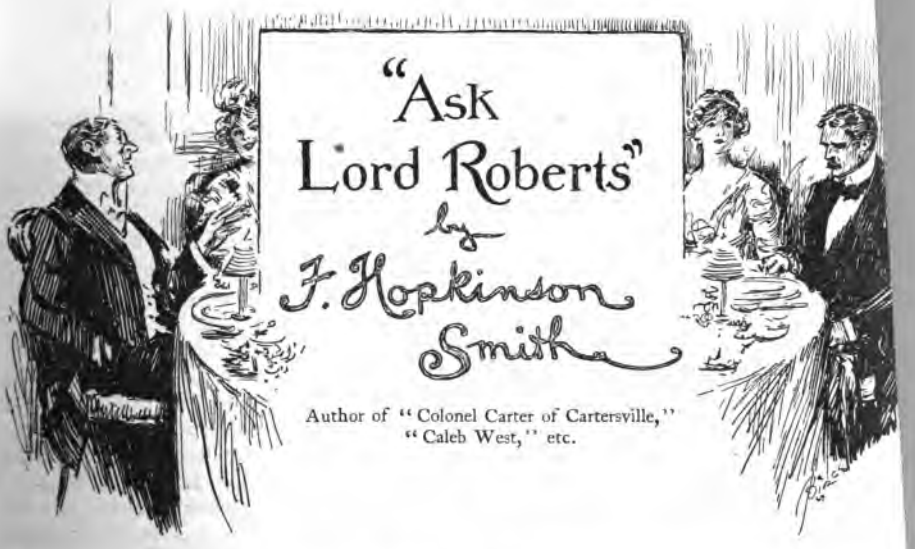
"There ain't no need," replied Ca Zebulun. "Sim married her last himself. She 's in the kitchen now, ing out a batch."

Half-tone plate engraved by H Davidson

HENRY JAMES

FROM THE PAINTING BY JACQUES EMILE BLANCHE

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ART)



"Ask Lord Roberts"

by

F. Hopkinson Smith

Author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "Caleb West," etc.

IT was a dinner of sixteen—one of those Venetian-lace, orchid-centered, shaded-candle dinners, beginning at caviar and ending at bonbons, with interludes of terrapin and canvasback to enliven the repast. The guests had been received in the richly furnished drawing-room half an hour before; had been properly introduced,—those who had been ignorant of each other's existence until that blessed moment,—the immaculate, blasé butler had droned out his announcement, and the two-and-twos had filed in and taken their seats, most of the men quiet, unperturbed, ready to listen while they ate in peace, the women restless, talking incessantly, their shrill New York voices dominating the room.

Half-way down the oval, between two ladies, one upholstered in black velvet and church lace, the other abloom in pink satin and pearls, loomed up a London-groomed American, all shirt-front and white Piccadilly waistcoat, who, from the moment he had taken his seat, had rent even the briefest of silences with the details of his social successes abroad, together with his plans for the coming season, including an apartment overlooking Hyde Park,—"Just a box of a place, you know, where I can ask a few people,"—and later on a hunting-party at his estate in Scotland, including his old friend Lord Tomnoddy and two members of the present Cabinet, who would pass the week shooting over his moors.

Directly opposite him sat a grave nest-looking man of perhaps forty dress-coat and rather high-cut black w coat stretched into wrinkles by the cles of his compact, well-knit body. had keen, steady eyes, a firm mouth, lips tightly shut when the face was i pose, and a skin that showed habitual tact with the open air—the complexio a sailor or farm-hand, one out in all thers. He had arrived just as the c pany were leaving the drawing-room, ing mistaken the hour, and had, theref been presented to but few of the gue among them the young woman whom was to take out to dinner, an up-to-d New York girl, who swept him from h to foot with one of her search-li glances, and who, noting the cut of clothes, instantly classed him as a mi and wondered why he had been asked.

The talk was of the customary kinc little hot-air balloons of gossip, loose and set adrift by Piccadilly, to be furt buoyed or punctured at the pleasure of several guests: the crowd at the opera night before; how sorry the upholste lady felt for poor Mrs. A——, who hac wait one hour in satin slippers for her c riage; the cut of Mrs. B——'s corsage a her string of pearls,—the woman ablo in pink satin essayed this; C——'s bac lor dinner two nights before his weddi and who were there, and what they dra and what hour in the morning they w all sorted out and returned to their s

eral houses; how Mrs. D——'s new car happened to be lined with white cloth, and how she insisted on painting it white all over until he (Piccadilly this time) had persuaded her out of it; how Tommy E—— lost every penny of his six months' allowance in one night's bridge at Mrs. F——'s, on the South Shore; and so on *ad infinitum*.

As Piccadilly continued to float his little air-bags, the grave man raised his eyes in attention, responding only in monosyllables, or by a nod of the head, to the young woman, who was now doing her best to draw him out. That the whole performance greatly surprised him could be seen from the way his lips straightened and his brow knit when some new innuendo or detraction more damaging than the last drifted his way. Once he twisted his head, looked her full in the face, and arched his eyebrows in inquiry, to which she shot back an intelligent glance; but she made no comment, nor did he. The snob opposite did not interest her; she had heard him talk before.

The man beside her, however, *did* interest her—interest her enormously. At first his unresponsiveness, and complete oblivion of her charms, had nettled her. She was young, extremely pretty, with an alert, appreciative mind; was as fearless and outspoken as the most independent of her class; was past-mistress of all the social arts, and, being unaccustomed to such indifference, would have lost her temper had not her pride been aroused, one of her girlish boasts being that she had never met a man so dull that she could not get something out of him.

But nothing she could do roused her escort. At each fresh topic she started—and she started many—he would incline his ear in attention, listen quietly, and then resume the study of his surroundings. Had he shown the slightest impatience or rudeness she would have brought him up standing; but he did neither. On the contrary, he was unmistakably polite both in what he said and in the way he said it—the politeness of kindness, not polish; his manner all the while so frank and sincere that, despite his lack of interest in her personality, she found herself forgiving his neglect and becoming more and more lenient to his mood. That he was not of her world nor of the world about him had already become evident; but that he was of *some* world, and a very important world at that, she grew not to have the slightest doubt.

Once when the strident voice of Piccadilly rasped through the room, the grave man went so far as to cut short one of her remarks by laying a hand on her wrist, a familiarity she would have instantly resented had there not been something so impersonal in his act of authority, and something so deferential in the way his fingers touched hers, that she obeyed at once, searching his face for his motive, her mind entirely relieved when she noted a sudden curving of the lip and narrowing of the brow, telltale evidences of some repugnant feeling which it would be discourteous for him to express in words. This time she, too, heard a woman's good name discussed across the table.

"Oh, there 's not the slightest doubt about it," Piccadilly was saying. "I would n't be so positive if there were. You see, to tell you the truth, I got the whole story from a great friend of mine, an awfully pretty woman, who saw her the morning of the very day she skipped off to Aix. The letter reached me the next night, giving me every detail—where she stopped, who helped,—the whole of it,—confidentially, of course, and I 've kept mum ever since. It 's ancient history now, and I don't mind giving you the facts. But she 's gone off a lot, I tell you! I met her at a garden-party last spring at Lord Dunstan's. She had the same swing about her, but"—here he touched his own cheek in explanation—"little dabs of color, you know, and a line or two under the lower lids, but still handsome."

The girl, who continued her study of the grave man, now noticed that his right shoulder had lifted an inch and that his fingers were tight shut; his lips, too, had perceptibly curled, and a cold, steely glitter shone from his eyes. Why her thoughtful companion should so interest himself in Piccadilly's inanities as to have his anger aroused was an enigma to her. She determined to end it if she could.

"Why do you bother yourself about that man?" she exclaimed sharply, with a tone of disgust; "nobody believes a word he says. Unless—" her voice suddenly softened—"unless you happen to know the woman he is maligning."

"No, I don't know her; never heard of her, in fact," he replied thoughtfully.

"Well, I *do* know her," she answered emphatically, "and she 's a perfect dear. Her brute of a husband treated her dreadfully. It was just like him"—she nodded toward Piccadilly—"to abuse her and make it possible for people to give her the cold shoulder. You can see what a cad he is, betraying at a dinner-table the confidences a woman had made him."

"Then it is not usual in your polite society? I was afraid it was." He had turned for the second time as he answered, and looked at her, a smile lighting up his face.

She felt herself warming under it, and a little flutter of satisfaction stirred her. Now, at last, they had an interest in common.

"Usual or not," she replied, her eyes kindling, "I despise a man for it. Oh, you can't think how sick and tired I get of this sort of twaddle, and I 'm going to tell you right here, sir, you 've got to turn round and pay *me* a little attention, so I won't have to be bored by him any longer. Tell me something about yourself. Begin right away!" She flashed her big brown eyes good-humoredly at him. "Anything will do—where were you this summer, for instance?"

"Can't *I* listen a little longer?" he answered, still looking at her. "It all seems so curious to me. Please give me a few moments more."

"No, not another minute!" she cried gaily, and was about to ply him with more questions, now that her victory was won, when the monopolizing voice of Piccadilly, still discussing the unfortunate woman, once more distracted the grave man's attention.

"I remember I was talking about her only the other day," Piccadilly gossiped on, "to my old friend General John French, the great cavalry leader."

At mention of the general's name, the girl's quick eye had seen the grave man's other shoulder shoot up behind his right ear with the movement of a dog facing an enemy, leaving her all the more bewildered as to the true situation.

"French had known her before she left her first husband, her only legal one, by the by. Oh, a terrible scandal!" Here Piccadilly's long, white, boiled-asparagus fingers opened wide in flabby
tion. "French asked me about
her down to Aldershot, where
in command, and of course I
decent thing, and kept mum, a
went. But that was the last t
Lady Dunstan told me, that the
or anybody else of his set saw he
there 's a man for you! Great fr
mine. We sat up half one night
club talking over his campaigns in
Africa during the Boer War. H
been for him, the English wou
fighting those Dutchmen yet. T
Sheridan's ride! It really is n't
That ride of General French's was
the greatest feats ever accomplished
cavalry officer. In the saddle twen
hours! Rode into Pretoria at day
every man of them ready to drop off
horses, nothing but—"

The grave man raised his hand wi
authoritative gesture to command
tion, lurched suddenly forward, an
the girl's amazement, said in clear,
trating tones:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but don'
mean Kimberley?"

Piccadilly paled slightly, discovered
had fired the shot, and remarked icil

"No, I mean Pretoria. I don't
forget a name. French was very
about it, and—"

"I shall have to correct you, sir.
general rode into Kimberley."

A smile of tolerant pity puckere
corners of the snob's lips. He wa
accustomed to being contradicted,
cially by a man who wore a wax-fir
shirt, gold studs, and black tie at a c
of this kind, and who, judging fro
complexion and ill-fitting clothes,
have hoed corn all his life.

"Perhaps you will be good enou
tell me how you know?" he asked
smile now having straightened into a
pression of contempt.

"With pleasure, sir. I helped the
eral dismount."

The babel of voices came to a su
halt. Every head was craned in th
rection of the speaker. Over the
face swept a flush of joyous expec
She was more than ever convinced
he was in some way distinguished.

"You were in the British service,
I take it." Piccadilly's words came

a certain caution, as though he had stepped on a rotten plank and was fearful lest it would break under him.

"Yes, in a certain way," came the clear, cutting reply, the lips half closed. "I was a scout."

The host, who had heard the inquiry, the answer, and its tone, instantly took in the situation. He knew what would happen if Piccadilly's egoism lost its balance and fell over backward. Running his glance around the table, so as to be sure that all were listening, he said, with an air of assumed buoyancy:

"Major Farnham was chief of scouts during the Boer War, and was attached to Lord Roberts's division. You are the sole survivor of his thirty scouts, are you not, Major?"

The grave man twisted his head so that he could see his host around the orchids, and said:

"Yes, I think so."

"And what became of the others?" interrupted Piccadilly. He had sidestepped the plank, but was still feeling around for solid ground.

"Shot, most of them—those who were not hanged." There was no change in the evenness of the tone. He was merely stating a fact.

"And may I ask what you were doing in Kimberley, Major?" persisted his opponent in a patronizing way. Scouts, sutlers, and camp-followers, according to his experience, were all of one kind. He was pleased now to remember that he had noticed the unmistakable signs of low birth in the man when his host introduced him, although he had not caught the name. Keep this ill-bred fellow talking, and the company would soon have enough of it.

"Just mousing around, waiting for French, principally," answered the major, gravely, with unwavering gaze.

The host caught the glint in the grave man's eyes, and again poured oil on the rising sea of discussion. The harmony of the dinner must be preserved at all hazards.

"That, Major, was when you were so badly wounded, was it not?" he inquired blandly—"when you played the part of a dead man?"

"Yes."

The young girl let slip her napkin and grasped his wrist. No matter what happened, she was now going to have her innings.

"I just knew you were somebody," she burst out, "and I won't wait any longer. Tell me about it!"

"Not to-night," he answered kindly but firmly, much as he would have addressed his sister. "Some time later when we 're alone. You see, this is my first New York dinner, and I don't know the country."

She broke into a laugh. "Then take my advice, and don't explore it. You 'll find lots of bogs and swamps full of miasma and scandal. What a bother! Our host is calling for you again. I wish he would let you alone."

"Major Farnham," came the voice, "please do me and all my guests a great favor. Tell us of your marvelous escape after the relief of Kimberley. I know it 's like drawing teeth to get anything out of you, but your experiences were so unusual, and your stories are so thrilling, that I can't help begging you to repeat this. Just this once—for an old friend."

"But it was nothing, really; all in the line of a man's duty. Such things are happening every day."

The young girl sat straight up, her eyes snapping.

"Don't you dare refuse, sir!" she whispered. "I 've done my best to make myself agreeable to you all the evening, and you have n't given me half a dozen words. Do you think that 's quite fair?"

He colored at her imputation, and, divining her girlish enthusiasm, realized for the first time his own unintentional rudeness.

"Yes, I 'll do it, if you really wish it," and turned again toward his host: "What part would you like—the fight?"

"All of it; everything you told me the other day. Here 's something, ladies and gentlemen, that none of you will ever forget."

The major reached for his wine-glass, moved it backward and forward with the hesitation of an after-dinner speaker, and rested his elbows on the table, the light from a shaded candle illumining his strong face and finely modeled head as he calmly surveyed the expectant guests. The young girl, shifting her chair, sat so that she could catch every expression. She would now know whether her newly discovered idol was of gold or clay.

The room became suddenly silent. Even the servants ceased their ministrations and stood still. One of those subtle intuitions often swaying a crowd stole into every one's brain. Something out of the ordinary was coming.

Pausing until his discomfited opponent caught his eye, the major began:

"General Roberts's orders to me were to find General French at some point outside of Kimberley, get from him certain information in writing, and return at once to headquarters. When French arrived at Kimberley—"

"Come, Major, none of that!" interrupted the host. "No skipping. Tell them how you got there, all about your horse—everything."

The major hesitated, glanced at the girl, and, yielding again to her enthusiasm, resumed:

"Our host refers to a horse which at the time was my inseparable companion. I would generally sleep under him, the bridle over my arm, the slightest warning always awaking me. One of his signals was a long, indrawn breath, ending in a low puff. And I 'd open my eyes and listen, watching his ears pointed forward, cupped toward the sound. If it was a false alarm, he would let the breath slowly out of his lungs and straighten his ears, and I would go to sleep again. If there was real danger, or anything he could n't understand, he would give a low, quick snort, and I was up in an instant. The incident you refer to"—the major nodded at his host—"occurred when I was within a short distance of Kimberley. Those Dutchmen had a way of treating a scout as a spy, and so I had to be extra careful, traveling only at night and at break of day, covering my horse up with leaves and bushes as he lay flat on the ground, I close to his side. We had lain this way all one day in a hollow filled with trees, when about sundown I fell into a doze, the bridle, as usual, over my arm. I had been asleep perhaps for half an hour, judging from the twilight, when he gave the first signal,—the puff, which awoke me instantly. Then came a low snort, sharper than I had ever heard him give. Soon I heard the softened thud of horses' feet on the dry sod, and the creak of wagon-wheels near enough to be on top of us in five minutes. I crouched closer to his body and waited, bot
us still hidden by the bushes with w
I had covered him. The escort pa
within ten rods of us, and although
slightest movement on his part would
given us both away, for there was
a breath of wind to account for any
ring of the leaves, he never moved a
cle or lifted an eyelid till they had pas
At night I resumed my journey.

"I knew, of course, about where G
eral French would come in, so whe
reached the outskirts of the town, I hur
round and found one of those dug
used as a stable by the Boer farmers
fore the war began, and put my horse
side, banking up the earth in front,
pending on what I could steal after da
to feed him. The first night passed wi
out incident of any kind. On the seco
about an hour before dawn, he woke
by rising slowly to his feet, stretching
neck in an unusual way and craning
head; then came a warning puff, and
knew something was up. I thought it w
a squad of Boer cavalry until he began
snort and paw with his front feet, tellin
me as plain as a horse could speak that
was either French or some of our ow
troops who were coming. So I got th
saddle on him and waited until they wer
abreast of me. You see, he was an Eng
lish-bred stallion, and had smelt ther
coming up.

"Major Barry, who was on French'
staff, slid down first,—pretty sore he was
—and the general came next. I held hi
horse. But of course—" he looked up an
down the table—"there 's no use of my
going into the details of the relief of Kim-
berley,—you 're all familiar with the
story,—so I 'll skip that, though it was a
great day inside and out of the town, and,
as you may imagine, I 'd like to have
stayed and seen the fun, and I 'd have
done it but for my orders to get back to
General Roberts in just so many hours
after I had seen French. I had not there-
fore a moment to lose. To prevent acci-
dents, I asked the general to write the de-
spatch on a sheet of thin tissue-paper, so
that, if it got to be a question as to
whether our headquarters or some Boer got
hold of it, I could roll it up in a little wad.
The paper was hardly larger than this sugar-
plum—" here he picked up one from the
dish beside him, and held it up so all could

see it—"and could go down without my choking. What would have happened if De Wet had gotten it is another matter—one I don't like to think of even now. General French was for my taking half a dozen of his men with me, but I declined. They were in no shape to travel, and, besides, I did n't want them. They might talk, and my horse would n't.

"The country was pretty rough—big ravines cut up by small rivers, and long stretches of veldt over which we had to crawl. Now and then a ridge overlooking the plain ahead would loom up. These I always crossed with bushes tied to my horse and to my own shoulders—crossed diagonally, not straight over. That was because if you came straight up over a ridge some Boer with a long-distance field-glass might catch the rise and fall of the lump you made. If, however, you crawl on the slant, a step at a time, he thinks it is a bush he has missed when his glass first swept the horizon. I learned that from an Apache who taught me scouting when I was a boy in my home on the Pacific coast.

"The second night out I heard firing to the east of me, and hid in some low brush until daybreak. Just before dawn my horse gave both the puff and the snort in rapid succession. I waited keeping a sharp lookout, and when it grew light I located with my glass, over the far edge of the ravine, three or four hundred of our own mounted men. I watched them until they wheeled slowly and began descending the ravine, to water their horses at a small stream, and I was just about to swing myself into the saddle and ride up to them when my horse shrank and shivered as a man would in dodging a shell. I knew then I had misunderstood his first warning.

"Lying flat, one hundred yards away, their rifles glinting in the gray dawn, were about a thousand of De Wet's men. It was a regular death-trap, and our boys were going straight into it. My impulse was to signal and perhaps save the situation, but I dared not risk the despatch, and stuck where I was. Then it opened, and I 'm sorry to tell you that not many of our boys got out alive—some two hundred and twenty-five of them wiped out in thirty minutes. My being on the Boer side of the ravine was what helped me. I, of course, could make it plain that I was an American, a non-combatant, trying to get out of the country, and had got mixed up in the fight but all the same, I should be a prisoner and if I wanted to save my skin, I knew I must do my share. And I did, picking up an abandoned gun, and hollering for more cartridges when my dead Boer's bel was empty, and drawing beads on the sky As to my horse, I had just time enoug before my capture, to loosen his bridle an slap his chest, my signal to him to pla 'lost horse' until I could pick him up som where later on. He made a clear leap an got away, but I never saw him again.

"By this time those of our men wh were left had pulled themselves togethe and a rear battery, hurrying to the fron opened up with canister. The Boe taking me with them, fell back to a sto stable, which they held for an hour, o men now raking everything around the While the fight lasted, I watched eve chance to try the old trick of dodging bu lets, running zigzag, and falling dead, a staying dead till night came; for this l set-back made it all the more necessary f me to reach General Roberts, no matt who was hurt. I had just made up r mind to chance it, when another one our light batteries broke loose across t ravine, and within half a mile of the sto stable, and after the first round got t exact range. The next thing I knew shell burst over the roof, and then cam stinging, burning pain in my right leg. splinter, or maybe a bit of stone, I ne knew what, had gone through the fles part, just above the knee. The Boer command saw I was hurt, and, think my whole leg was smashed, ordered back to the rear, close to one of the lo walls, where I could be better protect I got at my shirt, tore off a bandage, a tied the wound up. I knew now that try the zigzag dodge was impossible, a feeling the knee-cap, and finding tha could work it, determined to wait until fight was over and the retreat beg meantime keeping my foot drawn up hind and bandaged close to my thigh, p tending I could n't walk. In this closeness of the wound to the knee-cap well as the great flow of blood, helped fool them, there being no surgeon to kn the difference.

"Everything turned out as I hoped. Seeing how badly I was hurt, they lifted me bodily into a big Boer wagon drawn by ten yoke of oxen, and laid me flat among the other wounded men, and we started, the train being guarded in the rear by twenty or thirty mounted Boers, with orders to pick up any stragglers. There were eight of these wagons, all loaded in the same way, driven by a native teamster wielding a whip twice as long as this table. Their orders were to make all the haste possible, so as to avoid being cut off by our reinforcements, who at the time, although I did not know it, were making forced marches to overtake us.

"As we trekked, the roads got worse—so bad that every now and then some wounded man would be jolted off the overcrowded wagon, be picked up and, to save time, stowed away again in the wagon immediately behind. This gave me an idea. I raised myself on my elbow, and found I was on the fourth wagon from the end. Three times I managed to fall off, and three times I was lifted back, or, rather, thrown back, giving my leg an ugly twist, as they had grown tired of picking me up. I was now on the last wagon,—just where I hoped to be,—behind which rode the escort of mounted men. The officer in command, however, had become suspicious; I saw that from the way he checked his horse, watching me intently. He evidently was trying to find out what was the matter with the man in the slouch-hat who fell off so often; for I wore a slouch-hat, and could watch him without his seeing my eyes. He was not quite satisfied, for after a while he rode on, bringing back a Kaffir, and pointing to me. After that the negro kept track of me, walking beside the wagon. Now and then he would join the Boer driver and trot along with him to the head of the team, and then fall back again. During one of these trips I managed to change hats with one of the wounded men, too nearly dead to protest. When the Kaffir returned, he promptly took up his place beside my old slouch-hat without noticing any difference in the wearers. Under the excuse of resting easier, I now worked my way along the wagon till I had reached the dashboard. Below me was the huge wooden tongue to which the wheel oxen were yoked. I continued to watch the Kaffir, waited until he had reached the hea the team beside the driver, loosened leg bandage, and dropped on the wa tongue, where I clung with my hands feet, my body swinging loose, hamm fashion. Here I hung until the K after his return and inspection of slouch-hat, had resumed his walk be the driver. I knew then I had not seen except by one or two of the woun men, who were glad to get rid of m they might have more room. I hung until the pain in my leg became so ba could n't stand it any longer, and t dropped to the road between the whe which passed on without touching me. landed in a mud puddle, and immediat began to root around to get in deep The rear guard would be on me in a f minutes, and although it was now qu dark, some of them might see me or tra ple me. Neither occurred. They were dead-tired that most of them were aslee and the horses of their own accord avoid the mud puddle for higher and dri ground. But still I dared not move, a it was black dark before I crawled aw and hid myself in some bushes on the ed of the road.

"That night I lay still and rebandage my leg, washing the wound as well as could. I had some meat biscuit left in m inside pockets, and so did not suffer fro hunger. The next morning I began t get my bearings. I knew the countr pretty well, and that by following a smal stream which ran in the right direction could work my way back to headquarters hiding in the bushes during the day, al ways ready to take a quiet header under the water if some scouting party should suddenly come upon me—an old crocodile trick of mine which has always worked first-rate. Well, I limped on, hiding and dodging, until the leg finally gave out, and at last I lay down for a few hours and fell asleep on the edge of a little thicket near the scene of the recent fight. When I awoke, the sun was half an hour high. That did n't trouble me, however. Owing to my rest, the leg was in better shape, and the shore brush that extended for some distance was so dense that I knew I could work my way through it in safety. What did trouble me was a curl of smoke rising within three hundred feet of where I lay, and the sound of men's voices. Then I

heard their guttural. It was a party of Boers, some ten or twelve, either scouting or foraging. Anyhow, they were cooking their breakfast within a stone's-throw of me.

"I flattened myself in the grass and reached down in my inside pocket for the despatch with as little movement as possible, rolled it into a wad with my fingers, and tucked it in my mouth. This done, I stretched my body and loosened the bloody bandage, the wounded leg in full view. Playing dead is pretty hard work, even for a few hours, but playing dead all day, after one of the Boers had reined in his horse and looked at me, the others in full sight, was perhaps the hardest thing I had to do in the whole campaign. What made it worse was that every hour I lost in reaching General Roberts might mean another set-back to our men worse than the last, and we had had a lot of set-backs. But there was no help for it, and I lay stretched out, the sun beating on my head, while the flies were at my leg. The hour just before dark was the worst. I knew the Boers would be up and off at that time, riding in the cool of the evening, and I did n't know but they would want my clothes, stripping the dead not being an unusual pastime with these gentlemen. It was not until the last of them disappeared over the veldt that I drew a long breath.

"All that night I kept going, and at dawn the next day was held up by one of our own advance guards and taken to headquarters in an ambulance. General Roberts was notified, and came himself. I straightened up in salute, handed him the little ball of tissue, and fell in a heap."

FOR some seconds no one spoke. The girl sat with clasped hands and lids wide open. The host leaned back in his chair, his face beaming: there was no longer any doubt as to the success of the dinner. Some of the men still gazed at the major, who, now that the story was told, had begun to rearrange his napkin and draw his wine-glass toward him the closer, as if to resume his dinner. The first spoken comment came from an over-dressed woman built like a pigeon in full pout:

"How very ex*traor*dinary, Major Farnham!" she cooed, focusing him with her lorgnette. "Of *course* they made it up to you in some way."

The major strangled a rising smile and looked at her curiously.

"Oh, yes, Madam, they did. I was in the hospital for a month."

"Oh, I did n't mean that. Did n't they promote you or something—give you some better rank?"

"No, Madam," he answered simply, his face like a slab of sandstone. "The scout is always a scout; I served through the war."

"Well, what did you get out of it then?" demanded a practical business man head of a trust company, who sat two seats below.

"My pay."

"Not much, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, considerable at the time About thirty dollars a month and my board."

Another queer, lurking smile flickered about the corner of his mouth and lost itself in his eyes.

The host's voice now rang out, clear this time, and with a note of pride and triumph in it.

"I 'll tell them, Major Farnham—you never will. What the major got out of it, ladies and gentlemen, was, first, a commission in the English army, which he still holds, but never uses—an honor conferred on very few foreigners, and never except for some distinguished service to the British government; second, the thanks of the King, made to him in person at Buckingham Palace; and third, a letter of commendation from Lord Roberts inclosing the identical tissue despatch which he had risked his life to deliver."

The young girl, who was still living in the story, her imagination on fire, awoke to consciousness. A sudden sense of the imposing bigness of the man swept through her, silencing her speech.

Through the room a babel of talk was sounding again, everybody speaking at once, the upholstered woman's voice soaring above the din:

"But you have n't told us all, Major Farnham," she exclaimed imperiously. "We can't let you off yet. Tell us what was in the despatch."

The major looked at her pleasantly, lowered his head, and, in lieu of reply, toyed silently with his fork. Piccadilly

who had taken her out to dinner, came to her rescue. Now that the ill-dressed man had been received by the King, it was of course possible for him to bend a little. Besides, it was about time he should re-assert himself.

"Yes, Major, I, too, should like very much to know. What was it, now, that French wrote?"

The major gazed at him steadily, but still kept silent.

"Tell us, won't you, Major? I be a secret, of course. I 've no do can find it in any history of the wa

"Yes, I presume so."

"Well, then, could n't you give contents? These things are very in ing."

Another queer, flickering smile about the major's thin lips:

"Yes, I could, but on the whole fer that you ask Lord Roberts."

ROBERT BROWNING[1]

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Lampson Professor of English Literature in Yale University

SHORTLY after the appearance of "The Ring and the Book," the accomplished poet, musician, and critic Sidney Lanier remarked:

Have you seen Browning's "The Ring and the Book"? I am confident that at the birth of this man, among all the good fairies who showered him with magnificent endowments, one bad one—as in the old tale—crept in by stealth and gave him a constitutional twist i' the neck, whereby his windpipe became, and has ever since remained, a marvelous tortuous passage. Out of this glottis-labyrinth his words won't, and can't, come straight. A hitch and a sharp crook in every sentence bring you up with a shock. But what a shock it is! Did you ever see a picture of a lasso, in the act of being flung? In a thousand coils and turns, inextricably crooked and involved and whirled, yet, if you mark the noose at the end, you see that it is directly in front of the bison's head, there, and is bound to catch him! That is the way Robert Browning catches you. The first sixty or seventy pages of "The Ring and the Book" are altogether the most doleful reading, in point either of idea or of music, in the English language; and yet the monologue of *Giuseppe Caponsacchi,* that of *Pompilia Comparini,* and the two of *Guido Franceschini,* are unapproachable, in their kind, by any living or dead poet, *me judice.* Here Browning's jerkiness comes in with inevitable effect. You get lightning glimpses—and, as one naturally expects from lightning, zigzag glimpses—into the intense night of the passion of these souls. It is enti wonderful and without precedent.[2]

One of the most admirable things ab Browning's admirable career as poet man is that he wrote not to please critics, as Tennyson often did, not please the crowd, as the vast horde ephemeral writers do, but to please h self. The critics and the crowd profes that they could not understand him; he had no difficulty in understand them. He knew exactly what t wanted, and declined to supply it. stead of giving them what he thou they wanted, he gave them what thought they needed. That illustrates difference between the literary caterer a the literary master. Some poets, crit dramatists, and novelists are born to followers of the public taste; they h their reward. Only a few, and one a time, are leaders. This is entirely as should be, for, with followers, the m the merrier; with leaders it is quite oth wise.

Browning's peculiar "lasso" style w his own, suitably adapted to his purpos and the public behaved very much like t buffalo. The public at first did not l Ibsen, did not like Wagner. Th writhed, kicked, struggled, plunged, a the greater the uproar, the more evide it was that they were caught. Shor before his death, Professor Child, the b English scholar that America has ev produced, told me that Wagner was musician at all; that he was a colos

[1] Readers of THE CENTURY specially interested in Browning are referred to the following articles which have appeared in this magazine: "Robert Browning," by Edmund Clarence Stedman, December, 1874; "The Early Writings of Robert Browning," by Edmund W. Gosse, December, 1881; "Browning in Asolo," by Katharine de Kay Bronson, April, 1900; "Browning in Venice by Katharine de Kay Bronson, February, 1902; " Romance of the XIXth Century (Robert and Eli beth Browning)," by Richard Watson Gilder, Octob 1905.

[2] "Life of Sidney Lanier," by Edwin Mims, p. 11

fraud; that the enthusiasm for him was mere affectation. He spoke with extraordinary passion. I wondered at his rage, but I understand it now. It was the rage of a king against the inexorable tide.

The cow-boy sometimes misses his object, and Browning often missed his mark. His most conspicuous failures to hit the target are "Strafford," "Sordello," "King Victor and King Charles," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," and these are by no means the only ones. But the fault in these glaring failures lay not in his style, nor in any lack of serious effort. He tried every time to do his best. To hit the mark he was aiming at required something more than skill, energy, and perseverance; it required the inspiration of genius. Like other writers of genius, he was not always inspired. We must remember that two thirds of the bulk of Wordsworth's work is uninspired, and therefore neglected. If Shakspere's reputation depended solely on "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "Measure for Measure," what reputation would have? In these so-called plays he does nod: he snored.

In Browning's first poem,—written when he was twenty years old,—"Pauline," a poem that captivated two very different men as John Stuart Mill

From the drawing made by Rudolf Lehmann in 1859

ROBERT BROWNING AT FORTY-SEVEN

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he clearly announced his primary aim as a poet:

> And then thou said'st a perfect bard was one
> Who chronicled the stages of all life.

Browning believed that the poet should be an interpreter of life; that a perfect poet would interpret all life; that the poet who approached most nearly to this impossible goal was Shakspere, because he exhibited more phases of human life than any other writer. The poet must be an

accurate historian of the soul, and Browning made all other aims subordinate. Sound, rhythm, beauty, are important, and they are to be found in Browning's works like wild flowers in a field; but these are not the main things. The main thing is human life.

In common with all other English poets—there is no exception—Browning loved nature. But he loved human nature so much more that when he contemplates natural objects he thinks of them *in terms of humanity*. This is just the opposite of the conventional method. Most poets and novelists describe human faces in terms of outdoor nature; the heroine has "stormy eyes," "rainy eyes," her face is swept by "gusts of passion," and so on, *ad infinitum*. I do not say that Browning's is the better way; I say it is his way, because he was obsessed by humanity. To take instances only from his first poem:

and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.

Autumn has come like Spring returned to us
Won from her girlishness.
the trees bend
O'er it as wild men watch a sleeping girl.

So, when Spring comes
With sunshine back again like an old smile.

I am to sing whilst ebbing day dies soft,
As a lean scholar dies worn o'er his book,
And in the heaven stars steal out one by one
As hunted men steal to their mountain watch.

Browning's poetry, as he himself expressed it, was always dramatic in principle, always an attempt to interpret human life. With that large number of highly respectable and useful persons who do not care whether they understand him or not, I have here no concern; but to those who really wish to enjoy him, I insist that his main intention must ever be kept in mind. Much of his so-called obscurity, harshness, and uncouthness falls immediately into its proper place, is indeed necessary, as he believed that evil was a necessity in the progress of world. The proof of his true great not as a philosopher, thinker, psych gist, but as a poet, lies in the simple that when the subject-matter he han is beautiful or sublime, his style is usu adequate to the situation. "The R and the Book," for example, must taken as a whole. It is full of exqui beauty, amazing felicity of express fluent rhythm and melody; full also crudities, jolts, harshness, pedan wretched witticisms, and coarseness. W these contrasts? Because it is a study human testimony. The lawyers talk l tiresome, conceited pedants because th were tiresome, conceited pedants; *Po pilia* speaks like a spiritual woman in lo with *Caponsacchi,* which was exactly h nature and her state of mind. *Gui* speaks at first with well-controlled, sm ing irony, and later rages like a wild bea caught in a spring-trap. In each instan the language of the poet is well adapte to the subject. If *Pompilia's* dying tri ute to *Caponsacchi* had been expressed language as dull and flat as the pleas the lawyers, then we should be quite su that Browning, whatever he was, was n poet.

Browning was a great artist, and th grotesque was an organic part of his struc tures. To find fault with the grotesque ex crescences in Browning's poetry is exactl like condemning a cathedral because it ha gargoyles. How could the architect tha dreamed those wonderful columns and arches have made those hideous gargoyles? Did he flatter himself they were beautiful? When "Macbeth" was translated into German, the translator was aghast at the coarse language of the drunken porter. How could the great Shakspere, who had proved in other passages his capacity as an artist, have made such an appalling blunder? So the translator struck out the offensive words, and made the porter sing a sweet hymn to the dawn.

Compare the diction of "Holy Cross Day" with that in "Love Among the Ruins." *Cleon* is an old Greek poet, and he speaks beautiful poetry; *Bishop Bloughram* is a subtle dialectician, a terrible an-

"The Last Ride Together," by Robert Browning, ten stanzas ending thus:

What if we still ride on, we two,
With life forever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity;—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride?

Drawn by Clara Montalba

PALAZZO REZZONICO, BROWNING'S HOME IN VENICE, WHERE HE DIED, DECEMBER 12, 1889, AS INSCRIBED ON THE TABLET, OVERLOOKING THE CANAL AT THE LEFT, WHICH BEARS HIS COUPLET:

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

LETTERS FROM BROWNING

[THE two letters which follow, and which have not before been published, give glimpses the poet in his attitude toward the purchase of the Venetian palace in which he died, and his longing for Asolo, the scene of "Pippa Passes." They were written to his friend Mi Katharine Bronson, and are given here by the permission of her daughter, Countess Edi Rucellai, and of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning.—THE EDITOR.]

19, Warwick Crescent. W.
Jan. 14, '87

MY own dearest friend, I am not going to let another gap deform our correspondence if I can help it: your letter comes this morning, and I say my little say about it at once. Goethe commends a wise somebody for never opening the letter just received, till he had opened desk, placed paper, and laid pen in readiness for a dip; so as to begin his answer witho a minute's delay: so one should do, pe haps: but there is a pleasant quiet "rum nation" of the contents—lost by forthwi swallowing them. First, I want to r assure your goodness about the health my sister and myself: we are both ou selves again—*I,* alto[get]her,—she ve nearly. There were some symptoms in m case that promised to develop into som

thing ugly, but they are gone altogether. Possibly the abstention from a dose of the divine air, the whole long Autumn and early winter through, may have rendered each of us, in our respective ways, more sensitive with regard to this bitter season that began so early. The days lengthen, however, even brighten somewhat: and I daresay we shall come out like old snakes to feel the spring weather. Now for you: I don't call "trivialities" the constant business of happy-making which engages you, though it must be onerous enough. At this season, there is no harm in your needing to be punctually at home by 5.—but I grudge the summer afternoons which you cut short—and into which the occupied mornings extend perhaps. As for your "walking"—*non é più come era prima!* You ask if "I was disappointed by Pen's vain endeavor to find a palace": it was a strange misconception on his part that I wanted *any* abode in Venice, and not simply a palace for him which I could occasionally occupy. The first we thought to purchase would have answered our wishes in all respects: you know how our wishes came to nothing: then—the temptation of buying the other magnificent affair was entertained by Pen and only resisted by me (on his account) when I found the price would be far more than I could prudently pay. *That* renounced, I never thought that the enquiries he was making about other houses were other than a matter of mere curiosity. I am bound by too many ties to London, for such a complete disassociation from it as would be involved by constant residence anywhere else. I suppose that you made him too happy in Venice; well for him, anyhow. He arrived on Christmas Eve, and left two days ago, having been far from well: indeed, the English climate has never suited him: but he has never been too long tried by it, and may choose his field of operation when I have done with mine. I heard from him satisfactorily this morning.

You know how we are affected here by the sudden death of Dr. Iddesleigh—one of the kind acquaintances whom I met but seldom; enjoyed meeting always: it stops—for the moment—the political noise all about.

The "dear book" (it reminds me of the beginning of a letter once reported to me —"Dere Tunincliff—I calls you—'dere,' because you are so in your shop:") or cheap, it is out of my hands now, only waits the expedition of your An can printers, being bound to appear at same time with their edition—for w they *pay,* properly. There is very var matter, and—with your divine indulge —it will go hard but something shall terest you: in any case, keep me in m as ever your loving friend; and Edi too: I am happy in believing you w knowing myself to be ever affectionat

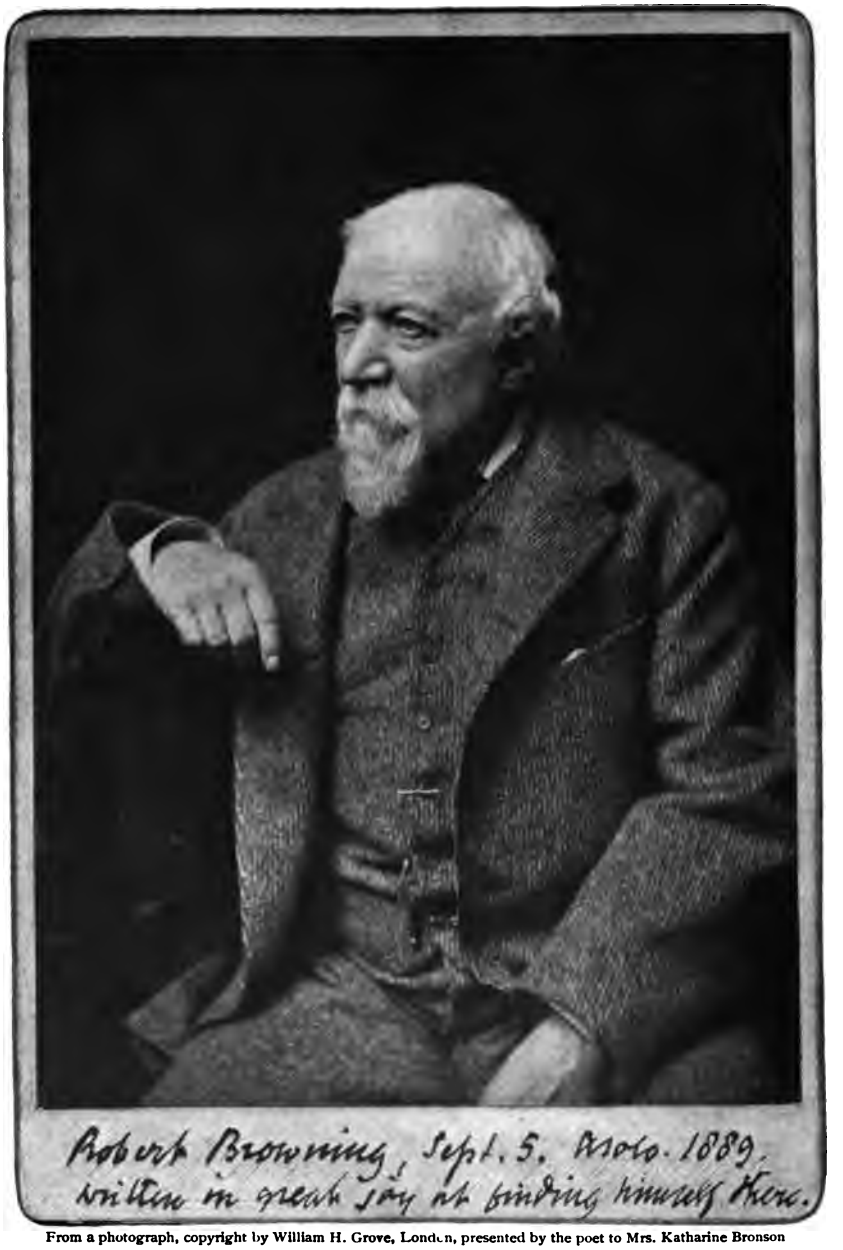
Yours ROBERT BROWNING

29 De Vere Gardens, W.
June 10, '89.

Dearest Friend,

. . . Enough of this now, and son thing about Asolo: I will answer yo questions in detail. When I first fou out Asolo, I lodged at the main Hôt in the square, an old large Inn of t most primitive kind. The ceiling of n bedroom was traversed by a huge cra or rather cleft: "caused by the eartl quake, last year: the sky was as blue a could be, and we were all praying in th fields, expecting the town to tumble in. On the morning after my arrival, I walke up to the Rocca; and, on returning t breakfast, I mentioned it to the landlady— whereon a respectable middle-aged man sitting by, said—"You have done what I born here, never thought of doing." I took long walks every day; and carried away a lively recollection of the general beauty; but I did not write a word of "Pippa Passes"—the idea struck me when walking in an English wood; and I made use of the Italian memories. I used to dream of seeing Asolo in the distance and making vain attempts to reach it—repeatedly dreamed this for many a year: and when I found myself once more in Italy, with S., I went there, straight from Verona. We found the old Inn lying in ruins—a new one being to take its place: I suppose that which you see now. We went to a much inferior albergo—the best then existing—and were roughly but pleasantly entertained for a week, as I say. People told me the number of inhabitants had greatly increased, and things seemed generally more ordinary—life-like. I am happy that you like it so much: when I got my impression, Italy was new to me. . . .

ROBERT BROWNING.



From a photograph, copyright by William H. Grove, London, presented by the poet to Mrs. Katharine Bronson

ROBERT BROWNING

only sing a tune!" Yet Wagner has conquered thousands of these quondam sufferers, and conquered them without making any compromises. He simply enlarged their conception of what opera music might mean without destroying their love for the old saccharine melodies. For my part, I keenly enjoy operas as different as Gounod's "Faust," Charpentier's "Louise," Strauss's "Salomé," and Wagner's "Meistersinger," and I will travel a good many miles to hear Gilbert and Sullivan.

We all have moods when the mind wishes to be lulled, soothed, charmed, hypnotized with agreeable melody, and in English literature we fortunately have many great poets who can do this for us.

That strain again! it had a dying fall!

Tennyson was a veritable magician, who charmed with his genius hundreds of thousands of people. No real mental effort is necessary for the enjoyment of his verse, which is one reason why he is and will remain an enormously popular poet. Browning cannot be enjoyed in just that way, any more than a man completely exhausted with the day's work can enjoy "Siegfried" or "Hedda Gabler." Active, continuous cerebration on the part of the listener or reader is absolutely essential. This excludes at once a considerable number to whom the effort of real thinking is as strange as it is painful. Browning is a stimulus, not a sedative; his poetry is like an electric current, which naturally fails to affect those who are non-conductors of poetry. As one of my undergraduates tersely expressed it, "Tennyson soothes our senses; Browning stimulates our thoughts." Poetry is at times like medicine: Tennyson quiets the nerves; Browning is a powerful tonic; a Harvard professor found Thomson's "Seasons" invaluable for insomnia; the poetry of Swift is an excellent emetic.

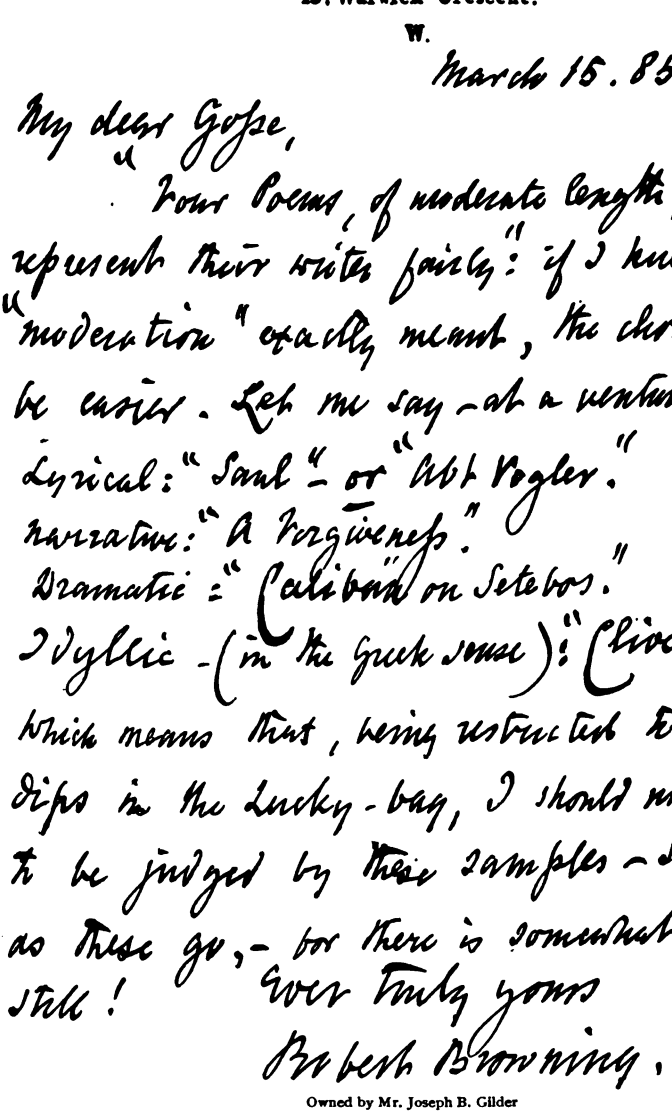
I do not quite understand the intense anger of many critics and readers over the eternal question of Browning's obscurity. They have been harping on this theme for over seventy years, and show no more sign of exhaustion than a dog barking in the night. Why do the heathen rage? Why do they not let Browning alone, and read somebody they can understand? Browning is still gravely rebuked by many critics for ing written "Sordello." Over and again we have been informed that publication of this poem shattered reputation for twenty-five years. W what of it? What difference does it n now? He seems to have successfully vived it. This huge work, which W iam Sharp called "a colossal derelict the sea of literature," is destined to h an immortality all its own. From point of view, we ought to be grateful its publication. It has aroused Olymp laughter among the blessed gods. It not witty in itself, but it is the cause wit in many. Douglas Jerrold and C lyle commented delightfully on it; ev Tennyson succeeded for once in sayi something funny. One critic called it fine house in which the architect had fo gotten to put any stairs. Another call it a huge boil in which all the impuriti in Browning's system came to an impre sive head, after which the patient, entire free from the malignant poison, succeede in writing the clear and beautiful "Pipp Passes." Besides innumerable parodi that have been forgotten, Browning's ob scurity was the impenetrable flint tha struck two mental flashes that belong t literature, Calverley's "Cock and th Bull," and Swinburne's "John Jones," brilliant exposition of the perversities i that tiresome poem, "James Lee's Wife." Not long ago a young man sat by the lamplight, studying a thick volume with puckered brow. To the friend who asked what he was doing he replied, "I 'm reading Browning."

"Why, no, you idiot, that is n't Browning: you are reading the index of first lines to the works of Wordsworth."

"By Jove! you 're right! But it sounds just like Browning."

It is not every poet that has aroused so much wit and humor.

Many critics who are now dead, and some that are yet alive, have predicted the speedy death of Browning's reputation. This prediction seems to afford a certain class of critics a calm and holy joy. To us who read Browning instead of making predictions about him, the notion of death in connection with his poetry is so amusing that we hope the critics will go on. Some years ago, Mr. James Douglas of London solemnly announced the approach-



19. Warwick Crescent.
W.
March 15. 85.

My dear Gosse,

Your Poems, of moderate length, which represent their writer fairly: if I knew what "moderation" exactly meant, the choice would be easier. Let me say – at a venture –
Lyrical: "Saul" – or "Abt Vogler."
Narrative: "A Forgiveness."
Dramatic: "Caliban on Setebos."
Idyllic – (in the Greek sense): "Clive."
Which means that, being restricted to four dips in the Lucky-bag, I should not object to be judged by these samples – so far as these go, – for there is somewhat behind still!

Ever truly yours
Robert Browning.

Owned by Mr. Joseph B. Gilder

BROWNING'S CHOICE OF HIS POEMS FOR A SPECIAL PURPOSE

This letter was written by Robert Browning to Edmund Gosse in answer to a request from Miss Jeanette L. Gilder that Browning should indicate four of his poems regarded by him as most representative of his style. They were published in the volume of "Representative Poems of Living Poets," edited by Miss Gilder.

ing demise: Browning will die, said he, even as Donne is dead, and for the same reason. But Donne is not quite dead.

I must survive a thing ere know it dead.

I fancy Donne will survive all our contemporary criticisms about him. I well remember the good talk I had at Oxford with the late Professor Morfill. With the utmost enthusiasm he quoted from memory verse after verse of the great s enteenth-century poet. Ben Jonson s that Donne, for not keeping of acce deserved hanging. But Donne, thou he forgot to keep accent, has surviv many poets who kept nothing else. has survived even Pope's "versificatio of his poems, one of the most unc sciously humorous things in English lit ature. Accent alone will not keep a p alive. Which poet in our own day stan

the better chance to remain, Francis Thompson, whose spiritual flame occasionally burned up accent, or Alfred Austin, who has studied to preserve accent through a long life? Accent is indeed important; but raiment is of little value unless it clothes a living body. Does Browning's best poetry smell of mortality? Nearly every novel I read has quotations from Browning without quotation-marks, sure evidence that the author has read him, and assumes that his readers have done the same thing. Maeterlinck, who has been inspired by Browning, says that he is one of the greatest poets England has ever produced, and that to take a scene from him is not borrowing, but a kind of public homage, such as we pay to Homer, Æschylus, and Shakspere.

One hundred years have passed since the birth of Browning. The strong wine has become sweet. During the first thirty years of his career he received always tribute from the few, and neglect, seasoned with ridicule, from the many. "Pauline," "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Christmas Eve," "Men and Women"—each of these volumes was greeted enthusiastically by men whose own literary fame is permanent. But the world knew him not. How utterly obscure he was may be seen by the fact that as late as 1860, when the publisher's statement came in for "Men and Women," it appeared that during the preceding six months not a single copy had been sold! The best was yet to be. In 1864, with the appearance of "Dramatis Personæ," his fame began. This was the first of all his books to go into a genuine second edition. Then four years later came "The Ring and the Book," which a contemporary review pronounced to be "the most precious and profound spiritual treasure which England has received si the days of Shakspere." He lived to absolutely content with his reception the public. The mountain had really co to Mohammed. With absolutely change in his method, with no attempt please, he did more than please: he co quered. He never asked his countrym to read him, nor did the years of oblivi make him either angry or sour. He pa ticularly wished that no one should re him except those who actually wanted do so. This was the reason he steadi refused, except on the rarest occasions, a then usually for charity, to write for t magazines. He said that if his poet appeared in a review, many might buy t periodical who would be disgusted at find ing Browning in it. "When Mrs. Mou ton first met Browning himself in late years, she did so as the ambassadress of a American editor offering him large mone for a poem; but then, as always, he wa dollar-proof: 'No, always no! My dea wife did not feel so. She liked writing for periodicals—she felt at home in them I don't."[1]

We Browningites are quite unterrified by the continual uproar against our poet. We have found the pearl of great price, and we are not to be scolded, bullied, or laughed out of it. We are firm in the faith.

We read Browning not because he is "intellectual" or because we wish to be thought so. We read him because we enjoy reading him, because he is interesting, because he gives us the spinal thrill. We shall go on reading him, and we shall go on founding societies for studying him, because he is worth study. Our lives are happier, our hopes are higher, our emotions are richer, our hearts are purer, our courage is stronger, because of what he has said to us.

[1] "Athenæum," August 15, 1908.

From a photograph, copyright by William H. Grove, London, presented by the poet to Mrs. Katharine Bronson

ROBERT BROWNING

only sing a tune!" Yet Wagner has conquered thousands of these quondam sufferers, and conquered them without making any compromises. He simply enlarged their conception of what opera music might mean without destroying their love for the old saccharine melodies. For my part, I keenly enjoy operas as different as Gounod's "Faust," Charpentier's "Louise," Strauss's "Salomé," and Wagner's "Meistersinger," and I will travel a good many miles to hear Gilbert and Sullivan.

We all have moods when the mind wishes to be lulled, soothed, charmed, hypnotized with agreeable melody, and in English literature we fortunately have many great poets who can do this for us.

That strain again! it had a dying fall!

Tennyson was a veritable magician, who charmed with his genius hundreds of thousands of people. No real mental effort is necessary for the enjoyment of his verse, which is one reason why he is and will remain an enormously popular poet. Browning cannot be enjoyed in just that way, any more than a man completely exhausted with the day's work can enjoy "Siegfried" or "Hedda Gabler." Active, continuous cerebration on the part of the listener or reader is absolutely essential. This excludes at once a considerable number to whom the effort of real thinking is as strange as it is painful. Browning is a stimulus, not a sedative; his poetry is like an electric current, which naturally fails to affect those who are non-conductors of poetry. As one of my undergraduates tersely expressed it, "Tennyson soothes our senses; Browning stimulates our thoughts." Poetry is at times like medicine: Tennyson quiets the nerves; Browning is a powerful tonic; a Harvard professor found Thomson's "Seasons" invaluable for insomnia; the poetry of Swift is an excellent emetic.

I do not quite understand the intense anger of many critics and readers over the eternal question of Browning's obscurity. They have been harping on this theme for over seventy years, and show no more sign of exhaustion than a dog barking in the night. Why do the heathen rage? Why do they not let Browning alone, and read somebody they can understand? Browning is still gravely rebuked by many critics for ha ing written "Sordello." Over and ov again we have been informed that t publication of this poem shattered reputation for twenty-five years. We what of it? What difference does it ma now? He seems to have successfully su vived it. This huge work, which Wi iam Sharp called "a colossal derelict the sea of literature," is destined to ha an immortality all its own. From o point of view, we ought to be grateful f its publication. It has aroused Olympia laughter among the blessed gods. It not witty in itself, but it is the cause wit in many. Douglas Jerrold and Ca lyle commented delightfully on it; eve Tennyson succeeded for once in sayin something funny. One critic called it fine house in which the architect had fo gotten to put any stairs. Another calle it a huge boil in which all the impuritie in Browning's system came to an impres sive head, after which the patient, entirel free from the malignant poison, succeede in writing the clear and beautiful "Pipp Passes." Besides innumerable parodie that have been forgotten, Browning's ob scurity was the impenetrable flint tha struck two mental flashes that belong t literature, Calverley's "Cock and the Bull," and Swinburne's "John Jones," a brilliant exposition of the perversities in that tiresome poem, "James Lee's Wife." Not long ago a young man sat by the lamplight, studying a thick volume with puckered brow. To the friend who asked what he was doing he replied, "I 'm reading Browning."

"Why, no, you idiot, that is n't Browning: you are reading the index of first lines to the works of Wordsworth."

"By Jove! you 're right! But it sounds just like Browning."

It is not every poet that has aroused so much wit and humor.

Many critics who are now dead, and some that are yet alive, have predicted the speedy death of Browning's reputation. This prediction seems to afford a certain class of critics a calm and holy joy. To us who read Browning instead of making predictions about him, the notion of death in connection with his poetry is so amusing that we hope the critics will go on. Some years ago, Mr. James Douglas of London solemnly announced the approach-

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS has kindly permitted us to print this letter from Browning to her husband:

Florence, Aug 25, '54.

Dear Sir,

I expect to bring out in London, next season, a collection of new Poems, containing about 5000 lines.[1] American friends have assured me so repeatedly that it is possible to obtain some remuneration for the reprint of these in their country, by consenting to furnish a publisher there with the proof-sheets as they are issued and thus enabling him to forestall competitors—that I suppose I should be wanting to myself if I neglected to act upon their advice. Several gentlemen have been mentioned to me as likely to close with such an offer—but I must naturally think of, and apply to you in the first place. Will it suit you to enter into this arrangement with me—and, if so, upon what terms, may I ask? An answer at your earliest convenience would oblige me the more, that my only chance of getting anything for my labors, now as heretofore, seems to be in concluding a bargain before I print. (You have not forgotten the promise of the booksellers to pay my wife for the proof of her [then] last edition, for which she has never received a cent. By the way, she is also engaged on a new poem, which she will be ready to dispose of after the same fashion, if it succeeds with me.)

I am sure you will rejoice to be as generous as you can—indeed, as you commonly are, if I am not misinformed.

. . . For ourselves, we are all well here —and my wife's kind remembrances to you accompany those of

Dear sir, yours very sincerely

. . . ROBERT BROWNING.

To this Mrs. Fields adds, referring to Browning:

I perfectly remember his saying to us in Rome—"That was the time when the only possible means of getting a publisher to take any poem of mine was by promising him something of my wife's." Those would have been hard days for both if they had had less implicit faith each in the genius of the other. To the end of Browning's life nothing gave him such trouble as to hear any doubt expressed of the greatness of her gift, and if she sometimes wished he could make "Sordello" clearer, she never wavered from her faith in his greatest poetic gift. Thus to the end they worked side by side in perfect constancy.

Among Mrs. Fields's memorabilia of Browning is a volume called "The Art of Painting" by Girard de Lairesse. On the fly-leaf of his father's copy Browning has written: "I read this book more often and with greater delight when I was a child than any other; and I still remember the main part of it most gratefully for the good I seem to have got from the prints and wonderful text."

"Is it not significant," says Mrs. Fields, "that Lairesse's work, the accepted text-book of two or three generations of art students in Europe, should have been the favorite reading in childhood of the future poet of 'Andrea del Sarto' and 'Fra Lippo Lippi'?"

[1] Probably "Men and Women," which appeared in 1855.

LA ROCCA, ASOLO. DRAWN BY CLARA MONTALBA

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

THE HANDMAIDEN OF ARBITRATION

BY GEORGE GRISWOLD HILL

THE alleviation of human suffering and the conservation of human life constitute the mission of the Red Cross. The soldier on the field of battle, the sailor braving at once the perils of the deep and the hazards of war, the humble worker delving for coal in the bowels of the earth, the engineer scalded and crushed in the performance of his duty, the business man struck down in his office with paralysis or apoplexy, and the woman of fashion bruised or mangled by runaway or automobile—all these come within the scope of its ministrations. To the city devastated by fire or earthquake, to the community laid low by cyclone or volcano, to the terror-stricken victims of the plague, to the people perishing of famine, it brings succor. And its ministrations do not cease when that momentary wave of pity, aroused by the first news of a catastrophe, recedes, but are maintained until the need therefor no longer exists.

Idealistic in inspiration, and practical in performance, the Red Cross dispenses charity with a skill which affords a maximum of relief with a minimum of expense and the greatest possible freedom from those enervating consequences inseparable from indiscriminate and unintelligent giving. A part of the Government itself, it is free from the weaknesses which too often hamper private endeavor; but directed by those who work for love of humanity, it also escapes that soullessness which frequently characterizes purely governmental institutions. Appealing alike to rich and poor and instructing all classes of society in the relief of human suffering, it teaches the doctrine of brotherly love with a catholicity rarely attained by other agency. Its insignia the cross, its coat of arms the mailed knight whc dismounted to perform an act of merc combines in a singular degree the chiv of a bygone age with the practical bus sense of the present day.

The Red Cross owes its inspiratio Florence Nightingale in her heroic v on the battle-fields and in the hospita the Crimea; but it was amid the car of Solferino that Jean-Henri Dunant, nessing with horror the terrible and necessary suffering resulting from the lect of the wounded, conceived of organization which has become the Cross. This took concrete shape, fol ing the Treaty of Geneva, negotiate 1864, as the result of Dunant's eff Even earlier, however, it had had its totype in the United States Sanitary C mission during the Civil War, w made use of the Greek cross, surrou by an oval band, as the insignia of its sion of humanity. It is of record that account of the operations of the Sani Commission and the Relief Corps laic fore the first Geneva Convention by delegates from the United States, Fogg, American Minister to Switzerl and Mr. Bowles, European Agent of Sanitary Commission, was of the uti value, and contributed greatly to enc age those who sought the creation o international agency of relief. It wa this conference that the red, or Ger cross was adopted as the insignia of organization to be known as "The Cross," which has now become virtu world-wide. It may be said, there

that the American Sanitary Commission, which raised and distributed over $5,000,000 in cash and supplies worth several times that amount, blazed the trail for the International Red Cross.

In 1881 a self-appointed commission secured the incorporation of "The American Association of the Red Cross," and Miss Clara Barton was elected its president. Under her direction it performed many humanitarian works, but it did not become a truly national institution until 1905, when, following a Congressional investigation, the existing organization was dissolved, and a new one, the American National Red Cross, was incorporated, with the provisions that virtual control should be vested in the Government of the United States and its accounts audited by the Treasury Department. It has been under the new organization that the American National Red Cross has broadened its field of usefulness and attained its present efficiency.

Conceived and organized originally for the relief of suffering on the battle-field, the nursing and care of the wounded and dying, by a process of evolution the Red Cross has grown to be an agency for the relief of suffering and for the conservation of life under all conditions. As wars and their victims have decreased, the perils of a complex civilization have increased, and the great engines of industry—the railroad, the factory, and the mine—wage a warfare on human health and safety more relentless and inexorable than war itself. Conditions have changed, but the demand for such services as the Red Cross affords has no more diminished than have those great cataclysms of nature which from time to time lay waste entire communities and leave in their wake ruin and desolation.

Only a word as to the personnel of the American National Red Cross is necessary. Its president is the Hon. William Howard Taft, the President of the United States. A. Piatt Andrew, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, is treasurer. Its Central Committee includes Major-General George W. Davis, U. S. A., retired; Surgeon-General Charles F. Stokes, U. S. N.; Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor; Brigadier-General George H. Torney, U. S. A.; Huntington Wilson and Beekman Winthrop, respectively Assistant Secretaries of State and of the Navy; and Miss Mabel Boardman. Miss Boardman, who devotes her entire time to the work of the Red Cross, and whose services are of inestimable value, was largely instrumental in effecting its reorganization as a national institution. An integral part of the Government of the United States, its accounts audited by the expert auditors of the United States Treasury, the American Red Cross commands the confidence of the world.

Only a few years ago the American people were horrified by an almost unparalleled disaster when the sun rose over San Francisco on the morning of April 18, 1906, to find 300,000 people homeless, many bereft of all they had owned and with scarcely sufficient clothing to cover their nakedness.

The first essential was money, the second was the assistance of an experienced head. Both were promptly supplied by the Red Cross. The Maryland Red Cross contributed $5000, which was telegraphed to General Funston, U. S. A., while Dr. Edward T. Devine of New York, who was specially qualified to supervise the relief-work because of experience in the Johnstown flood and later in the Baltimore fire, started at once for San Francisco. Five days later he had taken command. Congress appropriated money, and foreign nations, moved to sympathy by the appalling character of the calamity, poured in generous contributions; but that these achieved the purpose for which they were given was due in large measure to the efficient aid of the Red Cross. Its entire organization was set in motion collecting clothing, blankets, linen, food—everything, in short, that was needed.

The first step was to establish 118 relief-stations for the distribution of food and clothing. Then came the construction of temporary relief-camps, for which the army loaned tents. Little by little the people recovered from the paralysis which followed the earthquake, and restaurants and kitchens were opened by private persons. The Red Cross, following as far as possible its unvarying policy of spending relief-funds in the immediate vicinity, substituted meal-tickets for the food which had been distributed earlier. These tickets cost the relief-fund ten and fifteen cents each, and this method assisted those who

conducted the restaurants to earn their own living. The housing of the multitudes left homeless presented a serious problem, but it was met and solved with expedition. Cheap wooden houses were erected to replace the tents. A great sanatorium was provided for the aged and feeble-minded. Nearly half a million dollars was utilized to build houses which in no instance cost more than $500. To the owners of lots who could raise some money to rebuild their homes, funds were given at the rate of one dollar of assistance for every dollar raised, a limitation of $600 being imposed on houses thus provided. Five thousand cottages were erected in the city parks at a cost of $125 each, and for a time these housed 18,000 people. Tools and implements were furnished to those who showed a disposition to help themselves.

The generosity of foreign nations seemingly knew no bounds. Japan forgot that California had ever shown hostility to her subjects, and became the largest of the foreign contributors, giving $244,000. Canada came second with contributions amounting to $144,500. China sent $30,000, and even little Colombia, not to be outdone, forwarded her mite, while far-off Australia sent several hundred dollars. There can be no doubt that the confidence that the funds disbursed through the Red Cross would be wisely expended materially contributed to this prompt and generous giving.

Nor did the Red Cross cease its efforts when the first dire necessities had been allayed. The need for practical relief lasts long after such a disaster. Some are left permanently helpless, and others must necessarily be so for a period of years. Homes must be found for orphans. It was not until two and a half years after the earthquake that the organization was able withdraw its aid and turn over to the rebuilding city the care of the few were still unable to help themselves. Under its ministrations, $3,129,000 had been collected and expended.

During the closing days of 1908, the Calabria-Sicilian earthquake destroyed the cities of Messina and Reggio and much surrounding country. Eleven hundred thousand people had been left homeless and an untold number had been buried in the ruins. Many were dead, others were dying, and a still greater number were wounded and in need of immediate assistance. Immediately the Italian Red Cross rose to the occasion; the American Red Cross acted as promptly. Appeals for assistance were sent broadcast by the American Red Cross and at its behest American naval vessels sailed for the scene. The American Red Cross cabled $12,000, left from a former relief-fund, to be expended for the benefit of the sufferers. Within a comparatively short time it was possible to send by cable to the American Ambassador at Rome a relief-fund of $320,000. The American Congress heard the appeal, and appropriated $800,000, of which $300,000 was expended for supplies forwarded on the naval vessels the *Celtic* and the *Culgoa*. With the aid of the American navy, and according to plans furnished by the American Red Cross, 2500 houses were erected for the accommodation of the homeless survivors. The shock of the earthquake had produced an almost insuperable inertia among the stricken people, and help was needed at every turn. Workshops were established where women were employed to make clothes, and $250,000 of the American relief-fund was used to endow an orphanage for the hundreds of little

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing

MISS CLARA BARTON

ONE OF THE TEMPORARY CITIES BUILT BY THE RED CROSS AT SAN FRANCISCO

A STREET IN A RED CROSS VILLAGE IN MESSINA

One thousand cottages were erected, the government supplying a part of the lumber.

A RED CROSS VILLAGE IN MESSINA

need will long prove a factor in the maintenance of friendly relations between the two countries.

Three years ago Mohammedans, mad with religious fury and hatred of the Christians, ran amuck, killing 25,000 Christian Armenians, burning and sacking their villages, ravishing their women, and leaving upward of a million ones who had been left without parents, and in many instances without relatives at all. The most eloquent testimonials of the appreciation of the King and Queen of Italy for the work of the American Red Cross have been received, and none can doubt that the assistance furnished to Italy in its hour of homeless and destitute. The need for relief was urgent. It was furnished by the American Red Cross. Funds and supplies were sent. Headquarters were established at Beirut from which relief could be distributed, and in so far as human energy could do it the sufferings of the unfortunate victims were relieved. And to-day there is in far-

THIRTY-FIVE ORPHAN GIRLS FROM ANTIOCH BROUGHT TO BEIRUT UNDER RED CROSS AUSPICES

It was done for the German deaconess of Kaiserswerth. Beds and shoes, besides blankets and clothing, were supplied to each child.

off Beirut the only chapter of the American Red Cross established in a foreign land.

China, teeming with people, backward in sanitation, with millions of its people never far from starvation, is a frequent beneficiary of the American Red Cross. On January 26 of this year President Taft, as President of the American National Red Cross, issued an appeal for help for the famine sufferers of China. It was not the first appeal for Chinese sufferers.

A RED CROSS RELIEF CORPS IN THE PLAGUE DISTRICT OF CHINA PROTECTED AGAINST INFECTION

Famines resulting from floods caused untold suffering in 1906, and the President then issued an appeal for help, with the result that $330,000 were raised and distributed by the Red Cross, besides flour, seed-wheat, and other supplies, while engineers were sent to assist in devising preventive measures.

Immediately following the President's last appeal, $2000 was sent to China by cable, and it is safe to predict that far larger sums will follow. C. D. Jameson, an engineer previously sent to China by the Red Cross to devise methods of preventing these devastating floods, reports that more than 3,000,000 must receive assistance or they will die of starvation, and his report is confirmed by the American Consul-General at Shanghai. It is estimated that families can be supported for ten cents a day, but that means $15 for each of 600,000 families, to keep them alive until the next harvest. The conditions are such that no one who has not witnessed a famine can form any adequate conception of its appalling character.

From a photograph by the Campbelle Studios

MISS MABEL T. BOARDMAN

When the dire pneumonic plague broke out in Manchuria it was the American Red Cross which sent nurses and doctors to the relief of the stricken people. Braving conditions attended with the utmost hazard, Dr. Richard P. Strong and Dr. Oscar Teague went to Manchuria to study the plague and to supervise such relief as could be afforded, taking with them nurses and assistants. Under their supervision sanitation was accomplished, hospitals were established, every known method of prevention was adopted, and Chinese doctors were instructed in the methods of combatting the dread scourge. According to Mr. Calhoun, the American Minister to China, the work of these men was productive of the most gratifying results, and to them not China alone, but the world, owes a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid.

Two striking instances of the value of the society as a leveler of the barriers of strife have recently been shown. During the terrible riots at Barcelona, when the hand of the anarchist was turned against all society, when all laws, all treaties, and even the principles of civilized warfare were disregarded, when no flag, even the white flag of truce, was recognized, the white flag with its red cross was respected. Under it the wounded received succor and the dead were buried. Even to the anarchist it typified a spirit of humanitarianism which he dared not assail. Again, when Russia and Japan fought over the bloody plains of Manchuria, when all diplomatic intercourse had ceased, and even the press was precluded from gathering accurate reports of events at the front, it was the Red Cross which brought information and often relief to the wives and mothers and sweethearts of those who were at the front. The Russian Red Cross organized a bureau of information, the Japanese Red Cross did the same, and through the friendly offices of the Red Cross in neutral countries, notably in France, news of a personal character was exchanged, and assistance was rendered to prisoners of war in both countries.

Although comparative freedom from war and the demands for relief of a different character have led to the broadening of the work of the Red Cross, the fact that war is at all times a possibility has not been forgotten, and the training and organization of a volunteer nursing corps

From a photograph by the George R. Lawrence Co.

RED CROSS FIRST-AID CORPS ORGANIZED IN THE UNION STOCK-YARDS AT CHICAGO

has not been neglected. This work began only after the reorganization of the American National Red Cross in 1905, but through coöperation with the organization of trained nurses, the Nurses' Associated Alumnæ of the United States, the R Cross now has the largest enrolled co of women nurses in the world, graduates of a course in trained nursi and all of whom would be ready

RED CROSS FIRST AID AT WORK

The picture shows a bandaged head and a leg and arm bound in splints.

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing

A BOY SCOUT PRACTISING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, AS TAUGHT BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

volunteer their services should the need occur.

No one who has followed the recent revelations of science regarding the prevalence of the dread "White Plague" in its various forms can underestimate the value of the work which the American National Red Cross is doing to combat this terrible scourge. To this work have been devoted the proceeds of the sale of the little Christmas stamps with which all are familiar, and through which $350,000 has been raised. This work is carried on with the advice of the national organization, but

A PUPIL OF THE RED CROSS ADMINISTERING FIRST AID TO A BROTHER MINER IN THE DEPTHS OF A COAL-MINE

RAILROAD EMPLOYEES BINDING THE INJURED LEG OF A FELLOW-EMPLOYEE

under the immediate supervision of state or local chapters. Camps are established for the sufferers, methods of prevention are taught, and every practical step to check the ravages of tuberculosis is taken, the activities of the organization in this direction being limited only by the available funds. In all parts of the country camps have sprung up under the supervision of the local Red Cross chapters where sufferers and those members of their families who have been exposed to the contagion are cared for under the most beneficial conditions. The day camp has been selected generally as the most effective method of eradicating this disease, which is so prevalent that an unlimited exchequer would be needed to cope with it in the most satisfactory manner.

THE "FIREMAN'S HOLD," SHOWING THE EASIEST WAY TO CARRY A HEAVY MAN

From 1888 to 190 inclusive, the kille and wounded o American railroa reached the startlin totals of 153,366 an 1,042,486 respectiv ly. Compare thes figures with those c the Federal army i the Civil War, fc which the recor show 110,070 kille and 275,175 woun ed. Is it any wonde that the Red Cro has turned its atter tion to the relief c the killed and woun ed on the industri battle-field? The rai roads slay their thou sands. The grea wheels of industr bruise and mangle an kill. Coal, the com monest of fuel, is ob tained only at a fright ful hazard to huma life. And there is n generous governmen to expend $150,000, 000 a year for pen sions to the wounde and maimed and t those dependent upo them in this industri warfare. The Bu

reau of Labor estimates that from 30,000 to 35,000 fatal and 2,000,000 non-fatal accidents to the wage-earners of the country occur every year. What greater philanthropy, then, could be conceived than that which will curtail this terrible death-roll and diminish the gravity of the effects of these accidents, perhaps save legs and arms, and leave the victims still able to earn their living?

To this end the American National Red Cross has organized the great, practical, and economic work known as "first aid." Time is an all-important factor in saving the life of an injured man or in preventing his injury from resulting in the loss of limb or other important member. Skilled physicians cannot always be present, but the graduates of the first-aid course may be. Therefore the Red Cross has undertaken the instruction of first-aid corps in every industry where employers or employees will provide time and facilities. The course is simple, and teaches only that which is easily learned by the average intelligent workman or woman. A surgeon of the United States Army, Major Charles Lynch, has been detailed to supervise the work. Two railroad cars, fitted with charts, appliances, and all that is necessary to the course of instruction, have been provided, and in addition eight similar cars are maintained by the Federal Bureau of Mines. Already more than 150,000 persons have taken the first-aid course, and an indication of the economic aspect of the work is afforded by the fact that the railroads generally haul these cars without charge. Indeed, the New York Central Railway has undertaken to secure the instruction of its own employees, and sends picked men to attend the classes during the company's time.

Work of this character has yielded already such practical results in the mines that the casualty companies have reduced their premiums to the men in anthracite mines where first-aid corps are maintained and first-aid supplies are kept at hand. Some idea of the benefit to the men who take this course may be gained from the fact that graduates seeking employment are given preference by many railroads, mines, and other industries. Nor is the work of instruction confined to industrial employees. Many cities, notably San Francisco and Berkeley, California, Cleveland, Washington, and others, are taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by the Red Cross to have their firemen and policemen instructed. In Berkeley the system has been carried to a point where Red Cross boxes containing simple remedies, bandages, etc., needed to deal with accidents are affixed to the lamp-posts, like fire-alarm boxes, the policemen carrying keys. Thus far, however, this country is behind some others in this work. In the large buildings in Berlin, for instance, are displayed signs announcing that in such and such rooms may be found persons who have taken the first-aid course, and who may be called upon in case of accident.

A recent development consists of the instruction of the Boy Scouts in first-aid work. They are eager to learn, and the beneficial effect of this instruction on the character of the boy is incalculable. First-aid instruction is also being given to the Camp-Fire Girls of America and to classes of the Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations. Such classes are maintained in the Panama Canal Zone, and are being constantly organized by local Red Cross chapters in all parts of the country.

This year, for the first time in the history of the Red Cross, the United States will be the host of the International Red Cross Conference, which is to meet in Washington in May, from the seventh to the seventeenth, inclusive. During the recent insurrection in Mexico, as well as on other similar occasions, the Red Cross found itself sorely hampered by the fact that one of the parties in a conflict not less serious than war between nations was not a recognized belligerent with whom negotiations could be conducted. The American National Red Cross was able to render valuable service along the Mexican border, but on Mexican territory its operations were sadly restricted. There is reason to believe that at this conference, as in the past, the interchange of experience will prove of inestimable value. With singular appropriateness, the meetings will be held in the Pan-American Union building, contributed by Andrew Carnegie to the furtherance of amicable relations between the republics of this hemisphere, and close to it will be erected a temporary building to house a large exhibit of methods and paraphernalia devised to promote the work of alleviating suffering under all

conditions, including the entries in the Empress Marie Feodorovna prize competition.

Many years ago the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia contributed a fund of $50,000 the interest on which was to be devoted to the promotion of inventions for the transportation of the sick and wounded and the mitigation of their sufferings. The trustees provided that these competitions should take place every five years, coincident with the international conferences of the Red Cross. Three prizes will be awarded, consisting of approximately $3000, $1500, and $500 respectively—just twice those amounts in rubles, to be exact.

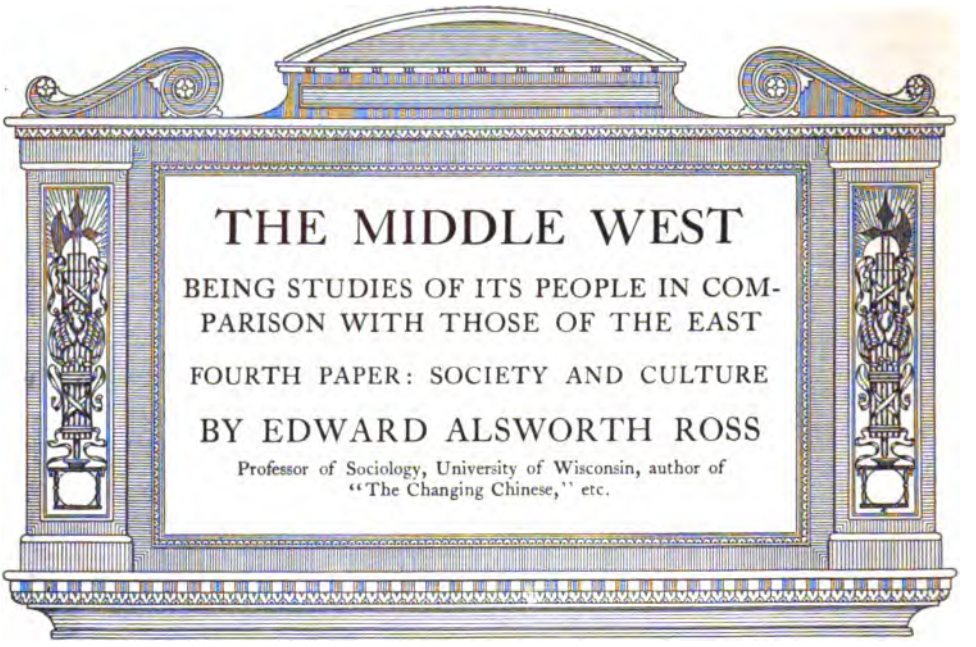
Amazed to learn of the large sums which the American National Red Cross has raised and distributed, many have asked, "Where do you get the money?" The answer is always the same: "It comes from everywhere." And so it does. A single mail brought to Miss Boardman, the most active member of the Central Committee, the check of Mr. John D. Rockefeller for $10,000 and a money-order for $2.89, the latter representing the total of a collection taken up in a little negro mission for the Red Cross relief-fund.

No appeal is issued to which there is not prompt and generous response. When the press of the country told the tale of the awful havoc of the San Francisco earthquake, little children came to the Red Cross headquarters in various cities, bringing their dolls and doll wardrobes to be sent to the impoverished children on the Pacific Coast. At the Chicago headquarters a small boy appeared and proceeded to divest himself of his shoes. "I want you to send them to those boys who have to go barefoot in the hot streets of San Francisco," he explained; adding: "Anyway, I don't need them. Spring 'll be here soon." It was with difficulty that he was dissuaded from his purpose.

Last Christmas Miss Boardman received a money-order for $5 from a poor Russian woman on a Minnesota farm. Every Christmas, she explained, she had been in the habit of sending this amount, her savings for the year, to her family in Russia, and she added: "When I was there there was a famine among the Jews, and I had nothing to eat; so I want you to send my Christmas present to those poo starving Chinese. I know what it is be hungry." But while the American N tional Red Cross thus far has always bee able to render some measure of prom pecuniary relief by means of balances le in its hands from previous relief-fund such sources are not dependable. For th reason every effort is now being bent t the accumulation of an endowment, th proceeds from which would be alway available to meet such demands. By th advice of President Taft, $2,000,000 ha been set as the goal to be attained. Nearl $400,000 has thus far been collected, to gether with a promise from J. Pierpon Morgan that when that sum shall hav been secured, he will add $100,000 more so that with a little more work one quarte of the desired amount will have been accumulated. The modesty of the sum suggested by the President may be better appreciated when it is known that the Japanese Red Cross, whose services in the Russo-Japanese war endeared it to all the people of that country, has undertaken the accumulation of an endowment of $7,500,000, and that other national organizations are working for endowments of far larger proportions. However, the American people are quick and generous to respond to the call of distress, and it is believed that with a fund of $2,000,000, the interest on which may be utilized for immediate relief, no difficulty will be experienced in securing by popular appeal sufficient funds to meet any emergency with which the American National Red Cross may have to deal.

No estimate of the Red Cross and its work would be complete without some consideration of its potency as a factor in promoting universal peace. The hand of fate metes out disaster to a people, and immediately there rise up men and women in all parts of the world to render aid and assistance. Must not this work be productive of larger results than the immediate relief of suffering? Can so much human sympathy and love and generosity be aroused and find concrete expression, only to pass like an evanescent dream?

The Red Cross is fast becoming a vital force throughout the world—a force that is bringing the nations closer together in the bonds of human sympathy, brotherhood, and peace. Its work deserves to be known as the handmaiden of arbitration.



THE MIDDLE WEST

BEING STUDIES OF ITS PEOPLE IN COMPARISON WITH THOSE OF THE EAST

FOURTH PAPER: SOCIETY AND CULTURE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, author of "The Changing Chinese," etc.

THERE is a California type, molded by gold-hunting, the Sierra, the redwoods, and an ocean that rolls to one's feet cocoanuts from the South Seas. There is, or rather was, a Southern type, the product of slavery, plantation life, a kindly climate, and the English country-gentleman tradition. But there is no Middle-Western type to puzzle the Easterner, for there is in the Middle West no soul-mold that the East does not know. Along the Ohio and the Missouri one finds about the same sort of people to be found along the Connecticut, but they occur in different proportions. It is this difference of proportion that furnishes the key to Middle-Western society.

SOME GAINS FROM LEISURE

I HAVE already shown how the political contrast between the two regions corresponds to the frequency of the investor. Now, similarly, their social contrast reflects the comparative strength of two elements, the leisured and the pleasure-hunting rich.

Besides the occasional artist or poet, the social circles of the East contain a leaven of those who, having lived much out of harness, have learned to loaf and invite their souls. About the cloth one comes gratefully upon persons who have had time to discover and indulge a fondness for English cathedrals, early Florentine art, or Albanian ballads; who prick across the conversation on some curious and interesting hobby, like missals, Satsuma-ware, or Russian folk-lore. Then, too, many of inherited leisure have given thought to being agreeable, and have lifted the giving of pleasure through social intercourse to a fine art.

A recent English visitor complains that we use speech for the conveyance of fact, and that rarely did he come upon those who know how to converse with charm, to play with a topic till they kindle brilliancy in the *vis-à-vis,* and he goes away pleased with himself and with them. This criticism holds for the Middle West, for the leisured there are few, and social intercourse is chiefly the relaxation of the busy. Graceful badinage, like the old-fashioned graceful letter-writing, takes time, and both go out when the tempo of life is quick. Men of action in their playful moods chaff or tell droll stories, and only women have time to acquire that happy mingling of thought, imagination, and wit which makes delightful conversation.

The same visitor observes that "absence of manners in an American is in-

tended to signify not surliness, but independence." Now, one motive that peopled the West was the passion for independence, and so it is not surprising that the plain people there often suspect manners to be a capitulation to the spirit of servility. The reason why so many hurried visitors dislike the Middle West is that they take to be selfish and indifferent a people who are not used to expressing in the conventional forms their kindness and hospitality. If those who have lived long among them resent such criticism, it is because, back of the nonchalant, undemonstrative manner, they know there is as much justice and good-will as there is anywhere in the world.

THE EXODUS OF THE SYBARITES

AMONG a people that exalts "doing things" into a kind of religion the successful man keeps on with his work even after he has ceased to care for its rewards. Though he have much goods laid up for many years, the Middle Westerner is loath to say, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." So few lay off their harness before life's afternoon that nearly all circles tingle with the spirit of the striving. At the governor's ball, all the men you meet are workers near the top of their respective ladders of endeavor. The drone under forty is regarded with impatience, even contempt; for the social aspirant is gaged chiefly by his proved worth in the competitions of real life.

To escape this nipping and eager air, those who early find themselves in the coupon-clipping class drift away from the hustling West to places where they can meet other idlers, kill time gracefully with fox-hunt, coaching-party, and horse show, and be looked up to as better and happier than other people. Then, too, the West is not well enough upholstered to make the sybarite perfectly comfortable, and so he gravitates toward the London hotel where Jeames warms the morning newspaper before handing it to you, or the Paris restaurant where Gaston, after carving your duck, places the carcass in a silver press and squeezes you its last savory drop of juice. The exodus of this type is a blessing to the West, for it postpones the day when the noxious idea will take root that the elegant loafer is superior to the capable doer.

THE EXODUS OF MONEYED GOTHS

THE Western millionaire with strong l cal attachments cares more for the peop among whom he has prospered than fo Vanity Fair, and will not uproot in orde that "the girls" may have a shy at a title foreigner. He keeps on a human basi with his townsmen, gives freely of his tim and money to community interests, and when he dies, bequeaths liberally to loca institutions.

But there is another type who, once h has blossomed into purple opulence, longs for New York and Newport, in order to mix in a kind of life that can give him his money's worth. First his womenfolk awaken to the limitations of Peoria, Grand Rapids, or Sioux City, for they notice they are getting only turkey for their terrapin. Presently, he, too, confesses that society among people who have to observe office-hours and eschew golf lacks distinction, and he is ready to migrate to Fifth Avenue, which is often only a way station for Mayfair or the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

GOTHIC SOCIETY AND ITS INFLUENCE

LIKE the "bonanza kings" who left the Comstock lode to go down to San Francisco and make Nob Hill a fit illustration for the word "nobby"; like the cattle lords from *el campo* who flaunt their wealth in the Avenida de Mayo of Buenos Aires; like the diamond kings, nitrate kings, and Rand magnates who would swamp London society with a torrent of expenditure no home-grown fortune can match, the newly rich from all parts of this country, converging upon Eastern centers, particularly New York, seek to substitute, for the natural society they find, their own notion of society. And their own notion is that society exists *to sweeten with the charm of social exclusiveness the joint enjoyment of the costly.* In the extravagant, self-indulgent circles they form there is wrought out an Alice-in-Wonderland table of values that stands plain common-sense philosophy on its head. Literature, the crown of all great society, is little respected, or understood. The spender outshines the achiever. Publicity is to be sought, not shunned. The social bond is not sympathy of tastes, but

the sharing of expensive pleasures. The giver of a new thrill or the inventor of a fetching stunt is more of a hero than a Pasteur or a Peary.

From these glittering circles, thanks to the yellow press, false standards spread through the social body, and corrupt home-bred notions of what is fit or decent or worth while. For many, pleasure-class example breaks the mainspring of useful endeavor. It makes the strung bow envy the unbent bow. It makes people who have to work hate their work. It makes the functional people as grasshoppers in their own eyes. Servants it turns into shameless tip-extractors. It whets greed and hurries men into graft, extortion, and monopoly. In the lives of multitudes who have nothing to look forward to but the common lot it sows the stinging nettle of ungratified worldliness. And so the poison leaches down through the layers of society. Parents communicate the virus to their children, fashionable schools to their pupils, college fraternities to their members. From the pleasure centers it spreads to the hustle centers, from the metropolis to the cities, and from the cities to the towns and to the country-side.

Against this contagion the people of the Middle West are by no means proof, but they have the good fortune to live rather out of its reach. The person ludicrously out of touch with reality usually turns out to be of Eastern origin. Even leisure-class refinement sometimes makes one unable to tell a hawk from a hand-saw. Add pleasure-class artificiality, and you get people with their feet clear off the ground, like Marie Antoinette, who, when she heard the poor crying for bread, asked why they did n't eat cake! At a recent *ekklesia* of a national Greek-letter fraternity, an Eastern undergraduate voted against chartering a petitioning Western chapter with the explanation, "Somehow I can't think much of fellows that send us a representative who neglects the crease in his trousers." "A gentleman," observed a callow sophomore whose mother supports him with her pen, "is a fellow who changes all his linen every day." The rising fees of Eastern engineering schools are welcomed by some students on the ground that they will "keep the muckers out of the profession." An astonishing number of Eastern parents will own that they send their sons to college not for any knowledge or ideals the faculty may give them, but for the ease, polish, and desirable social connections that may come from four years of college residence. The boys quickly catch the idea and learn how to intimate delicately to the professors their sense of the secondariness of study and the all-importance of "student life and association."

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY OF THE WEST

THE Middle-Western students are still naïve enough to respect knowledge, although, to be sure, some of them show their respect by standing afar off. Perhaps this is linked up with the interesting fact that in the East a fifth of the secondary schools are private, while in the Middle West only a twentieth cater to social exclusiveness. Nor has the Middle West placed a stigma upon labor. It is said that when Senator Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin, who made his fortune out of sawmills, set up his carriage in Washington, he appropriately put on it the Latin word "Vidi," which, being translated, signifies "I saw." When John Johnson first ran for governor of Minnesota, his political opponents jeered at him as of poor-house extraction. The people of the State rebuked the un-American gibe with a big majority for the man who had come up by his personal merits, and his subsequent career justified their estimate. I have heard the wife of a Western farmer governor—who did well, by the way—confess naïvely her enjoyment of life in the "Executive Mansion," and impart the confidence, "Do you know, when we go back home, I just believe I won't have the hired men eat at the family table. It 's *so* much nicer without them."

Servants the West welcomes,—although it calls them "help,"—but it dreads the servile spirit. His French cook or his private car might not hurt a candidate for office, but his English butler would damn him politically. "Some time since," writes a Kansas professor, "a distinguished visitor from the East came to the State to deliver a public address. He was hospitably received, attentively listened to, and highly praised; but to no purpose all these fine ideas: the great man was found wanting, for there was discovered, among his other impedimenta, a valet. It was a fatal

mischance. The poor valet was more commented upon than the address, more observed than his master. The circumstance stamped the misguided man as clearly not our kind of man. Obviously, no man who carries a valet can speak the Kansas language."

Although minor places of relaxation are springing up in the Middle West, I think that the pretentious and costly pleasure-centers of America—the cream-pots of the country's wealth-production—will be situated in California, on the Gulf, or on the Atlantic coast. Here most nakedly will be exhibited plutocratic pomp, "the lust of the eyes and the pride of life," while most of the dwellers in the Mississippi Valley will escape ocular infection with foolish standards that put people out of joint with their work and their attainable happiness. Commenting on the irruption of rich summer residents into a charming New Hampshire district, a friend says, "These millionaires, with their costly 'cottages,' their footmen, and their motor-cars are making our farmers feel like peasants." The Western obverse of this is the experience of a colleague of mine of Iowa extraction who drove over to the old home in his 25-horse-power evidence-of-prosperity, just to let his farmer cousins and neighbors know he was getting on. "The joke was on me," he confesses with a chuckle, "for most of them had better automobiles than mine, and rather pitied me."

LEISURE-CLASS RÔLE OF WESTERN WOMEN

If there is a leisure class in the West, it is the idle wives of busy, successful men. It is they who look out for "tone," who hit up the pace, who see to it that in style of living and entertaining their set keeps always a lap or two ahead of those with purses a pennyweight lighter. It is the high function of these social arbiters to "draw the line," to make two barriers rise where one rose before, to cry, like the celebrants of the classic mysteries,

Procul o procul este, profani!

And in view of the stubborn democratic prejudices and the exasperated, uncowed common sense they have to contend with, who can say these ladies have not do wonders? To be sure, their men, und the crude notion that "society" exists help you meet people you like, smile social discriminations turning on the nu ber of one's servants or the horse-pow of one's automobile. But gradually th snobbery of the home atmosphere gets int their system, and in a few years the lu ber magnate or the oil capitalist with pretty daughter will send the rising youn merchant about his business with the ha teur of a Spanish hidalgo.

THE WEST AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

Strong in the old-American spirit, th Middle West scoffs at solving the soci problem by preaching the "trusteeship c wealth" or exhorting Dives to regar himself as a "steward." Aware of wha H. G. Wells calls "the secular extin tion of opportunity," it is not to be reco ciled to social stratification by any amou of "welfare work" in the mills or c "social work" in the tenements. knows philanthropy is good, but it think that the linch-pins of society ought to b *rights* and *the spirit of square dealin* rather than gifts and the spirit of kin ness. Less advanced in accumulatio than the East, it puts the welfare of pe ple above the rights of property, and an iously legislates for conditions that wi conserve the manhood of the workin man.

On the whole, the Western States hav gone further than the Eastern States o behalf of labor. They are cutting dow the working day for women and stoppin night work. Illinois and Ohio have gon far in organizing factory inspection, an Wisconsin leads in creating an industri commission empowered to make wor places "safe" and "healthful." The mo stringent laws for the protection of work men in building construction are found i Nebraska, Indiana, and Oregon. Th subject of minimum wage is being consi ered in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Ma sachusetts, and Wisconsin is in the va in working out a policy for unemplo ment.

Still, this modest lead in labor legisl tion is no just measure of the Middl West's lead in democracy. There is i the East a non-democratic force behin

such laws. Like the blood which secretes a thyro-iodine that regulates blood-pressure, capitalism secretes a form of capital which reacts upon and regulates the industrial process. Bondholders are interested in the core of a business, stock-holders in its margins and fluctuations. Regulative laws may shrink dividends, but the bondholder is sure of his interest. He does not lose if he follows his conscience in matters of child labor or industrial diseases. Now, in the East one finds a growing number of bondholders—widows and spinster daughters of rich men, heirs indifferent to money-making—who feel social compunction and interest themselves in social reform. In the Middle West, outside a few large cities, the people of means who are semi-detached from industry and care for social reform are very few. Hence, in the Middle West social legislation witnesses to the instinct of the plain people rather than to the initiative of the leisured.

CULTURE EAST AND WEST

FIFTY years ago family intercourse, money-making, religion, and politics summed up the strong interests of life in the Middle West, while music, art, literature, and science were neglected. Outside a few university centers, easy popular standards of excellence prevailed, and there was little spur to high achievement in any line. If we note the birthplace of the first thousand of living American men of science, we find that 509 of them were born in the East, and only half as many in the Middle West. Yet, in 1860, about the time these future scientists were coming into the world, the Middle West had six sevenths as many people as the East. The difference measures the former backwardness of the West in cultivated homes, educational opportunities, and stimulus to scientific pursuits. Again, of living Americans listed in "Who 's Who in America," the Middle West contributes 44 for every 100,000 inhabitants it had in 1860, while the East contributes 82, or nearly twice as many.

Since then the progress of the region has been so rapid that to-day it stands virtually abreast of the East in visible provision for the higher life. Comparison of the two regions in literacy, in public instruction, in state aid to schools, in library extension, in penal systems, in state care of defectives, in anti-tuberculosis activities, in city-park systems, and in the beauty of public buildings, shows little or no difference. The East is ahead in urban sanitation, the Grange movement and the woman's club movement, while the Middle West makes the better showing in city-planning, state parks, and the establishment of legislative reference libraries. In public libraries there is a gap, narrowing, but not yet closed. The West has only two libraries where the East has three, owns less than half as many books, and reports only two thirds the number of book-borrowers. The fact that the libraries of the older region have eight times as much endowment throws some light on the difference.

Some years ago Mr. Howells made the startling suggestion that perhaps the literary capital of the moment was not New York or Boston, but Indianapolis. It is, indeed, not easy to explain the Indiana group of imaginative writers, and one feels there is no telling when a spring of literature may open still farther west. On the other hand, when one marks the strength of their German element, one does not marvel that Cincinnati and Chicago support as good musical organizations as can be found in the United States.

Recently an Oxford fellow visited us for the first time, and in his letters to an architect friend in England he commented unfavorably upon the people of the Middle West. "What you say about those Americans is incredible," wrote back the Englishman. "If they care so little for beauty, tell me why is it they are at present putting into their homes and public buildings some of the finest architecture of our time?"

Aside from two or three journals read by the élite, the newspapers of the East impress me as less quiet and sane than those of the Middle West. A Chicago news-stand is less suggestive of bedlam than one in New York or even in Boston. The saffron screamers of the middle-sized cities seem to cater to left-behinds, half-baked immigrants, and petty social climbers. In cities of like size in the Missouri Valley the newspapers obviously reflect the taste of a well-balanced and thinking people.

INTELLECTUAL FAULTS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

IF not many peaks shoot up from this high plateau, it is because certain faults vitiate the intellectual strivings of Westerners. Not long ago the Oxford dons were induced to set down their opinion of the Rhodes scholars from America. In their confidential reports these picked college-bred Americans are described as "superficial and inaccurate," "singularly uneducated," "lacking in accuracy and the power of hard grind," "inclined to drift from one subject to another, resting content with a bird's-eye view," "dilettante," "restless, volatile, never educated *gründlich.*" There is complaint of their "superficiality of training and diffuseness of interests," although some dons admit they are "above the average in industry and interest in their work." Now, these are, broadly speaking, American faults, but I think the East has got rid of them more than the Middle West. In the first grapple with nature, alertness and resourcefulness are the prime intellectual virtues. It is complex society, with its specialization and its demand for skill, that drives home the need of thorough training and careful preparation for one's work. The vocations are as differentiated in the West as in the East, but the slack standards of the recent pioneer past live on.

In the absence of small, well-defined areas and of little historic commonwealths, the spatial imagination is quickened in the inhabitants of this great Mississippi Valley. Nature sets no limits, and no community sees reason for imposing limits of its own making. Hence arises a passion for magnitude. The Westerner thinks of growth in terms of size, and his taste for leaping totals is insatiable. Glibly from his tongue roll figures of crop values, output of factories, tonnage totals, trade volume, bank clearings, height of sky-scrapers, miles of asphalt, acres of parks, enrolment of pupils, and membership in churches.

This, too, is an American fault, to care more for growth in quantity than for refinement in quality; but I fancy one has to hunt longer west of Pittsburg than east of it for that reflective Remnant who wonder if the staggering crop total stands for soil-robbing, if the "phenomenal" tory output represents "speeding up," the swelling rail tonnage reflects headl deforestation—the discerning few v care more for deepening popular thou than for expanding library circulation, improving teaching than for regiment more children in the schools, for inspir a feeling for art than for acquiring c vases, for spiritualizing lives than gaining communicants.

THE EXODUS OF THE GREEKS

THERE is a marked gravitation of M dle-Western ability toward our Europe frontage, where the talents find inspi tion, appreciation, and a market for th wares. A Western city has its disti guished public men,—judges, bisho lawyers, educators, and engineers,—b the Eastern city is the Mecca for inve tors, chemists, artists, sculptors, illustr tors, musicians, and authors. Out forty-seven residents of Springfield, Ma sachusetts, whose names are in "Who Who," twelve are authors and artists; o of forty-nine such in Omaha, not one author or artist. East Orange with fift three names boasts ten authors; Kansa City with forty-five names has none. the pages of that directory are repre sentative, much of the cream of the Ame ican intellect gathers in southern Ne England and in the vicinity of Ne York. Boston and St. Louis are matche in size; but the former has 870 names i "Who 's Who," the latter only 22 Chicago has forty-one per cent. more pe ple than Philadelphia, but only ninetee per cent. more citizens of eminenc Hartford, a third the size of Minneapoli has six sevenths as many residents of not New Haven, with about the same nu ber of people as Omaha, has three tim as many citizens one hears about. Ne York has ten times the population of D troit, but it holds thirty times as man persons of prominence. Kansas Cit twice as big as Cambridge, has a fourt as many names on the roll of fame. T be sure, Bridgeport and Newark and Bu falo come off badly in comparison wit Denver and Cincinnati, but the fact re mains that out of twelve thousand perso of note dwelling between the North A lantic and the Rockies, the East is th

home of seventy per cent., whereas its proportionate share should be only forty-six per cent.

It is not surprising, then, that in the Middle West persons of literary or intellectual note are much oftener of university connection than in the East. The presence or absence of a university makes a bigger difference than in the older region, where more writers and thinkers are supported by inherited means or by the literary market than by a professor's salary.

Besides the emigration of people of talent, there is a continual drifting away of persons who might help form the taste of their community. The Middle West is a far richer area than the East. From the eastern edge of Ohio travel due west to North Platte, Nebraska,—more than twelve hundred miles,—and never at one time will you have under your eye two square miles of poor land. Clearly, this well-dowered region is to be the seat of numbers, comfort, wealth, and power. But it is singularly uniform, and, though pleasing, is lacking in physical charm and striking scenery. The tendency of the Middle Westerners who can live where they please to seek mountain or sea is already pronounced, and will become stronger. The segregation process which is making central England industrial and southern England residential will show itself here. People of the interior who do not remove to genial Florida or picturesque California will seek the pleasure cities of the seaboard, the cultivated suburbs near the big centers, or the lovely spots amid the hills, lakes, and valleys of the Appalachians.

WILL THE MIDDLE WEST BECOME LIKE THE EAST?

SINCE the East in its colonial period had many "Western" characteristics, since the Middle West itself presents a smooth gradation,—for the traits of Kansas to-day were the traits of Ohio in 1850,—some predict that the Middle West is to take on in time the present characteristics of the East. I doubt it. Certain factors are at work that may long hold the two regions apart.

By its geographical position the Mississippi Valley escapes the temptation to look constantly across the water and model itself on Old-World, especially English, patterns. Screened in a measure from the sapping seductiveness of foreign example, it seems destined to be the most "American" part of our country. Moreover, growth in wealth, prestige, and political power will lend it courage to break away from Eastern example and dare to be itself.

While from Western towns stream continually those who yield to the scenic, cultural, or social attractions of the East, there is a counterbalancing flow from the older region of persons who covet the freedom and unconventionality of the West. This interchange of misfits retards the assimilation of the two to each other.

Finally, since the disappearance of the frontier, it is the East, not the West, that absorbs the bulk of our immigrants. The sinister phenomena that more and more crop up in the East from the presence of an enormous and growing number of raw aliens cannot but lower the prestige of the East in the rest of the country and lessen the willingness of other Americans to take it as a model.

Still, the nationalizing forces will not be idle. No doubt the East will follow the Middle West in the assumption of higher education by the State, in the restoration of popular control over government, in the regulation of railroad and public-utility companies, in the extension of equal educational, industrial, and political opportunities to women. On the other hand, the Middle West will probably become more like the East in the strength of the investor element, in the consequent tenderness for vested rights, in aversion to the wildcat speculative spirit, in greater attention to family and lineage, in higher standards of technical excellence, and in the conforming of individual opinion to established or expert opinion.

THE END OF THE SERIES

TOPICS OF THE TIME

LABOR-UNIONS NOT OMNIPOTENT

THE Lawrence strike, the great English coal strike, together with other demonstrations of the extent of the industrial unrest through which we are passing, seem to have gone to the heads of some people. If we are to take soberly what these persons say, an unsettled time unsettles judgment. For they have been so impressed by the power of organized labor that they are rash enough to say that all things are possible to it in our modern world. A leader in the use of wild and whirling words on this subject was, unexpectedly, a prominent New York clergyman. In a letter to a newspaper he declared, over his own signature, that the events of the day had shown laboring-men that, if they stood together, they could have everything their own way. As this religious teacher phrased it, organized labor can now get "whatever it wants."

If it were a question of stark power, irrespective of methods and regardless of consequences, there might be some truth in this. If the laboring-men of the world chose to take the position that they would work no more, there would of course be no way of compelling them to return to their tasks. They could pull down the industrial world in ruins, though in the wreck they themselves would be involved. Like Samson toppling over the pillars of the building, they would have to say, "Let me die with the Philistines." It would be one common disaster in which the labor-unions would be destroyed with the rest of the world. But it is certain that neither they nor any other body of men possessing great power will ever desire to use it with the effect of committing suicide. Their strength they must always think of as a means of gaining feasible ends; so that, after all these admiring or shuddering exclamations at the power of organized labor, we always come back to the question what it is feasible for trades-unions to attain.

Now, the moment we begin to discuss the question so stated, we perceive at on that there are many sure and definite lir its to the power of labor organizatior Their omnipotence is only theoretical, ar in seeming. In actual fact they a thrown, like the rest of us, into a wor of give-and-take. In it no man or asso ation can think of getting whatever m be wanted. The possible always overric the extreme of the desired. And there a things which labor-unions, no matter hc powerful they may be on paper, cann obtain, however vehemently they may c sire them.

For example, in a democracy they ca not break down the principle of the go of the greatest number. Take the clai of organized labor at their most inflat figure, and they are not able to show th the unions represent more than a sm minority of the population. They rep sent only a minority even of working-me Estimates and statistics vary from year year, with the condition of industry a the state of the labor market, but the mc sanguine unionists have never pretend that more than from twenty to twen five per cent. of the actual labor force this country is "organized." The va number of manual laborers and work on the soil, together with the multitude artisans in small shops in towns and v lages, remain outside. So that an exc sive demand by organized labor is rea a demand that the majority of workin men be made to shoulder the burdens f the minority. And if we also reckon the millions who would have to help car the loads and pay the bills imposed the labor-unions, we see that the lat are, in effect, seeking to overturn the rig of the majority to rule. But it is simp inconceivable that a great and free dem racy would ever tolerate an exclusive pri ilege of that kind, amounting as it wou to an oppressive tyranny. Say what has tongues may about the invincible might labor-unions, here is a limit beyond whi they may not pass.

Nor is there any conceivable way

which working-men, organized or not, can get out of a business more than they put into it—more, that is, than the portion of goods fairly falling to labor. No one maintains in its strict form the older "wages-fund" doctrine of the political economists, that before the process of manufacture begins there is a definite sum set aside out of which alone working-men must be paid. That is perceived to-day to be an incomplete analysis of the actual process. But this admission does not alter the essential reasons why labor can get no more than its fair share. If it insists upon too high wages for its work, the consuming public will rebel, and leave no work at all and no wages for that particular industry. And there are inexorable limits in the returns which capital must have if it is to be invested at all and create a demand for labor. Let it freely be conceded that organized labor can cut its own throat if it is foolish enough or desperate enough to do so; but it has no power, and never can have, to take out of the great manufactures and producing industries of the land more dollars in wages than it puts into them in work.

In fine, the omnipotent labor-union of the clergyman's conception is a myth. Far from being able to secure whatever it wants, it must be content, like other mortals, to put up with what it can get. It may confidently count upon having full justice done it. Its usefulness in enabling large bodies of workers to unite and to press for reasonable advantages and redress of grievances nobody any longer questions. But in the very constitution of society and in the spirit of democracy, there are fixed metes and bounds beyond which it cannot go. Whatever its rights, they cannot be made superior to the rights of freemen. Whatever its power, it must submit to the imperious limits determined by social and economic conditions. It may have a giant's strength, but if it uses that strength tyrannously or wickedly, it will find itself broken by forces far mightier than any it can command.

NEWSPAPER CRUELTY

OF all the motives which enter into the business of making and circulating a "great [sensational] newspaper," the motive involving cruelty to private persons and families is at once the most noticeable, and the most difficult to harmonize with the ordinary rules of conduct, not to speak of justice. Some purpose of serving the public interest, more or less far-fetched, is always, and easily, woven into the fabric of the day-by-day or week-by-week exposure of private misfortune; but the real object of the exploitation is to stimulate the sale of the newspaper and thereby maintain "circulation."

Whether the public interest is, in fact, served or thwarted, it is obvious that such cruelty results in good "business" for the newspaper. The rivalry of the press in business is such that when the most reckless newspaper succeeds in finding a motive for putting a family of any sort of prominence into the pillory of public curiosity, its competitors (and even those of less willingness to crucify private persons for newspaper gain) are drawn by the noise and conspicuousness of the outrage into the general mêlée of insinuation and scandal. Failure to participate would mark them as lacking in the sort of ruthless vigor which is the only guaranty of a rising circulation.

While thousands of citizens appreciate the ignominy of the prevailing apathy toward such invasions of private rights for commercial profit, and are aware that anybody's turn may come next,—since the daily meal of social sensation must be served,—the mass of readers readily accept the practice as the chartered right of a "free press."

In the past year there have been extreme instances of such newspaper cruelty, with almost no comment on them either in public or in private. Like the misfortunes which come to others as "visitations of Providence," everybody who is not personally hit finds it easy to bear them.

A case of singular cruelty was the treatment of a family whose daughter suddenly passed out of the ken of friends and protectors. No record of the dark ages could surpass it for refinement of mental torture and spiritual suffering, sometimes inflicted with a pretense of helping the family out of its suspense.

Even a greater outrage on private feelings was the hue-and-cry started by a newspaper for the release of a confessed criminal whose chief merit as an asset of sensation was his claim of a scandalous

motive for the adventure which resulted in his severe sentence for burglary, accompanied by an unprovoked assault as atrocious as such a crime can be which does not result in actual murder. Dread of newspaper notoriety would of itself account for a certain lack of force in handling this criminal, and for the absence of noisy ceremony in despatching him to prison. But any sign of shrinking from press exploitation is regarded by the sensational newspaper as proof of something to conceal, and the more intangible the suspicion, the easier it is to ornament the "mystery" with evil suggestions. At a large public dinner the head of this tortured family made bold to say that a community in which such things could be so lightly perpetrated was worthy of pity. Yet which is more pitiless, the enterprise of the newspaper or the indifference of the community? Also on that occasion Mr. Edwin Markham read a poem which proved singularly applicable, containing as it did these ringing lines:

What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the State? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed,
The homely old integrities of soul,
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

An editorial in THE CENTURY for February suggested "A Curb for the Sensational Press" through the enactment of a national law to affect newspapers distributed by the lines of interstate commerce. It was urged that the French press law, which for more than forty years has worked to the satisfaction of an enlightened republic, might well be enacted in America as a moderate means of protecting helpless humanity against such newspapers as exploit men and women in the regular line of drumming up sensation to feed "circulation." Under the French law a citizen who has been served up in a newspaper has the right to reply in the offending journal, with equal space. Such a law would at once curtail the amount of cruelty that may be wrought in the interest of newspaper profits. So long as the owner of a printing-press may have a free hand in playing the spot-light, with all its shades of insinuation, on the writhing dividual or family, he may laugh at postulation, and at corrections printed rival newspapers; but if a law sho compel him to set a plain statement facts, on the authority of the person w is affected, column for column, on same page where the original sensat was displayed, the reading public, wh is fair, even when it is weak enough to beguiled by degrading scandal, wo readily distinguish the newsmonger fr the journalist.

Among our numerous exchanges onl single one appears to have found in t suggestion of a restraining law anythi worthy of comment. That isolated ne paper—"The Christian Science Monit —extended the discussion by urging t some legal curb was also necessary to sa guard the machinery of justice from ne paper license. But the sensational pr will not be deeply impressed by the op ion of that journal, since its own sche of business is to exclude trivial gossip, cial scandal, and revolting crimes from extensive news columns.

Conservative proprietors of newspap privately deplore the peril to society wh resides in the subtle and cynical exam of the sensational press. Are they sa fied with their own influence upon th staff and, through them, upon those w are reached by their daily product? their own standards are high and fine, they not themselves too passive under t degradation of their calling? Mr. Ma ham is right: along with

The homely old integrities of soul

we need

The fine audacities of honest deed.

TEACHING VIOLENCE TO WOMI

NOT only in America, but also in E rope, this is increasingly an epo of violence. Whatever part of this eb lition may be attributed to the reacti against tyranny, greed, and injustice, much larger part is reasonably ascribal to the laxity of discipline and the ir sponsibility of speech which permeate classes of society. It is not only in Presidential year that Americans find desirable to brace their minds against t brain-storms of public and private v

lence; without being initially imaginative, our compatriots are by nature impulsively responsive to the appeal to the imagination when it is made by others—more so than are the more phlegmatic of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race; and this, with the additional and often fiery ingredients of Latin and Slavonic immigration are making of America a veritable "melting-pot" that seems to be perpetually at the point of seething.

Some of this turmoil is natural and wholesome. Until we reach a perfect social system, stagnation would imply indifference and decay. But under it all—indeed, at the top of it all—is discernible a dangerous and growing willingness to substitute for the orderly and rational processes of human progress what is called the "short cut" of violent methods. Never was there greater need to cultivate sanity and moderation, and to hold to one's highest ideals. For familiarity with crime begets tolerance of crime; violence of speech begets violence of action. And woe to the nation where reason gives way to impulse, and character attracts less than temperament!

One need not be committed to the cause of universal suffrage to hold that it is not at all regrettable that women should be seriously thinking of their relation to the body politic. The criticism to which many suffragists are open is rather that the consideration of the matter is not sufficiently serious, as becomes a revolution of such grave import; that many are impelled by fashion rather than by conviction. Commendable is the sentiment of the Confederate prisoner who, when asked why he was fighting against the Government, said he did n't exactly know, but added, "If there are any of my rights I have n't got, I want 'em." This is the spirit in which democracy has been kept alive, and it is wholesome and necessary, quite apart from the determination of what those rights are and how they may be obtained.

The renewed violence of the militant wing of the English suffragists and the prompt action of the authorities in suppressing it ought to set American women to reflecting that if they are to give aid and comfort to such a policy, they must assume more responsibilities than those that attach to the serving of afternoon tea. All government is founded on force, and those who take the sword shall perish by the sword. They must not expect that chivalry or personal favor or natural forbearance can long be effective to retard the automatic operation of the laws which they elect to defy. But, beyond this, they may well consider the influence of the example and teaching of such a policy upon themselves, upon their children, and upon society. That this is not uncalled-for counsel is manifest in the daily conversation of many women who (despite the reprobation of the violent policy which has been made by a few of the prominent American advocates of the ballot for women—including, conspicuously, the New York "Evening Post") yet show that they are unconvinced that that policy is fundamentally wrong. They have not risen to the sound standard set by Mrs. Fawcett, President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies of England, who in a letter to the London "Times" disavowing the policy of violence, says that "the same arguments which were used to justify stone-throwing would justify every sort of crime for political ends." They do not realize that it is not so much this policy that is on trial as themselves, now that thoughtful men are considering what attitude of mind women would be likely to bring to the duties which it is thought desirable they should assume.

In this epoch of violence of which we speak, it is particularly important that this movement, not unnaturally surcharged with emotionalism, should be a means of education to women in moderate thinking and public duty. Some sense of proportion must be preserved. If the demand for "rights" is not to be accompanied by the inculcation of a scrupulous regard for the rights of others, it will be but a sowing of dragon's teeth. One hears on all sides such low political morality as, "We are doing only what men have taught us," or, "what men have always done," and that notorious error, "No one ever gets rights except by violence." Whether the cause succeed or fail, it is certainly in the public interest that the instruction in the principles of government which it carries with it should be sound and should be a buttress and not an undermining of public order. It is not necessary that one should wait until she obtains the suffrage as a right before

learning to regard its exercise as a duty. The influence of right or loose thinking in the women of to-day is sure to be felt in their sons and daughters, who are to be the men and women that will give tone to the public opinion of to-morrow.

A DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO ART

THANKS are due to Mr. Otto Kahn and his associates in the directory of the Metropolitan Opera from all who are interested in American music, and particularly in the establishment of opera in the English language, for the generous support and effective representation which they have given to "Mona," the new opera by Dr. Horatio Parker, written to the book by Mr. Brian Hooker. This work, which, among twenty-five contestants, was unanimously awarded the prize offered by the directors, has such substantial merits on one hand in the o chestration and the music for the voice and on the other in the poetic, imaginativ and dramatic text, that the experimei has more than justified the public spirit the directors, which, in a pioneer mov ment such as this, amounts to an impo tant patriotic service. At a time when tl foundations of material, educational, ar scientific institutions are being laid wi and deep in this country, too much appr ciation cannot be given to gentlemen wh perceive the necessity of encouraging tl creative arts. Dr. Parker's primacy as a American composer was already esta lished and recognized. Mr. Hooker's ter and vigorous blank-verse, which gives the atmosphere of Britain in the Roma period, with interesting action advance through well-rounded characters, in nat ral and logical movement, at once plac the author in the front rank of livir American poets.

OPEN LETTERS

ON REALISM AS AN INVESTMENT

From a Real-Estate Dealer to a Realistic Novelist

Dear Sir:

I have been for some time interested in your projects for the improvement of literature. When I saw your name in the newspapers, I looked you up in "Who 's Who," and found that your rating is excellent. What pleased me was the bold way you attacked the old firms which have been living on their reputations. The way you showed up Dickens, Thackeray & Co. showed that you know a thing or two. As for W. Scott and the other speculators who have been preying on the credulity of the public, you gave them something to think about. You showed conclusively that instead of dealing in hard facts, they have been handing out fiction under the guise of novels.

Our minds run the same channe you deal in realit and I deal in realt but the principle the same. I inclo some of the liter ture which I a sending out. You se I warn people again investing in stoc and bonds. These a mere paper secu ties, which take to themselves wings and f away. But if you can get hold of a fe acres of dirt, there you are. When a pan comes along, and Wall Street goes smash, you can sit on your front porch Goshenville without a care. You have yo little all in something real.

You followed the same line of argume tation. You showed that there was nothi imaginative about your work. You cou give a warranty deed for every fact whic

you put on the market. I was so pleased with your method that I bought a job lot of your books, so that I could see for myself how you conducted your business. Will you allow me, as one in the same line, to indulge in a little criticism? I am afraid that you are making the same mistake I made when I first went into real estate. I was so possessed with the idea of the value of land that I became "land poor." It strikes me that a novelist may become reality poor in the same way; that is, by investing in a great many realities that are not worth what he pays for them.

You see, there is a fact which we do not mention in our circulars. There is a great deal of land lying out of doors. *Some* land is in great demand, and the real trick is to find out what that land is. You can't go out on the plains of Wyoming and give an acre of land the same value which an acre has in the Wall Street district. I speak from experience, having tried to convince the public that if the acres are real, the values I suggested must be real also. People would n't believe me, and I lost money.

And the same thing is true about improvements. They must be related to the market value of the land on which they are placed. A forty-story building at Goshenville Corners would be a mistake. There is no call for it.

This is the mistake which I fear you have been making. Your novel is a carefully prepared structure, and must have cost a great deal, but it is built on ground which is not valuable enough to justify the investment. You yourself declare that you have no particular interest in the characters you describe at such length. All that you have to say for them is that they are real. It is as if I were to put up an expensive apartment-house on a vacant lot I have at North Ovid. North Ovid is real, and so would be the apartment-house; but what of it?

There are ninety millions of people in this country, all with characters which might be carefully studied, if we had time. But we have n't the time. So we have to choose our intimates. We prefer to know those who seem to us most worth knowing. You should remember that the novelist has no monopoly on realism. The newspapers are full of all sorts of realities. The historian is a keen competitor.

Do you know that when I went to the book store to get your works I fell in with a book on Garibaldi by a man named Trevelyan. When I got home I sat down with it and could n't let it go.

Garibaldi was all the time doing things, which you never allow your characters to do because you think they would not be real. He was acting in the most romantic and heroic manner possible. And his Thousand trooped after him as gaily as if they were in a melodrama. And yet I understand that Garibaldi was a real person, and that his exploits can be authenticated.

The competition in your line of business is fierce. You try to hold the reader's attention to the states of mind of a few futile persons who never did anything in particular that would make people want to know them exhaustively. And then along comes the historian who tells all about some one who does things they are interested in.

Now, if I were going to build a realistic novel, and had as much skill in detail as you have, and as much intellectual capital to invest, I would go right down to the business center, so to speak, and invest in a really valuable piece of reality; and then I would develop it. The first investment might seem pretty steep, but it would pay in the end. If you could get a big man, enthusiastic over a big cause, in conflict with big forces, and bring in a lot of worth-while people to back him up, and then bring the whole thing to some big conclusion, you would have a novel that would be as real as the history I have been reading, and as interesting. I think it would be worth trying.

Respectfully yours,
R. S. Landmann.

P.S. If you don't feel that you can afford to make such a heavy investment as I have suggested, why don't you put your material into a short story?

ON A VERY SPECIAL CALLING

From a Family Friend to a Young Parasite

My dear Boy:

As you know, I was your father's closest friend for many years, and I have watched with interest, but I confess not without anxiety, your first attempts in a career of which he was in my young days the most brilliant exemplar.

You will not take it ill in a man of my years, and in one as devoted to your family as I am and have proved myself to be, if I tender you a word of advice.

The profession upon which you have engaged is one of the most difficult in the world. It does not offer the great prizes which attend the best forms of cheating, bullying, and blackmail, and at the same time it is highly limited, and offers opportunities to only a handful of the finer souls.

Nevertheless, I am not writing this to dissuade you for one moment from its pursuit. There is something in the fine arts difficult to define, but very deeply felt by every one, which makes them of themselves a sort of compensation for their economic limitations. The artist, the poet, and the actor expect to live, and hope to live well, but each knows how few are the prizes, and each in his heart expects something more than a mere money compensation. So should it be in that great profession which you have undertaken in the light of your father's example.

In connection with that, I think it my duty to point out to you that even the greatest success in this special calling is only modest compared with successes obtained at the bar, in commerce, or even in politics. You will never become a wealthy man. I do not desire it for you. It should be yours, if you succeed, to enjoy wealth without its responsibility, and to consume the good things our civilization presents to the wealthy without avarice, without the memory of preceding poverty, and, above all, without the torturing necessity of considering the less fortunate of your kind.

You must not expect, my dear young man, to leave even a modest competence; therefore you must not expect to marry and provide for children. The parasite must be celibate. I have never known the rule to fail, at least in our sex. You will tell me, perhaps, that in the course of your career, continually inhabiting the houses of the rich, studying their manners, and supplying their wants, you cannot fail to meet some heiress; that you do not see why, this being the case, you should not marry her, to your lasting advantage.

Let me beg you, with all the earnestness in my power, to put such thoughts from you altogether. They are as fatal to a parasite's success as early commercial bargaining to that of a painter. You must in the first ten years of your exercises devote yourself wholly to your great calling. By the time you have done that you will have unlearned or forgotten all that goes with a wealthy marriage; its heavy responsibilities will be odious to you, its sense of dependence intolerable. Moreover (though you may think it a little cynical of me to say so), I must assure you that no one, even a man with your exalted ideal, can make a success of married life unless he enters it with some considerable respect for his partner. Now, it is easy for the man who lays himself out for a rich marriage (and that is a business quite different from your own, and one, therefore, on which I will not enter) to respect his wife. Such men are commonly possessed, or soon become possessed, of a simple and profound religion, which is the worship of money, and when they have found their inevitable choice, her substance, or that of her father, surrounds her with a halo that does not fade. You could hope for no such illusions. The very first year of your vocation (if you pursue it industrially and honestly) will destroy in you the possibility of any form of worship whatsoever. No, it will be yours to take up with dignity, and I trust in some permanent fashion, that position of parasite which is a proper and necessary adjunct in every wealthy family, and which, when it is once well and industrially occupied, I have never known to fail in promoting the happiness of its incumbent.

Let me turn from all this and give you a few rough rules which should guide you in the earlier part of your way. You will not, I am sure, reject them lightly, coming as

they do from a friend of my standing and experience. Young men commonly regard the advice of their elders as something too crude to be observed. It is a fatal error. What they take for crudity is only the terseness and pressure of accumulated experience.

The first main rule is to take note of that limit of insult and contempt beyond which your master will revolt. Note carefully what I say. No one, and least of all the prosperous, especially when their prosperity is combined with culture, will long tolerate flattery. A certain indifference, spiced with occasional contempt and not infrequent insolence, is what those of jaded appetite look for in any permanent companion. Without a full knowledge of this great truth, hundreds of your compeers have fallen early upon the field, never to rise again. For if it is true that the wealthy and the refined demand much seasoning in their companionship, it is equally true that there is a fairly sharp boundary beyond which they suddenly revolt. Henry Bellarmine was thrust out of the Congletons' house for no other reason. The same cause led to poor Ralph Pagberry's imprisonment, and I could quote you hosts of others.

My next rule is that you should never, under any temptation of weather, or ill health, or fatigue, permit yourself really and thoroughly to bore either your patron or any one of his guests, near relatives, or advisers. As it is not easy for a young man to know when he is boring the well-to-do, let me give you a few hints.

When the rich begin to talk one to the other in your presence without noticing you, it is a sign. When they answer what you are saying to them in a manner totally irrelevant, it is another. When they smile very sympathetically, but at something else in the room, not your face, it is a third. And when they give an interested exclamation, such as, "No doubt. No doubt," or, "I can well believe it," such expressions having no relation to what passed immediately before, it is a fourth.

Add to these criteria certain plain rules, such as never upon any account to read aloud to the rich unless they constrain you to do so, never to sing, never to be the last to leave the room or to go to bed, and you will not sin upon this score.

Let me give you a further rule, which is, to agree with the women. It is very difficult for one of our sex to remember this, because our sex loves argument and is with difficulty persuaded that contradiction and even controversy are intolerable to ladies. Mold your conversation with them in such a fashion that they may hear from you either a brilliant account at second hand of themselves or a very odious one of their friends; but do not be so foolish as to touch upon abstract matters, and if these by any chance fall into the conversation, simply discover your companion's real or supposed position, and agree with it.

I have little more to add. Be courteous to all chance guests in the house. You will tell me, justly enough, that the great majority of them will be unimportant or poor or both. But the point is that you can never tell when one of them may turn out to be, either then or in the future, important or rich or both. The rule is simple and absolute. Cultivate courtesy, avoid affection; use the first upon all occasions, and forget so much as the meaning of the second.

Lastly, drink wine, but drink it in moderation. I have known admirably successful parasites who were total abstainers, but only in the houses of fanatics with whom this peculiar habit was a creed. The moment these successful men passed to other employers, I was interested to note that they at once abandoned the foolish trick. But if it is important not to fall into the Mohammedan foible of total abstinence from wine, it is, if anything, even more important never upon any occasion whatsoever to exceed in it. Excess in wine is dangerous in a degree to the burglar, the thief, the money-lender, the poisoner, and many professions other than your own, but in that which you have chosen it is not *dangerous,* but *fatal.* Let such excess be apparent once in the career of a young parasite, and that career is as good as done for. I urge this truth upon you most solemnly, my dear lad, by way of ending.

I wish you the best of luck, and I am your poor father's devoted friend and your own,

H. Belloc.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by Walt Kuhn

TRIBULATIONS OF THE POLICE

"Which nest did you fall out of, little boy?"

NEW RULES AT THE BIRD-HOUSE

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

Please do not whip the Whippoorwill.
The Thrasher do not thrash.
The Corn-crake standing near the door is not for succotash.
Please do not gull the gentle Gull. Chaff not the Chaffinch bold.
Pray do not ask the Goldfinch if he 's only plated gold.
Pray do not chatter with the Chat. The Sparrow's feelings spare.
The Crossbill do not cross; it is a thing he cannot bear.
Beware of robbing Robins here. Don't spend the Guinea-hen.
The Penguin do not dip in ink; he is no common pen.
Please do not puff the Puffin up. Don't blow the Flicker out.
The Curlew was not made to curl. Don't turn the Tern about.
Because the Pheasant wears a fez, for Turkey don't mistake him.
This Snowbird does not shovel walks, so do not try to make him.
This Bunting is no flag, so fly him not; nor yet, the Kite.
Please do not crack the Nuthatch; such a deed would not be right.
Pray do not swallow Swallows here, nor with the Spoonbill sup.
Umbrella-birds are n't made to raise, so do not put them up.
Pray do not cook the Cuckoo rare, nor bake the Oven-bird.
Call not the great Auk awkward, though his gait be most absurd.
Don't treat the Wagtail like a dog. The Lyre-bird do not doubt,
Nor call the Pouter-pigeon cross because you see him pout.
Remarks sarcastic not allowed. The Quail quails at a hit.
With biting speech we would not have our Bittern bit a bit.
And though you 've often shot a glance at shooting-stars for fun,
You 're here prohibited from shooting Starlings with a gun.

A SERMON ON THE CREATION

(From an Old Plantation Point of View)

BY MARGARET RUTHERFORD WILLETT

Dis ain't no nonsense story;
I got um f'om de book,
How de Lawd cast He eye f'om hebben
An' He vex' wid de way t'ings look.
Dis eart' bin a tarrified vision,
Jest a sea ob smoultin' glass—
Law! de brimstone hit you in de eye
Whicheber way you pass!
In de midst ob dis confusion
An' de tollin' ob de bell,
De Lawd mek He ponderation—
Dat 's what de Scripture tell.
For He study 'pon we trouble
In de darkness ob eart's sin
Till He tell He foreman angel
De work mus' now begin.
Well, Monday bin de day He tek
Fer start dis worl' so wide;
Soon in de mornin' He bin mek
De firmanment an' tide.
He t'row out creek an' ocean,
An' when He done He bes',
Den de Lawd bin berry weary,
So He sit down fer to res'.
Tuesday de Lawd let loose on eart'
De possum an' de coon,
Br'er Alligateh, Cooter, Fox—
Dat day He knock off soon.
Wednesday de sun an' moon lit up;
But ez He hang um dah,
De Lawd let fall one little piece
Dat crumbled into star.
T'ursday He mek a mild, sof' dew
Fer set out grass and grain,
De fiel's, de mountains, an' de streams,
Den He res' off again.

Friday—I sort er misfergit
De wus' t'ing mek dat day,
De rattlesnake, dat skeeter,
An' de nigger, some folks say.
You ain't doubt my ferocity,
My bredderin' ob de blest;
I tell yer, de Lawd bin weary
Dat day when He stop fer res'.

Now come de las' work ob de week—
Lawd! He turn man f'om dus',
An' when de day bin far expense
He mek up somet'ing wus.
Now, I ain't gwine to specify,—
De Lawd know' what is best,—
But since He put dat woman hyar,
No man ain't had no res'.

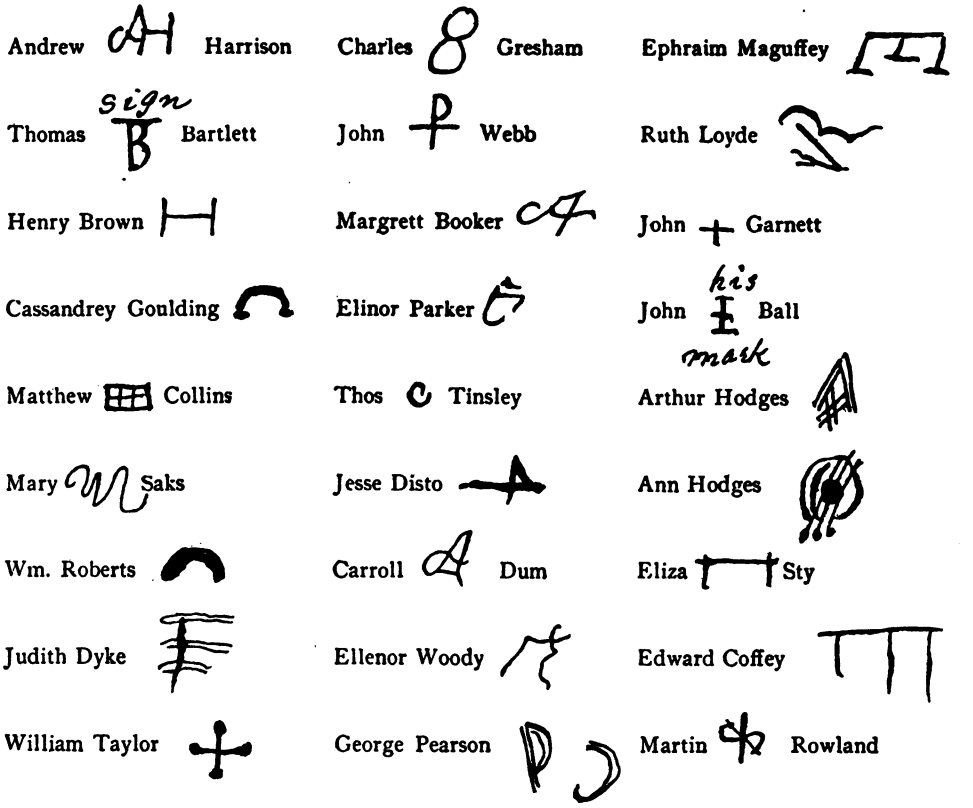
CURIOUS COLONIAL SIGNATURES

HOW SOME AMERICAN ANCESTORS MADE THEIR MARKS

BY ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

In these days it seems so natural for everybody to read and write that we are disposed to smile when we look over the records of our older States and find that our colonial forefathers and foremothers could not, for the most part, even write their own names. If the requirements of the law necessitated a signature at any time, the writing of the name was generally left to the county clerk, who spelled it after a fashion of his own, and the signer, with no fear of the schoolmaster before his eyes, boldly and unabashed added his mark.

Naturally, a person's mark was a matter of importance in those days, when nearly everybody used one, and a surprising variety of characters were employed for the purpose, as will be seen by reference to the examples here given. These were all copied from the records of Essex County, Virginia, which date back to the year 1656, a period not much further removed from the days of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith than we are to-day from the events of the great Civil War. Among them will be found some of the most aristocratic names in old Virginia,—Ball, Talbot, Gresham, Garnett, &c.,—good old family stocks that have

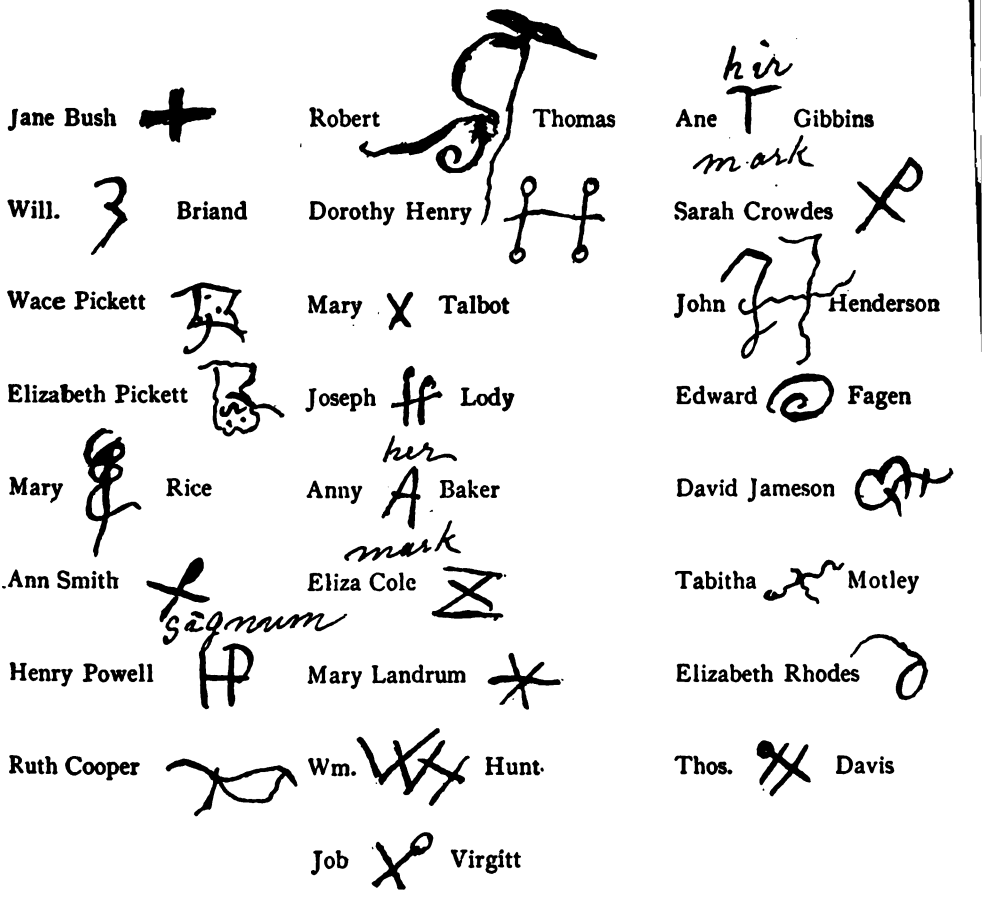


"made their mark" in more ways than one.

The simple cross mark (×) was comparatively rare, and, when used, was often embellished with flourishes and other variations. Sarah Crowdes and John Webb, for instance, convert theirs into the well-known religious emblem displayed on the pyx-cloth in Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches. Ann Smith turns one leg of hers into a drumstick; William Taylor adorns his with a knob at each end; Martin Rowland makes his into something like a whirligig. Sometimes there is a rude attempt at a monogram, as in the case of Andrew Harrison, Thomas Bartlett, Robert Thomas, William Hunt, and Henry Powell. Dorothy Henry has a wonderful H, with "rings on its fingers and bells on its toes," and Henry Brown, a broad, fat one. George Pearson has a double initial, but the G has somehow managed to get on its head, and land on the wrong side of the P, as if it had turned a somersault clear over its companion.

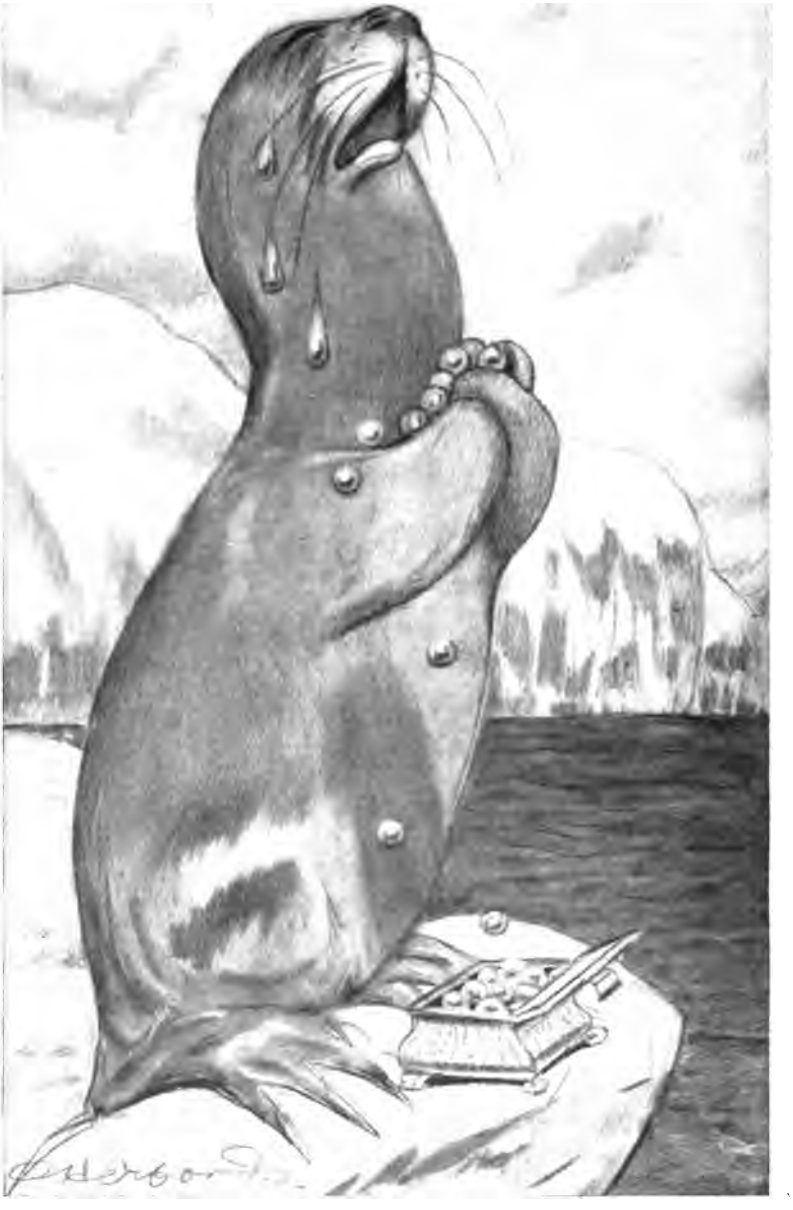
Nobody seems to have been at all concerned about which way the letters faced and no doubt they had just as much meaning for the signers one way as another. Why "Margrett" Booker and Carroll Dun should choose A for their signature, o Thomas Tinsley a C, Ane Gibbins a T Charles Gresham a figure 8, Mary Rice a coil of rope, and Elinor Parker a Semitic letter, must be left for the ingenuity of the reader to determine. There is no uniformity in placing the mark. Sometimes it is accompanied by the explanatory words, "his mark" or "her mark," or by the single word "sign," in plain English; sometimes it is dignified with the more ambitious Latin affix, "signum," as if it felt quite proud of itself: but more often it is set down without any ado, as if too much a matter of course to call for note or comment.

The frequency with which the "sign manual" appears in the old records proves that it was no disgrace in those days for a man not to know how to write, and as for the "females," I suspect the disgrace would have counted the other way.



LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD



VII—THE FEMININE SEAL

SAID a lacrymose Labrador seal,
When asked why she wept with such zeal,
"My tears are not lost,
In this antarctic frost:
To magnificent pearls they congeal."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

ST. FRANCIS RECEIVING FOOD FROM A PEASANT WOMAN IN ASSISI

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY M. BOUTET DE MONVEL

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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AN INTELLECTUAL NOVELTY IN PARIS

THE "CONFÉRENCES" BY DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS, ACTORS, AND COMPOSERS

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

Author of "Three Normandy Inns," "Cathedral Days," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

ON certain gray days last December, the saunterer along the Boulevard des Italiens might have seen the names of two famous Parisians starred in letters as big as those used to advertise a comic actor or a Russian dancer. The choice of a well-known music-hall as the scene of their joint appearance still further served to whet curiosity. What form of entertainment could M. Gaston Deschamps, one of the first of living French critics, and the "incomparable" Mme. Bartet of the Comédie Française give in the so-called "Salons de l'Olympia"?

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Certain tendencies in the times have helped to create and sustain the fury these "conférences" have excited. Mental and social tastes change with the centuries. The nineteenth century was

Friday—I sort er misfergit
De wus' t'ing mek dat day,
De rattlesnake, dat skeeter,
An' de nigger, some folks say.
You ain't doubt my ferocity,
My bredderin' ob de blest;
I tell yer, de Lawd bin weary
Dat day when He stop fer res'.

Now come de las' work ob de week—
Lawd! He turn man f'om dus',
An' when de day bin far expense
He mek up somet'ing wus.
Now, I ain't gwine to specify,—
De Lawd know' what is best,—
But since He put dat woman hyar,
No man ain't had no res'.

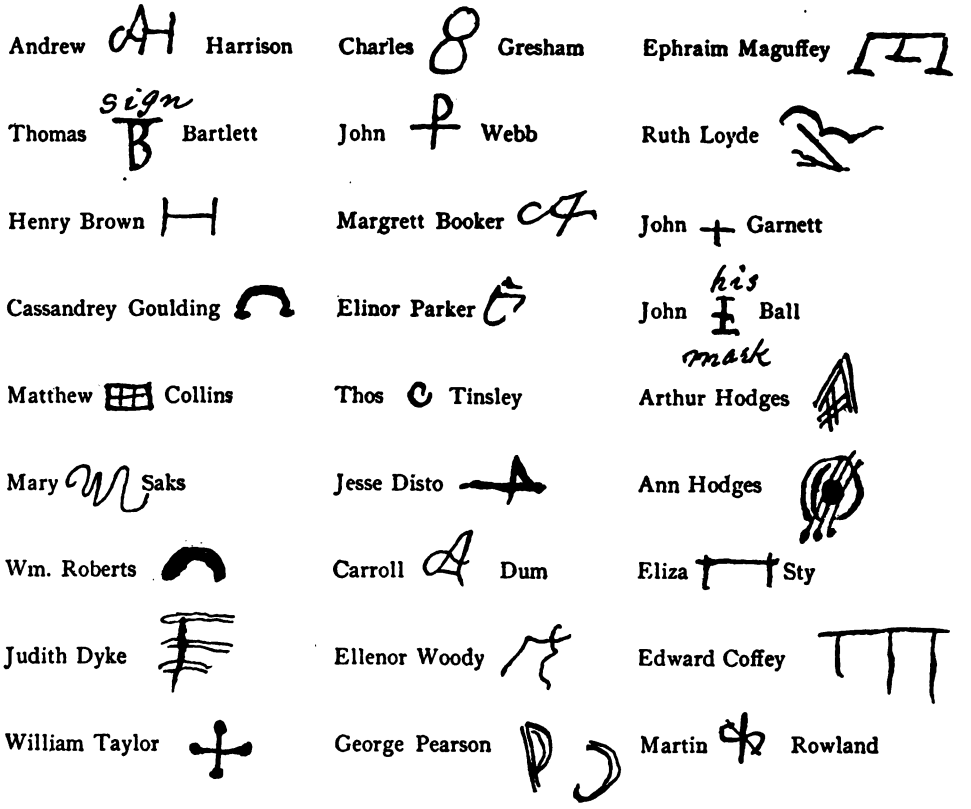
CURIOUS COLONIAL SIGNATURES

HOW SOME AMERICAN ANCESTORS MADE THEIR MARKS

BY ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

In these days it seems so natural for everybody to read and write that we are disposed to smile when we look over the records of our older States and find that our colonial forefathers and foremothers could not, for the most part, even write their own names. If the requirements of the law necessitated a signature at any time, the writing of the name was generally left to the county clerk, who spelled it after a fashion of his own, and the signer, with no fear of the schoolmaster before his eyes, boldly and unabashed added his mark.

Naturally, a person's mark was a matter of importance in those days, when nearly everybody used one, and a surprising variety of characters were employed for the purpose, as will be seen by reference to the examples here given. These were all copied from the records of Essex County, Virginia, which date back to the year 1656, a period not much further removed from the days of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith than we are to-day from the events of the great Civil War. Among them will be found some of the most aristocratic names in old Virginia,—Ball, Talbot, Gresham, Garnett, &c.,—good old family stocks that have

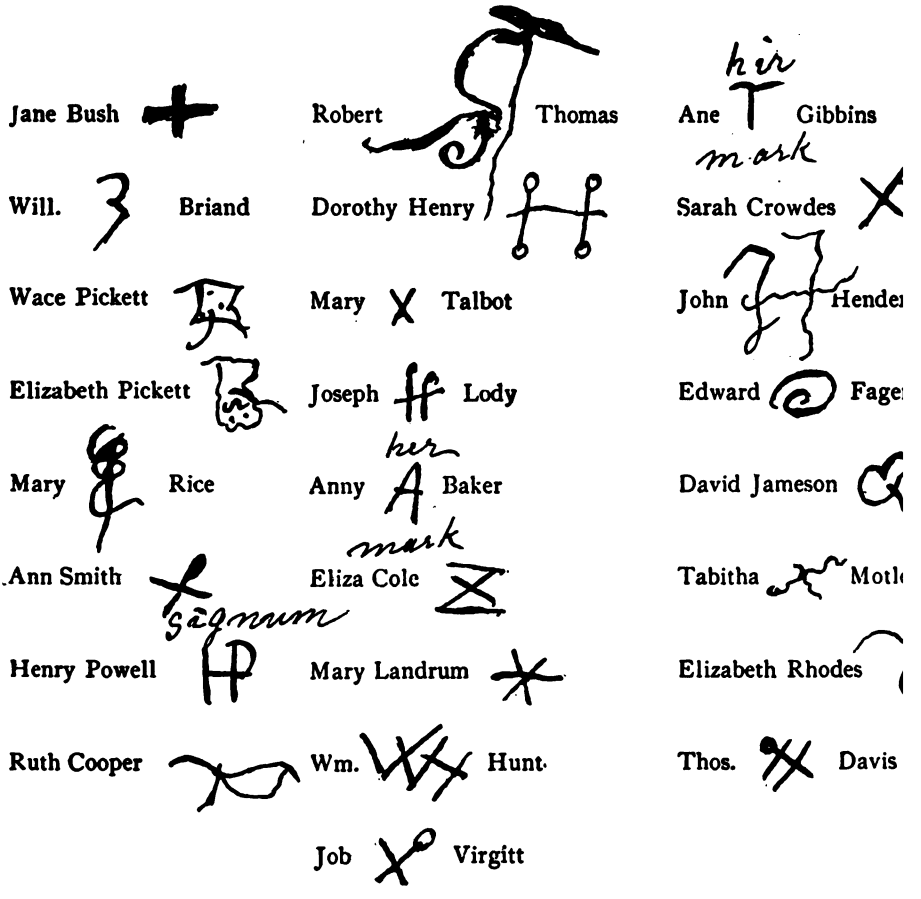


"made their mark" in more ways than one.

The simple cross mark (×) was comparatively rare, and, when used, was often embellished with flourishes and other variations. Sarah Crowdes and John Webb, for instance, convert theirs into the well-known religious emblem displayed on the pyx-cloth in Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches. Ann Smith turns one leg of hers into a drumstick; William Taylor adorns his with a knob at each end; Martin Rowland makes his into something like a whirligig. Sometimes there is a rude attempt at a monogram, as in the case of Andrew Harrison, Thomas Bartlett, Robert Thomas, William Hunt, and Henry Powell. Dorothy Henry has a wonderful H, with "rings on its fingers and bells on its toes," and Henry Brown, a broad, fat one. George Pearson has a double initial, but the G has somehow managed to get on its head, and land on the wrong side of the P, as if it had turned a somersault clear over its companion.

Nobody seems to have been at all concerned about which way the letters : and no doubt they had just as much i ing for the signers one way as an Why "Margrett" Booker and Carroll should choose A for their signatur Thomas Tinsley a C, Ane Gibbins Charles Gresham a figure 8, Mary F coil of rope, and Elinor Parker a S letter, must be left for the ingenuity reader to determine. There is no uni ity in placing the mark. Sometimes accompanied by the explanatory words mark" or "her mark," or by the single "sign," in plain English; sometimes dignified with the more ambitious affix, "signum," as if it felt quite pro itself: but more often it is set down wi any ado, as if too much a matter of c to call for note or comment.

The frequency with which the "sign ual" appears in the old records proves it was no disgrace in those days for a not to know how to write, and as fo "females," I suspect the disgrace would counted the other way.



LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

VII—THE FEMININE SEAL

SAID a lacrymose Labrador seal,
When asked why she wept with such zeal,
"My tears are not lost,
In this antarctic frost:
To magnificent pearls they congeal."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

ST. FRANCIS RECEIVING FOOD FROM A PEASANT WOMAN IN ASSISI

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY M. BOUTET DE MONVEL

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIV JUNE, 1912 No. 2

AN INTELLECTUAL NOVELTY IN PARIS

THE "CONFÉRENCES" BY DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS, ACTORS, AND COMPOSERS

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

Author of "Three Normandy Inns," "Cathedral Days," etc.

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A JUVENILE AUDIENCE AT A MOLIÈRE MATINÉE

reading age; the twentieth century is the seeing, the hearing, the active age. Sedentary habits have been broken up and replaced by the passion for perpetual motion, for being part of a crowd, and for testing all things by personal experience. Yet who could have foreseen the enthusiasm such entertainments have evoked from the most critical and fastidious of audiences? Who could have guessed at the interest they have aroused in men, women, young girls, even children, for there are lectures suited to every age?

Men and movements that arrive before their time meet with a common fate. In the early eighties, a certain enterprising M. Bodinier attempted to give Paris a new kind of literary and dramatic entertainment. In his little theater, "La Bodinière," in the Rue St. Lazare, he brought men of letters, singers, and actors each to "illustrate" some poet or great writer. The theater was small, the audience often scanty; but one could hear Coquelin *aîné* recite one of his inimitable monologues or listen to him as a lecturer. He gave a critique on Béranger, and artists from the Montmartre cafés came to sing "Le Roi d'Yvetot." Yvette Guilbert sang there, when her lean arms, on which the famous black gloves seemed hung, her gestures, studied from slum models, and her audacious songs, were the talk of Paris. On that small stage Jeanne Granier made her first appearance as a comédienne, and in her interpretations of De Musset found the road to a second fame; for Jeanne Granier had to convince Paris, and, above all, the managers, that, after having lost the voice that had given "Giroflé-Girofla" its phenomenal run, the greater actress was left.

Bodinier's venture had a twofold, a most unexpected result: the French stage gained a distinguished artist, and, years after, Paris was to run mad over the novelty he had first introduced, though he did not live to see his clever invention the triumphant success it has now become.

For several years the germ planted by Bodinier bore no signs of life. It was a woman's touch that revived the sleeping seed. Mme. Adolphe Brisson, wife of one celebrated dramatic critic and daughter of another, Francisque Sarcey, with a true artistic sense of the value of letters and art, conceived a project as original as it was unique. Knowing her Paris, its needs, demands, and, above all, its quick response to a novelty that would insure

the double delight of instruction and amusement, she invented an enterprise that came to the help of thousands of anxious mothers and young girls. What was a mother to do with her daughters after they had left school? Since the French convents have been suppressed, the interim between the time of leaving school and that of marriage is the difficult period for both mother and daughter. More and more the season of balls and dances in Paris is relegated to the spring months. But what was to be done during the long winter? Mme. Brisson gave an original, a most unexpected answer. She announced the founding of a "Université de Jeunes Filles," designed not only to complete the education of girls, but, above all, actually to prepare them for matrimony!

"There seem to be no more young girls brought up solely with a view to marriage," was Mme. Brisson's somewhat naïve explanation in presenting her plan to mothers and daughters. "Either they run about from salon to salon, insensibly developing a love for idleness, for days filled with trifles, or they cram their pretty heads full of formulas which, though not in themselves harmful, take the mind away from those special branches of knowledge that fit a girl for marriage and for maternity. Our university leaves to the normal schools and to colleges the task of forming teachers. We reserve to ourselves the dearer privilege of training women—just simple, good women who will have enlightened ideas on all things, a love of the arts and of letters, but who will also have *le sens de la vie moderne*—a knowledge of the duties and responsibilities that await them."

The spirit in which she undertook the work is reflected in this passage from one of her articles on the subject:

How much, despite all your shortcomings, you are beloved, O you young girls! You may be coquettes, or you may be inconsequent, or pedantic, or wilful, or the dearest of dears, yet how proud you would be were you to know the place you hold in the world!

This audacious project suddenly developed vast proportions. It reached out to the fastnesses of literature. Mme. Brisson invited all the best-known authors, writers, poets, playwrights, and historians to assist her in her novel design, and her appeal met with generous and even enthusiastic response.

The little salon in the pretty theater Mme. Brisson calls "Salle des Fêtes," where she is to be found on the days when lectures are to be given, is in reality one

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

STUDYING THE BULLETIN OF THE "CONFÉRENCES"

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MME. SÉVÉRINE LECTURING ON BEAUMARCHAIS AT THE ODÉON

of the busiest literary centers in Paris. Here, in the semi-intimacy of the cozy, small, always brilliantly lighted room, one may meet Jules Claretie, whose clever face, with its network of fine wrinkles, betrays the sensitive, artistic nature of this highly complex personality; or Mme. Dieulafoy, in her man's attire, proving how correctly a woman may wear trousers and a tight-fitting coat when by virtue of work done she has earned the right to don masculine attire; or Paul Hervieu, coming from the damp and dusky streets, with the perceptible shiver of the celebrity who suffers the gaze of the curious rather than courts its homage. Should Rostand appear, a flattering silence will succeed the busy talk; and the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" will graciously accept this tribute to his presence, as he will also receive the salutations of his admirers, with a certain condescension; for is he not quite aware that before them stands the first poet of France?

The scope of the lectures given in the Salle des Fêtes during a single winter embraces subjects as varied as they are remarkable in interest. One of the favorites of this already critical audience is Funck-Brentano, well-known in many of our American universities, in which he delivered a series of lectures in 1904. There was a packed house to hear his talk on "La vie de château au moyen âge." Directly below the stage were grouped rows upon rows of eager young faces. For Funck-Brentano has a compelling attraction for the young as well as for adults: he communicates vibration. He is so intensely alive himself, so in love with his subject, so naturally, even explosively, enthusiastic over a long-sought quotation or a missal or a page from a "Book of Hours," that one is made a participant of his joy.

In this pageant of literature and the arts follows a long procession of singers, danseuses, actresses, comic actors, and reciters. Their task is to "illustrate" the lecture, the recital, or the musical gala. What a welcome awaits these artists! What straining of necks! What rapturous applause! For many of these young people, perhaps, have never so much as looked upon the face of Galipaux, the greatest actor of character parts in France, or seen the little danseuses of the Opéra. But here the conventionality that hedges

about the young girl is broken down. Mme. Brisson's "université" is indeed the paradise of the young, for in her Salle des Fêtes the peri is on the right side of the gate.

When M. Antoine, the famous stage-manager and now director of the Théâtre de l'Odéon, revived "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Antoine himself gave a "conférence" before one of the matinée audiences. This clever Frenchman has certain American traits, noticeably energy and directness. He spoke without notes, and a spirited improvisation it was. Molière, his time, and the court of Le Roi Soleil were presented only less objectively than his famous comedy, which crowds the Odéon night after night. It is safe to say that modern Paris has never before seen this masterpiece of mingled humor and buffoonery so marvelously presented, one great attraction being the impersonation of the immortal *Monsieur Jourdain* by Vilbert, whom Antoine found playing "les petits soldats" at a music-hall. The ballets of the time, the music originally written for the comedy by Lulli, the costuming of all the actors, as well as the scènes de décors, gave witness to Antoine's great talents as a stage-manager.

At one of the Thursday matinées at the Odéon—called "Jeudis Classiques"—Mme. Sévérine, the foremost woman journalist of Paris, lectured on Beaumarchais. For over a quarter of a century Mme. Sévérine has waged incessant war for better social conditions, and her numerous articles in the best-known Parisian newspapers have influenced the thought of her day, and have been quoted and attacked by the well-known writers. With intense and unflagging interest the eager-eyed young faces in the packed audience followed the elderly figure that serenely walked up and down the stage—a stage so vast it seemed to swallow up the retreating shape. The audience might have been her guests—visitors she felt bound to amuse, to capture with the easy grace of her fluent speech, with the little witticisms that sparkled throughout her discourse. She made us see that crowded stage of life whereon the son of a Paris watchmaker could consort with kings, could even intrigue with the valets who later were to suggest to him *Figaro,* and with the courtiers he was to make immortal. From the court of Versailles to the court of the Spanish king, what a chapte of exciting episodes it was, and how vi idly she presented it! And when she ha finished, and the enthusiastic applause w over, and the curtain rose on "Le barbi de Seville," the transition from our ow century to that of Beaumarchais had bee effected. The second magic that was to hol the house captive was the insolent grac the drolleries, and the captivating spont neity of the *Figaro* of Galipaux, of who it has been said that had not "Figaro" a ready been written, his acting would ha inspired the creation of the character.

As a contrast to Mme. Sévérine's ma ner and delivery, M. Maurice Barrès, a recent lecture, presented the more co ventional type of the author who fee that the matter of his discourse should b considered as the one essential. There no name so famous that one may not ho to see it starred, and in strange compar sometimes for a poet or a shrinking a thor. Anatole France and Pierre Lo alone have withstood the blandishmen of Parisian stage-managers. But M. An tole France so far yielded to the ne movement that he took ship for Sou America, there to lecture in the princip cities, and M. Loti has recently appeare in St. Petersburg, willingly giving to Ru sians what he refused to impart to h own countrymen.

Massenet, the great composer, with more genial and winning grace, accepte the homage of his compatriots. After th magnificent "gala" given in his honor the National Opéra last winter, he can willingly to the less pretentious "gala performance at the little theater "Fen ina." First came the charming and sym pathetic "conférence" on the master, history of the usual struggle of a great a tist, one who begins life poor and obscur There was an interesting account of th dawning of success, and the triumph wi "Manon" and later in "Thaïs." Th lecture over, Massenet appeared. H frail frame, above which rose the wor but still buoyant, face, with its delica lines and mobile expression, was appealin and sympathetic. Some of the finest ar freshest voices of the Opéra and th Opéra-Comique having come to sing aria duets, or trios from "Hérodiade," "We ther," and "Thaïs," the performance b came a genuine tribute to the master's taler

No French audience can await the advent of Jean Richepin without a certain tremor of agreeable excitement, and the appearance of this favorite poet, of Sarah Bernhardt in her great part in "Jean-Marie," of actors from the Variétés, the Opéra-Comique, and the Comédie-Française, was a proof of the novel development of the lecture scheme. The occasion was a performance in aid of the poor fishermen at Belle Isle, the island off the Brittany coast which is the summer home of Mme. Bernhardt. Richepin gave not a lecture, but a brilliant improvisation on "La Mer." The poet has himself been to sea before the mast, has lived in the forest of Fontainebleau with Gipsies, and has followed other Bohemians to Italy, an experience he has given the world in "Miarka," the girl with the bear. This "prince of Bohemians" declared to his audience that the "large, free life of the sea" with his "brave sailors" was among the happiest episodes of his life. His Breton experiences were to give him a still deeper satisfaction. "When I heard, as I was lounging along the coast, two or three sailors singing a quaint old air, but one the words of which were strangely familiar, and I asked whose was the song, 'Oh, it 's an old wives' song,' replied the man of the sea; it was then,"—and here M. Richepin made the Frenchman's impressive gesture—the hand clapped vigorously to the heart,—"it was then that I experienced one of the most perfect moments of my life—for the words were mine!"

Of the genuineness of this delight no one could doubt, after having listened to Richepin's impassioned peroration to the speech he delivered on his entrance to the French Academy:

May I but have, as the unique, supreme recompense of my love of our common tongue, the joy of listening, if it be but once, to words that will transmit a definite expression, a lyrical image, a profound cry!—so that my breath, as long as our race shall live, shall continue to live on the lip, in the word that has become flesh, in that word wherein I shall have fixed and immortalized one of the beatings of my heart!

Drawn by André Castaigne

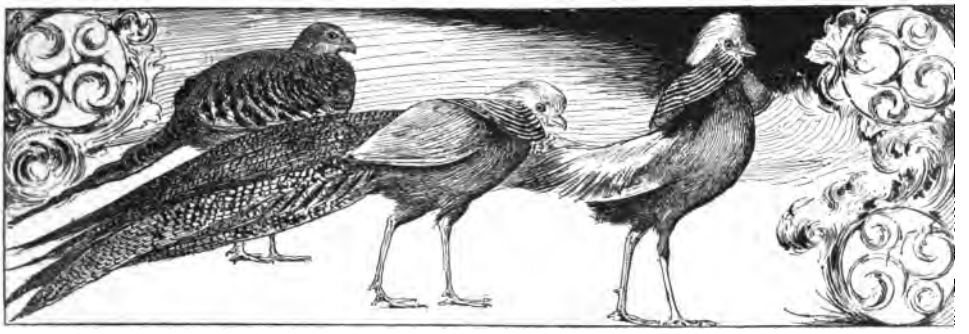
VILBERT AS *MONSIEUR JOURDAIN* IN MOLIÈRE'S "LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME"

M. Richepin's prayer was as naïvely uttered, and as passionately, as though it had not been the secret longing of every poet since Homer!

Sarah Bernhardt's *Thérèse* in "Jean-Marie" is perhaps still one of her best parts. The voice was hardly the golden one so praised—the one which the world of our day must accept rather on hearsay than through personal experience; but the pathetic accents worked the old, the ever-moving magic. Hardly a dry eye watched her renunciation of the young lover whom she bade depart—"that she might go on loving him eternally."

What the effect and influence of this popularization of letters may be no one can say. A new movement in literature may be started; books may come to be less and less read; books may be written to be read in public, as the remarkable unillustrated lectures of Jules Lemaître are given before publication; and thus more and more the ear, rather than the eye, may become the favorite organ through which to absorb knowledge.

Already this Parisian movement has brought about an extraordinary revival of the best in French literature. And for the first time something akin to the marriage of the arts has been effected. Music, singing, declamation, acting, and lecturing have been harmoniously, artistically presented, each supplementing the sister art.



A DAUGHTER OF THE SYNDY

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," "Perhaps it Did n't Matter," etc.

I

TWO healthy examples of American youth sat opposite each other in a corridor carriage of the Cornish express. On the platform at Paddington, the young man had been aware that the girl's pleasing figure and something about her fine eyes, had led him to choose this compartment; but he was keeping that fact a secret from her. Their bearing, as correct as the rich meadows, cut hedges, and clean, hard roads past which they flew, still allowed her discreet eye to linger on Dick Forbes with mild receptiveness. I must go back nearly a generation in order to show how their meeting thus was one of those fruitful coincidences probable only in life as we live it.

Twenty-one years before, an American named Noble Winston, within a few hours after he had set foot in England for the first time in his life, had called upon an American named Henry Ellermayne, at the Garter Hotel in London, and had shot Ellermayne dead. In California there had been a rivalry between the two about the lady who subsequently became Mrs. Winston, and six years later there had followed a dispute about a distribution of stock in the Inyo-Mono Syndicate. Ellermayne had undoubtedly defrauded Winston by sharp practice and a perversion of the truth, and in the room at the Garter Hotel, Ellermayne had been obstinate, abusive, and unarmed.

Winston had never killed a man before although from his boyhood he had saic what he would do, and had heard wha others, old and young, would do, in cer tain contingencies. And he had seen mei shot in San Francisco, with the result tha a latent local prejudice against homicid seemed aroused nearly to the extent o upholding the law and defeating the law yers. Two of the forty-seven murderer in California in the preceding year ha been hanged, and many of the rest ha suffered considerable inconvenience; bu if one stops to figure on such probabili ties, one may never shoot any one a all.

When he beheld the horrible contrac tions in his victim's face which followe the report of his revolver, Winston's firs thought was for his own safety. Eller mayne had fallen back on the bed, and woman had cried out from a near-b room. Winston was clever and resource ful in emergency; he was one of thos vital, virile men he himself had often see illuminated in the drama and read abou in the fiction of the West. He had th eye of an eagle and various other attr butes of birds and mammalia. He did nc talk: he did things; he made other peopl do things; and wherever he did thing people and landscape composed themselve into an appropriate background. So hi first thought was not to let any one kno that he had just killed a man who ha struck him with a newspaper. He lai

his revolver on the floor, stole into the corridor, locked the door, threw the key back over the transom, and then asked the first person he saw what could be the matter. She was a tall, slim woman of fifty, who looked at him with direct and frightened eyes.

"Some one has shot himself," he insisted to her. "We must see about this." He rushed past her door and down the stairs, as other footsteps were heard around an angle of the corridor. It was the slack August period in the hotel. On the last flight he took a leisurely pace, which carried him through the lobby and out into the Strand. In a moment he was on top of an omnibus in the thick traffic streaming toward the Bank of England.

He was breathing harder than one might expect from what he had read about men like himself. An excess of mental and muscular activity results in increased functioning of the lungs and diaphragm, not in increased outward calm. In a whirl of surroundings that seemed bizarre to him, he planned what to communicate to his wife, who, with her four-year-old child, had gone from the station to another hotel, and how he himself would leave London by an indirect route to Holland, thence to Spain and Mexico, and across the border to the blessed land of freedom.

Winston was breathless, but he began to look about him, and, contrasting himself with the types he saw, to call up a certain hard-jawed confidence in his ability to get comfortably across the channel after he had lain quietly in London for a week. He based his opinion of the British upon certain remittance-men he had come across in Mono County—men with no ability to rise except in the saddle, and upon his school knowledge of the American Revolution, where the British soldier had been defeated by men whom Winston likened to himself, but whom one may think more accurately described as British colonists. His attention went with special interest to the policemen who silently controlled the traffic without troubling whether some one with the sense of humor would run them down. There were two policemen at every important crossing, and elsewhere they appeared singly so often as to excite his sarcasm; and they were all as pink and spare and placid as though they had never shot any one in their lives.

The bus route ended two miles east of the Garter Hotel, with London stretching eastward ever densely. Near by, the river and a passenger steamer enabled him to turn upon his tracks. At dusk he landed in Chelsea, still part of continuous London, two miles west of the Garter. He found a small place in a quiet street, and registered as William Smith, a Canadian whose baggage had been lost on the way from Paris. A trim young woman with no sympathetic quality in her voice received this information; but she could not have suspected him. No one asked him questions or came to knock on his door. Toward morning he got some sleep, and he came down considerably refreshed to the dingy little breakfast-room, where he read twenty lines in a newspaper about the mysterious death of an American at the Garter. There was no clue to the murderer. "And there would n't be," Winston muttered to himself, displeased that such a term should be applied to an American citizen. He lighted a cigar, and ordered the waiter to fetch him the railway time-tables. Instead, the waiter went out, and returned with three policemen.

One of them used "sir" in addressing him, and said that anything he might utter was liable to be used against him. They drove in a closed four-wheeler to Holloway Gaol, and there was a quarter of a column about it in the next day's newspapers, but no further notice of it on the following day. On the third day there were three quarters of a column about the inquest and about Winston's committal for murder. Four days later the trial began in a court where no utterance went above the tone of a well-bred drawing-room.

The first day disconcerted Winston. His voice progressively lost the ring which should accompany an eagle eye.

For no one seemed to care how thievishly Henry Ellermayne had treated him. No one seemed to want to know anything but whether he had taken Ellermayne's life. No woman except his wife sent him flowers. No newspaper tried the case in advance. No reporter visited his cell. Nothing unpleasant was said about his na-

tionality. No spectator seemed to admire him as one who had risen superior to law. No compassion went out to him from the jury as one who stood in the shadow of the gallows, the victim of Henry Ellermayne's bravado: they seemed to regard Ellermayne as the victim. Their demeanor was as though they themselves were the law, not as though the law, invented by remote ancestry, was an ideal in the mouths of young females teaching school. Winston had always said that a dead man had no friends except his family; but it was before he had traveled much. That afternoon at Holloway he saw an armed guard, and rushed at him, expecting to be shot; and the guard knocked him down with his fist.

The blow soothed Winston's nerves. He had a talk with his counsel and exhorted him to be up to date with tactics of delay; and the result was that the trial dragged on for three full days and the court missed a county cricket match. But it went on like a machine intended to get at the facts and to act upon them. A second time the tall lady of fifty stood in the box with her pained and direct glance at the judge. Janet Winston rose with her child's hand in hers, with burning concentration on the witness. "Give me my husband! Pity my child! Say you doubt your memory!" her dark eyes pleaded across to the gray ones. And the gray ones answered: "I pity all children—those who will murder and those who will be murdered—if we begin to mock the law." And although Janet Winston was a young and beautiful woman, her husband was condemned to death.

If the celerity and precision of all this does not impress you, this will: the whole affair cost Winston less than eight hundred dollars. From this deduct thirty-two days' board and lodging at the expense of the British taxpayer; for, twenty-two days after his sentence, Noble Winston was hanged by the neck in the presence of perhaps a score of perfunctory spectators, and he received a fifteen-line obituary in the press. He died firmly believing that he had been cruelly wronged; for no one had seen him shoot Ellermayne, and Winston felt that the jury ought to have considered his wife and child, and given him the benefit of a doubt. Instead of that, they had considered some twenty million other wives and children in the Bri Isles.

II

Miss Ellermayne read the label on young man's suitcase—"R. Forbes, E ter." He did not seem English; yet th was a warmer glow in his skin than brighter sun encourages. She thought shape of his head American, but she that his clothes were not: they sho his figure. He began to arrange s documents on the seat by his side. saw he had a small mole on the lobe his left ear, and that his shoe-laces did match. One of the documents was a lc white envelop with a printed address "The Inyo-Mono Syndicate" at Francisco. That was an interesting velopment to Miss Ellermayne, and th was still an hour before the train wo reach Exeter. She consulted her glc about it, while her small red volume w a green string slid slowly in her lap.

The "Syndy"—that is, the Inyo-M Syndicate—had progressed since the d of Henry Ellermayne. Headed by surviving brother, it owned a great m things besides mines and legislators the money of certain original stock-hol who had not understood in quite w sense they were to be on the inside. smile was on the face of the tiger; it made money out of the earthquake, an had a place in certain disclosures wh subsequently made an unpleasant cleav in San Francisco between honest men the one side and their masters on other. These disclosures had caused Gi Ellermayne, in common with many ot young women she knew, to ask questi that her elders never satisfied.

But for Dick Forbes the Syndy had unhappy association. He could remem a scene in a court-room, where a ha some woman had released his hand sunk down with a cry that remaine part of his brain. She was his motl and the shock had killed her. But memory always dissolved into that of days following—days of ineffable joy the zoo, by the sea, on a donkey in a gi park, or in a big, white day-nursery n to tree-tops, in company with the tall l with gray eyes. Her name was Si Forbes, and she never married. She t him his mother had gone away. A y

afterward, when her work of compassion had become one of abounding love, the five-year-old had learned with mild interest that his father and mother were dead. Henceforth his name had been not Winston, but Forbes. At the time the American press printed many columns about the Ellermayne tragedy, so that two similar murders had been committed in California growing out of like circumstances, and one of the criminals had received twenty years and a pardon. The other murderer, in sending away prospective witnesses to unknown climes and in comforting penurious jurymen who were kept away from their wives, had expended so much of his entire fortune that it would have been an act of gross sympathy to hang him. But no one ever mentioned to Dick Forbes the manner of his father's death. He grew up a healthy, happy child, in whom heredity seemed to pay the greater heed to his mother.

Yet he was the son of a criminal, and opinions differ as to the relative values of heritage and environment in the making of men. Opinions differ most where there is the least scientific warrant for having any. As to environment, compare Noble Winston's rearing with that of his son, Dick Forbes. The given name "Noble" informs you at once of parents with high ideals and horsehair furniture, both well in evidence on Sundays,—parents with an ingenuous outlook, or none at all, upon some matters of taste that were not the first consideration in a small Indiana town of the period. The torch to the above-said high ideals was lifted for him by young ladies who taught the schools, day and Sunday; and in Noble Winston's perception what these young ladies said partook of their own ineffectuality in practical life and of their detachment from it. For while he went to school to them, it was the example of men and boys that really was educating him as to the easier paths to "success." So that for him life resolved itself clearly in twain: into the feminine, or what the law and the prophets proclaim will or should happen; and the masculine, or what really does happen. Tucked away with the feminine were the dimly defined arts and graces to which one paid a kind of deference in the presence of women if they were young.

Sibyl Forbes was the daughter of a bishop who had left her a fair income. She combined the religious temperament with a Christian spirit. She died at seventy-one, never having varied ten pounds in weight in her last forty years. It was a last step in the settlement of her estate, which passed to him, that Dick was sending off a letter to the Syndy. His education had begun with two successive foreign governesses, who had taught him their languages, and with occasional appearances in the drawing-room, where, instead of learning to hold his own, he learned to hold his tongue. At ten he went off to a preparatory school, and at fourteen he went to Rugby; so that for eight years, save for the blessed holidays with his foster-mother, he was inspired, taught, disciplined, and generally whipped into shape by men and older boys, and by his responsibilities toward younger boys. Much of this training centered about two games with a ball—games where there was no question of boys being boys: they had to be men, like the mature men they played the games with. What Dick broke he had to pay for, whether it was a pane of glass or a rule of the game, and the only possible good form was cheerfulness. It was more evil to be a bad loser than it was notable to be a good winner. The phrase was not, "Play to win," but, "Play the game." Dick's mother had always played the game. No one asked who he was, but they observed what he was. What he was when he had been through this and finished at Cambridge I cannot point to as a prodigy likely to startle Inyo County. One doubts whether Inyo County would have thought him sufficiently vital and virile, save in the celerity with which he would have left Inyo County for some place more to his taste. In fact, he looked upon law and order as the first element in a common-sense civilization. It would have annoyed Mono and even counties farther toward the sea that in him the daughter and niece of the Syndy should so quickly recognize something she was sure she wanted.

III

SHE thanked him for picking up her book. She pointed to the big envelop. "My uncle is the president of the Inyo-Mono Syndicate," she said.

He had just been contemplating him-

self anew as a young man with an undetermined future. Doubtless a country cottage and a horse, a little acreage and a gun, with occasional seasons on the Continent, appealed to him more than strenuous commercial or professional activities. But there is always hope for any one who never has sailed across the sea to the west.

"Then we are both Americans," he said, with a brilliant treatment of the "r" which she ever afterward imitated. Our women are more shameless than any others in renouncing the ways of their fathers. Dick was fairly on his guard at first: he liked a woman to treat him with the same deference with which he treated her, and many of his countrywomen had seemed disinclined to treat any man on terms of such equality. But it is useless as well as foolish to be on guard against a charming young beauty when she has begun to decorate an idol, and keeps discovering fresh reasons for doing so; she soon takes the measure of his mildest prejudices. The rate of their getting acquainted beat the Cornish express into Exeter.

If you are a member of the Syndy, and have established your daughter as a creature of every elegance and beauty and of all leisure, it may be worth while to note what sort of men most please her. With all your neighbor's sons being bred for nothing but to carry weight, one of two results is likely to follow. If she has your native ability and a certain delicacy which approaches what we call the temperamental, and if she has to go a thousand miles to hear a symphony, and perhaps three thousand miles farther in order to dine out where the men do not all talk business in one corner while the women all talk dress in another, you may not marvel at the distance she goes to find a husband. This is history, not a threat. Of course the chances are against her: Baedeker does not afford personal introductions, unless he gets dropped on the floor. On the other hand, if you are one of the Syndy who really has the millions; and if your daughter illustrates the one established law in human heredity, which is the probability of a return in the direction of the average; and if she has been well pampered and encouraged by her mother to value certain social effulgences as the goal of life, then some day when she comes back from abroad it will not be to get acquainted with you. It will be to say that rather than go to dinners on horseback at Newport or lunch with real monkeys and their near relatives in New York, she prefers to figure under aristocratic stage-management in a snobbish country where it is not positively known how papa first got on, but only suspected. Then, if you are one of the Syndy, your daughter's marriage may have compensations: you may find his lordship's butler a very entertaining man when your son-in-law himself has gone to bed. But, on the whole, you had better go back to God's own country.

Forbes did not call on Miss Ellermayne at once. He asked a friend of the late Miss Forbes to do so, and this put the new acquaintance on a basis pleasing to Grace Ellermayne and aroused a cautious, but substantial, interest in Grace's mother. Uncle John Ellermayne had acquired an important Devonshire country place from an Englishman who had nothing else to pay a debt with; and John's sister-in-law Dolly had taken up her residence there with a secret outlook upon the advantage to be gained for her daughter's future by this aristocratic move. There comes a time in the increase of American fortune when the only possible next step is to move to an English country house. Grace allowed Dick to see her satisfaction that this step had led to her meeting him. I am afraid Dick's intellectual attitude toward her was a little patronizing: he knew a good deal more about the things she knew about, even music and flowers, let alone horses and golf, than she knew. And I disclose to you this about our women—if not about all women—namely, that she liked this attitude: she reveled in it. If she knew it was justified she also knew that her beauty and all responsive good-will were binding him none the less fast to her. There was plenty of supporting landscape, party-colored moors and puffs of white cloud and sky-reflecting sea and sea-reflecting sky. With charming simplicity he asked her one day whether he should consult her mother or go to California and beard her uncle, or both.

In the interval Mrs. Ellermayne had been between two fires, because this young

Forbes had constantly added notable county families, even with titles, to her calling-list, and tactfully had shown her how not to spoil good servants. Mrs. Ellermayne pretended to be pleased; it was the only safe course with Grace. But the Syndy does rate higher than a mere Dick Forbes; without the blush of modesty one cannot say just how high it does rate. John Ellermayne was playing poker under one of the finest ceilings in America when he received Dolly's cablegram. He had not gone to London at the time of his brother's death; the news of the verdict had reached him at New York. He had always considered abroad as a place to come from, not to go to. Dolly had written that the young man had shown no anxiety as to what it cost to dress Grace, in fact, no interest whatever in money; and now she cabled that John must come and find some way to get rid of this young Mr. Forbes. It was annoying to a busy man, and from the time John Ellermayne landed at Liverpool the coffee ceased to be what it ought to be. At the country station Dick was deferential; he was well-built and wiry, with a straight nose and manners of engaging directness. But he did not know the cost of a single object they met on the drive from the station, and his cheerfulness about it was as irritating as a picture-gallery.

At dinner Grace was in her brightest mood; the thought of any one interfering with her heart's plans could not come to her. Dick felt that the kinder he was to her uncle, the sooner the uncle would snap back into his proper pigeonhole. He ventured to say that the Inyo-Mono Syndicate appeared to him a wonderful institution.

"Because it led to my meeting Dick," Grace told her uncle, ignoring the offices of Baedeker. "Dick has some stock in the Syndy."

"Inherited?" Ellermayne asked. "The only Forbes on the list when I left California was a woman."

"He inherited it from Miss Forbes," said Dick's proprietress. The names and details which had to do with her father's tragedy had long been dim in her mind.

"Then you can tell me what I 've often wondered about," her uncle said to Dick. "That same Miss Forbes took charge of a small boy, the son"—he glanced at his sister-in-law—"of a man named Winston. What became of that boy?" The two young people smiled.

"Miss Forbes adopted him," said Grace. Then she added, with a simplicity not untouched by a sense of her uncle's hostility, "I 'm going to marry him."

She saw Dick turn to her mother. Dolly had risen; her face was white; she waved for Grace not to follow her out of the room. John Ellermayne sat with a set face staring at his table-cloth. No explanation came. The young people sought to reëstablish conversation.

"Get out of here!" they heard John Ellermayne command the butler. "Grace, go to your mother."

She obeyed with some haughtiness, but less troubled than if anything really could threaten her relations with Dick. "Come into the drawing-room presently," she said to him. The young man opened the door for her, then closed himself in with her uncle.

Ellermayne was on his feet. He was flabby, with scant hair and the promise of death in the early sixties, but there was a hardened will within him. Dick received his steady look for an appreciable number of seconds.

"Do you play golf, sir?" Dick stared at him.

"If I did, I 'd play it straight," Ellermayne exploded. "How much does Grace know? How much have you told her?"

"About myself?" the young man said, with puzzlement. "Everything. What do you mean?" he said, with the directness he had learned in handling younger boys. Rage shot out of Ellermayne's eyes at the young man's calm.

"Have you told her your father was hanged?" Ellermayne said.

The young man made a step forward, as if to look deeper in his eyes. Ellermayne drew away, with his hand at his hip-pocket. "I never travel without one," he threatened. "Have you told her that your father was hanged for killing hers?"

"It 's a lie!" Dick said. His blood froze in his heart. His mind went back for some fact which would refute this, and he could find no bottom. "My God, sir, it must be a lie!" he said. Ellermayne laid hold of the door.

"This is my house," he said. "You go

to London and look up the files of the newspapers; you 'll find whether it 's a lie." He opened the door. "Take the train; I 'll send your things. Get out now; and don't let that girl ever see you again."

IV

ELLERMAYNE received this letter from Dick Forbes:

I have sent Grace extracts from the newspapers of twenty years ago. They will prove to her what you were the first to tell me about my inheritance. I do not remember my father's face, but I had woven some romance about his name; I had been taught to. Now every utterance and act recorded of him seem to me preposterous.

But as Grace's uncle you are to know that I retain my self-respect. I had a mother. Now I know of her agony of shame and horror and of how she died of it. It has brought me near to her for the first time in my life.

Certain parts of the testimony reflected upon the Inyo-Mono Syndicate and upon the integrity of Grace's father. These reflections are milder than those she has told me have been cast in the press, to her unhappy mortification, in the last two years. But I have suppressed them. It seems a strange environment which has produced my father and your brother and yourself; but you may take it as a message from my mother, through me, that cynicism and calumny and corruption will not always triumph, nor men hold law and honor in contempt, in a land where there are mothers such as she.

I know now, if never before, what my own devotion would be to a wife such as Grace could be. But if she chooses to, Grace knows that she stands free.

To Ellermayne this seemed another attack on his honesty just when the California press was beginning to leave him alone. It had accused Ellermayne of more corrupt deeds than any man at the head of large affairs possibly could have accomplished by himself. Men at the head of large affairs do not waste their time upon what they can hire cheaper men to do.

Dick quite expected Grace to answer the letter he had written her by one beginning: "No! No! Nothing shall ever part us!" But no response from her came, not even when he discovered that she and her mother had sailed hurriedly for home, and when he had waited fifteen miserable days for a letter from New York.

Ellermayne remained behind in London. Grace, even to the last warning bugle, had refused to talk to him or to her mother about Dick. Her silence remained eternally on their minds. Only she had made no protest against being taken back to California. Her uncle told her mother that in a few days a definite quietus would be put upon this young man. He meant that a blaze of notoriety would be cast about Dick Forbes such as no girl like Grace would care to share. Ellermayne lost no time. He hunted up the London correspondent of a New York newspaper, and the correspondent made a piquant story of the affair to date, full of innuendo against Dick, and placing Grace in the light of having been much abused. Grace read this London despatch as her ship approached the statue of our liberties; then she dumbly handed it over to her mother. Dolly remembered what Ellermayne had whispered to her at parting, "You 've had a lot of publicity in your time; you can stand a little more." But Dolly hated it. At the pier several bright young men pressed forward to interview Grace upon her most sacred thoughts.

"Ah, do leave me alone!" she pleaded to their chivalry. The next day they printed photographs which purported to show how pleasing to the eye she had been when saying this; and they said she was beautifully dressed. But her feeling at the gang-plank in their presence had been akin to that of nakedness.

Meanwhile Ellermayne was writing letters, one a day, to the people Dick had introduced to Dolly. Something in the atmosphere had prevented him from attempting newspaper publicity in England. The letter to the first lady, who had called and spoken well of Dick, was a sample of the rest:

You knew this man Forbes was the son of a murderer, yet you did everything you could to countenance him. He acted the part of a scoundrel, well knowing himself unfit to associate with the daughters of honest men. This is not the first time an American girl, etc.

These letters did not fill their recipients with a desire to see America first. He sat down, with his feet higher than his head, for a week of wretched idleness, to await the returns. The only answer he got was a summons to appear in court and answer to a charge of criminal libel, Forbes *vs.* Ellermayne. It was precisely what Ellermayne wanted. Now he would get publicity. "And in England," he wrote unpatriotically to Dolly, "publicity counts."

The trial was set for a month later, which gave him a chance to go home and influence legislation for a week. Dolly could not say whether Grace was recovering from the pangs of her disillusionment; for Grace would answer no questions about young Forbes nor rise to any defense of him. There was a wilful consistency about her course that made them feel insecure. But they were convinced that she was not in correspondence with Dick. It was Ellermayne's idea, on the day he departed again for London, to cheer Grace out of her still-running tide of emotion—whatever that emotion was—by inviting in a number of young men closely related to the Syndy, one or two of whom were as good as vaudeville when turned loose in a drawing-room. "They like champagne," Grace nodded, after considering a moment.

She provided a quantity of it that startled her mother. In fact, Grace showed signs of growing up into at least enough a daughter of the Syndy to act upon motives known only to herself. Her guests were big, fat fellows of abounding cordiality. She inwardly called them little brothers of the cabbage-rose. They regarded her as some one mysterious and remote, who spoke three languages and was due to inherit the second largest share in the Syndy. While she moved among them with impartial scrutiny, mildly sympathetic to their sallies, the champagne began to argue to their minds that it was not the champagne which made her seem so warm and beautiful. In the middle of the evening she proposed a drive to the ocean through the park, and every turn of the motor added to a brilliancy and a romantic allurement they began to hail as a new discovery in the daughter of the Syndy. They kept whispering this aloud to each other until the car stopped in the far silence of the boulevard by the beach. Grace jumped up on the front seat and said she was going to make a speech, a charming threat when it comes from a musical voice beneath rich, golden hair under that bright moonlight. There was just a breath of soft salt air astir, and the idle wavelets lapped harmoniously upon the sand.

She said that once for all she wanted to know the truth about the Inyo-Mono Syndicate. She wanted to know why the people hated it and them and her. It was hardly necessary to state that the six men in the car, being of her own generation, were above practices creative of public scandal. But what was the unaltered truth about her father and her uncle and about their own fathers and uncles and all their associates? It grew evident that she believed those bald-heads guilty men, as though for years she had been patiently piecing together unguarded bits of domestic conversation not intended for her understanding. When now, with something of the acumen that distinguishes the Syndy, she intimated that there were more bottles under the seat, the majority of them said that, by heavens! she was as much a part of the Syndy as any one, and, by heavens! a little more, and she had a right to know. The minority was busy shooting off the heads of the bottles with a pistol.

They did not have to invent any facts to support her suspicions, though they were good and kind enough to have invented facts if she had asked for a verdict of acquittal. They only had to tell her what they knew, although I hope they enlarged a little, under the influence of a landscape which is sometimes given to exaggeration. The brilliant moon enhanced her beauty and her inheritance and the potency of the wine.

She thanked them; she said she was very glad to know where she stood in her own esteem. Now she wished them to hear the whole story of her broken engagement to Dick Forbes. She described Dick, I fear, as one much more like themselves than any man without their advantages could hope to be. But she did not let down their interest in herself by letting them think there was any prospect of her engagement being renewed. She told them quite frankly that she had never had but one letter from Dick since that fatal

night, and that she never expected to have another from him. In that clear, pale light she was able to read to them from Dick's letter extracts from the account of the trial twenty years before. She asked if it would not have been fair play for her uncle to have informed her alone of Dick's parentage, without ever informing Dick. Then she could have broken the engagement without Dick ever becoming the wiser. They swore that this was chivalry —woman's chivalry to man.

"Then," Grace said, fixing her eyes upon the one she had decided was the natural leader of the rest, "there is something you can do for me. I can't stand staying at home and having mother always raising a subject I wish to forget. I want to go away where nothing will remind me of it—where no one will know where I am for at least a week. I want to go and stay on the edge of the desert, alone; and, boys, please—I want to go *now!*"

They roared as one man that they would accompany her to the edge of the desert or to the selvage of the universe. They grew quite thirsty and tearful over this splendid independence of a California girl. If you had breathed that air and seen her attitude, the moon on the top of your head would have paralyzed your discrimination. And they did whizz with her down into Monterey at five o'clock that morning, she keeping the wheel with a view to keeping her life, they behaving in a manner which in colder climes would have been called demonstrative. They put her on some kind of train for somewhere,—they were not quite clear about it, —and she heaved a complicated sigh which I will not analyze. They never would have mentioned it until the next night at the club if, in their great unanimity of opinion about Grace, they had not all tried to steer the car home as one man, which resulted in its flying through the air and landing down in the branches of an intoxicated cypress-tree. That afternoon those who retained consciousness could not remember that Grace had given them her prospective address, although each of them had whispered to her that he expected to go in her direction in a few days, quite as alone as she. Her mother could not get them to agree in which direction the train had gone. She jumped to the conclusion that it was headed for London.

In London twelve days later, Ellermayne rose to impress a full-bottomed wig and gown. "Your Honor, or whatever I ought respectfully—"

"You ought to sit down for the present," said the court, without looking up.

Dick Forbes was on another bench, nursing his foot-ball knee and feeling as slack as a wet piano. He had never had any word from Grace. But if she had had the faith and courage to cross the sea for the purpose of stealing to a seat behind him just as the charge was read,—really, Ellermayne had said, it was the trial of young Forbes on charge of being the son of a murderer,—she would have seen nothing in his face to betray his feelings. Dick would have been too fixed in one stiff, silent attitude to have been aware of her. The single thought which kept the pendulum going within him was that her letter in response to his might have been suppressed by her uncle. When the trial was over, Dick planned to go to California and get a simple assurance on this point, if the trial left him any other desire than to hide himself in the Sahara. Even now he could feel a public stare upon him that would be fixed forevermore.

John Ellermayne had determined to conduct his own case; it would favor greater comment and give him a sure chance for what he wanted to say. The prosecution opened, showing how Ellermayne had wilfully and maliciously uttered to third parties statements calculated to do no good which the law can recognize, and certain, as would be proved, to do a grievous harm to Richard Forbes. John Ellermayne rose by invitation and proceeded by documentary proof to show that twenty years ago, not half a mile from where the court now sat, Dick's father had shot Henry Ellermayne dead. John proved to the hilt that his allegation on that score had been the truth. Then he went on for half an hour on the subject of truth—on how it was the light of the world and the glory of the human soul. To listen to him had elements of a trip to Inyo County, without all the discomforts. Undoubtedly he made the greatest speech of his life that day: it ranked as a cloud-burst of impassioned oratory. Following it, the judge said that, the truth being an important factor in the alleged offense, and Eller-

mayne having proved the truth of his allegation, it only remained for the court to order that John Ellermayne go to prison for two years or else pay Richard Forbes five thousand pounds.

The law in the case was substantially the same as in America. It was the court and the lawyers and public opinion that were different.

Ellermayne rose apoplectically from his seat. He quivered that he wished to lodge an appeal. He desired to say that, if necessary, he would carry the case to the House of Lords, which is the next thing to the bar of heaven.

"You concealed your identity from my niece!" he shot an impassioned finger at Dick Forbes. The court waited with interest to see how far this cousin from across the water would do what in the English mind is the classic thing for foreigners to do—lose self-control.

"You obtained her affection—for a *while*—under false pretenses. No woman will ever trust you again," Ellermayne shouted across the decorous space.

Dick Forbes sat white with anger, taken aback by the amused complaisance of the court, thrown upon his mettle to return what should be well-tempered, short, and keen. For a moment he seemed without reply before the steady glare and outstretched arm of Ellermayne, and the indefinable something which expresses the opinion of a silent court-room seemed to bear against him, as many an acquitted one has felt it bear.

A young woman rose behind him, and threw back her veil the large meshes of which Ellermayne might have penetrated. Her eyes were as clear as her California sunlight and as blue as the distant mountains the poetry of which was part of her soul. Her eyes looked into those of the judge and softly disengaged his attention from the merits of the case in hand and from everything except her slender beauty and the words that were forming on her lips. Dick felt the touch and quiver of her fingers on his shoulders, and he knew without turning that it was Grace and that the mighty thrilling of his veins meant the gift of her love and her life to him. Grace drew a breath.

"I should have been married to Mr. Forbes by now, sir," she spoke to the judge, "if my uncle had not held back a letter which I gave him to post."

"Clear the court!" said the judge. In the quick movement of obedience John Ellermayne faded out of the room, and on the following day he was to fade out of a country where such things are possible. By courtesy Dick found himself alone with Grace. He gripped her wrist to be sure she was real.

"I am going to marry you by special license, to-morrow," he said fiercely, "and the next day we will sail for New York and California."

"Not back to the newspapers!" she appealed.

"Back to everything," said Dick Forbes. He pointed to the door. "The place for Americans like me is at home—fighting Americans like him."

EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS

II—THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIFE

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

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WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

FRANCIS now felt that he was a free man. Poverty to him meant entire liberty to love God and God's creatures. To renew the youth of Christianity was his desire, and by this to give more glory to the risen Christ, who had died in the arms of Lady Poverty. He had no quarrel with riches or with rich men. In his idea of the world, Dives had a place, but Lazarus was the more to be honored because he was poor. Francis was firmly convinced that the poor would always be on the earth, and that contentment and peace could come to every human being only by honoring and loving poverty.

In his day this was a hard saying; but the house of Christ on earth had many mansions. The mansions of the popes and the emperors were not like his little hut at the Portiuncula. He did not expect popes and emperors to live in little huts or to serve the Lady Poverty in a "beast-colored" gown bound by a girdle of rope, and with a cross of mortar as the only ornament; but for those who wished to imitate the divine life of Christ on earth, who wished to be free to unite themselves entirely with him, the way of the Lady Poverty was the best way. To have a wife and children was good; to love truly and constantly an earthly maiden also led to salvation, and was also good and beautiful and worthy of a knight: but for him who would be united with Love itself, who would open the door that shuts out this world from that other of eternal joy and peace, there could be no wife or child or father or mother. All must be forsaken; the supreme surrender must be made with no reservation.

A LOOK AHEAD

IN this time of wars, when the Western world was in the making, men ardently desired peace. But peace could not be made on a material basis. The antithesis of Francis of Assisi was to be Frederick of Sicily. Born in 1194, twelve years after Francis, this prince had from his childhood lived in an atmosphere of strife. An Italian by birth, but representing German imperial domination, he had been the cause of a fierce struggle between his guardian, Innocent III, and the representatives of that domination. Through Constance, his mother, he had inherited kingly rights in the Two Sicilies, and when his uncle, Philip of Swabia, died, he was the last of the Hohenstaufens and the Norman princes. He was to be the most luxurious ruler of his epoch, irresponsible to God or man in his luxury; and for this Dante puts him in hell. The scent of

orange-blossoms and strange Oriental perfumes surrounded him in his youth. He was half-Eastern, and the ways of the Saracens were dear to him. The ward of Innocent III, he became an opponent of the claims of the papacy worthy of the steel of that masterful pontiff, who deprived the German emperor of the support of the bishops and made them really vassals of his own.

Educated nominally by ecclesiasts, he came to be regarded as a second Julian the Apostate. And yet he was the same man who was willing to give up Agnes of Bohemia to the order of St. Clare, protesting that, if her spouse were any other than Christ, he would not have permitted it. He kept a harem, after the Eastern manner, and imported Circassian women as he imported animals for his famous menagerie. In order that he might reign supreme, he did his best to break up the feudal power in the Sicilies. If he endowed monasteries, he acted, like most other rulers of his time, in a spirit of worldly policy. The ecclesiastics were clever and learned; in later times Luther proved the force of his training by breaking great breaches in the system which had trained him. In the thirteenth century the astute laymen in power used the disciplined ecclesiastic to consolidate his power, and showered benefits upon him and his community that his knowledge and experience might not be turned to the advantage of all men. Besides, it was a secular dogma of the times that the land-owning clergy must be directed against the powerful land-owning nobility, with its hereditary privileges. Thus it was not through faith entirely that the church became rich and temporally powerful.

This filled Francis with sorrow; for he was wise enough to see that the condition of the times, as this condition affected institutions, could not be changed by him. He was not Pope Innocent III or Frederick the Splendid, whose Oriental knowledge and gorgeous pomps Francis learned to hate; he was only a simple man whose business in life was to love his neighbors and all things God had made.

It was, too, a secular dogma of the time that the machinery of life depended on the possession of land and wealth. The emperor or the prince was important in proportion to the extent of his dominions; a duke became formidable as his estates increased. The power of the Holy Roman Empire was frequently threatened by the great nobles, and though the emperors, intent on centralization, might speak of Portugal, Spain, and Denmark as little kingdoms, their power over these countries was not much more than nominal. The emperors of the Saxon house and the Franconians, by enriching the clergy, were especially adept in using them as "buffers" between themselves and pretentious princes or arrogant nobles. "Let us observe, too," says Blondel, "that it was not only abbots who became counts, but counts who became abbots." The emperors recognized the danger of the principle of heredity among the nobles, and met it by giving all possible wealth and power to celibates. As an example, Frederick determined to be an absolute ruler in the Sicilies; but he had to reckon with his former guardian, Pope Innocent III, who was equally determined that the Sicilies should not be despotically made a dependence of the German Empire.

Law limiting absolutism was progressing in Germany, but in the Sicilies Frederick felt that he could develop law for his own support. In Germany, during the great struggle of Barbarossa for supremacy, many of the German bishops had decided against the pope; but Innocent III had managed to change this, and the German prelates and clergy, made powerful, were more and more attaching themselves to him. When his time came, all this made Frederick turn his attention toward the conquest of Italy. At the time when Francis of Assisi began his real life Italy was a place of fear. Without the temporal power, it seemed as though the church might be made the slave of the emperors. Before the work of Francis was well begun, the empire was ruled by one who, while he headed a crusade, was at once the most elegant, the most refined, the keenest, and the most corrupt and voluptuous ruler in Europe.

THE MIND OF FRANCIS

To be rich was to be powerful, and the vicegerent of Christ dared not for a moment sheathe the temporal sword without danger to the interests of Christendom. To be a bishop was to be a temporal

prince; to be a monk was to live personally poor, if you will, but as a part of a rich organization protected by all the panoply of war. Yet Francis, knowing this, wrote in his rule for the life of those who joined him:

The Lord commands us in the gospel: Take heed, beware of all malice and avarice, and guard yourself from the solicitudes of this world and the cares of this life. Therefore let none of the brothers, wherever he may be or whithersoever he may go, carry or receive money or coin in any manner, or cause it to be received either for clothing or for books, or as the price of any labor, or, indeed, for any reason, except on account of the manifest necessity of the sick brother. For we ought not to have more use and esteem for money and coin than of stones. And the devil seeks to blind those who desire or value it more than stones. Let us therefore take care lest, after having left all things, we lose the kingdom of God for such a trifle. And if we should chance to find money, let us no more regard it than the dust we tread under our feet, "for it is vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." And if perchance, which God forbid, it should happen that any brother should collect or have money or coin except only because of the aforesaid necessity of the sick, let all the brothers hold him for a false brother, a thief, a robber, and one having a purse, unless he should become truly penitent.

The brothers who later followed him must not accept money as alms. They were forbidden to collect money for anything or to help any one to seek or make money; but they might work at any trade or profession, though not for more than was absolutely necessary to feed and cover them. Here was a message of the simple life with a vengeance! Was it strange that Assisi and its environs looked on the once extravagant Francis as a madman, that his father raved, his disappointment working like madness in his soul, or that Angelo, Francis's brother in blood, scoffed?

In the meantime, while the brothers were afar off, not yet awakened from their sleep under the star that was to lead them, Cecco, the charming and boyish Cecco, was not without friends. They grew in number until Assisi began to feel a certain pride in so gentle and patient a man. And there was the poor curate of St. Damian's who, knowing how delicately Francis had lived, how well he loved the luscious jellies, tinct with cinnamon, and the delicious marchpane, in which the cooks of the Middle Ages delighted, and how sweet the taste of the almond- and the orange-flower was to his lips, provided dainties for the young brother while he piled higher the stones of the church of the Portiuncula.

HE LONGS FOR PERFECT POVERTY

FRANCIS suddenly awakened to the fact that he was ceasing to be in training as an athlete of the spirit. It came upon him that his kind friend the priest was holding him back in the race for perfection. Out he rushed from the priest's house. He had learned at Rome what it was to be a beggar for others; now he became a beggar for himself. A mother about to throw the scraps of her children's meal away, a servant with little left of the stew of lamb but the gristle, the boy about to finish his piece of bread and willing to relinquish the crust, were astonished and touched when Francis begged of them. Here indeed was madness in the son of the rich merchant who might have had the flesh of the peacock and all sorts of concoctions of delicate almond paste every day. Did he go to Madonna Pica, and did she say, with San Lorenzo Giustiniani's mother,

This blessing be with me forever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever,
That altered face, those holy weeds,
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet forever?

It is probable that he did not go to his mother, knowing that he would not receive what he desired. He came back with the odds and ends generally given by people to beggars. The sight of them made him ill, but he bravely satisfied his hunger with them, and God gave him pleasure in the eating; for was not there his dear and pure Sister Water, who serves rich and poor, whether in an earthen pot or a Venetian goblet? She, like St. Francis, is the true friend of Lady Poverty.

A PANTHEISM ABOVE THE GOD PAN

FOLLOWING his interpretation of the meaning of the vision, Francis, having restored

afterward, when her work of compassion had become one of abounding love, the five-year-old had learned with mild interest that his father and mother were dead. Henceforth his name had been not Winston, but Forbes. At the time the American press printed many columns about the Ellermayne tragedy, so that two similar murders had been committed in California growing out of like circumstances, and one of the criminals had received twenty years and a pardon. The other murderer, in sending away prospective witnesses to unknown climes and in comforting penurious jurymen who were kept away from their wives, had expended so much of his entire fortune that it would have been an act of gross sympathy to hang him. But no one ever mentioned to Dick Forbes the manner of his father's death. He grew up a healthy, happy child, in whom heredity seemed to pay the greater heed to his mother.

Yet he was the son of a criminal, and opinions differ as to the relative values of heritage and environment in the making of men. Opinions differ most where there is the least scientific warrant for having any. As to environment, compare Noble Winston's rearing with that of his son, Dick Forbes. The given name "Noble" informs you at once of parents with high ideals and horsehair furniture, both well in evidence on Sundays,—parents with an ingenuous outlook, or none at all, upon some matters of taste that were not the first consideration in a small Indiana town of the period. The torch to the above-said high ideals was lifted for him by young ladies who taught the schools, day and Sunday; and in Noble Winston's perception what these young ladies said partook of their own ineffectuality in practical life and of their detachment from it. For while he went to school to them, it was the example of men and boys that really was educating him as to the easier paths to "success." So that for him life resolved itself clearly in twain: into the feminine, or what the law and the prophets proclaim will or should happen; and the masculine, or what really does happen. Tucked away with the feminine were the dimly defined arts and graces to which one paid a kind of deference in the presence of women if they were young.

Sibyl Forbes was the daughter of a bishop who had left her a fair income. She combined the religious temperament with a Christian spirit. She died at seventy-one, never having varied ten pounds in weight in her last forty years. It was a last step in the settlement of her estate, which passed to him, that Dick was sending off a letter to the Syndy. His education had begun with two successive foreign governesses, who had taught him their languages, and with occasional appearances in the drawing-room, where, instead of learning to hold his own, he learned to hold his tongue. At ten he went off to a preparatory school, and at fourteen he went to Rugby; so that for eight years, save for the blessed holidays with his foster-mother, he was inspired, taught, disciplined, and generally whipped into shape by men and older boys, and by his responsibilities toward younger boys. Much of this training centered about two games with a ball—games where there was no question of boys being boys: they had to be men, like the mature men they played the games with. What Dick broke he had to pay for, whether it was a pane of glass or a rule of the game, and the only possible good form was cheerfulness. It was more evil to be a bad loser than it was notable to be a good winner. The phrase was not, "Play to win," but, "Play the game." Dick's mother had always played the game. No one asked who he was, but they observed what he was. What he was when he had been through this and finished at Cambridge I cannot point to as a prodigy likely to startle Inyo County. One doubts whether Inyo County would have thought him sufficiently vital and virile, save in the celerity with which he would have left Inyo County for some place more to his taste. In fact, he looked upon law and order as the first element in a common-sense civilization. It would have annoyed Mono and even counties farther toward the sea that in him the daughter and niece of the Syndy should so quickly recognize something she was sure she wanted.

III

SHE thanked him for picking up her book. She pointed to the big envelop. "My uncle is the president of the Inyo-Mono Syndicate," she said.

He had just been contemplating him-

self anew as a young man with an undetermined future. Doubtless a country cottage and a horse, a little acreage and a gun, with occasional seasons on the Continent, appealed to him more than strenuous commercial or professional activities. But there is always hope for any one who never has sailed across the sea to the west.

"Then we are both Americans," he said, with a brilliant treatment of the "r" which she ever afterward imitated. Our women are more shameless than any others in renouncing the ways of their fathers. Dick was fairly on his guard at first: he liked a woman to treat him with the same deference with which he treated her, and many of his countrywomen had seemed disinclined to treat any man on terms of such equality. But it is useless as well as foolish to be on guard against a charming young beauty when she has begun to decorate an idol, and keeps discovering fresh reasons for doing so; she soon takes the measure of his mildest prejudices. The rate of their getting acquainted beat the Cornish express into Exeter.

If you are a member of the Syndy, and have established your daughter as a creature of every elegance and beauty and of all leisure, it may be worth while to note what sort of men most please her. With all your neighbor's sons being bred for nothing but to carry weight, one of two results is likely to follow. If she has your native ability and a certain delicacy which approaches what we call the temperamental, and if she has to go a thousand miles to hear a symphony, and perhaps three thousand miles farther in order to dine out where the men do not all talk business in one corner while the women all talk dress in another, you may not marvel at the distance she goes to find a husband. This is history, not a threat. Of course the chances are against her: Baedeker does not afford personal introductions, unless he gets dropped on the floor. On the other hand, if you are one of the Syndy who really has the millions; and if your daughter illustrates the one established law in human heredity, which is the probability of a return in the direction of the average; and if she has been well pampered and encouraged by her mother to value certain social effulgences as the goal of life, then some day when she come back from abroad it will not be to ge acquainted with you. It will be to sa that rather than go to dinners on horse back at Newport or lunch with real mon keys and their near relatives in Ne York, she prefers to figure under aristc cratic stage-management in a snobbis country where it is not positively know how papa first got on, but only suspectec Then, if you are one of the Syndy, you daughter's marriage may have compensa tions: you may find his lordship's butle a very entertaining man when your son in-law himself has gone to bed. But, o the whole, you had better go back to God' own country.

Forbes did not call on Miss Ellermayn at once. He asked a friend of the lat Miss Forbes to do so, and this put th new acquaintance on a basis pleasing t Grace Ellermayne and aroused a cautious but substantial, interest in Grace' mother. Uncle John Ellermayne had ac quired an important Devonshire countr place from an Englishman who had noth ing else to pay a debt with; and John' sister-in-law Dolly had taken up he residence there with a secret outlook upo the advantage to be gained for her daugh ter's future by this aristocratic move There comes a time in the increase o American fortune when the only possibl next step is to move to an English coun try house. Grace allowed Dick to see he satisfaction that this step had led to he meeting him. I am afraid Dick's intellec tual attitude toward her was a littl patronizing: he knew a good deal mor about the things she knew about, eve music and flowers, let alone horses an golf, than she knew. And I disclose t you this about our women—if not abou all women—namely, that she liked thi attitude: she reveled in it. If she knev it was justified she also knew that he beauty and all responsive good-will wer binding him none the less fast to her There was plenty of supporting landscape party-colored moors and puffs of whit cloud and sky-reflecting sea and sea-reflect ing sky. With charming simplicity h asked her one day whether he should con sult her mother or go to California an beard her uncle, or both.

In the interval Mrs. Ellermayne ha been between two fires, because this youn

Forbes had constantly added notable county families, even with titles, to her calling-list, and tactfully had shown her how not to spoil good servants. Mrs. Ellermayne pretended to be pleased; it was the only safe course with Grace. But the Syndy does rate higher than a mere Dick Forbes; without the blush of modesty one cannot say just how high it does rate. John Ellermayne was playing poker under one of the finest ceilings in America when he received Dolly's cablegram. He had not gone to London at the time of his brother's death; the news of the verdict had reached him at New York. He had always considered abroad as a place to come from, not to go to. Dolly had written that the young man had shown no anxiety as to what it cost to dress Grace, in fact, no interest whatever in money; and now she cabled that John must come and find some way to get rid of this young Mr. Forbes. It was annoying to a busy man, and from the time John Ellermayne landed at Liverpool the coffee ceased to be what it ought to be. At the country station Dick was deferential; he was well-built and wiry, with a straight nose and manners of engaging directness. But he did not know the cost of a single object they met on the drive from the station, and his cheerfulness about it was as irritating as a picture-gallery.

At dinner Grace was in her brightest mood; the thought of any one interfering with her heart's plans could not come to her. Dick felt that the kinder he was to her uncle, the sooner the uncle would snap back into his proper pigeonhole. He ventured to say that the Inyo-Mono Syndicate appeared to him a wonderful institution.

"Because it led to my meeting Dick," Grace told her uncle, ignoring the offices of Baedeker. "Dick has some stock in the Syndy."

"Inherited?" Ellermayne asked. "The only Forbes on the list when I left California was a woman."

"He inherited it from Miss Forbes," said Dick's proprietress. The names and details which had to do with her father's tragedy had long been dim in her mind.

"Then you can tell me what I 've often wondered about," her uncle said to Dick. "That same Miss Forbes took charge of a small boy, the son"—he glanced at his sister-in-law—"of a man named Winston. What became of that boy?" The two young people smiled.

"Miss Forbes adopted him," said Grace. Then she added, with a simplicity not untouched by a sense of her uncle's hostility, "I 'm going to marry him."

She saw Dick turn to her mother. Dolly had risen; her face was white; she waved for Grace not to follow her out of the room. John Ellermayne sat with a set face staring at his table-cloth. No explanation came. The young people sought to reëstablish conversation.

"Get out of here!" they heard John Ellermayne command the butler. "Grace, go to your mother."

She obeyed with some haughtiness, but less troubled than if anything really could threaten her relations with Dick. "Come into the drawing-room presently," she said to him. The young man opened the door for her, then closed himself in with her uncle.

Ellermayne was on his feet. He was flabby, with scant hair and the promise of death in the early sixties, but there was a hardened will within him. Dick received his steady look for an appreciable number of seconds.

"Do you play golf, sir?" Dick stared at him.

"If I did, I 'd play it straight," Ellermayne exploded. "How much does Grace know? How much have you told her?"

"About myself?" the young man said, with puzzlement. "Everything. What do you mean?" he said, with the directness he had learned in handling younger boys. Rage shot out of Ellermayne's eyes at the young man's calm.

"Have you told her your father was hanged?" Ellermayne said.

The young man made a step forward, as if to look deeper in his eyes. Ellermayne drew away, with his hand at his hip-pocket. "I never travel without one," he threatened. "Have you told her that your father was hanged for killing hers?"

"It 's a lie!" Dick said. His blood froze in his heart. His mind went back for some fact which would refute this, and he could find no bottom. "My God, sir, it must be a lie!" he said. Ellermayne laid hold of the door.

"This is my house," he said. "You go

to London and look up the files of the newspapers; you 'll find whether it 's a lie." He opened the door. "Take the train; I 'll send your things. Get out now; and don't let that girl ever see you again."

IV

ELLERMAYNE received this letter from Dick Forbes:

I have sent Grace extracts from the newspapers of twenty years ago. They will prove to her what you were the first to tell me about my inheritance. I do not remember my father's face, but I had woven some romance about his name; I had been taught to. Now every utterance and act recorded of him seem to me preposterous.

But as Grace's uncle you are to know that I retain my self-respect. I had a mother. Now I know of her agony of shame and horror and of how she died of it. It has brought me near to her for the first time in my life.

Certain parts of the testimony reflected upon the Inyo-Mono Syndicate and upon the integrity of Grace's father. These reflections are milder than those she has told me have been cast in the press, to her unhappy mortification, in the last two years. But I have suppressed them. It seems a strange environment which has produced my father and your brother and yourself; but you may take it as a message from my mother, through me, that cynicism and calumny and corruption will not always triumph, nor men hold law and honor in contempt, in a land where there are mothers such as she.

I know now, if never before, what my own devotion would be to a wife such as Grace could be. But if she chooses to, Grace knows that she stands free.

To Ellermayne this seemed another attack on his honesty just when the California press was beginning to leave him alone. It had accused Ellermayne of more corrupt deeds than any man at the head of large affairs possibly could have accomplished by himself. Men at the head of large affairs do not waste their time upon what they can hire cheaper men to do.

Dick quite expected Grace to answer the letter he had written her by one beginning: "No! No! Nothing shall ever part us!" But no response from her came, not even when he discovered she and her mother had sailed hurr for home, and when he had waited fi miserable days for a letter from ' York.

Ellermayne remained behind in don. Grace, even to the last wa bugle, had refused to talk to him (her mother about Dick. Her silenc mained eternally on their minds. (she had made no protest against l taken back to California. Her uncle her mother that in a few days a de quietus would be put upon this young He meant that a blaze of notoriety w be cast about Dick Forbes such as nc like Grace would care to share. E mayne lost no time. He hunted up London correspondent of a New newspaper, and the correspondent ma piquant story of the affair to date, fu innuendo against Dick, and placing C in the light of having been much ab Grace read this London despatch as ship approached the statue of our libe then she dumbly handed it over to mother. Dolly remembered what E mayne had whispered to her at par "You 've had a lot of publicity in time; you can stand a little more." Dolly hated it. At the pier several b young men pressed forward to inter Grace upon her most sacred thoughts.

"Ah, do leave me alone!" she ple to their chivalry. The next day printed photographs which purporte show how pleasing to the eye she had when saying this; and they said she beautifully dressed. But her feelin the gang-plank in their presence had akin to that of nakedness.

Meanwhile Ellermayne was wr letters, one a day, to the people Dick introduced to Dolly. Something in atmosphere had prevented him from tempting newspaper publicity in Engl The letter to the first lady, who called and spoken well of Dick, w sample of the rest:

You knew this man Forbes was the of a murderer, yet you did everything could to countenance him. He acted part of a scoundrel, well knowing hi unfit to associate with the daughter honest men. This is not the first tim American girl, etc.

These letters did not fill their recipients with a desire to see America first. He sat down, with his feet higher than his head, for a week of wretched idleness, to await the returns. The only answer he got was a summons to appear in court and answer to a charge of criminal libel, Forbes *vs.* Ellermayne. It was precisely what Ellermayne wanted. Now he would get publicity. "And in England," he wrote unpatriotically to Dolly, "publicity counts."

The trial was set for a month later, which gave him a chance to go home and influence legislation for a week. Dolly could not say whether Grace was recovering from the pangs of her disillusionment; for Grace would answer no questions about young Forbes nor rise to any defense of him. There was a wilful consistency about her course that made them feel insecure. But they were convinced that she was not in correspondence with Dick. It was Ellermayne's idea, on the day he departed again for London, to cheer Grace out of her still-running tide of emotion—whatever that emotion was—by inviting in a number of young men closely related to the Syndy, one or two of whom were as good as vaudeville when turned loose in a drawing-room. "They like champagne," Grace nodded, after considering a moment.

She provided a quantity of it that startled her mother. In fact, Grace showed signs of growing up into at least enough a daughter of the Syndy to act upon motives known only to herself. Her guests were big, fat fellows of abounding cordiality. She inwardly called them little brothers of the cabbage-rose. They regarded her as some one mysterious and remote, who spoke three languages and was due to inherit the second largest share in the Syndy. While she moved among them with impartial scrutiny, mildly sympathetic to their sallies, the champagne began to argue to their minds that it was not the champagne which made her seem so warm and beautiful. In the middle of the evening she proposed a drive to the ocean through the park, and every turn of the motor added to a brilliancy and a romantic allurement they began to hail as a new discovery in the daughter of the Syndy. They kept whispering this aloud to each other until the car stopped in the far silence of the boulevard by the beach. Grace jumped up on the front seat and said she was going to make a speech, a charming threat when it comes from a musical voice beneath rich, golden hair under that bright moonlight. There was just a breath of soft salt air astir, and the idle wavelets lapped harmoniously upon the sand.

She said that once for all she wanted to know the truth about the Inyo-Mono Syndicate. She wanted to know why the people hated it and them and her. It was hardly necessary to state that the six men in the car, being of her own generation, were above practices creative of public scandal. But what was the unaltered truth about her father and her uncle and about their own fathers and uncles and all their associates? It grew evident that she believed those bald-heads guilty men, as though for years she had been patiently piecing together unguarded bits of domestic conversation not intended for her understanding. When now, with something of the acumen that distinguishes the Syndy, she intimated that there were more bottles under the seat, the majority of them said that, by heavens! she was as much a part of the Syndy as any one, and, by heavens! a little more, and she had a right to know. The minority was busy shooting off the heads of the bottles with a pistol.

They did not have to invent any facts to support her suspicions, though they were good and kind enough to have invented facts if she had asked for a verdict of acquittal. They only had to tell her what they knew, although I hope they enlarged a little, under the influence of a landscape which is sometimes given to exaggeration. The brilliant moon enhanced her beauty and her inheritance and the potency of the wine.

She thanked them; she said she was very glad to know where she stood in her own esteem. Now she wished them to hear the whole story of her broken engagement to Dick Forbes. She described Dick, I fear, as one much more like themselves than any man without their advantages could hope to be. But she did not let down their interest in herself by letting them think there was any prospect of her engagement being renewed. She told them quite frankly that she had never had but one letter from Dick since that fatal

night, and that she never expected to have another from him. In that clear, pale light she was able to read to them from Dick's letter extracts from the account of the trial twenty years before. She asked if it would not have been fair play for her uncle to have informed her alone of Dick's parentage, without ever informing Dick. Then she could have broken the engagement without Dick ever becoming the wiser. They swore that this was chivalry —woman's chivalry to man.

"Then," Grace said, fixing her eyes upon the one she had decided was the natural leader of the rest, "there is something you can do for me. I can't stand staying at home and having mother always raising a subject I wish to forget. I want to go away where nothing will remind me of it—where no one will know where I am for at least a week. I want to go and stay on the edge of the desert, alone; and, boys, please—I want to go *now!*"

They roared as one man that they would accompany her to the edge of the desert or to the selvage of the universe. They grew quite thirsty and tearful over this splendid independence of a California girl. If you had breathed that air and seen her attitude, the moon on the top of your head would have paralyzed your discrimination. And they did whizz with her down into Monterey at five o'clock that morning, she keeping the wheel with a view to keeping her life, they behaving in a manner which in colder climes would have been called demonstrative. They put her on some kind of train for somewhere,—they were not quite clear about it, —and she heaved a complicated sigh which I will not analyze. They never would have mentioned it until the next night at the club if, in their great unanimity of opinion about Grace, they had not all tried to steer the car home as one man, which resulted in its flying through the air and landing down in the branches of an intoxicated cypress-tree. That afternoon those who retained consciousness could not remember that Grace had given them her prospective address, although each of them had whispered to her that he expected to go in her direction in a few days, quite as alone as she. Her mother could not get them to agree in which direction the train had gone. She jumped to the conclusion that it was headed for London.

In London twelve days later, Elle mayne rose to impress a full-bottomed w and gown. "Your Honor, or whatever ought respectfully—"

"You ought to sit down for the pre ent," said the court, without looking u

Dick Forbes was on another benc nursing his foot-ball knee and feeling slack as a wet piano. He had never h any word from Grace. But if she h had the faith and courage to cross the s for the purpose of stealing to a seat b hind him just as the charge was read, really, Ellermayne had said, it was t trial of young Forbes on charge of bei the son of a murderer,—she would ha seen nothing in his face to betray his fe ings. Dick would have been too fixed one stiff, silent attitude to have been awa of her. The single thought which ke the pendulum going within him was th her letter in response to his might ha been suppressed by her uncle. When t trial was over, Dick planned to go California and get a simple assurance this point, if the trial left him any oth desire than to hide himself in the Sahar Even now he could feel a public stare up him that would be fixed forevermore.

John Ellermayne had determined conduct his own case; it would fav greater comment and give him a su chance for what he wanted to say. T prosecution opened, showing how Elle mayne had wilfully and maliciously u tered to third parties statements calc lated to do no good which the law c recognize, and certain, as would proved, to do a grievous harm to Richa Forbes. John Ellermayne rose by invit tion and proceeded by documentary pro to show that twenty years ago, not ha a mile from where the court now sa Dick's father had shot Henry Ellermay dead. John proved to the hilt that h allegation on that score had been t truth. Then he went on for half an ho on the subject of truth—on how it w the light of the world and the glory the human soul. To listen to him h elements of a trip to Inyo County, wit out all the discomforts. Undoubtedly made the greatest speech of his life th day: it ranked as a cloud-burst of impa sioned oratory. Following it, the jud said that, the truth being an importa factor in the alleged offense, and Elle

mayne having proved the truth of his allegation, it only remained for the court to order that John Ellermayne go to prison for two years or else pay Richard Forbes five thousand pounds.

The law in the case was substantially the same as in America. It was the court and the lawyers and public opinion that were different.

Ellermayne rose apoplectically from his seat. He quivered that he wished to lodge an appeal. He desired to say that, if necessary, he would carry the case to the House of Lords, which is the next thing to the bar of heaven.

"You concealed your identity from my niece!" he shot an impassioned finger at Dick Forbes. The court waited with interest to see how far this cousin from across the water would do what in the English mind is the classic thing for foreigners to do—lose self-control.

"You obtained her affection—for a *while*—under false pretenses. No woman will ever trust you again," Ellermayne shouted across the decorous space.

Dick Forbes sat white with anger, taken aback by the amused complaisance of the court, thrown upon his mettle to return what should be well-tempered, short, and keen. For a moment he seemed without reply before the steady glare and outstretched arm of Ellermayne, and the indefinable something which expresses the opinion of a silent court-room seemed to bear against him, as many an acquitted one has felt it bear.

A young woman rose behind him, and threw back her veil the large meshes of which Ellermayne might have penetrated. Her eyes were as clear as her California sunlight and as blue as the distant mountains the poetry of which was part of her soul. Her eyes looked into those of the judge and softly disengaged his attention from the merits of the case in hand and from everything except her slender beauty and the words that were forming on her lips. Dick felt the touch and quiver of her fingers on his shoulders, and he knew without turning that it was Grace and that the mighty thrilling of his veins meant the gift of her love and her life to him. Grace drew a breath.

"I should have been married to Mr. Forbes by now, sir," she spoke to the judge, "if my uncle had not held back a letter which I gave him to post."

"Clear the court!" said the judge. In the quick movement of obedience John Ellermayne faded out of the room, and on the following day he was to fade out of a country where such things are possible. By courtesy Dick found himself alone with Grace. He gripped her wrist to be sure she was real.

"I am going to marry you by special license, to-morrow," he said fiercely, "and the next day we will sail for New York and California."

"Not back to the newspapers!" she appealed.

"Back to everything," said Dick Forbes. He pointed to the door. "The place for Americans like me is at home—fighting Americans like him."

EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS

II—THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIFE

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Professor Emeritus of the English Language and Literature at the Catholic University of America; author of "Songs and Sonnets," the "Sexton Maginnis" stories, etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

FRANCIS now felt that he was a free man. Poverty to him meant entire liberty to love God and God's creatures. To renew the youth of Christianity was his desire, and by this to give more glory to the risen Christ, who had died in the arms of Lady Poverty. He had no quarrel with riches or with rich men. In his idea of the world, Dives had a place, but Lazarus was the more to be honored because he was poor. Francis was firmly convinced that the poor would always be on the earth, and that contentment and peace could come to every human being only by honoring and loving poverty.

In his day this was a hard saying; but the house of Christ on earth had many mansions. The mansions of the popes and the emperors were not like his little hut at the Portiuncula. He did not expect popes and emperors to live in little huts or to serve the Lady Poverty in a "beast-colored" gown bound by a girdle of rope, and with a cross of mortar as the only ornament; but for those who wished to imitate the divine life of Christ on earth, who wished to be free to unite themselves entirely with him, the way of the Lady Poverty was the best way. To have a wife and children was good; to love truly and constantly an earthly maiden also led to salvation, and was also good and beautiful and worthy of a knight: but for him wh would be united with Love itself, wh would open the door that shuts out thi world from that other of eternal joy an peace, there could be no wife or child o father or mother. All must be forsaken the supreme surrender must be made wit no reservation.

A LOOK AHEAD

IN this time of wars, when the Weste world was in the making, men ardentl desired peace. But peace could not b made on a material basis. The antithesi of Francis of Assisi was to be Frederic of Sicily. Born in 1194, twelve year after Francis, this prince had from hi childhood lived in an atmosphere of strife An Italian by birth, but representing Ger man imperial domination, he had been th cause of a fierce struggle between his guar dian, Innocent III, and the representa tives of that domination. Through Con stance, his mother, he had inherited kingl rights in the Two Sicilies, and when hi uncle, Philip of Swabia, died, he was th last of the Hohenstaufens and the Nor man princes. He was to be the most luxu rious ruler of his epoch, irresponsible t God or man in his luxury; and for thi Dante puts him in hell. The scent o

orange-blossoms and strange Oriental perfumes surrounded him in his youth. He was half-Eastern, and the ways of the Saracens were dear to him. The ward of Innocent III, he became an opponent of the claims of the papacy worthy of the steel of that masterful pontiff, who deprived the German emperor of the support of the bishops and made them really vassals of his own.

Educated nominally by ecclesiasts, he came to be regarded as a second Julian the Apostate. And yet he was the same man who was willing to give up Agnes of Bohemia to the order of St. Clare, protesting that, if her spouse were any other than Christ, he would not have permitted it. He kept a harem, after the Eastern manner, and imported Circassian women as he imported animals for his famous menagerie. In order that he might reign supreme, he did his best to break up the feudal power in the Sicilies. If he endowed monasteries, he acted, like most other rulers of his time, in a spirit of worldly policy. The ecclesiastics were clever and learned; in later times Luther proved the force of his training by breaking great breaches in the system which had trained him. In the thirteenth century the astute laymen in power used the disciplined ecclesiastic to consolidate his power, and showered benefits upon him and his community that his knowledge and experience might not be turned to the advantage of all men. Besides, it was a secular dogma of the times that the land-owning clergy must be directed against the powerful land-owning nobility, with its hereditary privileges. Thus it was not through faith entirely that the church became rich and temporally powerful.

This filled Francis with sorrow; for he was wise enough to see that the condition of the times, as this condition affected institutions, could not be changed by him. He was not Pope Innocent III or Frederick the Splendid, whose Oriental knowledge and gorgeous pomps Francis learned to hate; he was only a simple man whose business in life was to love his neighbors and all things God had made.

It was, too, a secular dogma of the time that the machinery of life depended on the possession of land and wealth. The emperor or the prince was important in proportion to the extent of his dominions; a duke became formidable as his estates increased. The power of the Holy Roman Empire was frequently threatened by the great nobles, and though the emperors, intent on centralization, might speak of Portugal, Spain, and Denmark as little kingdoms, their power over these countries was not much more than nominal. The emperors of the Saxon house and the Franconians, by enriching the clergy, were especially adept in using them as "buffers" between themselves and pretentious princes or arrogant nobles. "Let us observe, too," says Blondel, "that it was not only abbots who became counts, but counts who became abbots." The emperors recognized the danger of the principle of heredity among the nobles, and met it by giving all possible wealth and power to celibates. As an example, Frederick determined to be an absolute ruler in the Sicilies; but he had to reckon with his former guardian, Pope Innocent III, who was equally determined that the Sicilies should not be despotically made a dependence of the German Empire.

Law limiting absolutism was progressing in Germany, but in the Sicilies Frederick felt that he could develop law for his own support. In Germany, during the great struggle of Barbarossa for supremacy, many of the German bishops had decided against the pope; but Innocent III had managed to change this, and the German prelates and clergy, made powerful, were more and more attaching themselves to him. When his time came, all this made Frederick turn his attention toward the conquest of Italy. At the time when Francis of Assisi began his real life Italy was a place of fear. Without the temporal power, it seemed as though the church might be made the slave of the emperors. Before the work of Francis was well begun, the empire was ruled by one who, while he headed a crusade, was at once the most elegant, the most refined, the keenest, and the most corrupt and voluptuous ruler in Europe.

THE MIND OF FRANCIS

To be rich was to be powerful, and the vicegerent of Christ dared not for a moment sheathe the temporal sword without danger to the interests of Christendom. To be a bishop was to be a temporal

prince; to be a monk was to live personally poor, if you will, but as a part of a rich organization protected by all the panoply of war. Yet Francis, knowing this, wrote in his rule for the life of those who joined him:

The Lord commands us in the gospel: Take heed, beware of all malice and avarice, and guard yourself from the solicitudes of this world and the cares of this life. Therefore let none of the brothers, wherever he may be or whithersoever he may go, carry or receive money or coin in any manner, or cause it to be received either for clothing or for books, or as the price of any labor, or, indeed, for any reason, except on account of the manifest necessity of the sick brother. For we ought not to have more use and esteem for money and coin than of stones. And the devil seeks to blind those who desire or value it more than stones. Let us therefore take care lest, after having left all things, we lose the kingdom of God for such a trifle. And if we should chance to find money, let us no more regard it than the dust we tread under our feet, "for it is vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." And if perchance, which God forbid, it should happen that any brother should collect or have money or coin except only because of the aforesaid necessity of the sick, let all the brothers hold him for a false brother, a thief, a robber, and one having a purse, unless he should become truly penitent.

The brothers who later followed him must not accept money as alms. They were forbidden to collect money for anything or to help any one to seek or make money; but they might work at any trade or profession, though not for more than was absolutely necessary to feed and cover them. Here was a message of the simple life with a vengeance! Was it strange that Assisi and its environs looked on the once extravagant Francis as a madman, that his father raved, his disappointment working like madness in his soul, or that Angelo, Francis's brother in blood, scoffed?

In the meantime, while the brothers were afar off, not yet awakened from their sleep under the star that was to lead them, Cecco, the charming and boyish Cecco, was not without friends. They grew in number until Assisi began to feel a certain pride in so gentle and patient a man. And there was the poor curate of St. Damian who, knowing how delicately Francis ha lived, how well he loved the luscious je lies, tinct with cinnamon, and the delicio marchpane, in which the cooks of the Mi dle Ages delighted, and how sweet th taste of the almond- and the orange-flow was to his lips, provided dainties for th young brother while he piled higher th stones of the church of the Portiuncula.

HE LONGS FOR PERFECT POVERTY

FRANCIS suddenly awakened to the fa that he was ceasing to be in training as a athlete of the spirit. It came upon hi that his kind friend the priest was hol ing him back in the race for perfectio Out he rushed from the priest's house. H had learned at Rome what it was to be beggar for others; now he became a be gar for himself. A mother about to thro the scraps of her children's meal away, servant with little left of the stew of lam but the gristle, the boy about to finish hi piece of bread and willing to relinquis the crust, were astonished and touche when Francis begged of them. Here in deed was madness in the son of the ric merchant who might have had the flesh o the peacock and all sorts of concoction of delicate almond paste every day. Di he go to Madonna Pica, and did she say with San Lorenzo Giustiniani's mother,

> This blessing be with me forever!
> My hope and doubt were hard to sever,
> That altered face, those holy weeds,
> I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
> And lost his echoing feet forever?

It is probable that he did not go to hi mother, knowing that he would not re ceive what he desired. He came back wit the odds and ends generally given by pe ple to beggars. The sight of them mad him ill, but he bravely satisfied his hunge with them, and God gave him pleasure i the eating; for was not there his dear an pure Sister Water, who serves rich an poor, whether in an earthen pot or a Ven tian goblet? She, like St. Francis, is th true friend of Lady Poverty.

A PANTHEISM ABOVE THE GOD PAN

FOLLOWING his interpretation of the mean ing of the vision, Francis, having restore

St. Damian's and St. Peter's, spent two years in rebuilding the church of St. Mary of the Angels. The idea of forming a new religious order had not taken form in his soul. It was enough that he should obey the voice. He thought of doing no more. He did not dare to aspire to be a priest. Theology he revered, but learning that did not concern itself immediately with the glory of God he detested. One might make poems, but it was better to live them, and one should make only the poems he could live. Besides, in his belief books were as nothing compared with men and the things of nature. To get nearer to Christ was to get nearer to nature. He loved poetry, but it must be the poetry of the heart, not of the academies. All things were of God; to misuse a book or to tread on a written sheet was wrong, for in the book or on the sheet might be the name of God or at least the letters that formed His name. In the eyes of Francis, Pan had been blessed by Christ. Paganism—what was natural and good in paganism—was Christian. The worm in the soil was a symbol of the humility of Christ, the lily of his purity, the birds of his goodness and love, the ravening wolf and the avaricious brigand his creatures who were suffering because the Lady Poverty was despised, and they were left by the proud of the earth to starve or to steal. Francis was a pantheist of the highest pantheism.

He aspired to be neither of the order of the Crucified, which had the care of lepers, nor of the learned Benedictines. In speaking he used only the words of the gospel, but not as a priest, nor with the authority of a priest. His simplicity of nature and his purity of heart were evident. Francis had none of the gifts of a great preacher. In stature he was not tall, he was not imposing, but his expression was joyful and sweet; his smile was exquisite, and he had good teeth. His neck was thin,—indeed, his whole person was thin,—his shoulders were square, he was erect, his arms short, his feet small,—a proof of nobility, Madonna Pica had said,—his brown hands had slim fingers, his skin was delicate, and his beard was thin and black. His face was delicately oval, his hair thick, his eyebrows, at the base of a low forehead, were straight, his eyes clear, though their color is indicated only as clear and dark, and his nose was well modeled. His voice was soft; he had none of the organ tones which his brethren who followed St. Dominic were cultivating in order that they might be, par excellence, the preachers of Christendom. "But his words were as fire," says Thomas of Celano, and he preached peace, only peace, through the way, narrow and yet joyful, of his Lord.

There is no authentically recorded word or act of St. Francis of Assisi which cannot be expressed in the terms of the New Testament, so near did he come to the sacred example of Christ as written in the gospels. It was not until the twenty-fourth of February, 1209, in the poor little chapel of St. Mary at the Portiuncula, that he knew the full meaning of his mission. On that morning he assisted, probably alone with the priest, at the celebration of the mass. At the gospel of the day he was struck by the words, "Have neither gold nor silver nor money in your purse, nor wherewith to carry aught; neither two habits nor shoes nor a stick."

THE LIGHT STRENGTHENS

Up to this time he had been poor, but not so utterly poor as the apostles were recommended to be. He had worn shoes and he had carried a bag and a stick. Now he cast them away, and finally assumed the peasant's gown, with a cord to bind it about the waist. The gospel for the feast of St. Mathias is not the same to-day. It was taken from St. Matthew; there were words in it that equally tell part of the message Francis drank in with all his heart: "Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek, and humble of heart; and you shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is sweet, and my burden light." But the words that struck Francis to the heart were these words: "Take neither gold nor silver nor money in your purse, nor two habits, nor a staff."

"When were these words said?" he asked the priest.

"When our Lord bade his apostles go forth," was the reply.

He understood at last. Not only for the rebuilding of churches of brick and mortar did he exist, but for the building up of souls with the word of Christ. His precursor, an unknown man, had run through the streets of Assisi, calling out, "Well-

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ST. FRANCIS DISTRIBUTING GOLD TO THE POOR OF ASSISI

being and peace," and had then disappeared. The real herald of the Prince of Peace had now come. He spoke in simple words, to all who would listen, of sorrow for offenses against that perfection which is God, of penance, and of the amendment of life. Here were the roads to peace. "The peace of the Lord be always with you," he said.

It seems that a lad—"puer," the chronicle says—came first to him, and adoringly followed him wherever he went; but this boy is touched for a moment by light, and then disappears. The first follower of Francis was Bernard of Quintavalle. In that naïve and loving collection of traditions that gathered about Francis,[1] "which, like the most beautiful things in nature, the flower and the butterfly, should be touched only by delicate hands,"[2] one finds the story of how Bernard, "the noblest and richest and wisest in Assisi," was brought to be the disciple of Francis in the hard and narrow way. Francis was wont to say that Bernard had founded the order of the Friars Minor, for he had offered himself naked to the arms of the Crucified.

During the two years Francis had spent in Assisi as "a fool for Christ's sake," Bernard had more and more wondered at his constancy, his patience, his exact observance of what to many seemed impossible—the counsel of Christian perfection. He had known Francis the boy and the youth. Being a serious man, he marveled at the change in him, and at first it struck him that this half-poet, half-*chevalier errant*, might be capable of anything. Time wore on. Bernard, oppressed, as all good men were in a world where simony was almost the rule and high feudal lords and barons both ecclesiastical and secular, were playing the part of Judas for power and riches, looked for the light that seemed to lead this young fool to acts of love and self-sacrifice.

THE FIRST BROTHER

DEPENDENT entirely on alms, Francis with great simplicity accepted the invita-

[1] "Fioretti di San Francesco d'Assisi."

[2] Sabatier.

tion of Bernard to sup and lodge in his house. Bernard wanted to pluck out the heart of the mystery of the sanctity of this strange young man, for it seemed to him that only the grace of God could have worked this miracle. Bernard went to bed first. Afterward Francis threw himself on his bed in the same room, and pretended to sleep; but Bernard, through the curtains of his bed, watched him by the light of the little lamp of oil. He heard him "snoring loudly, in fashion as though he slept right soundly." Thinking Bernard to be really asleep, Francis rose and said fervently in a low tone, "My God! my God!" and only that. And so he remained until the morning, still repeating the sacred words. Rising at dawn, Bernard said:

"Brother Francis, I am resolved to depart from the ways of the world, and to follow thee as my leader."

The heart of Francis rose in great joy.

"Bernard," he said, "the doing of what you propose is such a wonderful work that we must ask our Lord Jesus Christ what he will have us do; for his will must be ours. Let us go, then, to the bishop's house, where a good priest is; let us hear mass, and then pray until terce, asking God that by our three times opening the missal He will show us the way which it pleases Him we ought to take."

THE SCRIPTURAL TESTS

BERNARD assented, doubtless in surprise. They were joined by a third, Peter dei Cattani, a lawyer. It seemed no doubt strange that a man who had spent the night in the contemplation of God should not know the will of the Master; but Francis never took more than one step at a time. The second was made only when God gave the sign.

At terce, the priest in the bishop's house made the sign of the cross and opened the missal three times. How should Francis and Bernard discover the path of perfection? He read, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give it to the poor and follow me," for the first time, in the words from St. Matthew. For the second time, in the words from St. Luke, he read, "Take nothing for your journey, neither staff, nor scrip, nor bread, nor money." And for the third time, in those from St. Mark, "If any man will follow me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross."

"Thou hast heard the counsel of Christ; let us fulfil those sacred words," said Francis; "and blessed be our Lord Jesus who has vouchsafed to show forth his life in the holy gospel!"

Bernard was not an enthusiast. He does not seem to have struck anybody as queer. He was not quick to act; but when he acted, he acted thoroughly. He and Peter dei Cattani sold all they had, and, with the help of the cheerful Francis, who, it must be said, had always been delighted to get rid of money, distributed it among the poor. Francis enjoyed this process immensely. Then Sylvester, a priest from whom Francis had bought stones, used in repairing St. Damian's church, hearing that there was hard cash going for nothing, appeared and reminded Francis that he had not paid sufficiently.

THE MINSTRELS OF THE GOOD GOD

FRANCIS was astounded by this avarice. Could such a man be God's servant? "Very well," Francis said, taking handfuls of gold from Bernard's bag and putting them into the bosom of Sylvester's robe. "There, if you want more, there 's more here." The bystanders themselves were shocked by the priest's greed, but he went away with the money. Three days and nights he kept it, but Francis prayed for his conversion so ardently that he returned it.

There was much gossip in Assisi at this time. The companions of Francis had impoverished themselves to help the poor! The distribution of coins at the marketplace was spoken of by every fireside and in every field. And hearing this, Agidius, sometimes called Brother Giles, was drawn to Francis, who at this time dwelt in the lepers' hospital with Brother Bernard and Brother Peter, who called themselves simply three poor men of Assisi doing penance. Giles was a robust man who liked obedience better than prayer. Searching for Francis in the cool of the morning, he came to a cross-road. Whither should he turn? The only course in his extremity was to ask God for a sign. His prayer was answered; he took the road to the poor hut where Francis then dwelt. Francis himself was coming out. Falling on

his knees, Giles begged that he might be admitted as one of the companions.

"Dearest brother," said Francis, "God has given a great thing to thee. If the emperor should come to Assisi in order to choose one of its citizens as his knight or his chamberlain, how great would be the number who would wish to be his? Thou, whom the Lord has selected to be of His court, hast infinitely more reason to be glad."

They ate together joyously. Giles was well dressed, and Francis would have no time lost in changing his fine clothes for the brown robe of the "poor men" of Assisi. Forward they went to the town to find cloth for Brother Giles's habit. On their way they met an old woman in wretched rags, begging.

"For the love of the Lord, dear brother," said Francis, "give thy fine cloak to our poor sister."

Giles gladly obeyed, and his cheerfulness in obeying brought him instant peace and new pleasure. And thus Brother Giles became "his knight of the round table," as Francis liked to call this honest soldier. His reception probably took place in April, 1209. No record of Brother Giles's life previous to his conversion has been found, probably, a devout Franciscan writes, because the purely historical features of a saint's life were of little or no interest to the thirteenth-century biographer, and, as the lives of saints were intended to be read in refectories during meals, there was a comparative disregard of all that did not tend to edification.[1]

The four brothers set forth to let the light of the love of God shine before men. Francis sang cheerfully in the Provençal tongue, which he had learned at his mother's knee. Never was there so gay a band of penitents. Mockery, or the hot sun, or praise, or the sound of thunder, could not make them less joyous. In giving up all, they had gained all. Francis had none of the graces or affections of the official orator of the time. He was ardent, direct, simple, aiming directly at the heart, and hitting the core of the heart. Giles, who had no eloquence, said when Francis had finished:

"You had better believe what Brother Francis says; his advice is good." Only, when those who had at first treated them as wild men from the woods came a showed them honor, Giles would s "Our true glory is lost when we rece glory from creatures."

THE ECONOMISTS ARE AROUSED

BUT their success in moving hearts to love of God and the amendment of was marvelous. This was especially so the province of the Marches of Anco the little birthplace of that Frederick, antithesis of Francis, who was at this ti fifteen years of age. Three others w shortly after this added to their numb Sabbatino, Morico, and Giovanni of Hat, so called because he would wea hat instead of the hood affected by brethren, and of whom unkind things w afterward said.

The brethren continued to increase numbers. Among them was Angelo T credi, another soldier, young and chiv rous, who came, according to the words Francis, "to exchange sword-belt a sword and spurs for the cord, the cr and the dust on his feet." "I consecr thee," he added, "knight of the army the Lord."

Assisi began to grow tired of these p men, and the Portiuncula was too sm to hold them. They acquired, proba through Brother Morico, the privilege occupying several little buildings at R Torto, not far from the Portiunc These buildings belonged to a religi order of the Crucified. The relati and acquaintances of Francis said c stantly that his followers had given their own property in order to prey u that of others. The old story of his h ing sold his father's precious stuffs fo song at Foligno was received again w scorn, and there were those who as how he could hold his promise to keep lamp perpetually lit before the crucifix the church of St. Damian when he spised money, for how was oil to be without money?

In a word, the sympathy which the s plicity of young Francis had gained not extend to his followers, who were " old to be carried away by such vagarie consequently, the winter in the squa structures at Rivo Torto was wretch It is true that, according to the prece

[1] "The Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi," Father Paschal Robinson.

of Francis, the brothers worked whenever they could find work to do, but they were forbidden to take current wages for their work; they must accept only what was absolutely necessary. The outcries of the Assisians against these perverted creatures who disturbed economic conditions and begged voluntarily reached the ears of the Bishop of Assisi, Guido by name. He remonstrated with Francis. Was not his zeal leading him into an excess of self-denial? How was it possible to live without property?

"If we had property," answered Francis, "we should have to fight in order to defend it. The goods of the world cannot be kept without appeals to the law and without contentions, without violence and war. All this means the ruin of the love of God and our neighbors. For these reasons we shall never willingly possess the things of the earth."

THE WORLD VERSUS POVERTY

THE bishop could say nothing to this. He had troubles of his own, caused by the constant effort to retain his temporalities, and his opponents were among the Benedictines and the Crucified. Even at this time, before the Emperor Frederick was old enough to attempt to be absolute in Italy, the various governments had become most oppressive; class was against class, and even bishop against bishop. There was no peace for the church because she was growing in riches. Francis knew this too well, and Bishop Guido himself knew, too, that the burden of his position was made heavier by the constant vigilance he exercised in defending its temporal appendages. Nevertheless, the bishop had no sympathy with beggars who might, by using some of their worldly goods, cease to be beggars. But, as Jorgensen points out,[1] Francis knew what Leo Tolstoi preached in our time—that the possession of any personal property, however small, is an obstacle to the leading of an absolutely Christlike life. All brothers must work,—that was but following the life of Christ,—but they must work not for gain, but for the necessities of life. "He who will not work ought not to eat, and each must work at the work he can do." Cast out by their own, strangers began to be kind to them at Rivo Torto; yet one who had put a large sum on the altar of the Portiuncula found it later on a pile of refuse in the road. The advice of the bishop had fallen on unreceptive soil.

At Rivo Torto, Francis had written a few words for the guidance of his brethren, based on the counsels of perfection left by Christ. But he felt that he needed authoritative support. He had not founded a religious order; and if he had, the approbation of the pope would not have been necessary to him in 1210. Five years later the Council of the Lateran decided otherwise. But he wanted his followers to have the right to preach, which was confined to priests. This right had already been granted to Pierre Vaud, to Durand de Huesca and his Catholic Vaudois, and to other laymen.

The Bishop of Assisi was already at Rome in the summer of 1210. Francis was not sure of his support, but he knew that, as a fellow Assisian, he would not oppose him, the blood of Assisi being thicker than water when alien Italians appeared. Francis was a layman,—even after he had received his tonsure he was not a priest,—and he had none of the privileges or the rights of a priest, nor had Bernard of Quintavalle, who undertook to guide the little band to the tomb of St. Peter, which Francis loved. They sang, prayed, and worked at whatever honorably came to their hands on their way.

Once at Rome, Guido presented them to Cardinal John of St. Paul, Bishop of Sabina, a member of the princely house of Colonna. The bishop may have thought that this noble person, whose days had been magnificent, might persuade Francis to mitigate the stringency of his spiritual athletic exercise and the hardness of his physical life. The cardinal invited the little band to be his guests. He was most kind; but after having examined Francis and his brethren as to their plans, he told them that they were trying to knock their heads against a solid rock. Francis was willing to do even this, if it pleased God. The cardinal was amazed and touched. "Pray for me," he said, "and hold me as one of your little brothers."

AT ROME

IT is said that Francis was troubled by the delay that was usual at the court of Rome,

[1] "St. Francis d'Assisi," Johannes Jorgensen.

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE PEOPLE OF ASSISI

where haste was looked upon as a vice, and that one day he and his poorly clad flock made their way to the palace of the Lateran, and reached the gallery of the Belvedere, where Innocent III was walking. It was not a propitious time. The people of Rome were turbulent and threatening. Not long since they had driven the pope from his tower of refuge, Torre dei Conti. He looked out now on dissensions everywhere, and dissensions occasioned by avarice and the lust of power. Besides, the Saracens threatened, and a new crusade was ardently desired in order to curb their power, which was not only physical, but insidiously intellectual. The favor Pope Alexander III had shown to the merchant Pierre Vaud in 1179 and his "Poor Men of Lyons" who had preached poverty had been turned against the holy see. Innocent had reason to dread the social disturbances made by demagogues in the name of Christlike poverty. Assisi itself had not long before burned its citadel rather than let it pass into the possession of Innocent. Arnold of Brescia's attack on the possession of property was still vibrating, and at the apparition of these strange, weird figures, the pontiff doubtless believed that there was a new invasion of queer heretics bent on destroying all vested interests. He had them driven out, and they went humbly.

That night the perplexed pontiff had a dream of a little palm that sprang up at his feet and became a splendid tree. He told this dream to the Cardinal of St. Paul. The poor little palm, somehow or other, brought to his mind the slim figure of Francis. The cardinal answered that he knew that Francis was a veritably perfect man, resolved to follow to the letter the evangelical counsels and to revive the faith of the whole church, which was failing day by day. The pope said that he would like to see this man again, so Innocent III and Francis met. The pope was impressed by the simplicity and earnestness of Francis and by some unknown force that seemed to proceed from him. He feared to approve of the utter, voluntary poverty of the life proposed by this man, yet to disapprove of it would be, as the Cardinal of St. Paul pointed out, to offend against the teachings of Christ: "for if any man say that the observance and the vow of evangelical perfection contains anything irrational or impossible to be observed, he is convicted of blasphemy against Christ, the author of the gospel."

INNOCENT ACCORDS THE RIGHT TO PREACH IN 1210

THE pope again sent for Francis. And Francis, having prayed for light, spoke to the holy father in a parable in which, according to St. Bonaventure, he told of a great king who had married a beautiful, but lowly and poor, wife. This king nourished the children of this poor woman at the royal table. Could God do less for His children born of poverty? Had not Christ, preaching evangelical poverty, promised an eternal kingdom to his followers? Will he fail, then, to give them what is sufficient for this life? Still the pontiff hesitated. He had seen other failures in his time. Clairvaux itself had not fulfilled the hopes of St. Bernard. This great foundation, according to Bossuet, *"l'image la plus achevée de l'ancienne église,"* lost much of its glory in losing its founder.

Innocent III heard Francis, and there flashed across his mind the memory of another vision he had had, in which he had seen the trembling edifice of the Lateran supported by a beggar. At last he said: "Go with the blessing of the Lord, and preach repentance to all in your own way; and when the Almighty shall have made you grow in grace and in numbers, return to me joyously for greater favors." Francis thanked the holy father most humbly, and went away singing the praises of God.

The Cardinal of St. Paul gathered the poor men together, and permitted the laymen among them to wear a tonsure smaller than that of priests. There is great reason to believe that Francis was ordained deacon[1] by the Bishop of Assisi. But the pontiff and the curia were very careful; the right to preach granted to these laymen covered only moral questions. They were not sufficiently learned in theology to be permitted to teach on matters of dogma.

After a devout visit to the tombs of the apostles, the brethren started for the valley of Spoleto. They were exaltedly

[1] But this did not make him a priest.

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

ST. FRANCIS RECEIVING PERMISSION TO PREACH REPENTANCE FROM POPE INNOCENT III

happy. They sang, they talked, and forgot all except the joy of their mission. Should they fix themselves in the country places or in the cities? This was a question which they did not decide until they halted for rest near the town of Orta. They had suffered much in the summer heat of the Campagna, having once been saved from starvation by a man who, appearing suddenly, gave them bread and went away at once. Having consulted with the brethren, Francis concluded that the cities offered them the greater chances for spreading the love of God.

"The country was made by God and the cities by man," said one of the brethren, bred in the country, "and therefore the country is better for us."

AT THE CROOKED RIVER

"NOT so," said Francis; "God made all." And they moved toward Assisi, to the Rivo Torto—the crooked river. There, in the deserted cabins, the space was so small that Francis had to write the names of each brother on the spot he must occupy. Few people came near them. A wooden cross was their only oratory. They had no books, but Francis told them, looking upon the autumnal beauties of the Umbrian valley, that created things were the best of all books. They must always be in sympathy with nature as well as with poverty.

THE VERY LITTLE BRETHREN

THE Emperor Otto of Brunswick passed on his way to be crowned by Innocent Francis did not go to meet him, but sent one of the brethren, who warned him of the sorrows that would come to him. The news of the victory of Francis at Rome over the prudence of the pope and the doubts of the sacred college had spread It was known that he had the right to preach. The priests of St. George invited him to their pulpit; so likewise did the Bishop of Assisi. The basilica of his native city could not hold the crowds that came. Nobody had ever spoken like this man. And the first fruits of his work was the peace he made between the ever-warring factions of his city, the patricians and

the plebeians, the majors and the minors. By this convention the minors were relieved from serfdom, and war could not be made or treaties ratified except by the consent of both parties. About this time the priest Sylvester, who had claimed for his dues in the market-place of Assisi, and had been smitten with repentance, joined the little community, its first priest. About this time, too, Francis was struck by the humility of the word "minors." Was it not the name of the poorest class of the people, those he loved best? And was it not held in honor by Christ? Ah, his brothers should be called the very little Brothers of Poverty; and so they were named by him Friars Minor.

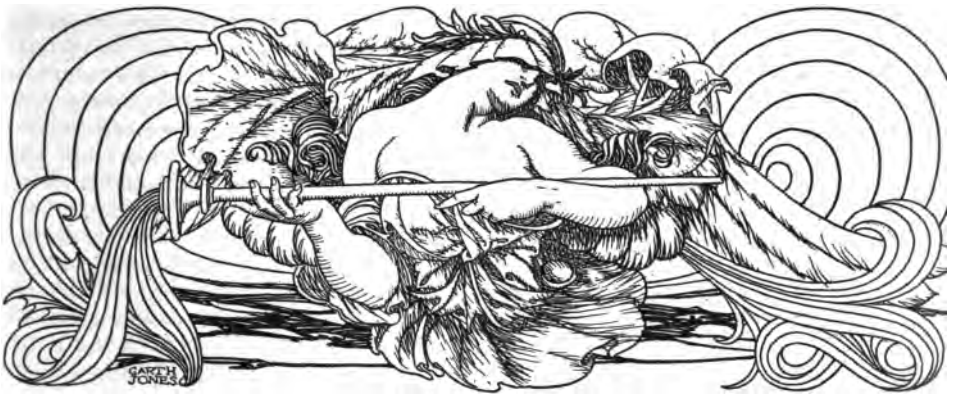
Francis had great charity for his little brothers, and they lived in the sweetest harmony at Rivo Torto. "I am ill of hunger," said a friar one night. Now, the fast was a solemn thing to this brother, and he dared not break it. To do so might seem greedy and even sinful; and so, understanding his scruples, Francis invited others to eat with him, so that he might not seem luxurious in eating alone at an unusual time. A sick brother longed for grapes, and Francis ate them with him to quiet his scruples. The friars dwelt at Rivo Torto until one day a peasant rudely drove an ass into the hut where they were.

"Our mission," said Francis, taking this as a sign, "is not to keep a stable for asses, but to pray and to show men the way of salvation." So back to the Portiuncula they went, and it was in the shadow of the Portiuncula that the mystical rose of the Franciscan movement, incomplete without the feminine influence, was to bloom. Though he did not know it then, Francis went back to find Clara, the young daughter of Favorino de Scifi, who was to become his own little daughter in the love of Christ. This was to take place on March 18, 1212.

(To be continued)

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

BROTHER GILES GIVING HIS CLOTHES TO A BEGGAR WOMAN (SEE PAGE 189)



THE GOSPEL OF NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

Author of "Wake Robin," "Signs and Seasons," "Ways of Nature," etc.

I

THE other day a clergyman who described himself as a preacher of the gospel of Christ wrote, asking me to come and talk to his people on the gospel of nature. The request set me to thinking whether or not nature has any gospel in the sense the clergyman had in mind, any message that is likely to be specially comforting to the average orthodox religious person. I suppose the parson wished me to tell his flock what I had found in nature that was a strength or a solace to myself.

What had all my many years of journeyings to nature yielded me that would supplement or reinforce the gospel he was preaching? Had the birds taught me any valuable lessons? Had the four-footed beasts? Had the insects? Had the flowers, the trees, the soil, the coming and the going of the seasons? Had I really found sermons in stones and books in running brooks and good in everything? Had the lilies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, and yet are more royally clad than Solomon in all his glory, helped me in any way to clothe myself with humility, with justice, with truthfulness?

It is not easy for one to say just what he owes to all these things. Natural influences work indirectly as well as directly; they work upon the subconsciou as well as upon the conscious, self. Th I am a saner, healthier, more contente man, with truer standards of life, for a my loiterings in the fields and woods, I a fully convinced.

That I am less social, less interested i my neighbors and in the body politi more inclined to shirk civic and social r sponsibilities and to stop my ears again the brawling of the reformers, is perha equally true.

One thing is certain, in a hygienic wa I owe much to my excursions to natur They have helped to clothe me wit health, if not with humility; they ha helped sharpen and attune all my sense they have kept my eyes in such good tri that they have not failed me for one m ment during all the seventy-five years have had them; they have made my sen of smell so keen that I have much pleasu in the wild, open-air perfumes, especial in the spring—the delicate breath of t blooming elms and maples and willow the breath of the woods, of the pasture of the shore. This keen, healthy sense smell has made me abhor tobacco and fl from close rooms, and put the stench cities behind me. I fancy that this who world of wild, natural perfumes is lost the tobacco-user and to the city-dwelle Senses trained in the open air are in tu

with open-air objects; they are quick, delicate, and discriminating. When I go to town, my ear suffers as well as my nose: the impact of the city upon my senses is hard and dissonant; the ear is stunned, the nose is outraged, and the eye is confused. When I come back, I go to nature to be soothed and healed, and to have my senses put in tune once more. I know that, as a rule, country or farming folk are not remarkable for the delicacy of their senses, but this is owing mainly to the benumbing and brutalizing effect of continued hard labor. It is their minds more than their bodies that suffer.

When I have dwelt in cities the country was always near by, and I used to get a bite of country soil at least once a week to keep my system normal.

Emerson says that "the day does not seem wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object." If Emerson had stopped to qualify his remark, he would have added, if we give heed to it in the right spirit, if we give heed to it as a nature-lover and truth-seeker. Nature love as Emerson knew it, and as Wordsworth knew it, and as many of the choicer spirits of our time have known it, has distinctly a religious value. It does not come to a man or a woman who is wholly absorbed in selfish or worldly or material ends. Except ye become in a measure as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of nature—as Audubon entered it, as Thoreau entered it, as Bryant and Amiel entered it, and as all those enter it who make it a resource in their lives and an instrument of their culture. The forms and creeds of religion change, but the sentiment of religion —the wonder and reverence and love we feel in the presence of the inscrutable universe—persists. Indeed, these seem to be renewing their life to-day in this growing love for all natural objects and in this increasing tenderness toward all forms of life. If we do not go to church so much as did our fathers, we go to the woods much more, and are much more inclined to make a temple of them than they were.

We now use the word nature very much as our fathers used the word God, and I suppose that back of all it means the power that is everywhere present and active, and in whose lap the visible universe is held and nourished. It is a power that we can see and touch and hear, and realize every moment of our lives how absolutely we are dependent upon it. There are no atheists or skeptics in regard to this power. All men see how literally we are its children, and all men learn how swift and sure is the penalty of disobedience to its commands.

Our associations with nature vulgarize it and rob it of its divinity. When we come to see that the celestial and the terrestrial are one, that time and eternity are one, that mind and matter are one, that death and life are one, that there is and can be nothing not inherent in nature, then we no longer look for or expect a far-off, unknown God.

Nature teaches more than she preaches. There are no sermons in stones. It is easier to get a spark out of a stone than a moral. Even when it contains a fossil, it teaches history rather than morals. It comes down from the fore-world an undigested bit that has resisted the tooth and maw of time, and can tell you many things if you have the eye to read them. The soil upon which it lies or in which it is imbedded was rock, too, back in geologic time, but the mill that ground it up passed the fragment of stone through without entirely reducing it. Very likely it is made up of the minute remains of innumerable tiny creatures that lived and died in the ancient seas. Very likely it was torn from its parent rock and brought to the place where it now lies by the great ice-flood that many thousands of years ago crept slowly but irresistibly down out of the North over all the Northern continents.

But all this appeals to the intellect, and contains no lesson for the moral nature. If we are to find sermons in stones, we are to look for them in the relations of the stones to other things—when they are out of place, when they press down the grass or the flowers, or impede the plow, or dull the scythe, or usurp the soil, or shelter vermin, as do old institutions and old usages that have had their day. A stone that is much knocked about gets its sharp angles worn off, as do men. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," which is not bad for the stone, as moss hastens decay. "Killing two birds with one stone" is a bad saying, because it reminds boys to stone the birds, which is bad for both boys and birds. But "People who live in glass

houses should not throw stones" is on the right side of the account, as it discourages stone-throwing and reminds us that we are no better than our neighbors.

The lesson in running brooks is that motion is a great purifier and health-producer. When the brook ceases to run, it soon stagnates. It keeps in touch with the great vital currents when it is in motion, and unites with other brooks to help make the river. In motion it soon leaves all mud and sediment behind. Do not proper work and the exercise of will power have the same effect upon our lives?

The other day in my walk I came upon a sap bucket that had been left standing by the maple-tree all the spring and summer. What a bucketful of corruption was that, a mixture of sap and rain-water that had rotted, and smelled to heaven. Mice and birds and insects had been drowned in it, and added to its unsavory character. It was a bit of nature cut off from the vitalizing and purifying chemistry of the whole. With what satisfaction I emptied it upon the ground while I held my nose, and saw it filter into the turf, where I knew it was dying to go and where I knew every particle of the reeking, fetid fluid would soon be made sweet and wholesome again by the chemistry of the soil!

II

I AM not always in sympathy with nature-study as pursued in the schools, as if this kingdom could be carried by assault. Such study is too cold, too special, too mechanical; it is likely to rub the bloom off nature. It lacks soul and emotion; it misses the accessories of the open air and its exhilarations, the sky, the clouds, the landscape, and the currents of life that pulse everywhere.

I myself have never made a dead set at studying nature with note-book and field-glass in hand. I have rather visited with her. We have walked together or sat down together, and our intimacy grows with the seasons. What I have learned about her ways I have learned easily, almost unconsciously, while fishing or camping or idling about. My desultory habits have their disadvantages, no doubt, but they have their advantages also. A too strenuous pursuit defeats itself. In the fields and woods more than anywhere else all things come to those who wait, becaus all things are on the move, and are sur sooner or later to come your way.

To absorb a thing is better than t learn it, and we absorb what we enjo We learn things at school, we absorb ther in the fields and woods and on the farn When we look upon nature with fondnes and appreciation she meets us half-wa and takes a deeper hold upon us tha when studiously conned. Hence I say th way of knowledge of nature is the way c love and enjoyment, and is more surel found in the open air than in the schoo room or the laboratory. The other da I saw a lot of college girls dissecting ca and making diagrams of the circulatior muscle attachments, etc., and I thought pretty poor business unless the girls wer taking a course in comparative anatom with a view to some occupation in lif What is the moral and intellectual valu of this kind of knowledge to those girls Biology is no doubt a great science in th hands of great men, but it is not for al I myself have gotten along very well witl out it. I am sure I can learn more c what I want to know from a kitten on m knee than from the carcass of a cat in th laboratory. Darwin spent eight years di secting barnacles; but he was Darwin, an did not stop at barnacles, as these colleg girls are pretty sure to stop at cats. H dissected and put together again in h mental laboratory the whole system c animal life, and the upshot of his wor was a tremendous gain to our understanc ing of the universe.

I would rather see the girls in the fielc and woods studying and enjoying livin nature, training their eyes to see correctl and their hearts to respond intelligentl What is knowledge without enjoymen without love? It is sympathy, appreci tion, emotional experience, which refir and elevate and breathe into exact know ledge the breath of life.

My own interest is in living nature a it moves and flourishes about me wint and summer.

I know it is one thing to go forth as nature-lover, and quite another to go fort in a spirit of cold, calculating, exact sc ence. I call myself a nature-lover and nc a scientific naturalist. All that scienc has to tell me is welcome, is, indee eagerly sought for. I must know as we

as feel. I am not merely contented, like Wordsworth's poet, to enjoy what others understand. I must understand, also; but above all things I must enjoy. How much of my enjoyment springs from my knowledge I do not know. The joy of knowing is very great; the delight of picking up the threads of meaning here and there, and following them through the maze of confusing facts, I know well. When I hear the woodpecker drumming on a dry limb in spring or the grouse drumming in the woods, and know what it is all for, why, that knowledge, I suppose, is part of my enjoyment. The other part is the associations that those sounds call up as voicing the arrival of spring: they are the drums that lead the joyous procession.

To enjoy understandingly, that, I fancy, is the great thing to be desired. When I see the large ichneumon-fly, *Thalessa,* making a loop over her back with her long ovipositor and drilling a hole in the trunk of a tree, I do not fully appreciate the spectacle till I know she is feeling for the burrow of a tree-borer, *Tremex,* upon the larvæ of which her own young feed. She must survey her territory like an oil-digger and calculate where she is likely to strike oil, which in her case is the burrow of her host *Tremex.* There is a vast series of facts in natural history like this that are of little interest until we understand them. They are like the outside of a book which may attract us, but which can mean little to us until we have opened and perused its pages.

The nature-lover is not looking for mere facts, but for meanings, for something he can translate into the terms of his own life. He wants facts, but significant facts—luminous facts that throw light upon the ways of animate and inanimate nature. A bird picking up crumbs from my window-sill does not mean much to me. It is a pleasing sight and touches a tender cord, but it does not add much to my knowledge of bird-life. But when I see a bird pecking and fluttering angrily at my window-pane, as I now and then do in spring, apparently under violent pressure to get in, I am witnessing a significant comedy in bird-life, one that illustrates the limits of animal instinct. The bird takes its own reflected image in the glass for a hated rival, and is bent on demolishing it. Let the assaulting bird get a glimpse of the inside of the empty room through a broken pane, and it is none the wiser; it returns to the assault as vigorously as ever.

The fossils in the rocks did not mean much to the earlier geologists. They looked upon them as freaks of nature, whims of the creative energy, or vestiges of Noah's flood. You see they were blinded by the preconceived notions of the six-day theory of creation.

III

I DO not know that the bird has taught me any valuable lesson. Indeed, I do not go to nature to be taught. I go for enjoyment and companionship. I go to bathe in her as in a sea; I go to give my eyes and ears and all my senses a free, clean field and to tone up my spirits by her "primal sanities." If the bird has not preached to me, it has added to the resources of my life, it has widened the field of my interests, it has afforded me another beautiful object to love, and has helped make me feel more at home in this world. To take the birds out of my life were like lopping off so many branches from the tree: there is that less surface of leafage to absorb the sunlight and bring my spirits in contact with the vital currents. We cannot pursue any natural study with love and enthusiasm without the object of it becoming a part of our lives. The birds, the flowers, the trees, the rocks, all become linked with our lives and hold the key to our thoughts and emotions.

Not till the bird becomes a part of your life can its coming and its going mean much to you. And it becomes a part of your life when you have taken heed of it with interest and affection, when you have established associations with it, when it voices the spring or the summer to you, when it calls up the spirit of the woods or the fields or the shore. When year after year you have heard the veery in the beech and birch woods along the trout streams, or the wood-thrush May after May in the groves where you have walked or sat, and the bobolink summer after summer in the home meadows, or the vesper-sparrow in the upland pastures where you have loitered as a boy or mused as a man, these birds will really be woven into the texture of your life.

What lessons the birds have taught me I cannot recall; what a joy they have been to me I know well. In a new place, amid strange scenes, theirs are the voices and the faces of old friends. In Bermuda the bluebirds and the catbirds and the cardinals seemed to make American territory of it. Our birds had annexed the island despite the Britishers.

For many years I have in late April seen the red-poll warbler, perhaps for only a single day, flitting about as I walked or worked. It is usually my first warbler, and my associations with it are very pleasing. But I really did not know how pleasing until one March day, when I was convalescing from a serious illness in one of our sea-coast towns, I chanced to spy the little traveler in a vacant lot along the street, now upon the ground, now upon a bush, nervous and hurried as usual, uttering its sharp chip, and showing the white in its tail. The sight gave me a real home feeling. It did me more good than the medicine I was taking. It instantly made a living link with many past springs. Anything that calls up a happy past, how it warms the present! There, too, that same day I saw my first meadow-lark of the season in a vacant lot, flashing out the white quills in her tail, and walking over the turf in the old, erect, alert manner. The sight was as good as a letter from home, and better: it had a flavor of the wild and of my boyhood days on the old farm that no letter could ever have.

The spring birds always awaken a thrill wherever I am. The first bobolink I hear flying over northward and bursting out in song now and then, full of anticipation of those broad meadows where he will soon be with his mate; or the first swallow twittering joyously overhead, borne on a warm southern breeze; or the first high-hole sounding out his long, iterated call from the orchard or field—how all these things send a wave of emotion over me!

A pleasure of another kind is to see a new bird or a new bird in an old place, as I did recently in the old sugar-bush where I used to help gather and boil sap as a boy. It was the log-cock, or pileated woodpecker, a rare bird anywhere, and one I had never seen before on the old farm. I heard his loud cackle in a maple-tree, saw him flit from branch to branch for a few moments, and then launch out and fly toward a distant wood. But he left an impression with me that I should be sorry to have missed.

Nature stimulates our esthetic and our intellectual life and to a certain extent our religious emotions, but I fear we cannot find much support for our ethical system in the ways of wild nature. I know my friend Thompson-Seton claims to find what we may call the biological value of the Ten Commandments in the lives of the wild animals; but I cannot make his reasoning hold water, at least not much of it. Of course the Ten Commandments are not arbitrary laws. They are largely founded upon the needs of the social organism; but whether they have the same foundation in the needs of animal life apart from man, apart from the world of moral obligation, is another question. The animals are neither moral nor immoral: they are unmoral; their needs are all physical. It is true that the command against murder is pretty well kept by the higher animals. They rarely kill their own kind: hawks do not prey upon hawks nor foxes prey upon foxes, nor weasels upon weasels; but lower down this does not hold. Trout eat trout, and pickerel eat pickerel, and among the insects young spiders eat one another, and the female spider eats her mate, if she can get him. There is but little, if any, neighborly love among even the higher animals. They treat one another as rivals, or associate for mutual protection. One cow will lick and comb another in the most affectionate manner, and the next moment savagely gore her. Hate and cruelty for the most part rule in the animal world. A few of the higher animals are monogamous, but by far the greater number of species are polygamous or promiscuous. There is no mating or pairing in the great bovine tribe, and none among the rodents that I know of, or among the bear family, or the cat family, or among the seals. When we come to the birds, we find mating, and occasional pairing for life, as with the ostrich and perhaps the eagle.

As for the rights of property among the animals, I do not see how we can know just how far those rights are respected among individuals of the same species. We know that bees will rob bees and that ants will rob ants; but whether or not one chipmunk or one flying-squirrel

or one wood-mouse will plunder the stores of another I do not know. Probably not, as the owner of such stores is usually on hand to protect it. Moreover, these provident little creatures all lay up stores in the autumn, before the season of scarcity sets in, and so have no need to plunder one another. In case the stores of one squirrel were destroyed by some means, and it were able to dispossess another of its hoard, would it not in that case be a survival of the fittest, and so conducive to the well-being of the race of squirrels?

I have never known any of our wild birds to steal the nesting material of another bird of the same kind, but I have known birds to try to carry off the material of other nests.

But usually the rule of might is the rule of right among the animals. As to most of the other commandments,—of coveting, of bearing false witness, of honoring the father and the mother, and so forth,—how can these apply to the animals or have any biological value to them? Parental obedience among them is not a very definite thing. There is neither obedience nor disobedience, because there are no commands. The alarm-cries of the parents are quickly understood by the young, and their actions imitated in the presence of danger, all of which of course has a biological value.

The instances which Mr. Seton cites of animals fleeing to man for protection from their enemies prove to my mind only how the greater fear drives out the lesser. The hotly pursued animal sees a possible cover in a group of men and horses or in an unoccupied house, and rushes there to hide. What else could the act mean? So a hunted deer or sheep will leap from a precipice which, under ordinary circumstances, it would avoid. So would a man. Fear makes bold in such cases.

I certainly have found "good in everything,"—in all natural processes and products,—not the "good" of the Sunday-school books, but the good of natural law and order, the good of that system of things out of which we came and which is the source of our health and strength. It is good that fire should burn, even if it consumes your house; it is good that force should crush, even if it crushes you; it is good that rain should fall, even if it destroys your crops or floods your land. Plagues and pestilences attest the constancy of natural law. They set us to cleaning our streets and houses and to readjusting our relations to outward nature. Only in a live universe could disease and death prevail. Death is a phase of life, a redistributing of the type. Decay is another kind of growth.

Yes, good in everything, because law in everything, truth in everything, the sequence of cause and effect in everything, and it may all be good to me if, on the right principles, I relate my life to it. I can make the heat and the cold serve me, the winds and the floods, gravity and all the chemical and dynamical forces, serve me, if I take hold of them by the right handle. The bad in things arises from our abuse or misuse of them or from our wrong relations to them. A thing is good or bad according as it stands related to my constitution. We say the order of nature is rational; but is it not because our reason is the outcome of that order? Our well-being consists in learning it and in adjusting our lives to it. When we cross it or seek to contravene it, we are destroyed. But nature in her universal procedures is not rational, as I am rational when I weed my garden, prune my trees, select my seed or my stock, or arm myself with tools or weapons. In such matters I take a short cut to that which nature reaches by a slow, roundabout, and wasteful process. How does she weed her garden? By the survival of the fittest. How does she select her breeding-stock? By the law of battle; the strongest rules. Hers, I repeat, is a slow and wasteful process. She fertilizes the soil by plowing in the crop. She cannot take a short cut. She assorts and arranges her goods by the law of the winds and the tides. She builds up with one hand and pulls down with the other. Man changes the conditions to suit the things. Nature changes the things to suit the conditions. She adapts the plant or the animal to its environment. She does not drain her marshes; she fills them up. Hers is the larger reason—the reason of the All. Man's reason introduces a new method; it cuts across, modifies, or abridges the order of nature.

I do not see design in nature in the old teleological sense; but I see everything

working to its own proper end, and that end is foretold in the means. Things are not designed; things are begotten. It is as if the final plan of a man's house, after he had begun to build it, should be determined by the winds and the rains and the shape of the ground upon which it stands. The eye is begotten by those vibrations in the ether called light, the ear by those vibrations in the air called sound, the sense of smell by those emanations called odors. There are probably other vibrations and emanations that we have no senses for because our well-being does not demand them.

We think it reasonable that a stone should fall and that smoke should rise because we have never known either of them to do the contrary. We think it reasonable that fire should burn and that frost should freeze, because this accords with universal experience. Thus, there is a large order of facts that are reasonable because they are invariable: the same effect always follows the same cause. Our reason is developed and disciplined by observing the order of nature; and yet human rationality is of another order from the rationality of nature. Man learns from nature how to master and control her. He turns her currents into new channels; he spurs her in directions of his own. Nature has no economic or scientific rationality. She progresses by the method of trial and error. Her advance is symbolized by that of the child learning to walk. She experiments endlessly. Evolution has worked all around the horizon. In feeling her way to man she has produced thousands of other forms of life. The globe is peopled as it is because the creative energy was blind and did not at once find the single straight road to man. Had the law of variation worked only in one direction, man might have found himself the sole occupant of the universe. Behold the varieties of trees, of shrubs, of grasses, of birds, of insects, because nature does not work as man does, with an eye single to one particular end. She scatters, she sows her seed upon the wind, she commits her germs to the waves and the floods. Nature is indifferent to waste, because what goes out of one pocket goes into another. She is indifferent to failure, because failure on one line means success on some other.

IV

BUT I am not preaching much of a gospel, am I? Only the gospel of contentment, of appreciation, of heeding simple near-by things—a gospel the burden of which still is love, but love that goes hand in hand with understanding.

There is so much in nature that is lovely and lovable, and so much that gives us pause. But here it is, and here we are, and we must make the most of it. If the ways of the Eternal as revealed in His works are past finding out, we must still unflinchingly face what our reason reveals to us. "Red in tooth and claw." Nature does not preach; she enforces, she executes. All her answers are yea, yea, or nay, nay. Of the virtues and beatitudes of which the gospel of Christ makes so much—meekness, forgiveness, self-denial, charity, love, holiness—she knows nothing. Put yourself in her way, and she crushes you; she burns you, freezes you, stings you, bites you, or devours you.

Yet I would not say that the study of nature did not favor meekness or sobriety or gentleness or forgiveness or charity, because the great nature-students and prophets, like Darwin, would rise up and confound me. Certainly it favors seriousness, truthfulness, and simplicity of life; or, are only the serious and single-minded drawn to the study of nature? I doubt very much if it favors devoutness or holiness, as those qualities are inculcated by the church, or any form of religious enthusiasm. Devoutness and holiness come of an attitude toward the universe that is in many ways incompatible with that implied by the pursuit of natural science. The joy of the nature-student like Darwin or any great naturalist is to know, to find out the reason of things and the meaning of things, to trace the footsteps of the creative energy; while the religious devotee is intent only upon losing himself in infinite being. True, there have been devout naturalists and men of science; but their devoutness did not date from their nature-studies, but from their training, or from the times in which they lived. Theology and science, it must be said, will not mingle much better than oil and water, and your devout scientist or devout nature-student lives in two separate compartments of his being at different times. In-

tercourse with nature—I mean intellectual intercourse, not merely the emotional intercourse of the sailor or explorer or farmer—tends to beget a habit of mind the farthest possible removed from the myth-making, the vision-seeing, the voice-hearing habit and temper. In all matters relating to the visible concrete universe it substitutes broad daylight for twilight; it supplants fear with curiosity; it overthrows superstition with fact; it blights credulity with the frost of skepticism. I say frost of skepticism advisedly. Skepticism is a much more healthful and robust habit of mind than the limp, pale-blooded, non-resisting habit that we call credulity.

In intercourse with nature you are dealing with things at first hand, and you get a rule, a standard, that serves you through life. You are dealing with primal sanities, primal honesties, primal attraction; you are touching at least the hem of the garment with which the infinite is clothed, and virtue goes out from it to you. It must be added that you are dealing with primal cruelty, primal blindness, primal wastefulness, also. Nature works with reference to no measure of time, no bounds of space, and no limits of material. Her economies are not our economies. She is prodigal, she is careless, she is indifferent; yet nothing is lost. What she lavishes with one hand, she gathers in with the other. She is blind, yet she hits the mark because she shoots in all directions. Her germs fill the air; the winds and the tides are her couriers. When you think you have defeated her, your triumph is hers; it is still by her laws that you reach your end.

We make ready our garden in a season, and plant our seeds and hoe our crops by some sort of system. Can any one tell how many hundreds of millions of years nature has been making ready her garden and planting her seeds?

There can be little doubt, I think, but that intercourse with nature and a knowledge of her ways tends to simplicity of life. We come more and more to see through the follies and vanities of the world and to appreciate the real values. We load ourselves up with so many false burdens, our complex civilization breeds in us so many false or artificial wants, that we become separated from the real sources of our strength and health as by a gulf.

For my part, as I grow older I am more and more inclined to reduce my baggage, to lop off superfluities. I become more and more in love with simple things and simple folk—a small house, a hut in the woods, a tent on the shore. The show and splendor of great houses, elaborate furnishings, stately halls, oppress me, impose upon me. They fix the attention upon false values, they set up a false standard of beauty; they stand between me and the real feeders of character and thought. A man needs a good roof over his head winter and summer, and a good chimney and a big woodpile in winter. The more open his four walls are, the more fresh air he will get, and the longer he will live.

How the contemplation of nature as a whole does take the conceit out of us! How we dwindle to mere specks and our little lives to the span of a moment in the presence of the cosmic bodies and the interstellar spaces! How we hurry! How we husband our time. A year, a month, a day, an hour may mean so much to us. Behold the infinite leisure of nature.

A few trillions or quadrillions of years, what matters it to the Eternal? Jupiter and Saturn must be billions of years older than the earth. They are evidently yet passing through that condition of cloud and vapor and heat that the earth passed through untold eons ago, and they will not reach the stage of life till eons to come. But what matters it? Only man hurries. Only the Eternal has infinite time. When life comes to Jupiter, the earth will doubtless long have been a dead world.

It may continue a dead world for eons longer before it is melted up in the eternal crucible and recast, and set on its career of life again.

V

I WAS struck by this passage in one of the recently published letters of Saint-Gaudens: "The principal thought in my life is that we are on a planet going no one knows where, probably to something higher (on the Darwinian principle of evolution); that, whatever it is, the passage is terribly sad and tragic, and to bear up at times against what seems to be the Great Power that is over us, the practice

of love, charity, and courage are the great things."

The "Great Power" that is over us does seem unmindful of us as individuals, if it does not seem positively against us, as Saint-Gaudens seemed to think it was.

Surely the ways of the Eternal are not as our ways. Our standards of prudence, of economy, of usefulness, of waste, of delay, of failure—how far off they seem from the scale upon which the universe is managed or deports itself! If the earth should be blown to pieces to-day, and all life instantly blotted out, would it not be just like what we know of the cosmic prodigality and indifference? Such appalling disregard of all human motives and ends bewilders us.

Of all the planets of our system probably only two or three are in a condition to sustain life. Mercury, the youngest of them all, is doubtless a dead world, with absolute zero on one side and a furnace temperature on the other. But what matters it? Who cares? Life seems only an incident in the universe, evidently not an end. It appears or it does not appear, and who shall say yea or nay? The asteroids at one time no doubt formed a planet between Mars and Jupiter. Some force which no adjective can describe or qualify blew it into fragments, and there, in its stead, is this swarm of huge rocks making their useless rounds in the light of the sun forever and ever. What matters it? Who cares? Bodies larger than our sun collide in the depths of space before our eyes with results so terrific that words cannot even hint them. The last of these collisions—of this "wreck of matter and crush of worlds"—that has reported itself to our planet occurred in February, 1901, when a star of the twelfth magnitude suddenly blazed out as a star of the first magnitude and then slowly faded. It was the grand finale of the independent existence of two enormous celestial bodies. They apparently ended in dust that whirled away in the vast abyss of siderial space, blown by the winds upon which suns and systems drift as autumn leaves. It would be quite in keeping with the observed ways of the Eternal, if these bodies had had worlds in their train, teeming with life, which met the same fate as the central colliding bodies.

Does not force as we know it in this world go its own way with the same disregard to the precious thing we call life? Such long and patient preparations for it,—apparently the whole stellar system in labor pains to bring it forth,—and yet held so cheaply and indifferently in the end! The small insect that just now alighted in front of my jack-plane as I was dressing a timber, and was reduced to a faint yellow stain upon the wood, is typical of the fate of man before the unregarding and unswerving terrestrial and celestial forces. The great wheels go around just the same whether they are crushing the man or crushing the corn for his bread. It is all one to the Eternal. Flood, fire, wind, gravity, are for us or against us indifferently. And yet the earth is here garlanded with the seasons and riding in the celestial currents like a ship in calm summer seas, and man is here with all things under his feet. All is well in our corner of the universe. The great mill has made meal of our grist and not of the miller. We have taken our chances and have won. More has been for us than against us. During the little segment of time that man has been upon the earth, only one great calamity that might be called cosmical has befallen it. The ice age of one or two hundred thousand years was such a calamity. But man survived it. The spring came again, and life, the traveler, picked itself up and made a new start. But if he had not survived it, if nothing had survived it, the great procession would have gone on just the same; the gods would have been just as well pleased.

The battle is to the strong, the race is to the fleet. This is the order of nature. No matter for the rest, for the weak, the slow, the unlucky, so that the fight is won, so that the race of man continues. You and I may fail and fall before our time; the end may be a tragedy or a comedy. Who cares? Only some one must succeed, will succeed.

We are here, I say, because, in the conflict of forces, the influences that made for life have been in the ascendant. This conflict of forces has been a part of the process of our development. We have been ground out as between an upper and a nether millstone, but we have squeezed through, we have actually arrived, and are all the better for the grinding—all those who have survived. But, alas! for

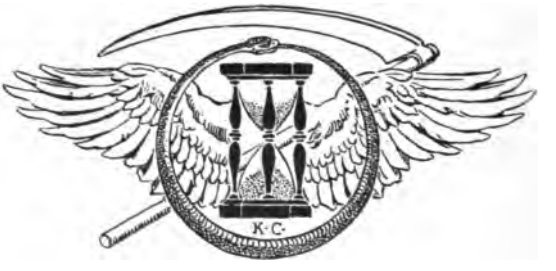
those whose lives went out in the crush! Maybe they often broke the force of the blow for us.

Nature is not benevolent; nature is just, gives pound for pound, measure for measure, makes no exceptions, never tempers her decrees with mercy, or winks at any infringement of her laws. And in the end is not this best? Could the universe be run as a charity or a benevolent institution, or as a poorhouse of the most approved pattern? Without this merciless justice, this irrefragible law, where would we have brought up long ago? It is a hard gospel; but rocks are hard, too, yet they form the foundations of the hills.

Man introduces benevolence, mercy, altruism, into the world, and he pays the price in his added burdens; and he reaps his reward in the vast social and civic organizations that were impossible without these things.

I have no doubt that the life of man upon this planet will end, as all other forms of life will end. But the potential man will continue and does continue on other spheres. One cannot think of one part of the universe as producing man, and no other part as capable of it. The universe is all of a piece so far as its material constituents are concerned, that we know. Can there be any doubt that it is all of a piece so far as its invisible and intangible forces and capabilities are concerned? Can we believe that the earth is an alien and a stranger in the universe; that it has no near kin; that there is no tie of blood, so to speak, between it and the other planets and systems? Are the planets not all of one family, sitting around the same central source of warmth and life? And is not our system a member of a still larger family or tribe, and it of a still larger, all bound together by ties of consanguinity? Size is nothing, space is nothing. The worlds are only red corpuscles in the arteries of the infinite. If man has not yet appeared on the other planets, he will in time appear, and when he has disappeared from this globe, he will still continue elsewhere.

I do not say that he is the end and aim of creation; it would be logical, I think, to expect a still higher form. Man has been man but a little while comparatively, less than one hour of the twenty-four of the vast geologic day; a few hours more and he will be gone; less than another geologic day like the past, and no doubt all life from the earth will be gone. What then? The game will be played over and over again in other worlds, without approaching any nearer the final end than we are now. There is no final end, as there was no absolute beginning, and can be none with the infinite.



THE ELEPHANT SEAL NOT EXTINCT

A HERD DISCOVERED ON GUADALUPE ISLAND, WEST OF LOWER CALIFORNIA

BY CHARLES HASKINS TOWNSEND

Director of the New York Aquarium

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE WRITER

THE elephant seal is the largest of all fin-footed mammals, a full-grown male exceeding twenty-two feet in length, with a greater girth than the largest walrus. Its name is due partly to its size, and partly to the remarkable proboscis developed by the full-grown male. There are two divisions of the family, one living amid the chilly waters of antarctic islands, the other along the warm shores of the Californias. The stock is of ancient lineage, and the separation took place so long ago that marked differences have developed. In remote South America the young are born in November, when summer is beginning. North of the equator they first see the light in March. Climate, season, and food slowly wrought changes until the very skulls became altered, and the Northern offshoot acquired the characteristics of a separate species.

Sixty years ago the Northern elephant seal had a range of a thousand miles along the coasts of Mexico and California; today it lives on a single island. Then its numbers swarmed on coast and islands alike; now it survives only on an isolated beach. Unfortunately for its increase, the elephant seal yields a valuable oil, and about the time when California was being settled it was killed in such numbers that in the year 1869 it was reported by its only biographer as "nearly, if not quite, extinct."

Naturalists heard nothing of it for many years, and believed it lost to science as well as to commerce, a loss that they felt all the more deeply as little was known of its ways and appearance, and, with one or two exceptions, museums were without specimens. It had never been photographed, and the few drawings in existence were crude and unsatisfactory. But the race was not quite extinct, and it has lately been my good fortune to discover the only herd now known to exist in the Pacific.

In 1884, while making natural-history collections for the National Museum in California, I learned from a seal-hunter of the continued existence of this seal in Lower California, and at once communicated the fact to the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who asked me by telegraph to charter a schooner for a cruise among the uninhabited shores and islands where it was said to linger. The search lasted three months, and the result was sixteen skins and skeletons of the rarest of North American mammals. The specimens were not large, and we had little opportunity of observing the habits of the animal.

PART OF THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF GUADALUPE ISLAND

This island is 140 miles northwest of Lower California and is of volcanic formation. It belongs to Mexico. The small beach occupied by the elephant seals is in the center of the picture, under cliffs a thousand feet high.

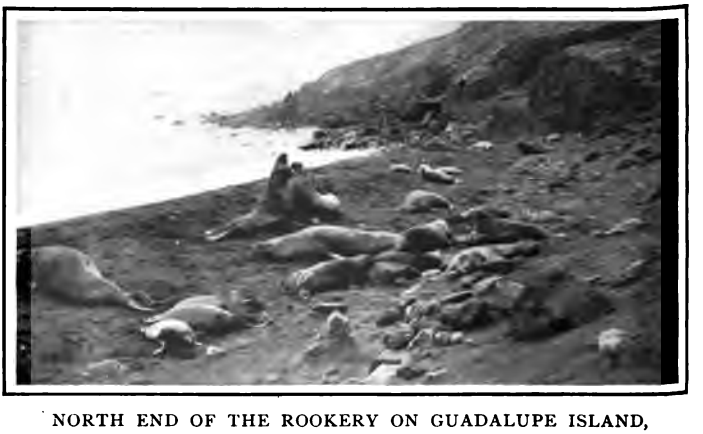
Our long voyage was not lacking in hard work and hazard. There were the regular watches on deck, which I shared day and night with the small crew; thirsty hunts for wild goats on the mountainous desert islands to replenish our larder; and trips to distant watering-places, where the casks had to be filled and laboriously gotten on board. In our search we must have landed a score of times on rocky islets, inhabited by hundreds of sea-lions, and about which the sea ran high. Day after day we tugged at the oars, minutely examining leagues of beaches while the schooner cruised offshore. We landed through all degrees of surf, where the boat was sometimes swamped. One man fell overboard at sea with his rubber hip-boots on, and the boat reached him not a second too soon. We lost an anchor among the rocks and smashed the cast-iron windlass in the vain effort to save it in a surging sea.

Meanwhile the sealers had resumed their destructive work, and it was a race between us as to whether science or the oil-makers would get the last specimen.

Then the elephant seal disappeared from view, and was not seen for eight years, when it again fell to my lot to report its existence. In 1892, I was sent by the Secretary of State in a chartered vessel to Guadalupe, an uninhabited island lying 140 miles off the coast of Lower California, to identify the species of fur seal reported to exist there, the information being desired for the fur seal arbitration then being held in Paris. Quite unexpectedly we found eight more elephant seals, some of which we took for museum purposes.

Specimens of the large male seals, with proboscis fully developed, and information respecting their habits were still lacking, and nineteen more years passed away before I got the splendid opportunity to procure them, which I shall now describe.

In March, 1911, while in charge of the deep-sea investigations of the U. S. S. *Albatross,* I called at Guadalupe Island with the faint hope that a few elephant seals might have escaped the oil-hunters of former years. The hope was more than realized: when I left the island after two days' work, we had the skins of three giant males, a full-grown female,



NORTH END OF THE ROOKERY ON GUADALUPE ISLAND, SHOWING MALES, FEMALES, AND YEARLINGS OF THE ELEPHANT SEAL

two complete skeletons, and six live yearlings. Besides, my portfolio was filled with photographs, and my journal with notes on the living animals. We left undisturbed behind us a splendid herd of about 150 elephant seals, and an official announcement has been made that the plan proposed by the writer for its protection, through concerted action by the United States and Mexican authorities, will be carried out. The principal danger which threatens is the fact that its existence has been made known to sealers.

We reached Guadalupe Island March 2, and immediately landed the members of the scientific staff on the east side for a day's collecting, and proceeded at once with the ship to the northwest side in the hope of finding a few survivors of the elephant seal. After a forenoon's search, we located a herd of about 125 on what was known to sealers as "Elephant Beach." I killed one large male and one large female, which we skinned and took to the ship. Returning with larger boats and some nets, six yearlings were captured alive and sent on board. March 4 I killed two more of the large males, the skinning and skeletonizing of which occupied us for several hours. The sea becoming rough, we were compelled to leave the beach in the afternoon, and the embarking of our heavy specimens was difficult and dangerous.

Elephant Beach is located under cliffs a thousand feet high and is flanked by others which extend into the sea, thus making the top of the island altogether inaccessible from this point. Its northern end is well marked by heavy rock slides. The beach is accessible from the sea only, and is usually further protected by a heavy surf. It is not more than three or four hundred yards in length by thirty in width, and the greater part of it is sandy, the inner margin being lined with talus from the cliffs.

ADULT MALE, ADULT FEMALE, AND YEARLING

The male is thoroughly aroused and is in a threatening attitude. The whiskers are erected and the mouth wide open. The large canine teeth are concealed by the pendent tip of the proboscis.

The seals had little fear of man, and the few animals which left the beach after we landed probably would not have done so had they not been disturbed by sailors walking among them. While the large specimens were being skinned and skeletonized, some of the animals slept undisturbed within thirty feet of where the men were working. I succeeded in obtaining about fifty good photographs showing the general character of the rookery and the attitudes of the animals. The herd consisted chiefly of large males and immature animals of various sizes. There were probably not more than fifteen adult

TWO ADULT MALES APPROACHING EACH OTHER TO FIGHT

females present, and only six of these were accompanied by new-born young. The indications were, therefore, that other adult females would arrive later.

The three males which we killed were the largest in sight, and were found to average just sixteen feet in length, with an average girth of eleven feet. The largest specimen of the Northern elephant seal previously recorded as actually measured was "twenty-two feet long from tip to tip and yielded 210 gallons of oil." The adult female that we killed was nearly eleven feet long. Some of the females with young pups appeared to be slightly longer, but we could not measure them and would not kill them. There were numerous immature males about the size of the adult female, and many animals of intermediate sizes between these and the new-born pups. Animals of the yearling size were distinctly more numerous than those of other sizes. The new-born pups, being dusky black, were distinguishable in color from the yearlings.

The skin of the adult male is exceedingly heavy, being nearly an inch thick about the fore part of the neck. Our knives dulled so rapidly in skinning them that it was found necessary to have a grindstone sent ashore and to keep two men busy at the task of sharpening. The carcasses were so heavy that it required all the strength of half a dozen men to turn them over, with the aid of a rope and hand-holes cut in the skin. In some places we found the blubber to be about four inches thick.

Unless actually teased by members of our party, the old animals did not attempt to leave the beach, and many of them, although wide awake, did not raise their heads from the sand until closely approached. When driven from a comfortable resting-place, they would soon settle down, and, after throwing sand on their backs with their front flippers, would become quiet again. Both old and young have this habit of covering themselves with sand.

Some of the large males, after being driven into the sea, soon returned. While in the water they remained near the surf, disregarding the boats which passed near them, their heads usually held well above water, with the proboscis partly retracted. When making a landing, the large males moved very slowly, with frequent pauses, from time to time raising and spreading the hind flippers to get the benefit of every wave that might help them through the shallows. When finally clear of the water and dependent upon their own efforts in getting their ponderous bulk to a dry place well up the sloping beach, their progress became very slow.

Most of their attitudes are well shown in the accompanying pictures, but it must be confessed that we could not have secured all of our photographs without first

getting the animals thoroughly aroused. In some cases I focused my camera on an elephant seal at a distance of eight or ten feet, and then had a sailor kick the animal violently in the ribs. One of them became thoroughly angered only after a sailor had jumped upon his back. When moving of its own accord, the elephant seal arches the body in a way suggestive of the motion of the inchworm, drawing the hind-quarters well forward, with the belly lifted from the ground, and then shifting the fore-quarters, with the front flippers braced outward.

The large males which accompanied the nursing females were frequently engaged in fights with unattached males. There had evidently been considerable fighting, as their necks were more or less raw and in some cases had festering sores. In comparison, the necks of the younger males were smooth and without tooth-marks. In fighting, the large males crawl slowly and laboriously within striking distance, and then, rearing on the front flippers and drawing the heavy, pendent proboscis into wrinkled folds well up on top of the snout, strike at each other's necks with their large canines. The fighting was accompanied with more or less snorting, but we heard none of the extremely loud bellowing described by writers as characteristic of the antarctic species of elephant seal.

The skin of the under surface of the neck and fore part of the breast is greatly thickened. It is almost hairless, and years of fighting has given it an exceedingly rough and calloused surface. This shield, as we may call the part of the animal most exposed to attack when fighting, extends from the throat just below the base of the jaws down to the level of the flippers, and rather more than half-way back on each side of the neck and breast. Although ugly wounds are inflicted by the large canines, the heavy skin in no case seems to be broken through. While the animal takes good care of its head and proboscis, the calloused breast-shield is freely exposed to the enemy. The fighting is not of the desperate sort indulged in by the fur seal, and the contestants soon separate. There seems to be no actual seizing and holding of the skin, and after each sharp blow the head is quickly withdrawn and held aloft.

ADULT MALE

The proboscis is drawn into heavy folds and the back of the neck is deeply wrinkled. The calloused shield of the neck and chest extends half-way round the neck.

AN ADULT MALE THROWING SAND ON HIS BACK

When the head of the male is elevated, the skin at the top of the neck and shoulders is thrown into a series of eight or ten heavy folds, which extend downward and forward. When the animal is at rest, with its head stretched forward on the sand, these folds do not show. The fore flippers are large and thick and have heavy claws, the posterior three claws being well separated.

The proboscis of the elephant seal is broad and fleshy to the tip, where the nostrils are placed wide apart, the nasal openings being directed somewhat downward

ADULT FEMALE

As here shown, under excitement, the nose is projected into a pointed tip.

Nothing was found in the stomach of the elephant seal that would serve to indicate the nature of its food; in fact, we never found anything but a handful of sand. Our captive elephant seals refused to eat fresh fish during the two days' voyage to San Diego, and took no food for more than a week after their journey overland. In the New York Aquarium they have subsisted entirely on fresh fish cut into moderate-sized pieces, but they have greatly preferred fish that was alive. Live crabs and bits of seaweed placed in the pool always remained untouched. Like the fur seal, they doubtless feed on live squid, but they refused the dead squid we took pains to procure for them.

A BLACK PUP, JUST BORN, AND A YEARLING

The infant elephant seals are black, and are of slow growth, as the yearling by comparison shows.

and outward. The length of the proboscis forward from the canines is about equal to the distance between the canine and the eye, and its width is about equal to the space between the eyes. The proboscis is exceedingly thick and heavy. In one of our specimens, and that not the largest, it was about nine inches long. When the animal is crawling, the proboscis is relaxed and pendent; when sleeping, it rests upon the sand in a shapeless mass. When annoyed persistently, the old male slowly raises his head, and, retracting the proboscis, opens his mouth wide. He does not bellow loudly, but there is much blowing out of the breath through the nostrils with a gurgling sound, the whole proboscis vibrating heavily with the effort. Sometimes when the head is turned up, the proboscis relaxes until it hangs into the open mouth. The animal may continue to turn its head over backward until the half-relaxed proboscis actually overhangs to the rear. In fighting, it is closely retracted, and is kept out of harm's way, for many of the animals with badly damaged necks had trunks showing no injury whatever.

When the proboscis is fully retracted, it exhibits three bulging transverse folds on top, separated by deep grooves. There is little indication of the proboscis in the half-grown male. Under excitement both female and young extend the nose into a sharply pointed tip.

The yearling elephant seal is somewhat heavier and longer than the nursing pup, but it is proportionately slender, is brownish-gray in color, and has longer whiskers. As I have said, the nursing pup is *black*, and its length is about four feet; it is so remarkably fat as to be virtually unable to move, while the yearling is fairly active. None of the six yearlings brought to the New York Aquarium exceeded five feet in length, their weights varying from 167 pounds to 301 pounds, the males being heavier than the females.

The yearling frequently emits a sound not unlike the scream of the peacock. On first landing, we were unable to account for these singular noises, and ascribed them to sea-gulls, but soon discovered

their true source. This call, or scream, is most frequently heard when the yearling is disturbed or trampled on by larger animals.

The capture of the six live yearlings was a simple matter. Some heavy pieces of netting were thrown over the animals, into which they were tightly rolled, so that the sailors could handle them without fear that they would bite or climb out of the boats. On board ship they were for a time given the freedom of the decks, but later were kept in a pen. They showed no inclination to bite either while on the ship or when they were received at the New York Aquarium.

The photographs of the young animals while at the aquarium show some attitudes which were not observed on the beach at Guadalupe Island. While the animal is plump and rounded when at rest on the floor of the empty seal pool, it may look slim when stretching up its head to the hand of a visitor. The neck becomes remarkably drawn out, and it may reach upward until the tips of the flippers are lifted from the flooring. The animals often go to sleep under water, stretched out on the floor of the pool.

When the *Albatross* left Guadalupe on March 4, 1911, there were not fewer than one hundred and twenty-five elephant seals at the rookery. As the number of adult females present was considerably less than the number of adult males, and less than half the number of yearlings, there was reason to believe that the female portion of the herd would be better represented before the end of the month. The present size of the herd may therefore be estimated at one hundred and fifty animals of all classes.

Eleven days later, when the *Albatross* reached San Cristobal Bay, on the peninsula, I examined the site of the old rookery at that locality without finding any indication that it had been occupied. We found no signs of elephant seals at either San Benita or Cedros islands, where the ship called on the voyage southward. I examined the shores of San Benita very thoroughly. Both of these islands were formerly breeding-resorts of the species.

We may now safely assume that the Northern elephant seal exists only on Guadalupe Island, and that we have ascertained about how many of its race remain. We have learned from examination of the skulls of mature animals that the species is unquestionably distinct from its Southern relative. The character of the proboscis of the adult male, the appearance of the new-born young, and other facts in the natural history of the animal, have been ascertained. The completion of a group of elephant seals in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, mounted according to photographs and actual measurements, will soon give us a graphic view of this large and remarkable North American animal that came so near to being lost to science.

ELEPHANT SEALS, TWO YEARS OLD, IN THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM

BELGIUM, THE BALANCE-WHEEL OF TRADE

SKILL AND EFFICIENCY AS LEADING FACTORS IN THE COMMERCE OF THE LOW COUNTRIES

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

SOME nine or ten years ago I had the honor of being a member of an American delegation appointed to attend an international conference of commerce held at Ostend. It may be as well to explain that, in the words of the late John Hay, then Secretary of State, the appointment carried with it "a full measure of honor, but no pay."

The American delegation arrived at Ostend with solemn mien and a tremendous sense of their responsibilities on such an important occasion. After installing ourselves at a fairly good hotel at prices exceeding those of the best elsewhere, we proceeded in state attire and with proper dignity to present our credentials. Faithfully did we attend the first day's session, during which we discovered that the entire conference threatened to resolve itself into a heated discussion between the Belgian and the French delegates over the tariff relations of their respective countries. These were and always will be a sore point with the Belgians because of the low tariff prevailing in their country and the higher tariff of France. Belgium is flooded with French goods entered under a low tax, while Belgian goods pay heavily for the privilege of sale in France.

After carefully determining that the interests of the United States were not in jeopardy, and consistently refusing to commit ourselves officially as to the merits of the Franco-Belgian controversy, which we were repeatedly asked to do, the American delegates began, as a safer and less embarrassing occupation, a systematic investigation into the resources of Ostend and a painstaking examination as to the reasons for its international fame. We noted the rather pathetic figure of old King Leopold, easily identified by his famous square-cut beard, as he paced the *digue,* attracting little or no attention except possibly from some old soldier, who stood up and saluted as the king passed. Leopold returned the salute in perfunctory manner without losing a shade of the grimness and bitterness in his face.

This was my first impression of Belgium, and I have no doubt that my fellow-delegates, some of whom have since risen to high places in politics or finance, if they have not again visited Belgium, still retain these memories, and think of the country as Ostend rather than as Belgium. Since those days of the international conference it has been my fortune, however, to go again and again to that country, and to traverse its narrow confines from the North Sea to the Meuse, and from the Oise to the Scheldt, and with each succeeding visit Ostend has seemed more and more remote from the real life of Belgium, until it almost vanishes in the true perspective.

Taking the train for Brussels at the Ostend station, one glimpses even then the real meaning of the country and the

purpose of its people. Here begin the long trains of freight-cars carrying coal, raw material, and the heavier products of manufacture, and by the time Brussels is reached, Ostend and its busy idling are forgotten, and serious industry takes full possession of the mind. The overpowering effect of this force is felt by every traveler within the gates. Even though the journey be only the few hours needed to cross this geographically diminutive country, it will impress itself almost to the exclusion of everything else. You may struggle with the great achievements of the Belgians in art, science, literature, and war, with an appreciation of the wonderful history of the people; you may pace the scenes of battles counted as among those most momentous in the history of Europe, and yet you cannot escape the sense of steady activity and material productiveness. The smoke of chimneys can be seen from Waterloo, and there is no escape elsewhere. Your attention may be called to this or that book, to a beautiful picture, to a stately and sumptuous building, to some great discovery in science, all of Belgian origin, and for the moment you may be impressed; but as you regain the street, industry and commerce resume their sway as the all-pervading, dominating influence in this intensified area.

Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A DOCK LABORER CARRYING A SANDBAG AT ANTWERP

Belgium is virtually the smallest independent country in the world in point of size, and yet stands eighth in a list of the wealth of nations, and sixth in the total of her export and import trade. Except for her recently declared protectorate of a portion of the Congo, Belgium, unlike Holland, her rival in smallness of area and greatness of commerce, is not a colonial power. Her people have been content to stay at home and develop to the greatest possible extent their productive and advantageously placed lands. With virtually no navy, her people have spread abroad their commerce under the protection of foreign war-vessels. With a standing army of 40,000 men, kept to its mark by enforced military service, and with a chain of modern fortifications compassing her about, still she would be at the mercy of any one of her great neighbors but for the jealousy of the powers, which maintains the integrity of the political map of Europe.

Shortly after the making of the recent Moroccan treaty between Germany and France, the German emperor, in speaking to some Belgians, is reported to have told them that at no time during the conferences was there any danger of war between Germany and France. The relief of the Belgians was most apparent, for in case of such a war it would become almost a strategic necessity for Germany to use the countries of Belgium and Holland as her western bulwark. It is said to be a part of the German policy to encourage the strengthening of the Holland and Belgian fortifications, and it is not difficult to understand the reason, though in all probability the military history of western Europe for the near and possibly the far future will be one of expenditure and preparation rather than of armed conflict. Belgians at least hope so, for a great European war would have the same effect upon their country that the feet of a careless man would have upon a large ant-hill. The disorganization and consequent loss and distress would be incalculable to the ants.

Drawn by Norman Price

SWEEPING AND PACKING HIDES AT THE DOCKS IN ANTWERP

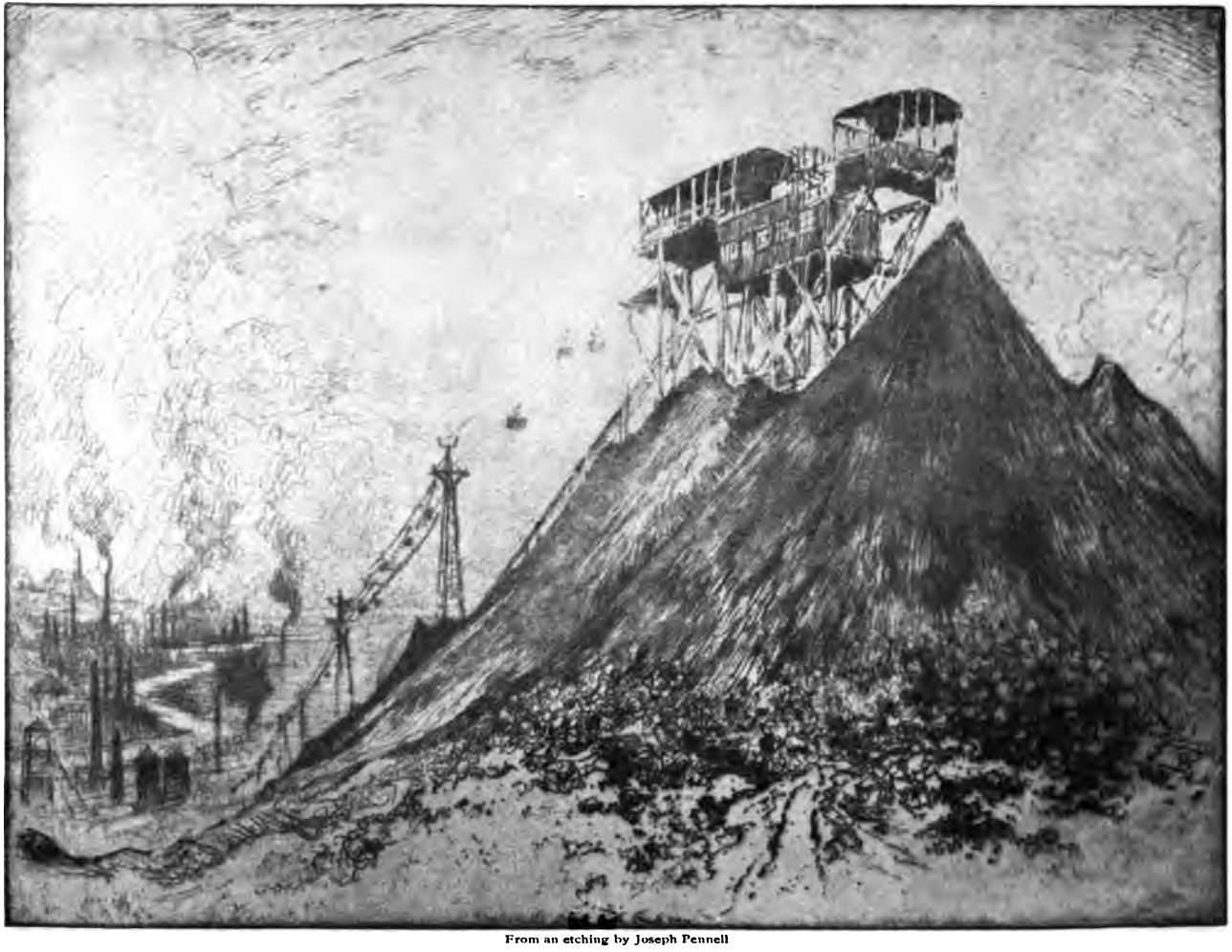
Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

The great Napoleon was the first powerful influence to realize the possibilities of Antwerp as an *entrepôt* to western Europe, and it was due to his encouragement that the first real improvements were made in the harbor in the way of deepening the channels and providing dock facilities. For a hundred or more years this improvement has continued under various governments, until Antwerp has become one of the four or five greatest ports in the world. Her rival is Hamburg, and because of the national resources of home traffic and the intelligent coöperation of the people, the German port has now passed the Belgian in the race for supremacy. Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, and Havre—it is through these harbors that the bulk of the traffic of western Europe flows in and out, and owing to the scarcity of good harbors on the French coast, and the facilitating of unimpeded foreign traffic across Belgian territory, the port of Antwerp draws the business of France and southern Europe by its position and great advantages. These advantages are so great that even the Germans, with all their businesslike determination to make traffic for German ports and German ships, and all their wealth and all the volume of their home commerce, have found it no easy task to put Hamburg in the first place. As it is, Antwerp has about forty miles of quays, or more than New York, while Hamburg has barely twenty-five per cent. of such facilities.

The foundation of the prosperity of Belgium lies in her stores of coal and iron, the materials for making good glass, and the peculiar adaptability of her soil for the growing of fibers for cloth-making. Over $10,000,000 worth of stripped flax goes annually from Belgium to the mills of Scotland and England alone. To these factors must be added the unequaled facilities for transportation to and from all parts of the world, and the sober, industrious character of her people. They are workers, and have always been such. Their attitude toward life, their physical appearance, their steadiness of purpose, and their lack of imagination and so-called "temperament," seem to harmonize with the output of their mills and foundries. It is the country of Gramme, the inventor of the electric dynamo, who is considered by the Belgians as greater than Watt. It is the place where the first locomotive was built for use on the Continent. Here was put together the first mechanical spinning-wheel for Continental use, and it might almost be claimed as an original invention, since the English, who were already using it, guarded their secret well.

Belgium is the commercial and industrial balance-wheel of the trade of the world. Every intricate piece of machinery has its steadying device. There is no more intricate, more delicately adjusted mechanism than the trade of nations, and without some influence which tends to diminish the violence of fluctuations either naturally or artificially brought about, the immediate future would be full of uncertainties not only for the producer, but for the consumer as well. This has always seemed to me to be the great and useful part played by this comparatively tiny area of the earth's surface, where human activities have become so intensified as to admit of no comparison with any other community. To comprehend what goes on in this pulsating ant-hill, and the influence that emanates therefrom, one must picture it to the mind's eye and then listen to the hum of well-ordered and productive Belgian industry, which can be heard over the round world.

Belgium has fewer than 12,000 square miles of surface, of which thirty-five per cent. is cultivated, and seventeen per cent. is wooded. On the approximately 6000 square miles remaining live and work seven and a half million people, or about the same number as live in the State of Pennsylvania, which is in size eight times the more densely occupied area of Belgium. In the latter country as a whole there are 658 people to the square mile, or, deducting the cultivated fields and wooded areas, about 1300. So many are there in fact that there is little chance for open spaces, no matter how congested the towns may become. With all the differences which exist in race and idiom, it is virtually a single settlement. In the fifteenth century eight rulers found material within its boundaries for eight distinct sovereignties. To-day only one idea governs all these people,—of whom fewer than four per cent. are foreign born,—and that is to achieve the greatest productive power possible for the working



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

IRON-WORKS DUMP AT SERAING, NEAR LIÈGE, BELGIUM

unit. In this intensification of life, together with the natural facilities of water transport, short land haul, cheap fuel, raw material, and highly skilled and well-managed labor, lies the competitive power of the Belgian—a power that stands as a continual threat to those elsewhere who would increase the cost of the staple manufactures to the consumer.

With a slightly lower wage-scale than prevails elsewhere, even in Germany, Belgium is able to shave prices just sufficiently to act as a check upon bids for international business. A Belgium twenty times as great as it is, and preserving the same intensity of industrial life and purpose, would dominate the trade of the world. An enlarged Belgium, however, would in all probability bring down upon herself the problems and handicaps under which her greater rivals now labor, and the slight margin of advantage in present cost of production would disappear. The entire nation presents a solid front against its competitors. Industry, commerce, and labor are organized to the highest degree possible under present conditions, and while they may occasionally fall into dispute one with another, they have a common purpose, and that is the success of the people as a whole. They are a sturdy race, Flemish predominating, stolid, thrifty, not "smart" in appearance and manner of living; holding comfort, safety, and a bountifully spread table, with plenty of good, cheap beer, as of more concern than exciting amusements, the play of wit, or the latest fashion in clothes or manners. In brief, they are materialists with a purpose, and they never deviate from their chosen line of march.

Every year the trade of Belgium grows by most satisfactory figures, but not in sensational leaps. As the growth of the foreign trade of France indicates the increasing measure of the world's luxury, so the increase in the foreign trade of Belgium indicates the growth of the world in material activities. Iron, steel, coal, glass, and fabrics are what Belgium produces, and by the absorption of these products are measured the material prosperity and development of people elsewhere. The whole nation has evolutionized to meet this point of view. Forty years ago the once great industry of hand-made lace employed 150,000 women, while to-day they number scarcely more than 20,000. In the days when the state of Flanders gave Maria Theresa a lace dress, it took a year to make, and cost $15,000, and that when money had a far greater purchasing power than it has now. The machine has taken the place of the hand, and those who still ply the older trade earn less than twenty cents a day. The lace-makers were, and still are, all women, unorganized, and, having no votes, unlegislated for; hence the trade is badly nurtured, and has fallen on evil days. To-day it is probably the only trade which is not thoroughly and effectively organized for state recognition and betterment.

Over one seventh of the population of Belgium are wage-workers, one fifth of them in the employment of railroads and municipalities, three fifths in factories, and the other fifth do their work at home. The labor-unions are all powerful, co-operation is general and successful, and a large percentage of the workmen own their own dwellings or plots of ground. In few countries has the small-holding idea been so generally and successfully carried into effect. The laws of succession are the same as in France, where the land is divided among the heirs, and this has checked somewhat this highly developed natural instinct to become land-owners, as it is also one of the reasons for small families in France. When Charles V entered Ghent in the sixteenth century, he met a Flemish subject surrounded by twenty-one sons, and the father of this family was credited with thirty-one children in all. The birth-rate of the country has been large until recent years, but of late there have been fears expressed that the life and needs of modern times were having the same effect upon the Belgians that they have upon the French in checking the increase of population. In many instances this decrease can be traced to the same causes that exist in France—intense thrift, the laws of succession, and the forced economy of the worker under an increased cost of living, comparatively low-earning power, and the decreasing purchasing power of the franc.

Each passing year, however, shows a satisfactory gain in population, and as the Belgian problem is not one of sparsely settled areas, undeveloped resources, or scarcity of labor, the future is not giving

much concern in that direction. There are over two million children under ten years of age, and leaving these out of consideration, one out of every five men and women is a paid worker. Children over ten are looked upon as necessary contributors to the family funds, and it is as yet only in certain parts of the country that primary education is compulsory. The result is that a large percentage of the population is illiterate, ranging as high as forty per cent. in Flanders. This condition is rapidly passing away with the new generation. The age at which a child may be put to work is being raised, and compulsory education is spreading its influence slowly, but surely.

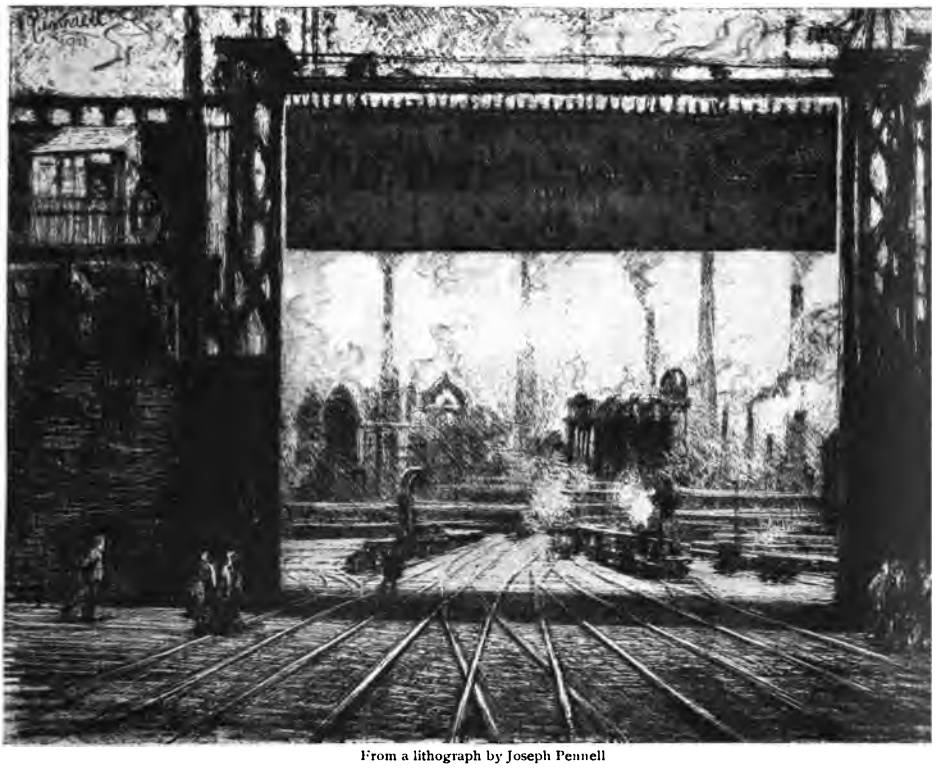
The Socialist element is strong, and the people are looking out for themselves. The nationalization of public utilities is progressing apace, and it will not be many years before they are virtually all state owned. The Belgian government is gradually acquiring all the railroads, and they are used by the people as railroads are used nowhere else. There are about twenty-six miles of line for every hundred square miles of land, and nearly 200,000,000 journeys are made in a single year. There is a system of daily tickets so arranged that a third-class ticket good for five days can be bought for about $2.35, or a third-class ticket good for fifteen days can be bought for $4.60, and the purchaser can travel all he pleases within the life of his ticket over a railway system covering the entire country and with about 3000 miles of trackage.

There were thirty-two different roads within the limits of Belgium when the government began to buy. It has secured control of twenty-four, and of the eight it still has to absorb, the longest has 160 miles of line. From the two great railway stations of Brussels there are 200 trains a day, which in the course of a year are patronized by nearly 50,000,000 travelers.

For years the Belgian locomotive was a familiar sight in many lands. It has a

Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

FORGING A RAIL IN THE IRON-WORKS AT LIÈGE



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE IRON GATE AT CHARLEROI, BELGIUM

style of construction all its own, and when the American engineers first went to Panama, they found not only Belgian locomotives, but Belgian machinery, lining the route of the canal from ocean to ocean. It was good when it was bought, but has yielded in utility and economy to mechanical devices of the more daring American inventors. The Belgian-made street-car is a familiar object all over the world. For one reason or another, Belgian capital has found a tremendous outlet in tram-

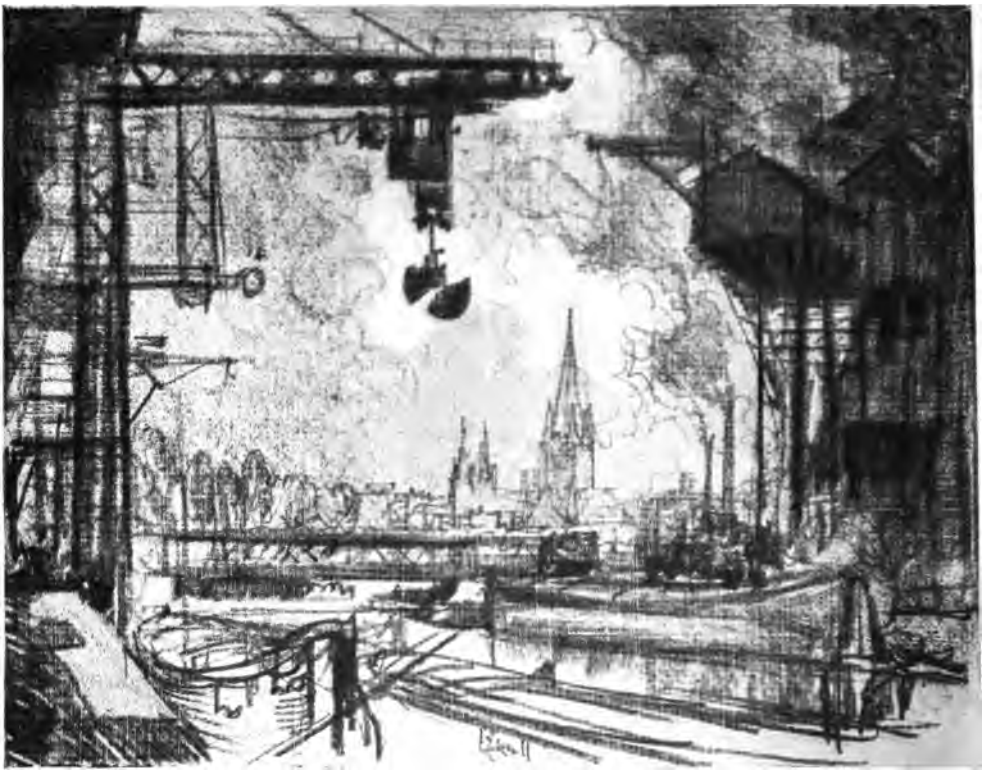
in the fact that earlier in the history street transportation Belgian manufacti ers furnished the equipment for the li when Belgian financiers bought the curities. This is still true in places, Sou America especially; but the tram-line vestment idea has now been carried yond that point, and foreign compan are often financed where there can be hope of furnishing the equipment.

The foreign trade of Belgium for t last fifty years is shown as follows:

	IMPORTS	EXPORTS	TOTAL
1860	$178,000,000	$170,000,000	$348,000,000
1870	340,000,000	294,000,000	634,000,000
1880	523,000,000	430,000,000	953,000,000
1890	616,000,000	569,000,000	1,185,000,000
1900	694,000,000	636,000,000	1,330,000,000
1910	764,000,000	566,000,000	1,330,000,000

line securities, and even in the United States many of the Western cities have found a market in Brussels for their tram-line bonds. The origin of this may lie

In 1910 the United States bought fr Belgium to the extent of $37,560,000, a sold to Belgium $39,000,000, a tra which virtually balanced itself. The tra



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE CANAL AND IRON-WORKS NEAR CHARLEROI, BELGIUM

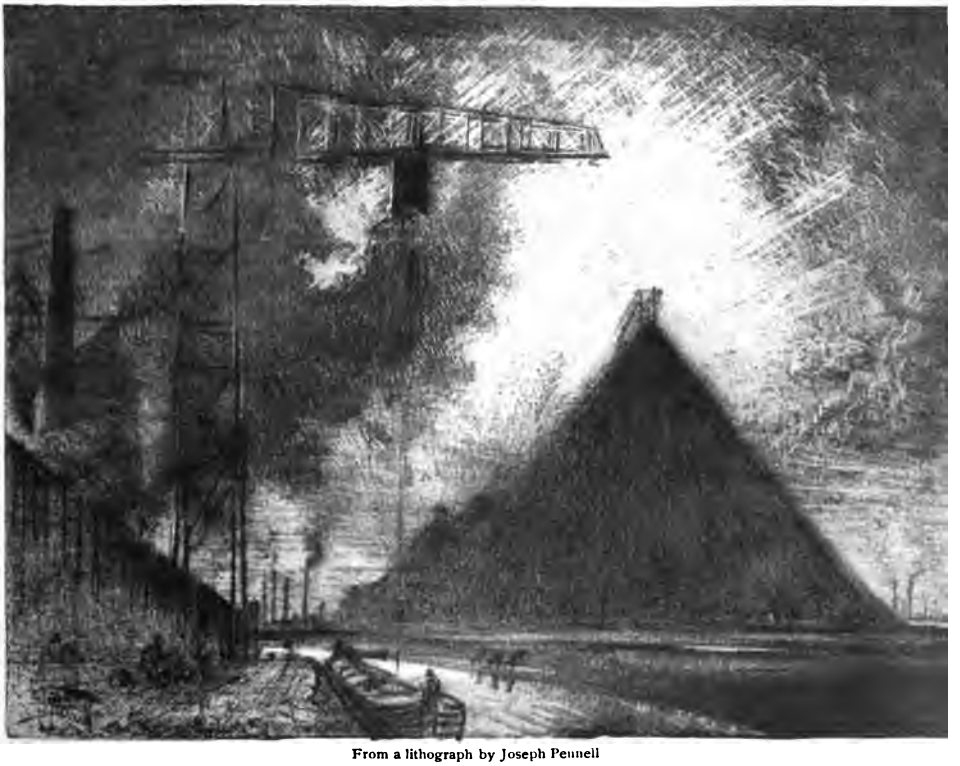
between the two countries in 1910 was less than for several years preceding, and of all the American sales to Belgium less than $3,000,000 represented manufactured goods. The exports of Great Britain to Belgium were seven times those of the United States, of France twelve times, and of Germany about fifteen times. Among other things that Belgium sends to the United States are diamonds, glass, linen goods, and rubber, and in return we help to feed her people and supply her furnaces and factories with raw material. In the very nature of things it does not seem improbable that Belgium will sell us more in the future than she has in the past, and that we shall sell her less. A manufacturing nation herself, she will make more and more of what she wants, and with England and Germany at her doors, she will not go overseas for what she needs unless it be for articles made only, or best and cheapest, in the United States, or such novelties as may not be produced in Europe.

As Dr. Albert said of his own people, the Germans, so it can be said of the Belgians in speaking of the secret of their success in commerce and industry: "It is our readiness to adopt from foreigners their methods of labor wherever we find they are more practical than our own, but at the same time to develop and improve them through our thoroughness in work, based on scientific investigation, and thus to outrival our original masters and models." Nor can the American people spare much more of the raw material of their own country. With each passing year there is a smaller surplus left from the demands of American mills, foundries, and factories. American exports of food products will also decrease because of the increasing absorptive power at home. Mr. J. Ogden Armour, returning from a trip to Europe in the summer of 1911, said he had just completed arrangements to supply the European market with meat from the Argentine to supplement a deficient supply from the United States. He

also made the significant statement that while ten years ago the foreign trade of the American packers was of enormous value to them, he was now almost convinced they would be as well, if not better, off without any foreign trade at all, owing to the rapidly increasing demand in the United States—a demand which increases in greater ratio than the visible supply.

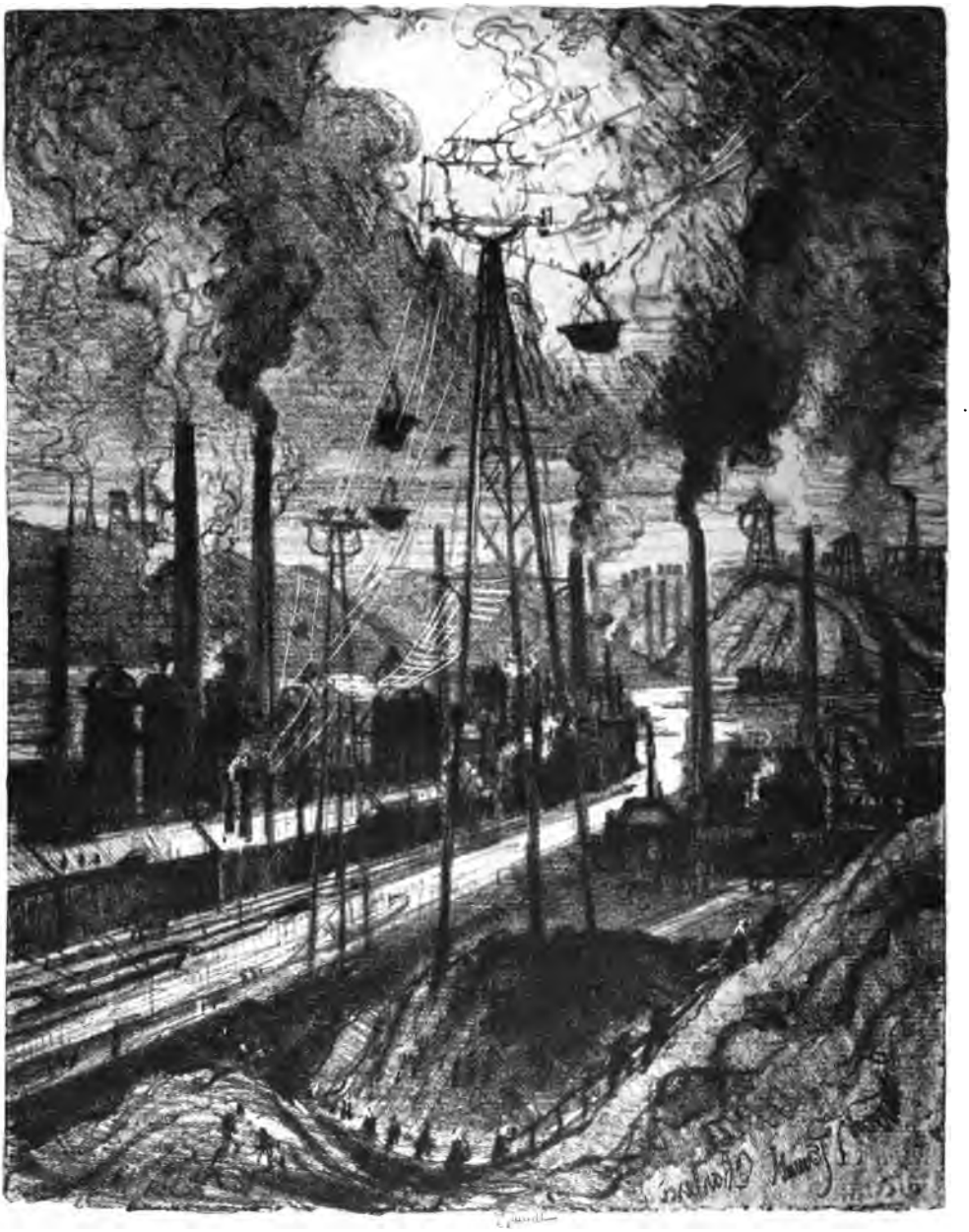
It can also be said in explanation of Mr. Armour's remarks that the population of Europe accommodates itself more readily to a period of high prices for staple foods than does the population of America. Our own people go on paying higher prices to the limit of their purses and sometimes beyond. As prices go up in Belgium and elsewhere, the consumption of meat decreases in much faster ratio than in the United States.. Greater economies are exercised, other edibles take the place of meat, and wonderful ingenuity is shown in devising ways to spread the board and satisfy the appetite at no greater cost than the family income will warrant. It was also a feature of the so called meat famine which prevailed i western Europe three or four years ag that there appeared on the market fron all sorts of unexpected places quantitie of meat, each shipment small in itself, bu an enormous quantity in the aggregate These sources of supply continued to yiel as long as prices soared; but as soon a they again fell to a level considered nor mal (and they had great influence i bringing about this result), they ran dry

A few years hence the problem of feed ing the people of America will tax the re sources of the country to the utmost, an other countries will be called upon to con tribute. It cannot be counted as a rea loss, therefore, when American foreig trade in food products declines throug such a cause. And while it may be counte as a loss where foreign trade in manufac tured goods declines, we cannot expect th great manufacturing nations of weste Europe to continue to buy when they ca manufacture for themselves, and are be coming more able to do so with each pass



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

A DUMP IN THE IRON-WORKS AT CHARLEROI, BELGIUM



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE "TRAVELER" IN A COAL-MINE, NEAR MONS, BELGIUM

ing year. Their people are as ambitious as are Americans, and in many instances they are thriftier and more willing to secure trade through patient effort than we are.

There is one serious loss that will come to the foreign trading of the United States should the American meat-packing, iron, and steel, harvesting-machinery, oil, and shoe-machinery industries lose their interest in foreign trade, and that is their influence upon American business abroad as a whole. They have been the advance agents of American trade in every land, and have conducted their business upon energetic and intelligent lines. They are

the greatest and most scientific foreign traders in America, and it is in the wake of their adventure that other American trade has successfully entered foreign lands.

There is one feature of Belgian industry which affords some relief to the mind and the eye bewildered perhaps with the sight of countless tall chimneys and confused with statistics of production, and that is the flower-raising of Ghent and its environs. A hundred nursery gardens surround the city, and over fifty horticultural establishments deal in orchids, azaleas, and camellias. These are grown for export to France, Germany, England, and America, and while the cotton and linen industries of Ghent are a more potent factor in the wealth of the country, the flower industry brings no inconsiderable revenue, while at the same time the riot of color is a sharp and pleasing contrast as it comes into view against the background of the greater, but more somber, national activities. These great and important industries, which form an impressive exposition the year round in such cities as Charleroi, where 40,000 men can be seen at work, fortunately for the temper and character of the people are varied by the lighter and more graceful exercise of the applied arts to be found elsewhere in this wonderful little country.

Belgium will hold her own as the trade and industry of the world develop, for she is well equipped for the struggle. Her people are educating themselves with that one object in view. Wonderful technical schools abound and are within the reach of all. Chemistry, manufacturing in all its branches, brewing, horticulture, and every other occupation, are fully represented in theory as well as in practice. The only dead city, Louvain, is the seat of the classical university. That sensational gains will be recorded in Belgian trade is hardly possible, owing to the present intensity of development. It can also be said that there are no signs of decadence among her people or her industries. They can stand the stress of competition with the best. For many years to come Belgium will fulfil her mission of service as the balance-wheel of the foreign trade of the world.

Leaving the Scheldt to the south, and passing into Holland, or, the Netherlands, as the country is now called in diplomacy, the short journey gives one of those shar contrasts often experienced in Europe, an lacking between the political divisions o the United States. One finds at once different people, a different language, different atmosphere, and a complet change in the character of industry. Her we find the Dutch, once the greatest, an still a great, colonial nation. With unique little navy designed for coast de fense, and composed largely of fifty tor pedo-boats,—half as many as those pos sessed by England, and more than ar owned by the United States,—a standin army of 30,000 men at home and 36,00 in her colonies, Holland is essentially country whose people exist upon their sea going trade. A miniature England in way, many of the characteristics an methods of her great neighbor found thei origin here. To the harbors of Rotter dam and Amsterdam come ships from al the ports of the world, and the Dutch fla holds its own sea paths to the far-awa colonies of Borneo, Celebes, Java, th Moluccas, New Guinea, Sumatra, an Surinam, with their population of thirty five millions, or nearly seven times that o the home country.

Until a few years ago Holland was free-trader even to a greater degree tha England; but as the demands of govern ment administration and public improve ment increased, a general import-tax law was put into effect for revenue purpose only. Except in the case of a few articles the import duty is about five per cent. I may therefore be said that Holland is stil a free-trade country as far as genera manufacturing is concerned. The nationa wealth of Belgium is estimated to be abou seven billion dollars, and that of Hollan five billions; but with her colonies the lat ter country has probably nearly the sam standing as her busy neighbor. Th Dutch are utilitarian,—even their won derful flower-beds represent money, an that, too, in large amounts,—but there i no such impression of grimy toil and over whelming industry as in Belgium.

The foreign trade of Holland, alway great as compared with that of man other nations, shows in its regular annua growth that it responds to the general in crease in the absorptive power of th world rather than to any great or abnor mal development from within. In 185

it was $206,000,000, in 1880 it was $583,000,000, and in 1910 it had risen to nearly two billions. In 1896 the trade between the United States and Holland was $86,000,000, while in 1910 it was about $61,000,000. A rather unique feature of the foreign trade of Holland is the fact that while iron and steel, textiles, grain, and flour form her principal exports, they also constitute her principal imports. That is to say, the nation is engaged in a general merchandizing business, buying or selling as the need occurs or as the markets indicate.

Once when at The Hague in company with a Dutch art expert, I was looking at a painting by an old Dutch master which had just been sold to an American. I expressed my surprise that the people of Holland should let these works depart from their country. The art expert said mournfully: "Yes, you might wonder, but the truth is our people have spent so much money in American enterprises that we have none left with which to buy pictures." There is some basis of truth in his remark, for it is well known that American financiers have long looked upon Holland as a source of funds for the industrial development of America. Many flotations have been made there at first hand, and many more have secured Dutch money through the aid of the German banks; and so it is that we owe to the Dutch not only a sturdy lot of immigrants many years ago, but financial assistance in the development of the United States when such assistance was most needed.

The world turns slowly in Holland. The people appear to have plenty of time. There is a restfulness of atmosphere about the country which appeals strongly after the hurly-burly of life in apparently busier nations elsewhere; but the real meaning of this must not be mistaken or the steady purpose underestimated. There is no "lost motion" in Holland. The history of the Dutch is one of accomplishment, and with the exception of the days of frenzied bidding for special bulbs, when fortunes were staked upon a "sport" in size or color, their life and their commerce are marked by a calm serenity of purpose, a thoroughness of execution, and a never-failing margin of profit in small or large transactions, which make for a solid growth and permanent prosperity seldom encountered elsewhere.

Like Belgium, the Netherlands is protected from foreign aggression through the jealous watchfulness of the powers. Should war break out between them, the trivial defenses of the Low Countries would count as for nothing except to the swarming forces of the combatants. The query obtrudes itself constantly in this realization as to why these smaller nations tax themselves for war equipment beyond their colonial or revenue service needs. For actual defense it would be futile in the end, and the dignity of these nations to-day lies not in the power of their armaments, but in the strength of their intellectual development, their prosperity in commerce, and the peace and contentment of their peoples.

A change is coming over the spirit of American export trade, and while in the years going by we count with satisfaction the outgoing millions of tons of raw material and food products; the millions in gold, countless canceled coupons from securities held abroad, and millions of tons of merchandise returning in payment, we must now prepare our minds and set our house in order for the new epoch rapidly approaching. In that epoch we must tax our own land to feed and clothe our own people, and far horizons will be scanned for new sources of supply. What we shall then have for sale will be the products of labor, and in that market we shall meet the best merchants, the closest calculators, and the most patient people in the world already intrenched behind years of experience. No tariff wall will give us any advantage. It will become more and more a duel between the producing labor of the nations. The desired result can be brought about only by intelligent and considerate coöperation between employers and employed. This seems to be achieved to a marked degree in Germany, Belgium, and Holland. In England there is great lack thereof; so much so, that capital fights shy of industrial enterprise, and unintelligent greed on one side or the other destroys them both.

In the United States natural resources and quickness of invention have postponed the day when the situation can be clearly estimated, though there are ominous signs of a failure to grasp the absolute necessity of "team work" to meet the foreign rival successfully. In Germany, Belgium, and

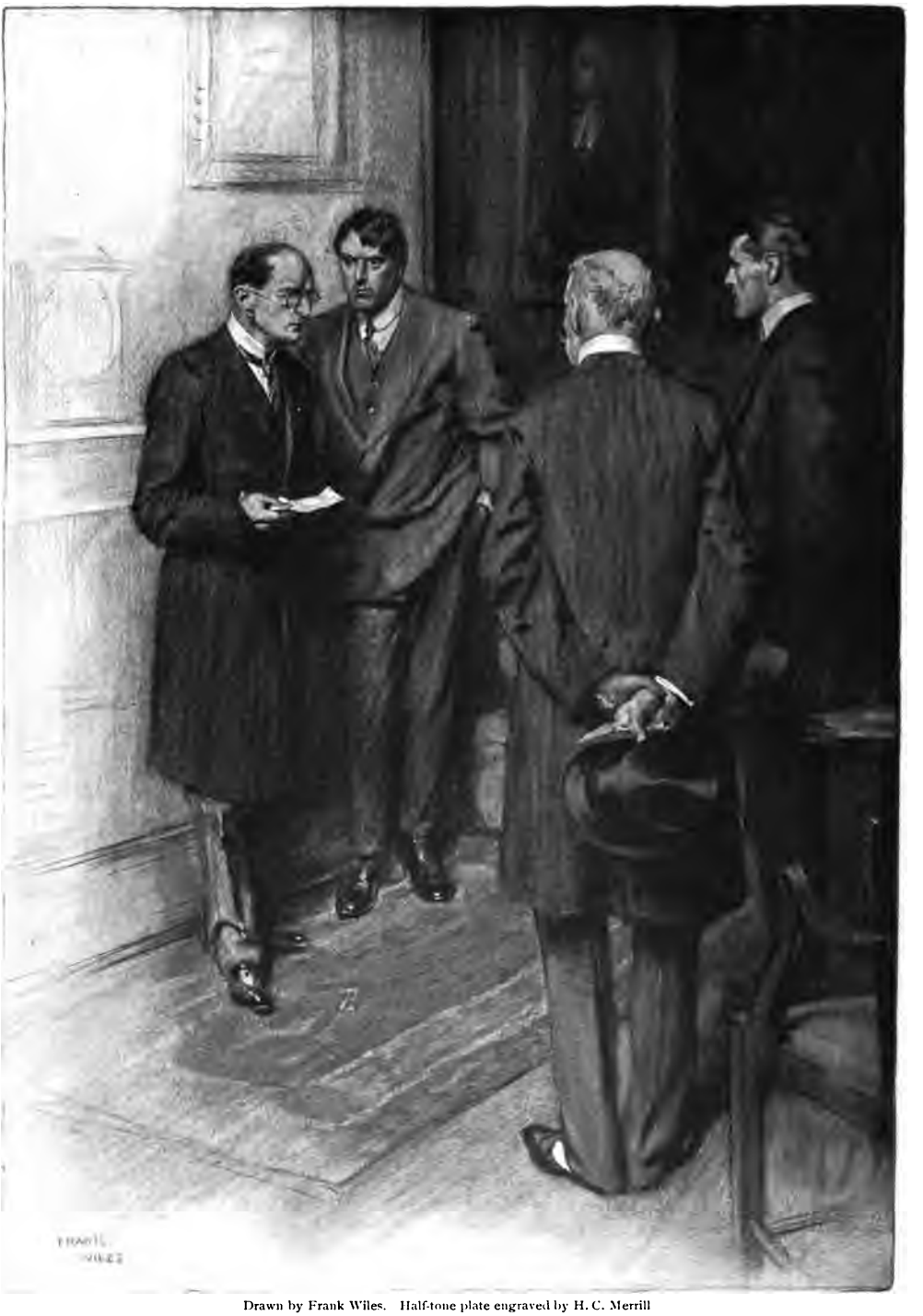
Holland the employer and the employed get all the advantage they can for themselves, but as a rule insistence ceases just short of the point of self-destruction. In England there are many branches of export trade which are languishing, some of them even extinct, where the reason for disaster can be traced directly to a blind insistence upon dominance of employer over employed, or vice versa. A division of the proceeds of labor, based upon the average producing power of the unit, cannot be made, a principle strong in England, without discouraging the productive power of the exceptional unit which is needed for successful competition in the free-for-all markets of the trade of the world. In both Belgium and Holland labor is organized to an intense degree, but as a body the producers have been self-taught through experience that by virtue of the character of their national trade their absolute power must be exercised with intelligence and caution. This is one of the most valuable suggestions which can be secured from a careful study of the foreign trade of the Low Countries.

There is an air of romance and interest surrounding the foreign trade of Holland that is found in no such degree elsewhere. The warehouses of Rotterdam and Amsterdam are redolent of spices and the strange products of far-off places. Dutchman and Levantine jostle each other on the quays, and the stevedores are continually passing along in most casual manner, in or out of the hold of some vessel, packages and bundles which arouse curiosity as to their contents. Rubber, coffee, spices, fruits, fibers, nuts, live wild animals—all these and a hundred other things of uncommon note in the life of the ordinary man are continually in sight. It is an exposition of the products of the earth, this foreign trade of Holland; and yet these things of interest form only a small part of the trade in its volume or value. It is the tonnage of coal, iron, steel, cloths, and other weighty things that load the ships, bring money to the vendors, and furnish labor for the people.

In Belgium and in Holland the government is in the form of monarchy, but there are no more democratic people in the world. They guard their liberty with jealous care, and what the people want they have in all matters of legislation. Authority is recognized, and the reigning sovereigns are treated with almost affectionate regard; but should any attempt be made to impose upon either community old-time ideas of absolutism, the existing form of government would be swept out of sight between sunrise and sunset. They are self-governing communities, and are competent in knowledge and through temperament to handle that dangerous possession liberty with safety to themselves and to others. This is the kind of people Americans must face in the years close at hand, when through rapidly changing conditions we shall be compelled to take in earnest our places in the struggle for the trade of the world.

Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A BELGIAN COAL-MINER AT WORK



Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THIS TIME NEXT YEAR SHE WILL BE LEADING A WOMAN'S NORMAL LIFE'"

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER XI

JOHN RISCA, at thirty-four, with a ward of twenty, and with the normal hopes of a man's life withered at the root, regarded himself as an elderly man. He looked older than his years. Ragged streaks of gray appeared in his black hair, and the lines deepened on his heavy brow. There are some men who, no matter what their circumstances may be, never take themselves happily. To do so is a gift; and it was denied to John Risca.

Two years had passed since his wife's release. During the years of their separation before her imprisonment, she had counted for little in his thoughts save as a gate barring the way to happiness. She had never molested him, never stood in the way of his ordinary life. In her prison she had begun by being a horror haunting his dreams; gradually she had dwindled into a kind of paralyzed force, had faded into a shadow incapable of action. But since her return to the living world he had felt her hatred as an influence, vague, but active, let loose upon the earth. He dreaded contact with her, however indirect, and through whatever agency; but contact was inevitable. Whereas formerly she had been content to live according to the terms of their agreement on separation, now she made demands. One of them, however, he considered reasonable. In Smith Street, the scene of her misdeeds, she led the life of a pariah dog. She was friendless. Her own relatives had cast her off. The tradespeople round about supplied her reluctantly with necessaries and refused to exchange words with her when she entered their shops. Children hooted her in the streets. John, foreseeing unpleasantness, had offered to find her a home in the country. But this, bein town-bred, she had declined. Let he change her name, she urged, and see other London quarters. He agreed. Sh adopted the name of Rawlings and move to a flat off the Fulham Road. To th suggestion of a different part of Londo altogether she turned a deaf ear. She ha lived in that neighborhood all her day and would feel lost elsewhere. The com mon Londoner has almost the local in stinct of a villager. She would also, sh said, be near her mother, who still le lodgings in Brompton.

"If your mother refuses to see you, said John, when they were discussing th matter, "I see no reason for your bein near her."

She counseled him, in her vernacular, t mind his own business.

"So long as I don't come and live nex to you, what have you got to do with it?

"I certainly am not called upon to prc tect your mother," said he. He smile grimly, remembering the hard-bitten vet eran of a thousand fights with impecun ous and recalcitrant lodgers. She coul very well look after herself.

The Bences, much against her wil though she dared not openly rebel, ac companied her to the flat. Her installa tion was expensive. He paid readil enough. But then came demands fo money, insidious enough at first for hi compliance, then monstrous, vindictive She incurred reckless debts; not those of woman who desires to make a show in th world by covering herself with costl dresses and furs and jewels or by dashin about in expensive equipages. That sid of life was unfamiliar to her, and clas instinct quenched the imagination to crav it. She had been bred to regard cabs a

luxuries of the idle rich, and it never occurred to her to travel in London otherwise than by omnibus or rail. Her wilful extravagance was of a different nature. She ran up bills with the petty tradesmen of the neighborhood for articles for which she had no use; for flowers which she deliberately threw into the dust-bin; for ready-made raiment which she never wore, —jackets at three pounds ten and six, and hats at ten shillings,—cheap jewelry, watches, and trinkets which she stored away in boxes. There was a gaudy set of furniture with which she bought a kind of reconciliation with her mother. When county-court summonses came in, she demanded money from John. When he refused, she posted him the summonses.

Meanwhile he found that she had struck up acquaintance with some helter-skelter, though respectable, folks in the flat below. The discovery pleased him. It is good for no human being, virtuous or depraved, to sit from month's end to month's end in stark loneliness. She forced him to the threat of revealing her identity to her new friends if she did not mend her ways. She mended them; but he felt his hands soiled by the ignoble weapons with which he had to fight.

After that she was quiet for months. Then one rainy afternoon, as he was walking townward with bent head, he ran into her in Maida Vale, the broad thoroughfare that merges into Kilburn. She started back with a quick gasp of fear.

"What are you doing in this part of London?" he asked angrily.

She plucked up courage. "I 'm free to walk where I like, and just you jolly well don't try to stop me."

"You were going to my house."

"I was n't. But supposing I was. What have you got to hide from me? My successor? Some little tuppenny ha'penny piece of damaged goods you 've picked up cheap? Think I want to see her? What do you suppose I care? Just let me pass."

He thrust aside the wet umbrella which she pushed rudely into his face.

"First tell me what you are doing here. Fulham people don't come to Maida Vale just to take a walk in the rain."

"I was going to see some friends," she replied sulkily.

A motor-omnibus came surging down toward them. At his hail it stopped.

"Get into that at once, or it will be the worse for you."

He took her arm in his powerful grip and dragged her to the curb.

"You bullying brute!" she hissed through her thin lips.

But she entered the bus. John watched it until it whizzed into space, and then retracing his steps, he went home and mounted guard by the window of his aunt's gimcrack drawing-room, to the huge delight of its unsuspecting mistress. But his wife did not double back, as he anticipated; nor did he see her again in the neighborhood.

Thenceforward, save for irritating pin-pricks, reminding him of her existence, such as futile revolts against the supervision of the Bences and occasional demands for money, she ceased to worry him. But since the day when he caught her about to spy on his home-life, her shadow, like that of some obscene bird, hovered over him perpetually. What she had tried to do then she might have already done, she might do in the future. The horrible sense of insecurity oppressed him: it is that which ages a man who cannot take himself happily.

Otherwise the two years had passed with no great stir. The recurrence of seasons alone surprised him now and then into a realization of the flight of time. He had succeeded to the editorship of the weekly review of which he had been assistant editor; he had published a little book on the "Casual Ward of Workhouses," a despised hash of journalistic articles which had brought him considerable recognition; leader writers had quoted him flatteringly, and his publishers clamored for another book on a cognate subject; the President of the Local Government Board had invited him to a discussion of the matter, with a view to possible legislation; honors fell thick upon him: but if it had been a shower of frogs, his disgust could not have been greater. For about the same time he had published a chunky, doughy novel destined to set the world aflame, which sold about a couple of hundred copies. He had cursed all things cursable and uncursable without in any way affecting the heartless rhythm of life. The world went on serenely, and in his glum fashion he found himself going on with the world.

Unity mended his socks and poured out his tea day after day, unchanging in her dull and common scragginess. Neither fine clothes, nor jewels, nor Aunt Gladys's maxims could turn her into a young lady. Miss Lindon sighed. Unity's inability to purr genteelly at tea-parties, the breath of female autumn's being, was the main sorrow in the mild lady's heart. She used to dream of the swelling pride with which she might have listened to Unity playing the "Liede ohne Worte" or Stephen Heller or "The Brook" (such a pretty piece!), before the ladies purring on the gimcrack chairs. But the dream was poignantly vain. She had striven with vast goodness to teach Unity to play the piano, and the girl had honestly tried to learn; but as her brain could not master the mystery of the various keys, and as her ear was not acute enough to enable her to sing

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,

in tune, the study of music had to be struck out of her curriculum. And she could not talk to the faded gentlewomen who came to the house, and to whose houses Miss Lindon took her. The ordeal always made her perspire, and little beads settled on her snub nose, and she knew it was not ladylike. Such a thing, said Miss Lindon, ought never to happen. But it did, in defiance of all the laws of gentility. So Miss Lindon sighed. But none of these things wrecked the peace of the home. Uneventful serenity reigned in the little house at Kilburn.

Walter Herold went on playing his exquisite miniatures of parts, and, in theatrical terminology, he became very expensive, and prospered exceedingly in his profession; his relations with John remained unaltered. Miss Lindon loved him, first because he was John's intimate, secondly (and here was a reason which she did not avow) because he had the gift of making her feel that, despite seven and fifty years of spinsterhood, she was still the most fascinating of her sex, and thirdly because he reminded her of poor Captain Featherstone, killed in the Zulu War, who was such a very clever amateur conjurer, and could act charades in a way that would make you die of laughing. And Unity came to him with her problems; and, as they both loved John Risca and Stellamaris, of whom (a thing undreamed of by John, for he rarely mentioned the fairy princess's name to Unity) they talked inordinately, the bond between them was strengthened by links ever freshly forged. And finally, in the sea-chamber at Southcliff, Herold maintained his rank of Great High Favorite, and companioned his august mistress on her fairy vagabondage along the roads that led no whither in the Land That Never Was.

And Stellamaris herself? She was twenty. John, still Great High Belovedest, still finding his perfect rest from care, his enchanted haven, in the great, wide-windowed room looking out to sea, wondered at the commonplace fact. Not long ago, it seemed to him, she had been but the fragile wraith of a child, with arms that you might pass through a signet-ring, and hands no bigger than an acacia-leaf. He had sat but yesterday full on the bed, without danger to the tiny feet which were far away from him. And now the little child had passed into the woman. Thanks to devotion, the world's learning, the resources of the civilized earth, the life-giving air of the sea, her malady had scarcely interfered with bodily growth. And the child's beauty had not been fleeting. It had remained, and matured into that of the woman. Unconsciously John had drifted away from childish things in his long and precious talks with her.

One day she rebuked him.

"Great High Belovedest," she said, "you have n't told me of the palace and Lilias and Niphetos for months and months. Or is it years?"

He laughed. "It must be years. You don't realize that you 're grown up."

"So every one says. I often wonder what it really means."

"You 've developed," said he.

"How?" she persisted.

"You 've got longer and broader and—"

She laughed to hide a swift, pink confusion. "I know that, you silly dear. The doctor 's always taking measurements of me and making funny calculations—cubing out the contents, as Mr. Wratislaw used to say. I know I 'm enormous. That 's an external matter of yards and feet,"—she spoke as if her proportions were Brobdingnagian,—"but I 'm referring to inner things. How am I different, in myself, from what I was four years ago?"

John scratched a somewhat puzzled head. How could he explain to her that of which he himself was not quite certain? In the normal case the phenomenon of manhood or womanhood, apart from the physical side,—allowing for the moment that the physical side can be set apart,—is a matter of a wider experience of life, of a million observations unconsciously correlated by a fully developed brain. It implies a differentiation between the facts and fancies of existence. The adult of twenty-one who takes seriously the make-believe of the dolls' house, and, sticking a paper crown on her head, asks you to recognize her as a queen, is merely an imbecile. The sane adult plays at mock tea-parties and crowns itself monarch in obedience to a different set of impulses altogether, either through sheer gaiety of heart, frankly making unto itself no illusions, or using make-believe as a symbol of the highest expression of life—*videlicet,* art—of which the human mind is capable. And, although we know very well that there are adults, many of advanced years, whom circumstances have so perverted that the Alpha and Omega of their lives is the pursuit either of a little ball or of a verminous animal over the surface of God's arresting earth, or else, it may be, a series of conjectures as to the comparative velocities of unimportant quadrupeds, yet none of them (at loose on society) would have the lunacy or the depravity to maintain that such pursuit or conjecture is a vital element in the scheme of existence. Even these who appear still to dwell in the play-world of the child have the essential faculty of discrimination. They have, in dull intervals between round or ride, encountered sorrow and pain and passion and wickedness and fierce struggle and despair. To them the sordid tragedies of criminal courts, the bestial poverty of slums, are commonplaces of knowledge. Any one of them can reel off a dozen instances of the treachery of false friends, the faithlessness of women, the corruption of commercial or political life. To them are also revealed splendors of heroism and self-sacrifice. They have a million data whence to deduce a serviceable philosophy. They are beyond all question grown up. But what wider experience of life had Stellamaris gained in the four years between the ages of sixteen and twenty? What fresh facts of existence had been presented to her for observation and correlation? What data had she for that deduction of a philosophy which marks the adult? Neither harm nor spell nor charm had come any nearer the lovely lady during the last four years than during those of her childhood. The unwritten law had prevailed as strong as ever. The routine of the sea-chamber had remained unchanged. Her reading, jealously selected, had brought her no closer to the sad core of many human things. The gulls and the waves and the golden sunset clouds were still her high companions. What did people mean when they said she had grown up? John continued for some time to scratch a puzzled head.

"Are you not aware of any change in yourself?" he asked.

She reflected for a moment. "No," she replied seriously. "Of course I know more. I can speak French and Italian—" Professors of these tongues, duly hedged about with ceremonial, had for a long time past attended in the sea-chamber—"and I know lots more of history and geography and geology and astronomy and zoölogy—oh, Belovedest dear, I 'm dying to see a giraffe! Do you think if he stood on the beach he could stick his head through the window and look at me? And a hippopotamus—can't you bring one in on a string? Or do you think Constable would bite him?"

John expounded the cases of the giraffe and the hippopotamus with great gravity. Her eyebrows contracted ever so little, and a spark danced in her eyes as she waited for the end of the lecture.

"Oh, dear, can't you see a joke?"

"Joke?"

"Why, yes. Don't you think I know all about hippopotamuses?"

"Four years ago," said John, "if I had told you that a wyvern and a unicorn were coming to tea, you would have believed me. Now you would n't. You 've grown up. That 's what I meant."

"I see," said Stellamaris.

But she did n't; for she turned the conversation back to the palace.

"I 'm afraid, dear," said he, "that the cats are dead and Arachne has married a stock-broker, and I 've been so busy that the palace has run to seed."

"I thought she was going to marry a

duke," said Stella, whose memory for unimportant detail was femininely tenacious.

"The duke was caught by Miss Cassandra P. Wurgles," said John, once more launched on the sea of romance.

"What a funny name," said Stella.

"It 's the kind of name," he replied, "always given in English fiction to the heiresses of the Middle West of America."

"Was she an heiress?"

"Worth billions. After they were married they do say she would n't let the duke wipe his razor on anything less valuable than a thousand-dollar note."

"I don't think that 's quite true," laughed Stella.

"I don't know," said John. "Anyhow, Arachne fell back on a stock-broker named MacIsaac, and now there 's no one to look after the palace."

"No one at all?" Her voice was full of pity.

"Not a soul," said he.

A tragic pause followed this forlorn declaration.

"Dear Belovedest," said Stella, very seriously, "I do wish I could come and set it right for you."

Their eyes met. John sighed.

"I wish you could," said he. "There 's a fairy wand standing in the corner which no one but you can touch. It gives every one else an electric shock that sends them head over heels. But if you could get it and wave it about the place, you would make all sorts of dead things come to glorious life, and fill all the garden walks with flowers, and make the waters live again in the fountains."

It was the John Risca whom she had always known that spoke, the John Risca of whom Herold had occasional flashes, so that he could discount his usual gloomy petulance and love the essential man, the John Risca whose hand poor dumb, little Unity Blake had laid against her cheek—the best and purest John Risca, a will-of-the-wisp gleam to all his nearest save Stellamaris; but to Stellamaris just the ordinary, commonplace, unaltering, and unalterable John Risca, the Great High Belovedest of her earliest memories. He had said things like this a hundred thousand times before. Yet now the color rose once more into her cheeks, and a mist such as might surround a dewdrop veiled her eyes.

"What makes you think I could do all that for you?" she asked.

"I don't know, my dear," said John. "You seem to belong to another world." He stumbled. "You 're just a fairy sort of creature."

The answer did not satisfy the instinctive innermost whence sprang the question; but it served. Woman since the beginning of things has had to content herself with half-answers from man, seeing that she vouchsafes him scarcely any answers at all. She smiled and stretched out her hand. John took it in his clumsy fingers. It was whiter than any hand in the world, veined with the faintest of faint blue.

"Anyhow," she said, "you ought n't to have neglected the palace."

"What was I to do?" he asked whimsically. "You 've been so busy growing up that you 've had no time to help me to run it."

"Oh!" she said. She withdrew her hand. "Oh, Belovedest, how can you say such a thing!"

"You yourself," laughed John, "asked whether it was months or years since we talked of it."

"I 've never stopped thinking about it," she protested, and she went on protesting. But like the Shaksperian lady, she protested too much.

"You 've grown up, Stellamaris," said John.

But how much of the old fairy-tale she still believed in he could not gage. He went away, man with the muck-rake that he was, with the uncomfortable conviction that the roots of her child's faith survived.

And yet she had grown up, and John, for the life of him, could not understand it. He was puzzled, because the sweet reverence of the man for the thing of sea-foam and cloud mystery that she had been to him all his man's life could not dream of physiological development. She was longer and broader; that met the eye. Living in her extraordinary seclusion from the multitudinous winds of earth, she could feel no breath of the storms that shake humanity into the myriad molds of character. The physical side (other than mere linear and cubical expansion) apart, there was no possibility of change from childhood to womanhood. But John

counted without his host—Nature, the host who claims reckoning from us all, kick though we may against her tyrannies; Nature, with her frank indecencies, her uncompromising, but loving, realism. The physical side in the development of any human being cannot be set apart. That passage of every maiden across the ford where brook and river meet is accomplished without a good, careless man's knowledge or conjecture. He kisses her to-day, as he has kissed her since she toddled with bare legs, and she responds, and it means little more to her than an acidulated drop. He shall kiss her to-morrow, and she shall grow as red as any turkey-cock, and cast down her eyes, and go through all the pretty antics characteristic, since the beginning of time, of a self-conscious sex. And the man shall go away scratching his head in a deuce of a puzzle.

ANOTHER year passed. Stella was twenty-one. The routine of the Channel House, of the house at Kilburn, of the Fulham flat, went on unchanged and unchanging. Time seems unimportant as a positive agent in human affairs. It is the solvent of sorrow, but it cannot create joy. From its benumbing influence no drama seems to spring. It is events—and events, too, no matter how trivial—that have their roots mysteriously deep in time that shake the world and make the drama which we call history. And it was an event, apparently trivial, but sudden, unlooked for, amazing, that shook the lives whose history is here recorded.

One morning, in obedience to a peremptory telegram from Sir Oliver Blount, John Risca met him at the Imperial Club. The old man rose from his seat near the entrance of the smoking-room into which John was shown, and excitedly wrung both his hands.

"My dear boy, you must come to Southcliff at once."

Two or three times before he had been brought down post-haste by Sir Oliver, only to find himself needed as a mediator between husband and wife. He shook himself free.

"Out of the question, Oliver. I 'm overwhelmed with work. I 've got my syndicate article to do, and the review goes to press to-night."

"You don't understand. It 's our darling Stella. This morning she lifted her head from the pillow."

"But that 's her death-warrant!" cried John, quickly.

"It 's her life-warrant. The fatal thing we 've been warned against all these years is no longer fatal. She can move her head easily, painlessly. Don't you see?"

The weak old eyes were wet.

"My God!" said John. His breath came fast, and he clapped his great hand on the other's lean shoulders. "But that means—great God in heaven!"—his voice shook—"what may it not mean?"

"It may mean everything," said Sir Oliver.

From time to time throughout Stella's life the great magicians of science had entered the sea-chamber and departed thence, shaking sad and certain heads. With proper care, they said, Stellamaris might live—might live, indeed, until her hair turned white and her young cheeks shriveled with age; but of leaving that bed by the window and going forth into the outer world there was no hope or question. Still, Nature, the inscrutable, the whimsical, might be cozened by treatment into working a miracle. At any rate, no harm would be done by trying, and her guardians would have the consoling assurance that nothing had been left undone. They prescribed after their high knowledge, and pocketed their high fees, and went their way. Dr. Ransome, Stella's lifelong doctor and worshiper, carried out each great magician's orders, and, as prophesied, nothing ever happened either for good or harm.

But six months ago a greater magician than them all, one Wilhelm von Pfeiler of Vienna, who by working miracles on his own account with newly discovered and stupendous forces had begun to startle scientific Europe, happened to be in England, and was summoned to the sea-chamber. He was a dark, silky-bearded man in whose eyes brooded perpetual melancholy. He, too, shook his head and said "Perhaps." Ransome, who had seized with high hopes on the wandering magician, found him vastly depressing. His "Perhaps" was more mournfully hopeless than the others' "No." He spoke little, for he knew no English, and Ransome's German, like that of Stella's household,

was scanty; but Ransome understood him to croak platitudes about time and youth and growth and nature being factors in the case. As to his newly discovered treatment, well, it might have some effect; he was certain of nothing; as yet no sure deductions could be drawn from his experiments; everything concerning the application of these new forces was at the empirical stage. So profound a melancholy rang in his utterances that he left Lady Blount weeping bitterly, and convinced that he had passed death-sentence on their beloved being. Then a near-sighted, taciturn young man, a budding magician who had sat at Von Pfeiler's feet in Vienna, came down from London with apparatus worth a hundred times its weight in gold. And nothing happened or seemed about to happen. Stella called him the gnome.

All this John knew. Like the rest of Stella's satellites, accustomed for years to the unhesitating pronouncements of the great specialists and to their unhealing remedies, he had little faith in Von Pfeiler. The taciturn young surgeon who had been administering the treatment kept his own counsel and gave no encouragement to questioners. John had agreed with Sir Oliver that it was a waste of time and money—a fabulous amount of money; but the treatment amused Stella, and she liked the gnome, whom every one else detested, because he loved dogs, and cured Constable, now growing old and rheumatic, of a stiff leg. So every one suffered the gnome patiently.

And now the miracle had been worked. Stella had lifted her head from the pillow. The two men sat tremulous with hope.

"I 've been so upset," said Sir Oliver, "and so has Julia. We had words. Why, I don't know. I love our darling quite as much as she does; but Julia is trying. Waiter! Get me a brandy and soda. What will you have? Nothing? I don't usually drink spirits in the morning, John; but I feel I need it. I 'm getting old and can't stand shocks."

"What does Ransome say?"

"He 's off his head. Every one 's off his head. The very dog is rushing about like a lunatic. Nearly knocked me down in the garden."

"And Cassilis?"

Cassilis was the gnome.

"Ransome has telegraphed him to com down at once. But I thought I 'd ru up and tell you. We might go togethe to see him and fetch him back with us You 'll come, won't you?"

"Come? Why, of course I 'll come What do you think I 'll do? Stay i London at such a time and send her post-card to say I 'm glad?"

"You said something about seeing you review through the press."

"Oh, confound the review! It can g to the devil," cried John.

London ablaze with revolution woul have been a small matter compared wit this world-shaking event, the lifting of girl's head.

"It will be such a comfort to me," said the old man. "I don't know wha to do. I can't rest. My mind 's in maze. It 's like the raising of Jairus' daughter."

"Let us do some telephoning," sai John.

They went out together. John rang u Cassilis. He had been out all the morn ing and would not be returning for an other hour. John rang up Herold at theater where he knew him to be rehears ing, and gave him the glad news. The returned to the smoking-room. Sir Olive drank off his brandy and soda at one gulp

"And Stella herself? What does sh make of it?"

"The only one not upset in the house That little girl 's an angel, John." H blew his nose violently. "It appears sh was stretching out her arm to pat the ol dog's chaps, overreached herself a bit, an mechanically her head came away from th pillow. She called out to nurse, 'Nurse I 've lifted my head.' Nurse flew up t her. 'What do you mean, darling?' Sh showed her. She showed her, by Hea ven! Nurse forbade her to do it an more, and flew down-stairs like a wildca to tell us. Then we telephoned to Ran some. He saw her; she did it for him then he came to us white and shaking al over. Naturally I wanted to see the dar ling child do it, too. Julia interfered Stella must n't do it again till Cassili came. Then we had the words. She sai I was eaten through with egotism—I Now, am I, John?"

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counted without his host—Nature, the host who claims reckoning from us all, kick though we may against her tyrannies; Nature, with her frank indecencies, her uncompromising, but loving, realism. The physical side in the development of any human being cannot be set apart. That passage of every maiden across the ford where brook and river meet is accomplished without a good, careless man's knowledge or conjecture. He kisses her to-day, as he has kissed her since she toddled with bare legs, and she responds, and it means little more to her than an acidulated drop. He shall kiss her to-morrow, and she shall grow as red as any turkey-cock, and cast down her eyes, and go through all the pretty antics characteristic, since the beginning of time, of a self-conscious sex. And the man shall go away scratching his head in a deuce of a puzzle.

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That which to those with her was a commonplace of beauty stretched before Stellamaris's vision as a new and soul-arresting wonder. She had only elusive, childish memories of the actual earth; for before she had been laid upon her back never to rise again, she had been a delicate, invalid child. She had seen thousands of pictures, so that she was at no intellectual loss to account for the spectacle; but, for all her life that counted, sea and sky in their myriad changes had been her intimate conception of the world. And it had been her world—the only world that her eyes would ever rest upon; and as it had never entered her head to hope for another, it had sufficed her soul's needs. Indeed, it had overwhelmed them with its largess, until, as Herold declared, she herself had become a creature of cloud and wave. This sudden presentation of a new and unrealized glory set her heart beating madly; her cheeks grew white, and tears rolled down them.

"Now, is n't that a beautiful view?" said Lady Blount.

"Soon we 'll hire a motor, until you can buy one for yourself, and go and explore it all, my dear," said Sir Oliver.

"Southcliff lies just below there on the left," said the nurse.

"See that red roof there between the trees? That 's where our old friend Colonel Dukes lives. Devilish good house; though, if he had taken my advice when he was building it, it would have been much better."

"And just over there," said Lady Blount, pointing, "is the railway that takes you to London."

"You 're quite wrong, Julia," said Sir Oliver; "that 's a bit of the south coast line. Is n't it, John?"

"Oliver is right. You can't see the London line from here," said John.

They went on talking, but Stella, in a rapture of vision, heeded them not. Herold, who stood quite close to her, was silent. She held his hand, and gripped it almost convulsively. John, with rare observation, noticed that her knuckles were white. Her face was set in an agony of adoration too poignant for speech. John, curiously sensitive where Stella was concerned, realized that these two hand in hand were close together on a plane of feeling too high for the profane. With a little movement of deprecation which neither Herold nor Stella perceived, he pushed the others toward the door and, following them out of the room, closed it behind them.

"Better leave her alone with Walter," said he.

"Quite so," said Sir Oliver. "Just what I told you, Julia. We must let her go slow for a bit and not excite her."

"I don't remember you ever saying anything of the kind," retorted Lady Blount. "It was Walter."

"Well, Oliver agreed with him, which comes to the same thing," said John, acting peacemaker.

But they wrangled all down the corridor, and when the two men were left alone, Sir Oliver shook his head.

"A trying woman, John; very trying."

Meanwhile Stella and Herold remained for a long time in the quiet room without the utterance of a word. As soon as the others went, her grasp relaxed. Herold drew a chair gently to her side and waited patiently for her to speak; for he saw that her soul was at grips with the new glory of the earth. At last a quivering sigh shook her, and she turned her wet eyes away from the window and looked at him with a smile.

"Well?" said he.

"I feel that it is all too beautiful."

"It makes you sad."

"Yes; vaguely, but exquisitely. How did you guess?"

"Your eyes have been streaming, Stellamaris."

"Foolish, is n't it?"

"I suppose it 's the finite realizing itself unconsciously before the infinite. Is it too much for you?"

She shook her head. "I should like to stay here and gaze at this forever till I drank it all, all in."

"Have you ever read the life of St. Brigit?" he asked. "There 's one little episode in it which comes to my mind."

"Tell me," said Stella.

"She founded convents, you know, in Ireland. Now, there was one nun dearly loved by St. Brigit, and she had been blind from birth; and one evening they were sitting on one of the Wicklow Hills, and St. Brigit described to her all the beauties of the green valleys below, and the silver streams and the purple moun-

tains beyond, melting into the happy sky. And the nun said, 'Sister, pray to God to work a miracle and give me sight so that I can see it and glorify Him.' So St. Brigit prayed, and God heard her prayer, and the eyes of the nun were opened, and she looked upon the world, and her senses were ravished by its glory. And then she fell to weeping and trembling and she sank on her knees before St. Brigit and said, 'I have seen, but I beseech thee pray that my sight be taken again from me, for I fear that in the beauty of the world I may forget God.' And St. Brigit prayed again, and God heard her, and the nun's sight was taken from her. And they both lifted their voices to heaven and glorified the Lord."

Stella sighed when he had ended, and quiet fell upon them. She looked dreamily out of the window. Herold watched her face with a pang at his heart. It was as pure as a little child's.

"It 's a lovely legend," she said at last. "But the nun was wrong. The beauty of this world ought to bring one nearer to God instead of making one forget Him."

Herold smiled. "Certainly it ought to," said he.

"Why did you tell me the story?"

"Because it came into my head."

"There was some other reason."

He could not deny, for in her candid eyes he saw assurance; yet he dared not tell her that which dimmed the crystal of his gladness. He saw the creature of cloud and foam gasping in the tainted atmosphere of the world of men; the dewdrop on the star exposed to the blazing sun. What would happen?

"I am going to get well," she continued, seeing that he did not answer, "and walk out soon into the gardens and the streets and see all the wonderful, wonderful things you and Belovedest have told me of. And"—she pressed her hands to her bosom—"I can't contain myself for joy. And yet, Walter dear, you seem to think I should be better off if I remained as I am—or was. I can't understand it."

"My dear," said Herold, reluctantly, wishing he had never heard of St. Brigit, "so long as you see God through the beauties and vanities of the world, as you 've seen Him through the sea-mists and the dawn and the sunset, all will be well. But that takes a brave spirit—braver than St. Brigit's nun. She feared lest she might see the world, and nothing but the world, and nothing divine shining through. People who do that lose their souls."

"Then you think," said Stellamaris, wrinkling her smooth brow—"you think that the blind have the truer vision."

"Truer than that of the weak, perhaps, but not as true as the strong spirits who dare see fearlessly."

"Do you think I am weak or strong?" she asked, with a woman's relentless grip on the personal.

"What else but a strong spirit," he replied half disingenuously, "could have triumphed, as you have done, over a lifelong death?"

"Death?" She opened her eyes wide. "Death? But I 've lived every hour of my life, and it has been utterly happy."

"The strong spirit, dear," said Herold.

"Great High Favorite dear, what else could you say?"

She laughed, but the tenderness in her eyes absolved the laugh and the feminine speech from coquetry.

"I might talk to you as John Knox did to Mary, Queen of Scots."

Just as life had been translated to the hapless Miss Kilmansegg of the Golden Leg into terms of gold, so had it been translated to Stella into terms of beauty. History had been translated, accordingly, into terms of romance. She had heard, indeed, of Mary Stuart, but as a being of legendary and unnaughty loveliness. At the stern image of the grave Calvinist she shrank.

"John Knox was a horrid, croaking raven," she emphatically declared, "and nobody could possibly talk like that nowadays."

Herold laughed and turned the conversation into lighter channels. The unwritten law prevailed over his instinctive impulse to warn her against the deceptive glamour of the world. Then the hour struck for an item in the invalid's routine, and the nurse came in, and Stella was wheeled back to her high chamber.

Many days of her convalescence after this were marked with red stones. There was the first day when, carried downstairs, she presided from her high couch at a dinner-party given in her honor, the guests being John Risca and Walter Herold, Wratislaw and the nurse, Dr.

Ransome and his wife, and the gnome-headed and spectacled Cassilis.

It was a merry party, and toward the end of dinner, when the port went round, Stella's own maid coached for the part, at a sign from Sir Oliver who commanded silence, spoke in a falsetto voice sticking in a nervous throat the familiar words: "Miss Stella's compliments, and would the gentlemen take a glass of wine with her." And they all rose and drank and made a great noise, and the tears rolled down John Risca's cheeks and fell upon his bulging shirt-front, and Sir Oliver blew his nose loudly and made a speech.

A great day, too, was her first progress in her wheel-chair about the grounds of the Channel House. All was wonder and wild delight to the girl who had never seen, or had seen so long ago that she had forgotten, the velvet of smooth turf; the glory of roses growing in their heyday insolence; the alluring shade of leafy chestnuts; the pansies clinging to dear Mother Earth; the fairy spray of water from a hose-pipe over thirsty beds; the crisp motion, explaining the mysterious echo of years, of the grass-mower driven over the lawn; the ivy tapestry of walls; the bewildering masses of sweet-peas; the apples, small and green though they were, actually hanging from boughs; the real live fowls, jaunty in prosperous plumage, so different from the apologetic naked shapes—fowls hitherto to her, which Morris, the maid, had carved for her meals at a side table in the sea-chamber, the cabbages brave in crinkled leaf, unaware of their doom of ultimate hot agglutination, the tender green bunches of grapes in glass houses drinking wine from the mother founts of the sun, the quiet cows on the gently sloping pasture-land.

At last she put her hands over her eyes, and Herold made a sign, and they wheeled the chair back to the house; and only when they halted in the wide, cool drawing-room, with windows opening to the south, did she look at outer things; and then, while all stood by in a hush, she drew a few convulsive breaths and rested her overwrought spirit on the calm, familiar sea.

A day of days, too, when, still in glorious summer weather, they hired an enormous limousine from the great watering place a few miles off, and took her all bu prone, and incased in the appliances o science, through the gates of the Channe House into the big world. They drov over the Sussex Downs, along chalk roads between crisp grass-lands dotted witl sheep, through villages, gleams of para dises compact of thatched roof, ramble roses, blue and white garments hung ou on lines to laugh in the sunshine, flashin new stucco cottages, labeled "County Po lice" (a puzzle to Stellamaris), ramshackl shops, with odd wares, chiefly sweets, ex posed in tiny casement windows, old inn flaunting brave signs, "The Five Alls," "The Leather Bottell," away from th road, with a forecourt containing rud bench and table and trough for horses young women, with the cheeks of th fresh, and old women, with the cheeks o the withered apple, and sun-tanned men and children of undreamed-of chubbiness And to Stellamaris all was a wonderlan of joy.

During most of the month of Augus the rain fell heavily and outdoor excur sions became rare events, and the worl as seen from windows was a gray an dripping spectacle. But Stella, accustome to the vast dreariness of wintry seas found fresh beauties in the rain-swep earth. The patter of drops on leave played new and thrilling melodies; a slan of sunshine across wet grass offered magi cal harmonies of color; the unfamilia smell of the reeking soil was grateful t her nostrils. And had she not the capti vating indoor life among pleasant room in which she had hitherto dwelt only i fancy? Hopes in the process of fulfil ment gilded the glad days.

She talked unceasingly to those abou her of the happy things to come.

"Soon we 'll be teaching you to walk,' said John.

She glowed. "That 's going to be th most glorious adventure of my life."

"I 've never regarded putting one foo before another in that light," he said witl a laugh. Then suddenly realizing wha he had said, he felt a wave of pity an love surge through his heart. What chil of man assured of a bird's power of fligh would not be thrilled at the prospect o winging his way through space? It woul be indeed a glorious adventure.

"My poor darling!" said he, very tenderly.

As usual, she disclaimed the pity. There was no one happier than herself in the wide universe.

"But I often have wondered what it would feel like."

"To walk?"

"Yes. To have the power of moving yourself from one place to another. It seems so funny. Of course I did walk once, but I 've forgotten all about it. They tell me I shall have to learn from the beginning, just like a little baby."

"You 'll have to learn lots of things from the beginning," said John, rather sadly.

"What kind of things?"

"All sorts."

"Tell me," she insisted, for ever so small a cloud passed over his face.

"Taking your place as a woman in the whirl of life," said he.

She turned on him the look of untroubled sapience that proceeds from the eyes of child saints in early Italian paintings.

"I don't think that will be very difficult, Belovedest. I 'm not quite a little ignoramus, and Aunt Julia has taught me manners. I have always been able to talk to people when sick, and I don't see why I should be afraid of them when I 'm well. I 've thought quite a lot about it, and talked to Aunt Julia."

"And what does she say?"

"She assures me," she cried gaily, "that I am bound to make a sensation in society."

"You 'll have all mankind at your feet, dear," said John. "But," he added in a change of tone, "I was referring to more vital things than success in drawing-rooms."

She laid her hand lightly on his.

"Do you know, Belovedest, what Walter said some time ago? He said that if I looked at the world and saw God through it, all would be well."

"I can add nothing more to that," said John, and, thinking that Herold had been warning her of dangers, held his peace for the occasion.

Then there came a day, not long afterward, when she made the speech which in some form or other he had been expecting and dreading.

"The next glorious adventure will be when you take me over the palace."

He laughed awkwardly. "I remember telling you that the palace has run to seed."

"But you still live in it."

"No, dear," said he.

"Oh!" said Stellamaris in a tone of deep disappointment. "Oh, why, why?"

John felt ridiculously unhappy. She believed, after all, in the incredible fairy-tale.

"Perhaps it was n't such a gorgeous palace as I made out," he confessed lamely. "As the cooks say, my hand was rather heavy with the gold and marble."

She laughed, to his intense relief. "I have felt since that there was a little poetic exaggeration somewhere. But it must be a beautiful place, all the same." His spirits sank again. "I could walk about it blindfold, although we have n't talked of it for so long. Who is living there now?"

"I 've sold it, dear, to some king of the Cannibal Islands," he declared in desperate and ponderous jest.

"So there 's no more palace?"

"No more," said he.

"I 'm sorry," said Stellamaris—"so sorry." She smiled at him, but the tears came into her eyes. "I was looking forward so to seeing it. You see, dear, I 've lived in it for such a long, long time!"

"There are hundreds of wonder-houses for you to see when you get strong," said John, by way of consolation, yet hating himself.

"Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle, and so on. Yes," said Stella, "but they 've none of them been part of me."

So he discovered that, at one-and-twenty, on the eve of her entrance into the world of reality, the being most utterly sacred to him still dwelt in her Land of Illusion. Two or three frank words would have been enough to bring down to nothingness the baseless fabric of his castle in the air, his palace of dreams; but he dreaded the shock of such seismic convulsion. He had lied for years, putting all that was godlike of his imperfect humanity into his lies, so as to bring a few hours' delight into the life of this fragile creature whom he worshiped, secure in the conviction that the lies would live for ever and

ever as vital truths, without chance of detection. And now that chance, almost the certainty, had come.

John Risca was a strong man, as men count strength. He faced the grim issues of life undaunted, and made his own terms. He growled when wounded, but he bared his teeth and snarled defiance at his foes. In a bygone age he would have stood like his Celtic ancestors, doggedly hacking amid a ring of slain until the curtain of death was drawn before his bloodshot eyes and he fell, idly smiting the air. In the modern conflict in which, fortunately, human butchery does not come within the sphere of the ordinary man's activities, he could stand with the same moral constancy. But here, when it was a mere question of tearing a gossamer veil from before a girl's eyes, his courage failed him. Such brute dealing, he argued, might be salutary for common clay; but for Stellamaris it would be dangerous. Let knowledge of the fact that there had never been a palace come to her gradually. Already he had prepared the way. Thus he consoled himself, and, in so doing, felt a mean and miserable dog.

(To be continued)

REVENGE IN LEHIGH COUNTY

BY ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

WITH PICTURES BY C. F. PETERS

MRS. JACOBY was displeased. In every line of her figure was disapproval: repressed disapproval in the hard-screwed door-knob of dark brown hair which apparently served to "fasten off" her head; active disapproval in the forceful hand which wielded the dish-towel. Yet wrath did not hinder the careful precision with which Johanna wiped the blue-and-gold platter she held in her hand (it had been Grandmother Geisler's). The level rays of the early-setting September sun slipped through the window-slats and touched its gilt to gold.

Johanna crossed the low, wide kitchen, set the platter carefully in the cupboard behind the blue-and-gold cups that matched it, then turned again to her work; but stopped abruptly as a girl's laugh rang out clearly from the porch, mingled a second later with a gruff appreciative chuckle.

"Such a teacher!" said Mrs. Jacoby, severely, addressing her milk-pans. "What can such a one learn *die Junge?*"

Again the laugh and the low chuckle.

Johanna dropped her dish-towel, crossed the kitchen cautiously, and peered through the slats of the shutter.

There, clad in a white shirt-waist, seated on the porch (her porch, paid for with her own butter-and-egg money), sat the object of her disfavor, the new teacher, while comfortably seated in the rocker, his elbows resting on his knees, pipe forgotten in his hand, his round blue eyes fixed on the teacher's face, sat Peter—her Peter—drinking in Miss Mabel's gay discourse with the appetite of a child for unaccustomed ice-cream. For a moment Johanna stood sternly eying the offending and unconscious pair, then returned to her work.

It was no novelty that a teacher should board at the brick farm-house. Hitherto Johanna had rather enjoyed the companionship of the teachers, plain, thrifty girls from the Kutztown Normal School. There was Anna Heinemann, who invariably washed the supper dishes, and Linda

John scratched a somewhat puzzled head. How could he explain to her that of which he himself was not quite certain? In the normal case the phenomenon of manhood or womanhood, apart from the physical side,—allowing for the moment that the physical side can be set apart,—is a matter of a wider experience of life, of a million observations unconsciously correlated by a fully developed brain. It implies a differentiation between the facts and fancies of existence. The adult of twenty-one who takes seriously the make-believe of the dolls' house, and, sticking a paper crown on her head, asks you to recognize her as a queen, is merely an imbecile. The sane adult plays at mock tea-parties and crowns itself monarch in obedience to a different set of impulses altogether, either through sheer gaiety of heart, frankly making unto itself no illusions, or using make-believe as a symbol of the highest expression of life—*videlicet,* art—of which the human mind is capable. And, although we know very well that there are adults, many of advanced years, whom circumstances have so perverted that the Alpha and Omega of their lives is the pursuit either of a little ball or of a verminous animal over the surface of God's arresting earth, or else, it may be, a series of conjectures as to the comparative velocities of unimportant quadrupeds, yet none of them (at loose on society) would have the lunacy or the depravity to maintain that such pursuit or conjecture is a vital element in the scheme of existence. Even these who appear still to dwell in the play-world of the child have the essential faculty of discrimination. They have, in dull intervals between round or ride, encountered sorrow and pain and passion and wickedness and fierce struggle and despair. To them the sordid tragedies of criminal courts, the bestial poverty of slums, are commonplaces of knowledge. Any one of them can reel off a dozen instances of the treachery of false friends, the faithlessness of women, the corruption of commercial or political life. To them are also revealed splendors of heroism and self-sacrifice. They have a million data whence to deduce a serviceable philosophy. They are beyond all question grown up. But what wider experience of life had Stellamaris gained in the four years between the ages of sixteen and twenty? What fresh facts of existence had been presented to her for observation and correlation? What data had she for that deduction of a philosophy which marks the adult? Neither harm nor spell nor charm had come any nearer the lovely lady during the last four years than during those of her childhood. The unwritten law had prevailed as strong as ever. The routine of the sea-chamber had remained unchanged. Her reading, jealously selected, had brought her no closer to the sad core of many human things. The gulls and the waves and the golden sunset clouds were still her high companions. What did people mean when they said she had grown up? John continued for some time to scratch a puzzled head.

"Are you not aware of any change in yourself?" he asked.

She reflected for a moment. "No," she replied seriously. "Of course I know more. I can speak French and Italian—" Professors of these tongues, duly hedged about with ceremonial, had for a long time past attended in the sea-chamber—"and I know lots more of history and geography and geology and astronomy and zoölogy—oh, Belovedest dear, I 'm dying to see a giraffe! Do you think if he stood on the beach he could stick his head through the window and look at me? And a hippopotamus—can't you bring one in on a string? Or do you think Constable would bite him?"

John expounded the cases of the giraffe and the hippopotamus with great gravity. Her eyebrows contracted ever so little, and a spark danced in her eyes as she waited for the end of the lecture.

"Oh, dear, can't you see a joke?"

"Joke?"

"Why, yes. Don't you think I know all about hippopotamuses?"

"Four years ago," said John, "if I had told you that a wyvern and a unicorn were coming to tea, you would have believed me. Now you would n't. You 've grown up. That 's what I meant."

"I see," said Stellamaris.

But she did n't; for she turned the conversation back to the palace.

"I 'm afraid, dear," said he, "that the cats are dead and Arachne has married a stock-broker, and I 've been so busy that the palace has run to seed."

"I thought she was going to marry a

duke," said Stella, whose memory for unimportant detail was femininely tenacious.

"The duke was caught by Miss Cassandra P. Wurgles," said John, once more launched on the sea of romance.

"What a funny name," said Stella.

"It 's the kind of name," he replied, "always given in English fiction to the heiresses of the Middle West of America."

"Was she an heiress?"

"Worth billions. After they were married they do say she would n't let the duke wipe his razor on anything less valuable than a thousand-dollar note."

"I don't think that 's quite true," laughed Stella.

"I don't know," said John. "Anyhow, Arachne fell back on a stock-broker named MacIsaac, and now there 's no one to look after the palace."

"No one at all?" Her voice was full of pity.

"Not a soul," said he.

A tragic pause followed this forlorn declaration.

"Dear Belovedest," said Stella, very seriously, "I do wish I could come and set it right for you."

Their eyes met. John sighed.

"I wish you could," said he. "There 's a fairy wand standing in the corner which no one but you can touch. It gives every one else an electric shock that sends them head over heels. But if you could get it and wave it about the place, you would make all sorts of dead things come to glorious life, and fill all the garden walks with flowers, and make the waters live again in the fountains."

It was the John Risca whom she had always known that spoke, the John Risca of whom Herold had occasional flashes, so that he could discount his usual gloomy petulance and love the essential man, the John Risca whose hand poor dumb, little Unity Blake had laid against her cheek—the best and purest John Risca, a will-o'-the-wisp gleam to all his nearest save Stellamaris; but to Stellamaris just the ordinary, commonplace, unaltering, and unalterable John Risca, the Great High Belovedest of her earliest memories. He had said things like this a hundred thousand times before. Yet now the color rose once more into her cheeks, and a mist such as might surround a dewdrop veiled her eyes.

"What makes you think I could do al that for you?" she asked.

"I don't know, my dear," said John "You seem to belong to another world." He stumbled. "You 're just a fairy sor of creature."

The answer did not satisfy the instinc tive innermost whence sprang the ques tion; but it served. Woman since the be ginning of things has had to content her self with half-answers from man, seein that she vouchsafes him scarcely any an swers at all. She smiled and stretched ou her hand. John took it in his clumsy fin gers. It was whiter than any hand in th world, veined with the faintest of fain blue.

"Anyhow," she said, "you ought n't t have neglected the palace."

"What was I to do?" he asked whimsi cally. "You 've been so busy growin up that you 've had no time to help me t run it."

"Oh!" she said. She withdrew he hand. "Oh, Belovedest, how can you sa such a thing!"

"You yourself," laughed John, "aske whether it was months or years since w talked of it."

"I 've never stopped thinking about it," she protested, and she went on protesting But like the Shaksperian lady, she pro tested too much.

"You 've grown up, Stellamaris," sai John.

But how much of the old fairy-tale sh still believed in he could not gage. H went away, man with the muck-rake tha he was, with the uncomfortable convic tion that the roots of her child's faith sur vived.

And yet she had grown up, and John for the life of him, could not understan it. He was puzzled, because the swee reverence of the man for the thing of sea foam and cloud mystery that she had bee to him all his man's life could not drean of physiological development. She wa longer and broader; that met the eye Living in her extraordinary seclusio from the multitudinous winds of earth she could feel no breath of the storms tha shake humanity into the myriad molds o character. The physical side (other tha mere linear and cubical expansion) apart there was no possibility of change fron childhood to womanhood. But John

counted without his host—Nature, the host who claims reckoning from us all, kick though we may against her tyrannies; Nature, with her frank indecencies, her uncompromising, but loving, realism. The physical side in the development of any human being cannot be set apart. That passage of every maiden across the ford where brook and river meet is accomplished without a good, careless man's knowledge or conjecture. He kisses her to-day, as he has kissed her since she toddled with bare legs, and she responds, and it means little more to her than an acidulated drop. He shall kiss her to-morrow, and she shall grow as red as any turkey-cock, and cast down her eyes, and go through all the pretty antics characteristic, since the beginning of time, of a self-conscious sex. And the man shall go away scratching his head in a deuce of a puzzle.

ANOTHER year passed. Stella was twenty-one. The routine of the Channel House, of the house at Kilburn, of the Fulham flat, went on unchanged and unchanging. Time seems unimportant as a positive agent in human affairs. It is the solvent of sorrow, but it cannot create joy. From its benumbing influence no drama seems to spring. It is events—and events, too, no matter how trivial—that have their roots mysteriously deep in time that shake the world and make the drama which we call history. And it was an event, apparently trivial, but sudden, unlooked for, amazing, that shook the lives whose history is here recorded.

One morning, in obedience to a peremptory telegram from Sir Oliver Blount, John Risca met him at the Imperial Club. The old man rose from his seat near the entrance of the smoking-room into which John was shown, and excitedly wrung both his hands.

"My dear boy, you must come to Southcliff at once."

Two or three times before he had been brought down post-haste by Sir Oliver, only to find himself needed as a mediator between husband and wife. He shook himself free.

"Out of the question, Oliver. I 'm overwhelmed with work. I 've got my syndicate article to do, and the review goes to press to-night."

"You don't understand. It 's our darling Stella. This morning she lifted her head from the pillow."

"But that 's her death-warrant!" cried John, quickly.

"It 's her life-warrant. The fatal thing we 've been warned against all these years is no longer fatal. She can move her head easily, painlessly. Don't you see?"

The weak old eyes were wet.

"My God!" said John. His breath came fast, and he clapped his great hand on the other's lean shoulders. "But that means—great God in heaven!"—his voice shook—"what may it not mean?"

"It may mean everything," said Sir Oliver.

From time to time throughout Stella's life the great magicians of science had entered the sea-chamber and departed thence, shaking sad and certain heads. With proper care, they said, Stellamaris might live—might live, indeed, until her hair turned white and her young cheeks shriveled with age; but of leaving that bed by the window and going forth into the outer world there was no hope or question. Still, Nature, the inscrutable, the whimsical, might be cozened by treatment into working a miracle. At any rate, no harm would be done by trying, and her guardians would have the consoling assurance that nothing had been left undone. They prescribed after their high knowledge, and pocketed their high fees, and went their way. Dr. Ransome, Stella's lifelong doctor and worshiper, carried out each great magician's orders, and, as prophesied, nothing ever happened either for good or harm.

But six months ago a greater magician than them all, one Wilhelm von Pfeiler of Vienna, who by working miracles on his own account with newly discovered and stupendous forces had begun to startle scientific Europe, happened to be in England, and was summoned to the sea-chamber. He was a dark, silky-bearded man in whose eyes brooded perpetual melancholy. He, too, shook his head and said "Perhaps." Ransome, who had seized with high hopes on the wandering magician, found him vastly depressing. His "Perhaps" was more mournfully hopeless than the others' "No." He spoke little, for he knew no English, and Ransome's German, like that of Stella's household,

was scanty; but Ransome understood him to croak platitudes about time and youth and growth and nature being factors in the case. As to his newly discovered treatment, well, it might have some effect; he was certain of nothing; as yet no sure deductions could be drawn from his experiments; everything concerning the application of these new forces was at the empirical stage. So profound a melancholy rang in his utterances that he left Lady Blount weeping bitterly, and convinced that he had passed death-sentence on their beloved being. Then a near-sighted, taciturn young man, a budding magician who had sat at Von Pfeiler's feet in Vienna, came down from London with apparatus worth a hundred times its weight in gold. And nothing happened or seemed about to happen. Stella called him the gnome.

All this John knew. Like the rest of Stella's satellites, accustomed for years to the unhesitating pronouncements of the great specialists and to their unhealing remedies, he had little faith in Von Pfeiler. The taciturn young surgeon who had been administering the treatment kept his own counsel and gave no encouragement to questioners. John had agreed with Sir Oliver that it was a waste of time and money—a fabulous amount of money; but the treatment amused Stella, and she liked the gnome, whom every one else detested, because he loved dogs, and cured Constable, now growing old and rheumatic, of a stiff leg. So every one suffered the gnome patiently.

And now the miracle had been worked. Stella had lifted her head from the pillow. The two men sat tremulous with hope.

"I 've been so upset," said Sir Oliver, "and so has Julia. We had words. Why, I don't know. I love our darling quite as much as she does; but Julia is trying. Waiter! Get me a brandy and soda. What will you have? Nothing? I don't usually drink spirits in the morning, John; but I feel I need it. I 'm getting old and can't stand shocks."

"What does Ransome say?"

"He 's off his head. Every one 's off his head. The very dog is rushing about like a lunatic. Nearly knocked me down in the garden."

"And Cassilis?"

Cassilis was the gnome.

"Ransome has telegraphed him to co down at once. But I thought I 'd r up and tell you. We might go togetl to see him and fetch him back with You 'll come, won't you?"

"Come? Why, of course I 'll cor What do you think I 'll do? Stay London at such a time and send her post-card to say I 'm glad?"

"You said something about seeing yc review through the press."

"Oh, confound the review! It can to the devil," cried John.

London ablaze with revolution wou have been a small matter compared w this world-shaking event, the lifting o girl's head.

"It will be such a comfort to m said the old man. "I don't know wl to do. I can't rest. My mind 's in maze. It 's like the raising of Jairu daughter."

"Let us do some telephoning," s John.

They went out together. John rang Cassilis. He had been out all the mo ing and would not be returning for other hour. John rang up Herold at theater where he knew him to be rehea ing, and gave him the glad news. Th returned to the smoking-room. Sir Oli drank off his brandy and soda at one gu

"And Stella herself? What does make of it?"

"The only one not upset in the hou That little girl 's an angel, John." blew his nose violently. "It appears was stretching out her arm to pat the dog's chaps, overreached herself a bit, a mechanically her head came away from pillow. She called out to nurse, 'Nur I 've lifted my head.' Nurse flew up her. 'What do you mean, darling?' showed her. She showed her, by H ven! Nurse forbade her to do it a more, and flew down-stairs like a wild to tell us. Then we telephoned to R some. He saw her; she did it for hi then he came to us white and shaking over. Naturally I wanted to see the d ling child do it, too. Julia interfer Stella must n't do it again till Cass came. Then we had the words. She s I was eaten through with egotism— Now, am I, John?"

Presently Herold dashed in, aflame w

excitement. The story, such as it was, had to be told anew.

"I 'll come with you to Cassilis, and then on to Southcliff."

"But your rehearsal?" said John.

Herold confounded the rehearsal, even as John had confounded his review. In the presence of this thrilling wonder, trivialities had no place.

Cassilis received this agitated and unusual deputation without a flicker of surprise. He was a bald-headed, prematurely old young man, with big, round spectacles. He gave one the air of an inhuman custodian of awful secrets.

"I presume you have called with reference to this," said he, indicating a telegram which he held in his hand. "I 've just opened it."

"Yes," said Sir Oliver. "Is n't it wonderful? You must come down with us at once."

"It 's very inconvenient for me to leave London to-day."

"My dear sir, you must throw over every engagement."

The shadow of a smile passed over the young man's features.

"If you press the point, I 'll come."

"But are n't you astounded at what has occurred? Don't you understand Ransome's message?"

"Perfectly," said Cassilis. "I 've already written to Dr. von Pfeiler—a week ago—detailing the progress and full success of the case."

"Then you knew all about it?" asked John.

"Naturally. I 've been practising her at it for the last fortnight, though she did n't realize what I was doing."

"Then why on earth did n't you tell us?"

"I had arranged to tell you to-morrow," said Cassilis.

"I don't think you 've acted rightly, sir," cried Sir Oliver.

"Never mind that," said Herold. "Mr. Cassilis doubtless has his excellent reasons. The main thing is, Will her cure go beyond this? Will she get well and strong? Will she be able to walk about God's earth like anybody else?"

The little gnome-like man straightened with his toe a rucked corner of the hearth-rug. He paused deliberately before replying, apparently unmoved by the anxious eyes bent on him. There was a span of agonized silence. Then he spoke:

"This time next year she will be leading a woman's normal life."

The words fell clear-cut on the quiet of the room. The three men uttered not a word. Cassilis, asking their leave to make some small preparations for his journey, left them. Then, relieved of his presence, they drew together and pressed one another's hands and stood speechless, like children suddenly brought to the brink of some new wonderland.

CHAPTER XII

THENCEFORWARD a humming confusion reigned in the Channel House. The story of the miraculous recovery spread through Southcliff. Sir Oliver and Lady Blount held a little court every day to receive congratulations. A few privileged well-wishers were admitted to the sea-chamber, where Stella still lay enthroned by the window. She had not realized the extent of her fame among the inhabitants until a garrulous visitor told her that she was one of the pet traditions of the place and that her great-windowed room at the top of the house on the cliff was always pointed out with pride to the tourist.

In her mysterious seclusion she had become a local celebrity. This interest of the little world grouped about the Channel House added a joy to her anticipation of mingling with it. The affection in which she was held by butcher and baker, to say nothing of the mayor and corporation, cemented her faith (in which she had been so jealously bred) in the delightful perfection of mankind.

Meanwhile she progressed daily toward recovery, very slowly, but with magical sureness. Cassilis continued his treatment. Queer apparatuses were fitted to her so that she could go through queer muscular exercises. She was being put into training, as it were, for life. Every new stage in her progress was marked by fêtes and rejoicings. The first time that her bed could be wheeled into a room on the other side of the house was a solemn occasion. It was July, and the rolling hills, rich in corn-fields and forest greenery, were flooded with sunlight. The earth proclaimed its fruitful plenty, and rioted in the joy of its loveliness.

That which to those with her was a commonplace of beauty stretched before Stellamaris's vision as a new and soul-arresting wonder. She had only elusive, childish memories of the actual earth; for before she had been laid upon her back never to rise again, she had been a delicate, invalid child. She had seen thousands of pictures, so that she was at no intellectual loss to account for the spectacle; but, for all her life that counted, sea and sky in their myriad changes had been her intimate conception of the world. And it had been her world—the only world that her eyes would ever rest upon; and as it had never entered her head to hope for another, it had sufficed her soul's needs. Indeed, it had overwhelmed them with its largess, until, as Herold declared, she herself had become a creature of cloud and wave. This sudden presentation of a new and unrealized glory set her heart beating madly; her cheeks grew white, and tears rolled down them.

"Now, is n't that a beautiful view?" said Lady Blount.

"Soon we 'll hire a motor, until you can buy one for yourself, and go and explore it all, my dear," said Sir Oliver.

"Southcliff lies just below there on the left," said the nurse.

"See that red roof there between the trees? That 's where our old friend Colonel Dukes lives. Devilish good house; though, if he had taken my advice when he was building it, it would have been much better."

"And just over there," said Lady Blount, pointing, "is the railway that takes you to London."

"You 're quite wrong, Julia," said Sir Oliver; "that 's a bit of the south coast line. Is n't it, John?"

"Oliver is right. You can't see the London line from here," said John.

They went on talking, but Stella, in a rapture of vision, heeded them not. Herold, who stood quite close to her, was silent. She held his hand, and gripped it almost convulsively. John, with rare observation, noticed that her knuckles were white. Her face was set in an agony of adoration too poignant for speech. John, curiously sensitive where Stella was concerned, realized that these two hand in hand were close together on a plane of feeling too high for the profane. With a little movement of deprecation whicl neither Herold nor Stella perceived, h pushed the others toward the door and following them out of the room, closed i behind them.

"Better leave her alone with Walter,' said he.

"Quite so," said Sir Oliver. "Just wha I told you, Julia. We must let her g slow for a bit and not excite her."

"I don't remember you ever saying any thing of the kind," retorted Lady Blount "It was Walter."

"Well, Oliver agreed with him, whicl comes to the same thing," said John, act ing peacemaker.

But they wrangled all down the corri dor, and when the two men were lef alone, Sir Oliver shook his head.

"A trying woman, John; very trying.'

Meanwhile Stella and Herold remaine for a long time in the quiet room withou the utterance of a word. As soon as th others went, her grasp relaxed. Herol drew a chair gently to her side and waite patiently for her to speak; for he saw tha her soul was at grips with the new glor of the earth. At last a quivering sigl shook her, and she turned her wet eye away from the window and looked at hin with a smile.

"Well?" said he.

"I feel that it is all too beautiful."

"It makes you sad."

"Yes; vaguely, but exquisitely. Hov did you guess?"

"Your eyes have been streaming, Stella maris."

"Foolish, is n't it?"

"I suppose it 's the finite realizing itsel unconsciously before the infinite. Is it to much for you?"

She shook her head. "I should like t stay here and gaze at this forever till drank it all, all in."

"Have you ever read the life of S Brigit?" he asked. "There 's one littl episode in it which comes to my mind."

"Tell me," said Stella.

"She founded convents, you know, i Ireland. Now, there was one nun dearl loved by St. Brigit, and she had bee blind from birth; and one evening the were sitting on one of the Wicklow Hill and St. Brigit described to her all th beauties of the green valleys below, an the silver streams and the purple moun

tains beyond, melting into the happy sky. And the nun said, 'Sister, pray to God to work a miracle and give me sight so that I can see it and glorify Him.' So St. Brigit prayed, and God heard her prayer, and the eyes of the nun were opened, and she looked upon the world, and her senses were ravished by its glory. And then she fell to weeping and trembling and she sank on her knees before St. Brigit and said, 'I have seen, but I beseech thee pray that my sight be taken again from me, for I fear that in the beauty of the world I may forget God.' And St. Brigit prayed again, and God heard her, and the nun's sight was taken from her. And they both lifted their voices to heaven and glorified the Lord."

Stella sighed when he had ended, and quiet fell upon them. She looked dreamily out of the window. Herold watched her face with a pang at his heart. It was as pure as a little child's.

"It 's a lovely legend," she said at last. "But the nun was wrong. The beauty of this world ought to bring one nearer to God instead of making one forget Him."

Herold smiled. "Certainly it ought to," said he.

"Why did you tell me the story?"

"Because it came into my head."

"There was some other reason."

He could not deny, for in her candid eyes he saw assurance; yet he dared not tell her that which dimmed the crystal of his gladness. He saw the creature of cloud and foam gasping in the tainted atmosphere of the world of men; the dewdrop on the star exposed to the blazing sun. What would happen?

"I am going to get well," she continued, seeing that he did not answer, "and walk out soon into the gardens and the streets and see all the wonderful, wonderful things you and Belovedest have told me of. And"—she pressed her hands to her bosom—"I can't contain myself for joy. And yet, Walter dear, you seem to think I should be better off if I remained as I am—or was. I can't understand it."

"My dear," said Herold, reluctantly, wishing he had never heard of St. Brigit, "so long as you see God through the beauties and vanities of the world, as you 've seen Him through the sea-mists and the dawn and the sunset, all will be well. But that takes a brave spirit—braver than St. Brigit's nun. She feared lest she might see the world, and nothing but the world, and nothing divine shining through. People who do that lose their souls."

"Then you think," said Stellamaris, wrinkling her smooth brow—"you think that the blind have the truer vision."

"Truer than that of the weak, perhaps, but not as true as the strong spirits who dare see fearlessly."

"Do you think I am weak or strong?" she asked, with a woman's relentless grip on the personal.

"What else but a strong spirit," he replied half disingenuously, "could have triumphed, as you have done, over a lifelong death?"

"Death?" She opened her eyes wide. "Death? But I 've lived every hour of my life, and it has been utterly happy."

"The strong spirit, dear," said Herold.

"Great High Favorite dear, what else could you say?"

She laughed, but the tenderness in her eyes absolved the laugh and the feminine speech from coquetry.

"I might talk to you as John Knox did to Mary, Queen of Scots."

Just as life had been translated to the hapless Miss Kilmansegg of the Golden Leg into terms of gold, so had it been translated to Stella into terms of beauty. History had been translated, accordingly, into terms of romance. She had heard, indeed, of Mary Stuart, but as a being of legendary and unnaughty loveliness. At the stern image of the grave Calvinist she shrank.

"John Knox was a horrid, croaking raven," she emphatically declared, "and nobody could possibly talk like that nowadays."

Herold laughed and turned the conversation into lighter channels. The unwritten law prevailed over his instinctive impulse to warn her against the deceptive glamour of the world. Then the hour struck for an item in the invalid's routine, and the nurse came in, and Stella was wheeled back to her high chamber.

Many days of her convalescence after this were marked with red stones. There was the first day when, carried downstairs, she presided from her high couch at a dinner-party given in her honor, the guests being John Risca and Walter Herold, Wratislaw and the nurse, Dr.

Ransome and his wife, and the gnome-headed and spectacled Cassilis.

It was a merry party, and toward the end of dinner, when the port went round, Stella's own maid coached for the part, at a sign from Sir Oliver who commanded silence, spoke in a falsetto voice sticking in a nervous throat the familiar words: "Miss Stella's compliments, and would the gentlemen take a glass of wine with her." And they all rose and drank and made a great noise, and the tears rolled down John Risca's cheeks and fell upon his bulging shirt-front, and Sir Oliver blew his nose loudly and made a speech.

A great day, too, was her first progress in her wheel-chair about the grounds of the Channel House. All was wonder and wild delight to the girl who had never seen, or had seen so long ago that she had forgotten, the velvet of smooth turf; the glory of roses growing in their heyday insolence; the alluring shade of leafy chestnuts; the pansies clinging to dear Mother Earth; the fairy spray of water from a hose-pipe over thirsty beds; the crisp motion, explaining the mysterious echo of years, of the grass-mower driven over the lawn; the ivy tapestry of walls; the bewildering masses of sweet-peas; the apples, small and green though they were, actually hanging from boughs; the real live fowls, jaunty in prosperous plumage, so different from the apologetic naked shapes—fowls hitherto to her, which Morris, the maid, had carved for her meals at a side table in the sea-chamber, the cabbages brave in crinkled leaf, unaware of their doom of ultimate hot agglutination, the tender green bunches of grapes in glass houses drinking wine from the mother founts of the sun, the quiet cows on the gently sloping pasture-land.

At last she put her hands over her eyes, and Herold made a sign, and they wheeled the chair back to the house; and only when they halted in the wide, cool drawing-room, with windows opening to the south, did she look at outer things; and then, while all stood by in a hush, she drew a few convulsive breaths and rested her overwrought spirit on the calm, familiar sea.

A day of days, too, when, still in glorious summer weather, they hired an enormous limousine from the great watering-place a few miles off, and took her all bu prone, and incased in the appliances o science, through the gates of the Channe House into the big world. They drov over the Sussex Downs, along chalk roads between crisp grass-lands dotted witl sheep, through villages, gleams of para dises compact of thatched roof, rambler roses, blue and white garments hung ou on lines to laugh in the sunshine, flashing new stucco cottages, labeled "County Po lice" (a puzzle to Stellamaris), ramshackl shops, with odd wares, chiefly sweets, ex posed in tiny casement windows, old inns flaunting brave signs, "The Five Alls," "The Leather Bottell," away from th road, with a forecourt containing rud bench and table and trough for horses young women, with the cheeks of th fresh, and old women, with the cheeks o the withered apple, and sun-tanned men and children of undreamed-of chubbiness And to Stellamaris all was a wonderlan of joy.

During most of the month of Augus the rain fell heavily and outdoor excur sions became rare events, and the worl as seen from windows was a gray an dripping spectacle. But Stella, accustome to the vast dreariness of wintry seas found fresh beauties in the rain-swep earth. The patter of drops on leave played new and thrilling melodies; a slan of sunshine across wet grass offered magi cal harmonies of color; the unfamilia smell of the reeking soil was grateful t her nostrils. And had she not the capti vating indoor life among pleasant room in which she had hitherto dwelt only i fancy? Hopes in the process of fulfil ment gilded the glad days.

She talked unceasingly to those abou her of the happy things to come.

"Soon we 'll be teaching you to walk,' said John.

She glowed. "That 's going to be th most glorious adventure of my life."

"I 've never regarded putting one foo before another in that light," he said witl a laugh. Then suddenly realizing wha he had said, he felt a wave of pity an love surge through his heart. What chil of man assured of a bird's power of fligh would not be thrilled at the prospect o winging his way through space? It woul be indeed a glorious adventure.

"My poor darling!" said he, very tenderly.

As usual, she disclaimed the pity. There was no one happier than herself in the wide universe.

"But I often have wondered what it would feel like."

"To walk?"

"Yes. To have the power of moving yourself from one place to another. It seems so funny. Of course I did walk once, but I 've forgotten all about it. They tell me I shall have to learn from the beginning, just like a little baby."

"You 'll have to learn lots of things from the beginning," said John, rather sadly.

"What kind of things?"

"All sorts."

"Tell me," she insisted, for ever so small a cloud passed over his face.

"Taking your place as a woman in the whirl of life," said he.

She turned on him the look of untroubled sapience that proceeds from the eyes of child saints in early Italian paintings.

"I don't think that will be very difficult, Belovedest. I 'm not quite a little ignoramus, and Aunt Julia has taught me manners. I have always been able to talk to people when sick, and I don't see why I should be afraid of them when I 'm well. I 've thought quite a lot about it, and talked to Aunt Julia."

"And what does she say?"

"She assures me," she cried gaily, "that I am bound to make a sensation in society."

"You 'll have all mankind at your feet, dear," said John. "But," he added in a change of tone, "I was referring to more vital things than success in drawing-rooms."

She laid her hand lightly on his.

"Do you know, Belovedest, what Walter said some time ago? He said that if I looked at the world and saw God through it, all would be well."

"I can add nothing more to that," said John, and, thinking that Herold had been warning her of dangers, held his peace for the occasion.

Then there came a day, not long afterward, when she made the speech which in some form or other he had been expecting and dreading.

"The next glorious adventure will be when you take me over the palace."

He laughed awkwardly. "I remember telling you that the palace has run to seed."

"But you still live in it."

"No, dear," said he.

"Oh!" said Stellamaris in a tone of deep disappointment. "Oh, why, why?"

John felt ridiculously unhappy. She believed, after all, in the incredible fairy-tale.

"Perhaps it was n't such a gorgeous palace as I made out," he confessed lamely. "As the cooks say, my hand was rather heavy with the gold and marble."

She laughed, to his intense relief. "I have felt since that there was a little poetic exaggeration somewhere. But it must be a beautiful place, all the same." His spirits sank again. "I could walk about it blindfold, although we have n't talked of it for so long. Who is living there now?"

"I 've sold it, dear, to some king of the Cannibal Islands," he declared in desperate and ponderous jest.

"So there 's no more palace?"

"No more," said he.

"I 'm sorry," said Stellamaris—"so sorry." She smiled at him, but the tears came into her eyes. "I was looking forward so to seeing it. You see, dear, I 've lived in it for such a long, long time!"

"There are hundreds of wonder-houses for you to see when you get strong," said John, by way of consolation, yet hating himself.

"Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle, and so on. Yes," said Stella, "but they 've none of them been part of me."

So he discovered that, at one-and-twenty, on the eve of her entrance into the world of reality, the being most utterly sacred to him still dwelt in her Land of Illusion. Two or three frank words would have been enough to bring down to nothingness the baseless fabric of his castle in the air, his palace of dreams; but he dreaded the shock of such seismic convulsion. He had lied for years, putting all that was godlike of his imperfect humanity into his lies, so as to bring a few hours' delight into the life of this fragile creature whom he worshiped, secure in the conviction that the lies would live for ever and

ever as vital truths, without chance of detection. And now that chance, almost the certainty, had come.

John Risca was a strong man, as men count strength. He faced the grim issues of life undaunted, and made his own terms. He growled when wounded, but he bared his teeth and snarled defiance at his foes. In a bygone age he would have stood like his Celtic ancestors, doggedly hacking amid a ring of slain until the curtain of death was drawn before his bloodshot eyes and he fell, idly smiting the air. In the modern conflict in which, fortunately, human butchery does not come within the sphere of the ordinary man's activities, he could stand with the same moral constancy. But here, when it was a mere question of tearing a gossamer veil from before a girl's eyes, his courage failed him. Such brute dealing, he argued, might be salutary for common clay; but for Stellamaris it would be dangerous. Let knowledge of the fact that there had never been a palace come to her gradually. Already he had prepared the way. Thus he consoled himself, and, in so doing, felt a mean and miserable dog.

(To be continued)

REVENGE IN LEHIGH COUNTY

BY ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

WITH PICTURES BY C. F. PETERS

MRS. JACOBY was displeased. In every line of her figure was disapproval: repressed disapproval in the hard-screwed door-knob of dark brown hair which apparently served to "fasten off" her head; active disapproval in the forceful hand which wielded the dish-towel. Yet wrath did not hinder the careful precision with which Johanna wiped the blue-and-gold platter she held in her hand (it had been Grandmother Geisler's). The level rays of the early-setting September sun slipped through the window-slats and touched its gilt to gold.

Johanna crossed the low, wide kitchen, set the platter carefully in the cupboard behind the blue-and-gold cups that matched it, then turned again to her work; but stopped abruptly as a girl's laugh rang out clearly from the porch, mingled a second later with a gruff appreciative chuckle.

"Such a teacher!" said Mrs. Jacoby, severely, addressing her milk-pans. "What can such a one learn *die Junge?*"

Again the laugh and the low chuckle.

Johanna dropped her dish-towel, crossed the kitchen cautiously, and peered through the slats of the shutter.

There, clad in a white shirt-waist, seated on the porch (her porch, paid for with her own butter-and-egg money), sat the object of her disfavor, the new teacher, while comfortably seated in the rocker, his elbows resting on his knees, pipe forgotten in his hand, his round blue eyes fixed on the teacher's face, sat Peter—her Peter—drinking in Miss Mabel's gay discourse with the appetite of a child for unaccustomed ice-cream. For a moment Johanna stood sternly eying the offending and unconscious pair, then returned to her work.

It was no novelty that a teacher should board at the brick farm-house. Hitherto Johanna had rather enjoyed the companionship of the teachers, plain, thrifty girls from the Kutztown Normal School. There was Anna Heinemann, who invariably washed the supper dishes, and Linda

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"DRINKING IN MISS MABEL'S GAY DISCOURSE"

Kreitz, who grew enthusiastic over the Saturday baking and made potato cakes which were the delight of Peter's heart; but this teacher!

"Such a bold one iss she," said Mrs. Jacoby as she scalded another shining milk-pan, "to sit there wis my man an' tell him her silly stories! It wonders me that Peter can laugh ofer such foolishness!"

"Chohann'!" Peter's voice sounded loudly and cheerfully.

Johanna set down her milk-pan and went to the doorway, an ominous frown on her face.

"Chohann', come out once and sit down!" said Peter enthusiastically. "Die teacher iss telling such funny chokes! Oy, oy, I have laughed ofer dem. Tell die Missus die one about die mince-pie!" he entreated, turning to Miss Mabel.

The girl smiled broadly, showing very white teeth. "Oh, that? That was once at the Normal School, we girls—"

"When I wass at school by Pottstown," interrupted Mrs. Jacoby, severely, "we went to be learned things and not to make foolishness. My Pop he would haf licked me good if I had done such like."

"You missed a lot of fun," said the teacher carelessly, putting up a reassuring hand to smooth her imposing structure of pompadour. "Are n't you coming out here to sit down? It 's nice!"

Johanna's mouth tightened ominously. "Nai," she returned curtly. "I go now to bed."

"So early yet?" protested Peter.

"Ja!" was her sole response.

LIFE began early at the Jacoby farmhouse. At five Peter's breakfast was ready; at seven, that of the indolent teacher, and at eight, not only was the kitchen in order, but Johanna, when Peter entered, was already taking pies from the oven.

"Chohann'," he said, "I go now to see Chon Anweiler about die cow. It iss by die school, so I take Teacher also wis."

Johanna straightened herself and turned toward the window. She eyed the figure in fresh pink gingham already comfortably seated in the carriage.

"You take die bay colt an' die new buggy to bring home die cow?" she inquired frigidly.

"To-day I chust go talk wis Chon about her," said Peter imperturbably.

"Mrs. Jacoby!" called the shameless Mabel, "won't you go too? It 's a lovely day!"

"Chohann' bakes die pies," answered Peter for her as he issued from the kitchen.

Johanna drew out the last pie and slammed the oven door.

By nine o'clock a row of pies adorned the dresser shelf, the wooden doors which concealed the cook-stove from sight were closed, and Johanna, clad in a bright purple calico, an uncompromising hat tied on her tightly screwed hair, slipped her arm through the handle of a basket of eggs and started for the store, a mile down the road.

It was a glorious September morning, with crisp, bracing air in which the summer softness yet lingered. Long shadows lay on the blue mountains, and here and there a tree flamed in gold or scarlet. Goldenrod and purple asters bordered the roadside, and from the willow bushes the catbirds called to one another. But Johanna had no eyes for the blue hills or the yellow fields, nor ears for the catbirds; instead she saw a coquettish pink-ging hamed figure perched insolently in he new buggy, and heard a high feminin laugh.

"Well, Johann', wie gehts?" said Joh Kratz cordially as she entered the store.

"Ziemlich gut?" she responded stolidly "Do you want ecks to-day, Chon?"

"Sure," he said cheerfully as he too the basket from her. "How many?"

"Sefen dozen and all good and fresh."

"How iss it that you ain't on die ex cursion to-day, Johann'?"

"I must stay home and work; no tim have I for foolishness," answered Johann as she took up her empty basket.

A gleam of mischief came into Joh Kratz's black eyes as he said carelessly "Peter hass some time. I see him drivin by die new teacher. She iss a pretty on —die teacher!"

"She spends her time wis her closes ar combing herself so fancy," said Johann severely. "She has n't herself made he bed once yet—and for that I call her slop!"

"Yes, she combs herself nice," assente John. "Can she cook, Johann'?"

"Die teacher?" Johanna grunted scorn fully. "No more as die cow!"

"It iss a pity. Johann'," he said sagely

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"JOHANNA HAD NO EYES FOR THE BLUE HILLS OR THE YELLOW FIELDS"

"she would n't get no man round here if she could n't cook. A woman don't need no book-learnin' to get a man; so what 's the use of it? Now, Johann', seven dozen ecks is a dollar forty. What now will you have?"

Johanna thoughtfully scanned the shelves with their miscellaneous assortment. The piles of calico on the counter, the dangling boots overhead.

"A bottle of wanilla," she began; "a bag of salt, an' how much iss coffee?"

"The werry best," replied John, "is twenty cents a pound, but we have two for a quarter."

"Two pounds of that, then," said Johanna. At that moment a bright-colored paper upon the counter caught her attention. Her eyes brightened.

"Die Sunday paper?" she questioned.

"Only die funny page," answered John.

"Will you lend this to me, Chon?" she asked eagerly.

"Keep it!" replied the storekeeper with some show of gallantry. "I am done with it already."

"It iss a paper wis chokes," Johanna exclaimed rapturously, as she threw her bundles down on the kitchen table. "Full of chokes! I will learn dem and we will see if Teacher iss die only funny one!"

For the remainder of the day Johanna went energetically about her work; she swept and dusted and baked. With unwonted magnanimity she even baked a marble cake because the teacher had once expressed a preference for it. After supper, toward the end of the dishwashing, there was silence on the porch. Johanna peered through the slats and saw the teacher's trim figure passing between the lilac bushes at the gate. "She goes to die post-office," thought Johanna, "perhaps to tell chokes to die men dere—die bold one!"

Peter sat in the rocker smoking.

Johanna went hastily to her room, donned a fresh white shirt-waist and pinned a pink bow at her throat, then glanced approvingly in the small mirror. "I am so good-looking as die teacher," she murmured complacently as she turned away from the glass, "and I comb myself more neat."

Upon the porch she settled herself in a rocker beside the absently smoking Peter and took up her drawn-work. For a few moments she worked and rocked in silence. Then she laid down her work and grasped an arm of the rocker in each hand.

"Peter," she began firmly.

"Well, what now?" asked Peter.

"Why, I saw somesing funny in a paper!"

"Tell it once!" encouraged her husband.

Johanna laid down her embroidery hoop and drew a long breath.

"Why, dere wass a Chew man and his store—it burned down once."

"And then what?" demanded Peter.

"Nossings," said Johanna in surprise. "It wass funny in die paper."

Peter grunted in disgust.

Again his wife worked for some minutes in silence, then returned to the attack.

"Peter," she began once more.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Why dere wass a man in an automobil'—and he run ofer a man!"

"I don't see nossings to laugh ofer that," commented Peter surlily, "them automobil's iss always makin' trouble for folks."

Johanna was puzzled. "I forget somesing, I guess; but it wass funny in die paper."

Again she devoted herself to her drawn-work; her needle went steadily in and out the linen while her face grew more and more perplexed. Suddenly she looked up. There was the teacher, as yet in the distance, but coming steadily nearer. Her time was brief. She laid her hand on Peter's arm. "Peter," she said with desperate earnestness—"Peter! Dere wass a poy an' he set fire to his Pop's coat-tails!"

"He needed a licking once," replied Peter sternly. "Was ist los, Chohann', that you tell such foolishness? Bist du vorricht?" Then Peter also saw the teacher, now coming leisurely up the path.

A sudden light dawned on him. "Chohann'!" he exclaimed sententiously, "don't you try to tell chokes like Teacher! You tend to your cooking and leave chokes and such to her!" But Johanna had already retreated to the kitchen and left the field to the enemy.

THE enemy held it.

Not only did Peter find errands in the morning which required the bay colt and

the new buggy, but in the afternoons he would have to "see Chon Anweiler" or "speak by Henry Kraus" and take in the frivolous teacher on his way home. Each evening on the porch he listened admiringly to her flippant chatter while, in the kitchen within, Johanna washed the dishes in a wrath that increased like a gathering thunder-storm.

One evening Mabel produced a banjo and strummed thereon to Peter's enraptured delight. The banjo was too much.

Next morning Peter was aroused by a vigorous shake accompanied by a moan. "Get up once, Peter. It iss fife o'clock already and I am that sick I must stay in bed."

Peter stared at his wife sleepily without comprehending.

"Wake up," she repeated firmly, "I got up and I wass that bad in my head I must lie down again."

Peter roused himself with difficulty and prepared to dress.

"I go then for Susan Lehr."

Johanna shook her head. "Susan iss working by die silk-mill."

"Louisa Kratz, then," suggested Peter as he drew on his shoes.

"Nai, nai," moaned his wife, "Louisa iss herself sick."

"Emmy Geisler?" was Peter's next venture.

"Emmy's mother has broke her leg and Emmy must mind the house for her."

"But I must eat," said Peter helplessly, as if stating an axiom.

"Why not ask die teacher?" suggested his wife. "She iss so smart, she must for sure be die good cook. I guess she can make die fine dinner."

Peter's anxious face brightened and he grasped eagerly at the idea.

"Ja," he assented unsuspectingly, "I guess she can cook fine. She shall cook meals for me."

"It 's Saturday too," encouraged his wife from her pillows, "and dere iss no school."

"I go then and tell her," said Peter cheerfully.

He tramped heavily up the narrow stairs and knocked peremptorily at the teacher's door. Johanna sprang out of bed, and set her door ajar that nothing be lost.

"Teacher!" he called, "get up once! Die Missus she iss sick, an' you will make breakfast for me!"

"Eh, what?" called the teacher drowsily.

"Die Missus iss sick. You will make breakfast for me!"

"I 'm sorry. Tell Mrs. Jacoby not to bother about my breakfast. I 'll get it myself when I come down."

"But, Teacher, you will make it for *me!* Past fife it iss already!"

"For you? No indeed!" was the decided reply. "It 's a Saturday morning, and I won't get up now. You can make your own breakfast."

"Well?" asked Johanna, faintly raising her head from the pillow as Peter opened the door, "and what did Teacher say?"

Peter grunted in disgust as he drew on his coat. "She iss that lazy she won't get up and make breakfast for me!"

A smile of satisfaction flittered over Johanna's face but she said anxiously, "If my head wass not so bad already, I would get up, Peter."

"Nai," replied Peter kindly, "lie dere, Chohann', and I make breakfast. But Teacher iss die lazy one, gela?"

It was with some anxiety that Johanna heard Peter tramping about the kitchen at his unaccustomed toil, but presently she was reassured by the aroma of coffee and the smell of frying *schunkefleisch* (ham), and soon Peter himself appeared in the doorway.

"You want to eat yet, Chohann'?"

She shook her head. "Nai, Peter. I am that bad at my stomach already I think I haf biliousness of die lifer."

Peter's stolid face grew worried.

"I go then and get Rob Niemann to come and powwow you?"

Johanna shook her head with decision. "I don't want no powwow. I chust must lie still. You go to your work and that teacher, she 'll cook you die fine dinner."

Peter's face began to resume its accustomed cheerfulness. "All right," he said, "good-by, Chohann'."

Peter gone, Johanna rose and hurried to the kitchen, where, regardless of her "biliousness of the liver," she breakfasted cheerfully on coffee and ham. But later, when Miss Mabel, arisen at last, pushed the bedroom door softly open and peered in, Mrs. Jacoby to all appearances was fast asleep.

But Johanna's ears were alert, although her eyes were closed and her breathing regular,—and the kitchen was pleasantly near.

"I 'll just hunt something out of the pantry for dinner and set it on the table," the attentive invalid heard the teacher remark to herself—"it will be simple enough—Mrs. Jacoby always has plenty cooked ahead."

A grim smile lit the listening face: the pantry was indeed well stocked, but the keys were under Johanna's pillow.

ing, "I told die woman this morning I bet we have die fine meal to-day. What iss it? Chicken dinner?"

"I should say not," replied the teacher tartly; "I can't spend all the morning over the stove. You men here eat too much anyway! There 's ham and potatoes for you, but the peas are burned."

"So?" commented Peter, "and pies and cake, say?"

"The pantry is locked and your wife has been sleeping all morning, so I did n't disturb her," returned the teacher.

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"'SUCH A DINNER TO SET FOR A HUNGRY MAN'"

The morning passed slowly to the invalid. She drew her drawn-work from beneath the quilt and busied herself with it, but even that palled on her, and as twelve o'clock drew near and she heard the clatter of kettles, the odor of burning vegetables was wafted to her, and she tossed restlessly on her pillow; but, with the grim determination of Casabianca in the matter of the deck, she remained in bed. "Die teacher should cook Peter's dinner."

At length she heard Peter drive into the barn, heard the impatient stamping of the horses as he tossed down their hay. Then the kitchen door was flung open.

"Well, well, Teacher!" was his greet-

Johanna, regardless of the fact that she was visible from the kitchen, sat up in bed that she might better view the exciting scene. Peter was walking around the table, viewing the meager repast from every-side.

"Such a dinner to set for a hungry man what has been workin' all morning!" said Peter explosively. "Why, Teacher, can't you cook? Can't you make sour lettuce, nor pie, nor crumb cake? Can't you kill no chickens and cook 'em wis gravy and potatoes?

"Why, Teacher! Don't you know, my Chohann', she has die table that full you can't see no table? I said to myself al-

ready, why, that teacher iss that smart she 'll sure have die werry fine dinner!"

The teacher's black eyes flashed fire.

"Teacher," said Peter solemnly, "you can nefer get a man in Lehigh County. You know book-learning, but that nefer got no man yet for nobody. Such a dinner!" His indignation swelled again. "Why, Teacher, if I had twelf children not one should go to be learned off you!"

"Mr. Jacoby," replied the teacher, drawing herself up to her full height, "I cooked this dinner not to exhibit culinary talent, but because your poor overworked wife was sick."

"Poor, indeed!" muttered Johanna behind the door.

"The women are slaves and do nothing but cook, cook, cook, all day long!" She laid her hand on the latch of the door. "I shall go somewhere else to board now. I certainly shall not stay in this place to be insulted!"

"So?" commented Peter, placidly, "as you will, so I have not to eat your cooking. I go to Bachman's for dinner. Good-by."

Johanna dropped back on her pillows in breathless excitement. Could it be that the teacher was going? But overhead was the reassuring sound of rapid footsteps, the creak as bureau drawers were opened and shut. She heard the decisive slam as the lid of a trunk was shut down. Another moment and the front door banged vindictively. Johanna raised herself in bed, peered out of the window, watched her rival, valise in hand, walk rapidly down the path between the lilac bushes, watched until she turned the curve of the road. Then with a broad and complacent smile Mrs. Jacoby rose and dressed and entered her kitchen. Serenely she surveyed its disorder; then placidly began the work of restoration. This accomplished, she killed and dressed a chicken; then she baked raisin-and-apple-pie; next she made a cocoanut custard and then a chocolate cake; as a finishing touch she went to her store-room and brought back several jars of her choicest preserves.

When she had finished, Johanna stood for a moment surveying her table; a smile of peace and satisfaction broadened her features—there was scarcely room on the table for another dish. She gazed for a time on the beautiful spectacle, then sounded the horn for supper.

"You, Chohann'!" gasped Peter as he opened the kitchen door and his astonished gaze fell on the table.

Johanna appeared from the pantry, walking slowly as befitted one so recently ill. "I 'm better," she replied faintly, "so I got dressed and combed myself an' made supper. But where iss Teacher?" she asked guilelessly.

Peter chuckled. "I gif her sass," he said as he parted his hair before the kitchen looking-glass, "and she has left already.

"Such a dinner, Chohann'!" he declared solemnly, as he took his place at the table. "Schunkefleisch and grundebeere! Anweiler he iss die dumb one to have for teacher a woman what can't cook. Such a teacher! How will she efer get a man when she can't cook?"

There was a triumphant gleam in Johanna's eyes, but her voice was still guileless. "But she wass smart! Say, Peter! And she told such chokes!"

Peter sniffed, and, taking his own fork, he searched in the platter of chicken for his favorite piece. "Chokes!" exclaimed Peter disdainfully, "what iss chokes beside die dinner?"

THE ESCAPE OF PRINCE KRAPOTKIN

BY GEORGE KENNAN

Author of "Siberia and the Exile System," "Russian Mouse-Traps," etc.

IN originality of conception and ingenuity of execution, the escape of Prince Krapotkin from the prison of the Nikolaievsk Military Hospital in St. Petersburg in 1876 is probably unparalleled in prison annals. Twelve conspirators outside the prison took part in it, but not one of them was ever arrested or suspected, although many of them were subsequently banished to Siberia for other political offenses. The escape was made in broad daylight, about five o'clock in the afternoon, in the presence of three armed soldiers, and with such novel accessories as cherries, opera-hats, a louse, music, a black mare, and a microscope. The chances were at least ten to one that it would fail, notwithstanding the extraordinary ingenuity with which it was planned; but every device and stratagem worked perfectly, and the liberated prisoner dined that night in Donon's Restaurant, the most fashionable in St. Petersburg, while the entire police force of the capital was ransacking the city in search of him. Nobody even imagined that he would be shrewd and bold enough to take his dinner in so public a place, and not a single detective looked for him there, although search was made in scores of other places, and every exit from the city was so carefully guarded that a mouse could hardly have crept through unobserved.

Prince Pierre Krapotkin, the hero of this extraordinary jail-delivery, is a member of one of the oldest noble families in Russia, and was born in Moscow on the ninth of December, 1842. He received his early education in one of the *gymnasia* of his native city, and from there he was sent to the School of Pages in St. Petersburg, where at that time the sons of wealthy families of the nobility were trained for a military career. In very early youth he showed an adventurous spirit and a love of natural science, and when he was graduated from the School of Pages, and was permitted to choose the branch of the army in which he would serve, he asked for and received an appointment as first lieutenant in the Ussuri regiment of Amur Cossacks, which was then stationed in the east Siberian territory of Transbaikalia. Three or four weeks later he started for his field of service, and early in July, after a journey of nearly four thousand miles with post-horses, he reached Irkutsk, and reported to General Kukel, the governor-general's chief of staff. Curiously enough, the first duty assigned to him was an investigation of the east Siberian prisons. He little thought, while he was noting in his memorandum-book the hardships and privations of convict life in Transbaikalia, that in less than twelve years he himself would be deprived of his liberty and would be threatened with incarceration in one of the very prisons he was investigating.

During the five years of his military service, Krapotkin made many long and difficult journeys on horseback through eastern Asia, exploring the wildest mountain fastnesses of Manchuria and Transbaikalia, and writing for the Imperial Geographical Society full descriptions of the unknown regions that he visited. When, therefore, he returned to St. Petersburg in 1867, he had an established reputation as an explorer and scientist, although he was only twenty-five years of age.

His experience and observations in Si-

beria had so increased his interest in science and so broadened his views of social and political problems that he was unwilling to remain longer in the service of a government whose methods he disapproved, and in 1867 he resigned his commission and entered the St. Petersburg University as a student, with the intention of fitting himself more thoroughly for scientific work. His father, who had opposed his resignation from the army, would not give him any financial assistance; but the young scientist managed to support himself by teaching and writing for the press until he completed his studies. The Imperial Geographical Society then elected him secretary of its physical-geography section, and sent him to Finland to make a study of that country's geological structure and glaciers.

At that time it was his ambition to be appointed to the general secretaryship of the Geographical Society, a position which would give him congenial employment and at the same time assure him a livelihood. The coveted appointment was tendered to him while he was in Finland, but in the meantime he had become so deeply interested in the condition of the oppressed Russian peasants and in the movement for their enlightenment and emancipation that when the offer was finally made, he declined it, in order that he might be free to work for an object that seemed to him even more important than the advancement of science. The death of his father, General Krapotkin, which occurred shortly afterward, put him in possession of a large fortune, and finding himself relieved from the necessity of seeking remunerative employment as a means of self-support, he determined to devote himself wholly to the cause of Russian freedom. Under the assumed name of Borodin he joined a Socialistic circle organized in St. Petersburg by Nicholas Tchaykovsky, and began to distribute forbidden literature to the peasants in the provinces, and to give surreptitious talks to working-men in the factories, on the state of the country and the necessity for a readjustment of social and political conditions.

In those days the life of an agitator or propagandist outside the walls of a prison was very short; and in 1874, at the age of thirty-two, Krapotkin was arrested and thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk. In most civilized countries, persons accused or suspected of crime are brought into court for preliminary examination soon after their arrest, and are indicted and tried within a reasonable time; but in Russia, where there is no writ of habeas corpus, political offenders are often taken into custody on mere suspicion, and are held in solitary confinement for two or three years while the police look for incriminating evidence against them. In Krapotkin's case, the "preliminary investigation" lasted two years, and during the whole of that time the prisoner lay in a dark and damp casemate of the fortress, without legal counsel and without any means of compelling the authorities to hasten their proceedings. At the request of the Imperial Geographical Society, of which he was still a member, he was permitted to have writing materials, and in the twenty-four months of his confinement he wrote the greater part of his most important scientific work—a treatise on the glacial period in northern Europe and Asia.

Long before the end of the second year of his imprisonment his health began to fail under the bad sanitary conditions of his life, and in June, 1876, when his strength had been greatly reduced by scurvy, and when it was thought that he could not live more than a few months, he was transferred to a small prison connected with the Nikolaievsk Military Hospital, in the northern outskirts of the city. This prison was primarily intended for the detention and treatment of military criminals taken ill while awaiting trial; but it was also used occasionally for political offenders whose health had broken down in other prisons where the conditions of life were more trying.

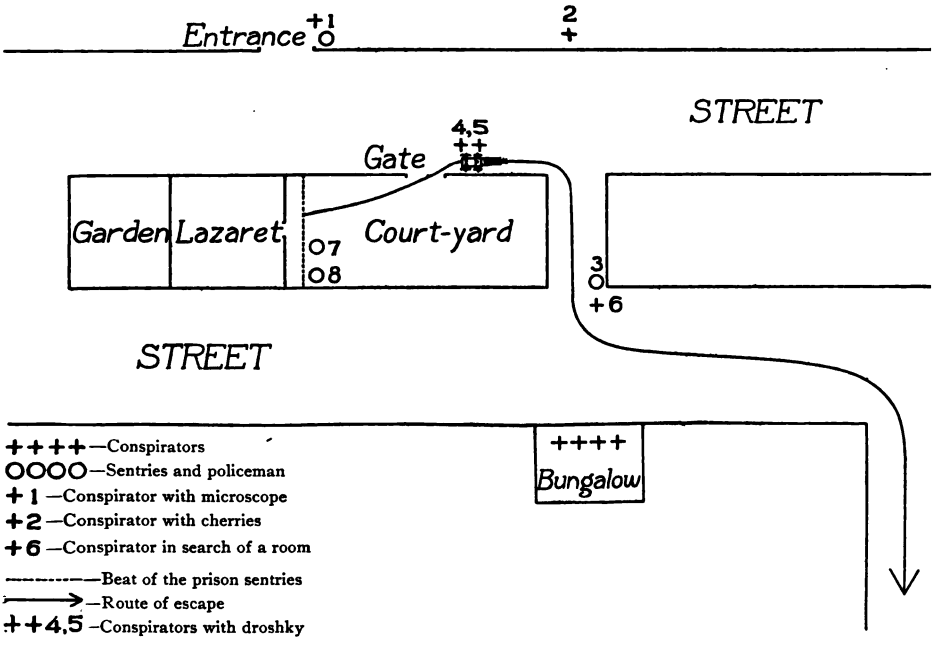
So long as Krapotkin remained in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, it was virtually impossible for his friends to set him free or even to communicate with him; but as soon as he was transferred to the less carefully guarded prison of the military hospital, they began to consider plans for his liberation. Their first step was to make a careful study of his environment. The building in which he was confined stood directly opposite the military hospital, on the other side of the street, and was used mainly as a sort of lazaret for sick or con-

valescent soldiers awaiting trial on criminal charges. Although it occupied a large part of the space between two parallel streets, it had no opening on either of them, and could be entered only through a grassy yard, two hundred yards long and half as wide, which was inclosed by a wooden stockade, and which communicated with the street by means of a heavy gate large enough to admit wagons. This yard was used as a place of deposit for the hospital's winter supply of wood; but it also served as an exercise-ground for convalescent prisoners, who were allowed to walk in it, one at a time, under the supervision of armed sentries. Outside the stockade, at the eastern end of the yard, was a narrow cross lane uniting the two streets between which the prison was situated, and directly opposite the southern end of this lane stood an unoccupied dwelling-house, or bungalow, the upper windows of which commanded a view not only of the lane, but of the whole prison yard.

After making a careful survey of the prison and its environment, the conspirators proceeded to open communication with Krapotkin. This they succeeded in doing through one of the lazaret guards, whom they induced to carry notes written in cipher between them and Krapotkin. For a time neither the prisoner nor his friends could think of any plan of escape that gave promise of success; but while they were carrying on their correspondence with regard to ways and means, an event occurred that gave them a suggestion. The authorities of the military hospital began to lay in their winter supply of firewood. This, perhaps, would have had little significance if the wood had been stored in or about the hospital itself; but it was not. It was taken into the spacious yard of the lazaret and piled against the stockade at the eastern end of the inclosure. In order to permit the entrance of the wood carts, the street gate was opened at short intervals daily for several weeks, and was frequently left open for an hour at a time while the drivers of the carts unloaded and piled their wood. In any other than a hospital prison, this gate would undoubtedly have been guarded by a sentry; but inasmuch as the occupants of the lazaret were all weak from sickness, it was not thought likely that they would attempt to escape even through an open gate. Day and night two sentries paced back and forth in front of the prison door, and when the convalescent prisoners were allowed, one at a time, to walk for exercise in the yard, they were incessantly watched, and were restricted to the path worn out in the grass by the sentries' feet. They would have to run a hundred yards in order to reach the gate, and even if sick men were able to do this, they would almost certainly be overtaken by the sentries before they could get out into the street. The risk of opening the gate, therefore, or even of leaving it open, seemed to the prison authorities so trifling as to be negligible. Krapotkin's friends, however, estimated the chances differently. They believed that if an unfettered prisoner should make a dash for the gate at an opportune time, when neither of the two sentries was near him, it was not at all improbable that he might outstrip pursuit and reach the street in safety. Of course one of the sentries might shoot him, but this risk would have to be taken. Krapotkin was not so likely to be shot as an ordinary prisoner would be, because he was known to be a political offender of high rank and position, whom it would be unsafe to kill without express orders. Then, too, the sentries would confidently expect to overtake and recapture alive a man who had recently left a hospital bed and who was presumably utterly incapable of violent physical exertion. Krapotkin, however, was not so weak as he seemed to be. A month of good air and nourishing food had largely restored his strength, and when the dash for the gate was proposed to him by his friends outside, he assured them that he felt quite capable of undertaking it, and that he believed he could reach the street in safety. This feature of the plan was therefore agreed upon. In the course of his daily walk between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, Krapotkin was to watch for an opportunity to dart through the gate when it should be left open by incoming wood carts, and his friends outside were to have a fast horse and a vehicle waiting for him on the prison side of the street, and as near to the gate as possible.

There were three serious dangers, however, which would have to be guarded against. The street upon which the prison

yard opened ran eastward into the northern end of the Nevskii Prospekt, and it was not thought prudent to try that route. The fugitives, therefore, would have to turn into the narrow lane at the eastern end of the yard, cross through it to the next parallel street, and then take another lane leading to an unfrequented part of the suburbs. This, however, was precisely the route followed by the wood carts, and at the critical moment the latter might obstruct or block the way. The



PLAN OF PRINCE KRAPOTKIN'S ESCAPE

Based on a drawing made for Mr. Kennan in Siberia, by one of the participants in the escape.

first lane, moreover, and the streets that it united were included in the beat of a policeman who was on duty every afternoon, and who might be roused to decisive action by the hue and cry that would follow the escape. This policeman, therefore, must be removed. Finally, an armed sentry stood at the entrance to the military hospital, just across the street from the prison, and there was danger that he might shoot either at Krapotkin as the latter emerged from the gate, or at the horse that carried him away. If possible, therefore, this sentry must be temporarily disarmed.

The next step in the plot of the conspirators was to make the sentries and prison authorities so familiar with vehicle to be used that they would not gard it with suspicion when it should for Krapotkin in front of the gate. weeks before the day fixed for the esc a highly polished and fashionable drosl drawn by a stylish black mare and dri by a coachman in livery, brought to entrance of the military hospital a ri dressed lady and gentleman, evide persons of wealth and rank, who had parently come to the hospital to see or quire about some sick officer in whom were interested. Both alighted and tered the immense building, while coachman, in order to make room for vehicle that might come later, drove al a little, and stopped to wait nearly front of the sentry-box. Ten or fif minutes later the gentleman and came out of the hospital, reëntered t vehicle, and were driven away in the rection of the Nevskii Prospekt. The tleman was Dr. Crest Edward Veima wealthy surgeon of St. Petersburg, thought out most of the stratagems of plan and took the leading part in its

ecution; the lady was an intimate personal friend of Krapotkin; and the coachman was a member of the Tchaykovsky Socialistic circle to which Krapotkin belonged.

Every day or two thereafter, for a whole fortnight, Dr. Veimar and his companions repeated this manœuver, until the sentries and prison authorities finally became so accustomed to seeing this droshky bring a lady and gentleman to the military hospital that they paid no further attention to it. At first the coachman waited for his passengers just beyond the hospital entrance and on that side of the street; but in the second week, when everybody had become familiar with the vehicle, he ventured to cross over and wait on the other side, near the gate of the prison yard. Sometimes Dr. Veimar went into the hospital with the lady who accompanied him, sometimes he remained outside in the droshky; but before the end of the second week nobody noticed what he did or where the droshky waited. The vehicle and its occupants had ceased to attract attention and had become a semi-permanent feature of the environment.

While Dr. Veimar and his associates were thus familiarizing the prison authorities and the sentries with the vehicle to be used, the other conspirators were finding out who owned the unoccupied bungalow south of the prison yard, devising a scheme for disarming the sentry at the hospital door, and investigating the life and circumstances of the obnoxious policeman. The bungalow was found to be for rent, and the conspirators promptly took a lease of it and established themselves securely in a position from which they could overlook the prison yard, the transverse lane, and both the streets into which the lane opened. The policeman proved to be a quiet, middle-aged man who had a house in the neighborhood, and who eked out a small salary by renting rooms to respectable persons of moderate means in the social class to which he belonged. One of his rooms was vacant, and the conspirators ascertained what it was like and how much the owner expected to get for it. Through the friendly soldier in the lazaret who carried notes for them, they also found out whose turn it would be to take sentry duty at the door of the military hospital on the day fixed for the escape, and how the man could best be approached.

When all these preliminaries had been arranged, Krapotkin's friends notified him that from half-past four to half-past five o'clock on the afternoon of July 12, a droshky with a fast horse would wait for him just outside the gate of the prison yard. When in the course of his walk he was ready to risk the dash for the gate, he was to take off his hat. If at that time everything had gone satisfactorily outside, he would hear the music of a violin played softly near an open window in the bungalow that his friends had leased. So long as the music continued he was to understand that the way outside was clear, and that he was at liberty to make the rush for the gate at the first favorable opportunity; but if the music should cease, he must take it as an indication of unforeseen trouble, and wait. The last instructions given him were: "Once in the street, don't give yourself up. There will be friends to defend you in case of need."

About four o'clock on the afternoon of July 12 the conspirators outside the prison made their final dispositions. Some of them hired and carried away every public vehicle standing within a distance of half a mile, so as to leave the prison authorities no means of swift pursuit; some stationed themselves along the line of the route followed by the wood carts; and some took their places at the windows of the bungalow that they had rented, and watched the military hospital, the prison yard, and the streets. At half-past four the well-known droshky made its seventh or eighth appearance at the door of the military hospital. One of its occupants—the lady who had so often been seen before—alighted and entered the building, while the other two drove across the street as usual, and stopped to wait ten or fifteen feet east of the gate through which Krapotkin was to make his dash. At that time, the gate was closed; but the teamsters had been drawing wood all day, and just before five o'clock the sentinels signaled that half a dozen carts had just started for the prison with loads. Two or three minutes later a bareheaded peasant, in red shirt, black velveteen trousers, and dusty top-boots, strolled along the street in front of the military hospital, seated himself on the curb of the sidewalk

opposite the lane, and began to eat ripe cherries out of his hat, which he held between his knees. The sentry at the door of the military hospital could not be seen from the windows of the conspirators' bungalow, on account of an intervening corner of the prison; and this peasant was a disguised conspirator whose duty it was

poorly paid department clerk, approache the policeman, who was standing listless at the intersection of the southern stre and the lane, and began to make inquiri about rooms to rent in that neighborhoo

"What kind of room do you want? asked the policeman.

The conspirator described in a gener

From a photograph, copyright by Nadar

PRINCE PETER KRAPOTKIN

to watch the attempt to disarm the sentry and to signal to the house whether it succeeded or not. His signals could be seen through the lane, and in order that they should not attract attention, they were to be made by spitting out the cherry-stones, or throwing them away to the right or left, in accordance with a prearranged code.

Two minutes after this peasant took his seat on the curb, a smooth-faced young man, in worn but respectable clothing, who looked as though he might be a

way the room that he knew was avai able.

"I have a room of that kind myself, said the policeman, "and it is n't at a dear. Perhaps it 's the very thing you 'r looking for."

After some talk about terms, the co spirator asked to see it.

"I can't show it to you now," said th policeman, "but I shall be off duty at si o'clock, and if you 'll meet me here the I 'll take you to the house."

The conspirator, however, could not b

there at six o'clock, and wanted to see the room at once. "Is it far?" he inquired.

"No," said the policeman; "it 's quite near."

"Well, then, let 's go. It won't take you long, and there 's nothing doing here."

The policeman was anxious to rent his room; there was not one chance in twenty that a short absence from his beat would be noticed in that sleepy neighborhood; and after assuring himself by a glance around that there was not a soul in sight except the peasant sitting on the curb at the other end of the lane and eating cherries out of his hat, he consented to go.

The conspirator and the policeman had hardly left the street south of the prison when a train of six carts entered the lane, turned the corner into the hospital street, passed through the gate, and proceeded to the eastern end of the prison yard, where the wood was being piled against the stockade. As they expected to return soon, they left the gate open.

Two minutes later, a slightly intoxicated peasant made his appearance in front of the military hospital, and stopped to "pass the time of day" with the sentry at the door. Soldiers on duty are not supposed to talk with casual passers-by; but this particular soldier was himself a peasant; he had found it tiresome and monotonous to stand all day before a sentry-box in a hot sun, and he was glad of an opportunity to talk with a man of his own class who was just drunk enough to be amusing. The conversation drifted from one thing to another until the disguised conspirator began to describe to the peasant soldier some of the wonderful things that he had recently seen at a public exhibition given for the entertainment and enlightenment of the common people. Among them was a marvelous instrument which, when one looked through it, made a louse appear as big as a dog.

"Cross yourself!" exclaimed the soldier, incredulously. "Nothing could make a louse appear as big as a dog. You were probably drunk."

The conspirator, however, insisted, with earnest if somewhat incoherent eloquence, that such was the effect produced by the instrument which he saw. "And what 's more," he added, "if you don't believe in God's miracles, I can show you one of those things right here. It 's a small, cheap one,—I had to go without a pair of new boots to buy it,—and of course it won't make a louse into a dog; but it 'll make one look as big as a cat, and I can prove it to you. Drunk, am I? I have n't had but two drinks to-day. And, anyhow, the instrument is n't drunk. Look at this!" The speaker produced triumphantly a small, cheap microscope. The peasant soldier was interested. He did not believe for a moment that a trumpery little brass contrivance like that could possibly change the size of an insect or an animal; but he did want to see what a louse would look like through it, and when the peasant proposed that a search be made in his hair for the necessary specimen, the soldier set his rifle against the sentry-box and began the entomological quest, the peasant, to facilitate operations, getting down on his knees.

The peasant who was sitting on the curb two hundred yards away eating cherries out of his hat took two cherry-pits from his mouth, one after the other, and threw them carelessly to the right. It was the final signal: "All safe outside, the sentry is disarmed."

There was absolutely nothing in the whole environment to suggest a crisis, and yet the supreme moment had come, and thirteen hearts were beating fast with anxiety and excitement.

A moment later the motionless summer air was gently stirred by the music of a violin. An unseen performer in the bungalow was playing softly Schubert's "Serenade." Krapotkin heard it, and loosening his arms in the sleeves of his long, green-flannel dressing-gown, walked slowly along the path toward the end that was nearest to the gate, watching with fierce impatience for a favorable opportunity to run. As the sentries paced back and forth on their beat, they happened to come together near the end of the path that was farthest from the gate while Krapotkin was at the near end. The hidden violinist noticed the lucky chance and, suddenly changing time and melody, swept into one of Kontsky's rapid riotous mazurkas, as though to say: "Run! Run! It 's now or never!" Krapotkin started at top-speed for the gate, throwing off his dressing-gown as he ran. Both sentries pursued him, and one of them got so near that he

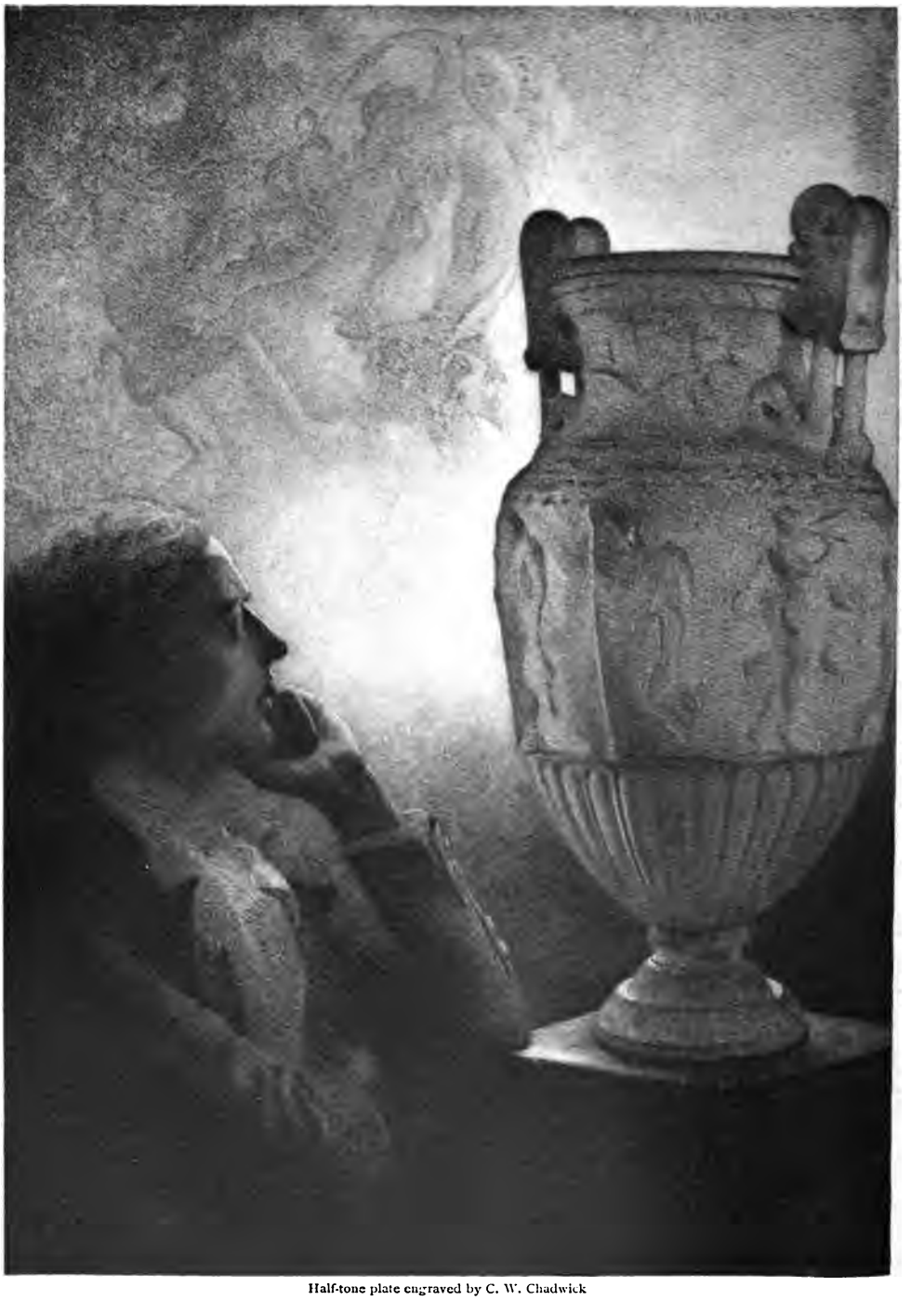
could have shot him in the back without a chance of missing; but as he had no orders to kill, and still hoped to take the fugitive alive, he did not fire. Krapotkin burst through the gate, with the sentry at his heels, and cast himself headlong into the droshky, where stood Dr. Veimar with a cocked revolver in his hand. The black mare, trained specially for this emergency, started instantly at full speed, and turned so suddenly and rapidly into the lane that both passengers were nearly pitched out. In the lane Dr. Veimar threw around Krapotkin one of the light black cloaks often worn by gentlemen to protect their frock-coats from dust, and opened and put on his head an opera-hat. He then made a similar change in his own dress, so that when they turned into the next street south, they looked like two gentlemen going to or returning from an afternoon reception.

They drove first to the house of Krapotkin's sister-in-law, where the fugitive's clothing was changed, and then to a remote barber shop on one of the islands in the Neva, where his huge, flowing beard was removed. At the suggestion of Dr. Veimar, they then went to Donon's Restaurant in the city, and there in a private room they took their dinner and spent the evening. The house of Krapotkin's sister-in-law, where he first stopped, was searched by the police almost immediately after he left it, and searches were made that evening in all the other houses where it was thought possible that he might be; but the shrewdest detective never imagined that he could be dining almost openly in one of the most fashionable places of public resort in St. Petersburg.

All the conspirators in the plot vanished in the confusion and excitement that followed the escape. The lady left the military hospital by a rear door opening on another street; the watchers in the bungalow abandoned their newly leased premises, and were seen no more; and as for the poor department clerk who wished to rent a room, the red-shirted peasant with the hatful of cherries, and the h intoxicated peasant with the cheap croscope, nobody ever suspected that t were conspirators or that their relat to the affair was anything more than cidental.

Dr. Veimar was afterward sent to mines of Kara for alleged complicity the assassination of General Mezent and one of the watchers in the bungal who gave this story to me and drew accompanying plan, was exiled by adn istrative process to eastern Siberia "political untrustworthiness"; but, as as I know, their connection with this was never suspected. Dr. Veimar diec the mines, and for that reason I have at liberty to mention his name.

A few days after his escape, Krapotl equipped with the passport of a frie crossed Finland by an unfrequented ro took a Swedish steamer at a remote p on the Gulf of Bothnia, and made way, by Christiania and Hull, to E burgh. He is now living near Lon with his wife, and as all his Russian pr erty has been confiscated by the Gove ment, he is compelled to support him by literary work. He has been a frequ contributor to "Nature"; his name pears often in the proceedings of Royal Geographical Society; he is author of important articles in the " cyclopædia Britannica," "Chambers' cyclopædia," and the "Statesman's Y Book"; and his articles on scientific s jects were for many years a feature of "Nineteenth Century" review. His ter Hélène and his sister-in-law the P cess Krapotkin were both arrested thrown into prison in St. Petersburg a his escape, and his brother Alexander banished to Siberia, where, after m years of suffering, he committed suic Krapotkin himself never has returned Russia, and probably never will retu since there is at present nothing to in cate that the empire of the czar will in the near future a safe place of reside for a thinking man.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

KEATS AND THE GRECIAN URN: AN ARTIST'S FANTASY

DRAWN BY PAUL J. MEYLAN

THE DIVIDED KINGDOM

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Author of "The Mango-Seed," etc.

IT was like Hoyting to be lying up for repairs in Surabaya when the Dorriens drifted by; like him to be there at the psychologic moment; like him, above all, not to follow up their trail for a solution, but to tack off into the China Sea to renew his acquaintance with belligerent Mongols. It was I, years later at Marseilles, who supplied Hoyting with the last act of the play; and I can see his gray eyes narrowing above his glass of vermuth as for once he listened. I shall have to put it together as best I can, though I shall, as best I can, put Hoyting's part of it in his own mouth. I 've learned a kind of mental stenography by dint of listening to him; and though it 's unfair to quote a man inexactly, I 'm not sure it is n't less unfair than inditing Hoyting's jerks and pauses, his zigzag structure. Some of the story, as I say, he got from me. That part—most of it—I 'll give you in the beginning. After that, if only for the sake of one or two of his own phrases, I shall make shift to let him talk as he talked to me. If I could reproduce for you that evening at Marseilles,—Hoyting, his arms folded on the café table, paying out his story unevenly, as if in response to unseen strains and unseen relaxations at the other end—oh, as if Dorrien himself had been fitfully pulling and letting go; and then the sharpening of the eyes, the shrug of the great shoulders, when I told him the end,—if I could, I might let it go at that. But you who know Hoyting will know that I had to shape it; and you who don't might loathe the imperfectly visualized scene.

Science moves at an extraordinarily uneven gait. We laymen follow as best we can. I don't pretend to make a history of medical discoveries, and poor Dorrien's theories may have been exploded long since. The public knows only vaguely gossip of the laboratory's "expectations" until the serum is born. I don't ever know how much he contributed, but I do know that at one moment terror-stricken multitudes were looking to him for help. He had been the last man, in college days, who seemed marked out for the work of discovery, easy-going, delighting in musical comedy, to which he listened with the least subtle laugh in the world. He married, at about thirty, the very worldly daughter of a public-spirited American family. There was n't anything for two centuries, from witch-burning to slave-rescuing, the Hewells had n't had their fingers in. The Hewell spinsters have always headed intense and short-lived leagues for the suppression of unsuspected evils or the maintenance of out-dated ideals. The Hewell men are bred to reform as the English race-horse is bred to the turf. Their marriages are apt to be bloodlessly tragic.

Agatha Hewell—that is, Agatha Dorrien—was a special case, very worldly, as I 've said. She did n't care for money, but she cared for fame, which meant, she had the sense to see, marrying a clever man. She made herself rather absurd when she came out by dashing at celebrities; but she also made herself popular with her contemporaries by letting the dancing men alone. When she married Dorrien, she seemed likely to eat her cake and have it, too; for he was young and good-looking, and there could be by that time no question about his ability. She and Dorrien both danced a good deal in the earlier years of their marriage. The serious Hewells approved of him none the less, for he had interested himself

pretty constantly, since his Johns Hopkins days, in tuberculosis, which suited their public spirit admirably. The Hewells found campaigns rather nasty work, but they loved legislation, and Dorrien was always appearing passionately before boards and commissions, and getting "machine" mayors to lift the submerged tenth into so many cubic feet of air. He had always a natural leaning, though, it was interesting to recall later, to the maladies of immigrants; and Ellis Island had more than once summoned him. He chafed a little, in the end, under the vocabularies of boards and commissions, and I once heard him say that he 'd be damned if he 'd lecture again to any woman's club, no matter if they built a sanatorium the next minute. He was flat against woman suffrage, and said so, but the Hewell aunts forgave him on account of his tuberculosis activity. They called it a crusade. Agatha said nothing.

Mrs. Dorrien was inexhaustibly pretty in a white and gold type, all purity and luster; and she wore endless French teagowns, each lovelier than the last. They doubtless explained Dorrien's sticking to his fat and fashionable practice when his desire was to this or that new disease out of Italy. Yet I 've heard her take him lightly to task for letting the dust grow thick in his laboratory. She certainly did n't think she wanted money. Nor, I fancy, in any bloated and disproportionate form did she. She was, as I say, ambitious—muddle-headedly, sentimentally, but incurably ambitious; and she seemed always, I 've been told, to be watching his career in the hope of its suddenly flaring into the spectacular. It was she, I 've also been told, who defended Dorrien from outraged Hewells when he broke entirely with official tuberculosis and turned his attention publicly to leprosy. There had been one of the periodic "scares"; some respectable artisan in Kansas City had developed it quite unaccountably. There was a good deal of the yellow peril in the yellow journals. They sent for Dr. Dorrien. I 've a notion that the Misses Hewell were almost reconciled to him in that moment. Mrs. Dorrien did not go to Kansas City with her husband. She stayed at home, and explained to every one that leprosy was really becoming a public menace, that the danger should be considered, that steps should be taken, especially that research should be subsidized.

It had been a chance current that had swept me for a little into the Dorriens' world, and my main stream of life soon swept me out of it. At the moment of my departure from America the Kansas City scare was over, and Dr. Dorrien had still done nothing that one could legitimately present to one's wife as spectacular. That was all I knew of them for years—until I knew the last. The last set us all to wondering, and by an odd chance I once wondered aloud before Hoyting. "Oh, the Dorriens? Yes, of course, the Dorriens. I knew them."

That was all, and it sufficed. Whatever Hoyting knew was sure to be the right answer. It would take too long to expound Hoyting to those of you who don't know him. Those of you who do will understand my faith. He 's like nothing so much, I 've sometimes thought, as a badly tinkered craft plying between obscure and unsafe ports. Sometimes he carries junk, and sometimes treasure; you never know beforehand. But I always bargain for the cargo. Hoyting has wandered so much, the mere dust on the crazy little capstan may have blown from some unpronounceable paradise. He does n't always know, himself; he "steams for steaming's sake," Hoyting does. Somewhere inside his lurching bulk is an inexhaustible hunger for life, which has made of two hemispheres an insufficient meal. For some of us he 's an unfailing cache in the desert. Provided he has had life at first hand, the jackals are welcome to do the rest. So I had only to wait my moment. In Marseilles, that haven of ships, Hoyting's tongue would be loosed. I should not have to wait long.

"VERMUTH," said Hoyting; "yes, just vermuth. I always did like Marseilles. Full of people who really want to get somewhere, and know how to go, and don't talk more than is necessary. Brindisi 's disgusting. I never touch Brindisi if I can help it."

"The Dorriens." I held him to his promise.

"Oh, the Dorriens. Yes. Funny the kind of thing a woman who looks like that is sometimes willing to muck about in.

She seemed like a good sport, too. Ever been in Turkestan? I suppose not. If you go to places in this world, you have n't time left for anything else. So very likely you never saw a Kirghiz nomad hunting on horseback with a golden eagle on his wrist. Using it like a falcon, you know. They go after wildish game—wolves and such. Ripping. But not very practical, after all. Mrs. Dorrien was a little like that. She was ripping, too. But I 've always had a notion that Dorrien might have had better hunting with almost any other kind of woman.

"I don't understand modern medical science—scrapping with ultra-visible germs that good may come. Blood is different: when you see that, it 's your business to stop it anyhow. A flow of blood is the devil at war with man. You know it instinctively. I myself don't hold much with anything that does n't come by instinct. And as for deciding things by theory! There was n't a moldering idea any one had held since the Christian era that Mrs. Dorrien did n't drag out of its grave to get help from. That was the trouble: all the moldering ideas were knocking about together in her mind. And therefore, exit Dorrien.

"Do you know Surabaya? No? It was there I saw them. I had known Dorrien long ago somewhere. There was n't much of any one else in that crazy thing that called itself a hotel. Kept by a Portuguese Jew named D'Acunha. It was in the town, mind you, not in the suburbs, and the guests ran accordingly. Very good drinks, and plenty of mosquito-netting, but everything else in the place that mosquito-netting would n't keep out. Mrs. Dorrien always dressed for dinner, I remember. Dorrien was n't happy. She had come to please him, though just why to Surabaya I never made out, and was always reminding him of it, and he was n't pleased. They had left the little girl at home, and I dare say the mother wanted to get back to her. She kept saying she was afraid Aunt Emma would n't have Virginia's teeth properly straightened. Wonderful thing a woman is! Lizards climbing all round over the walls and the eternal promise of a snake coiling up on the tail of her dress, and she 'll look past it all with her far-sighted eyes and say she is afraid a safe little kid at home with steam heat and a governess is n't having her teeth straightened.

"I did n't come in on the Dorriens' affairs at all at first, you understand. I was there on my own business and I supposed they were. At least I supposed he was. I never could see what she got out of it: I 'll swear she never looked at scenery, and there was n't anything in the mucky little bazaars she wanted. Apparently they had no letters to European residents; or they did n't use them if they had. If ever a woman was n't meant for the tropics—" His voice trailed off for a little, then boomed out again, softly resonant, like a ship's gong going intermittently somewhere beyond in the offing. "I admired her more than a little. But I saw that Dorrien had no show. Women are apt to shout with the majority. How is a husband going to be a majority if he takes a line of his own? Oh, Dorrien was down and out from the start.

"They must have been worrying along in Surabaya for two weeks. I think Dorrien stayed on like a cross child who knows he 's got to go home. He drags at his nurse's hand and asks questions about every object they pass. He was n't interested in the place, but at least it was n't a P. & O. port. He saw perfectly that the next stop would be. If I had had him alone, I could have amused him. Dorrien was the sort that finds an absorbing interest in native—eh—customs and that sort of thing. But his wife naturally did n't care about—sociology. She wandered around under the teaks and tamarinds, waiting for his last shadow of an excuse to fade out utterly. When he could n't chuck the bluff any more, she 'd have him, and she knew it. She 'd march him home.

"I myself did n't quite know at first why Dorrien wanted to stay out there. One would have to have more general curiosity than the Dorriens appeared to in order to find Surabaya interesting. I knew that if his wife were n't along, he 'd drag me into every kind of native dive; but I knew, too, that he had n't come for the dives. He did n't seem to be very much in love with the place. Who could be? He swore at everything, beginning with the monkeys and ending with the prices. He just did n't want to go home—as if he knew he 'd be put to bed in the

dark, and have to go to sleep, when he got there. Queer guy! You remember how big he was? He had a trick of looking round any room as if it were too small for him. And that voice of his, with never a modulation, and those red-brown eyes that seemed to take in everything and give back no comment? Then one night I thought I had struck it. He came across to my corner of porch about midnight.

" 'My wife 's gone to bed, and I think she 's gone to sleep,' he said. 'There 's no sleep in me, and I shall swear at the lizards if I turn in. I should wake her. You know what these fool partitions are. Let 's talk. You never have anything to do.' It was n't very polite, but it was quite true. I have n't anything to do except see what things are like. When I 've made an exhaustive study of all the degrees of civilization, I 'm going home to vote. I don't see that, until then, I 'm equipped to.

" 'All right,' I said. 'I never sleep, I never write letters, and I never criticize. Go ahead.'

"Odd thing: that happened to be just what he wanted—to 'go ahead' indefinitely. I learned a lot of things about Dorrien that night. I made out from his talk that he must have mucked around a good deal with tuberculosis at home, but he 'd dropped it. He told me some queer things about tuberculosis germs, but he had got tired of it. Exotic diseases were more in his line. He asked the most extraordinary number of questions about beriberi and things like that. I never quite understood it all; but I think the commonness of tuberculosis bored him. The antipodes take men's imaginations in different ways,—who should know if I don't?—and they had simply taken his, across all the world, by their physical malignancies. He did n't give a copper cash for what you folk call psychology, but his brown eyes used to rake the meanest little streets in Surabaya for any sign of disease. It might have been unpleasant, if he had n't been such a loud-voiced, businesslike chap. If you ask me, I should say he had come to the East just as a sportsman goes to Africa for big game. There 's good hunting in Canada, I 'm told, but some people want to hunt hippopotamuses just because hippopotamuses have such queer complexions. Dorrien could get interested in what the human body is capable of, regardless of unpleasantness. But he could as well have stayed at home and stuck to cancer if he had wanted mere unpleasantness.

" 'The only thing I know anything about is leprosy,' he said that night, after a lot of queer talk. I very seldom argue; I just smoke and wait. You 've *got* to assume that people know their own business best. Dorrien had run down to Molokai while his wife stayed in Honolulu. I 've never been there myself. He told me a lot about it that same night. He was n't romantic *pour deux sous,* Dorrien was n't; but he talked about it as if his heart were in it. I remember an old missionary chap who went on in the same way about the Fijis. Not that Dorrien held with the missionaries; but they both spoke with passion—as if sin and disease could draw men like lovers, panting with blind desire, sheer across the planet, just to help, and then die. Men will go out and overturn the stew-pots, and preach vegetarianism to cannibals, and go into the stew-pot themselves in the end, who could n't stand a week of Salvation Army slum-work. Dorrien was something like that, only with the idealism left out. He seemed all passionate perception, like a child. Yet somewhere in him was that thin, little adamantine streak of pure intellectualism. If it had n't been there, he 'd never have held together at all: there must have been something inflexible for all that clay to mass itself upon. And so he somehow cared when it came to leprosy. I suppose sometime or other the thing had baffled him—tantalized him like an unscrupulous woman.

"It 's no use saying 'Why did n't he love elsewhere?' He happened not to. Meanwhile his wife was taking him home to a fashionable practice which he was sadly endangering by absence. And there were the little girl's teeth, you see. There had been some excuse of a holiday combined with study of special conditions in the Orient, but all excuses had expired. He was facing a P. & O. boat, and he was just sparring for time. It was all rather a mess, as I had learned by three in the morning. But it distinctly was n't a mess that an outsider had anything to do with. To tell the truth, if Mrs. Dorrien had n't seemed such a good sport, I 'd

have had more faith in him; but who can ever tell? He left me, finally, and went to bed, and the next day Mrs. Dorrien went into the town to look up steamer connections while he made up sleep. At least that was the account she gave.

"I went off into the interior for a few days, pretended I was going to look up a lot of ruins that of course I 'd seen before—tombs of Arab priests and such. The hotel had got on my nerves, and the suburbs, full of Europeans, were even less what I was looking for. Besides, the Dorriens were n't my affair; yet Dorrien was beginning to clutch me as if they were. I would n't run away from any solitary creature, either man or woman—and I 've been in some strange galleys, too—but when it comes to man and wife, *'ruf' nicht die Polizei,'* as the Germans have it. The Dorriens looked to me pretty near the breaking-point. I hoped they would either leave or have it out before I got back. When I got away I forgot about it. I 'm foot-loose, and nobody's business is really mine. Fancy being responsible to and for a white-and-gold creature like Mrs. Dorrien! The very thought of it makes you want to take ship.

"That particular interior was n't much good—eternal rice-fields, and little villages, one just like another, full of little people. The vegetation was something you could n't dream, even on hashish, but I 'm dead used to vegetation. I nosed around for a few days, and then decided to quit the island entirely. I had engagements elsewhere, if I chose to think so. Anyhow, I wanted something doing. So I went back to Surabaya. You get boats from there all over.

"They said at the hotel that the Dorriens were leaving the next day. I did n't look them up; but when I came down to dinner, Mrs. Dorrien was in her place, waiting for her husband. She beckoned to me and smiled, and I had to go over, though she looked more like a Frenchwoman than ever, and I was more a sweep than usual. I had to go; but I went thinking what a damn' subtle thing marriage is at home and how glad I was to be single. There are other sides to it, of course; but that 's the permanent one. Think of being married to a woman who would dress like that for an undercooked, half-caste dinner in a steaming Surabaya hotel! Think, that is, of what she must be like at close range. She made me sit down.

" 'We are leaving to-morrow, Mr. Hoyting.'

" 'Sorry.' I could n't screw out more.

" 'Yes. We 've had our mail. We have to go.' She straightened her shoulders and swept the room with a bored look, as if it were a ball-room full of men who danced badly. I did n't know whether she was lying about the mail or not. I never get letters, thank God! I have n't any address. What was certain was that I did not want her to tell me what was in their mail. I side-stepped.

" 'I don't suppose Surabaya will soon see the like of that dress again, Mrs. Dorrien.' It *was* the most civilized thing I 'd seen in a long time, though of course I don't frequent table d'hôtes in most places. Anyhow, you know how colonial Dutch women get themselves up. 'Are n't you afraid the lizards will spoil it?'

" 'This rag?' The 'rag' was gold-colored, as she was, and her laugh clinked like gold. 'I shall give it to the stewardess if she is half decent to me. We shall have to stop in Paris on the way back. I have n't had so much as a new *sarong* since we left America. My clothes are faded, tattered, fly-blown, tarnished with the sea.' She shrugged her shoulders. 'Is it really so long since you 've seen a well-dressed woman? Surely in India—' That was the best she could do for badinage, and she looked uneasily toward the door as she spoke.

"Suddenly Dorrien appeared in the door. She was silent through our greetings, though I thought she watched him. Whatever it was would break before morning, if it was n't already at that instant giving way. They had n't many hours' grace, those two. Why the devil had n't I stayed in some undiscoverable, soaking little basket-hovel in the nearest village until the next morning? I did n't know the people, I did n't like them; but both of them would cling to me because I was white and because they could n't agree about anything in the world. I 've always wished I had stayed away twenty-four hours more that time—always. There was no reason under high heaven

why I should be in it. And they were nice people, mind you; and neither one of them meant to be a cad. Why, there was nothing either one of them wanted that was n't perfectly decent and desirable in itself. They only wanted different things for each other, with the best conscience in the world. And people go on marrying every day!

" 'I hear you 're going, Dorrien.' There was no use in trying to be irrelevant. They would have turned any remark into a comment on themselves.

" 'Did Agatha tell you so?'

" 'Yes. And D'Acunha mentioned it when I got in.'

" 'There 's a P. & O. boat from Singapore next week Thursday.' She looked straight at him.

" 'There 's a Royal Dutch Mail from Batavia next week Saturday,' he flung back.

"She drew a scarf round her shoulders despite the steaming heat. 'Who wants to go to Rotterdam? If we 're going, let 's go sanely.'

" 'We can't go sanely.' And Dorrien was white beneath his sunburn as he said it.

"Some other people came in, and I did n't scruple to talk to them. If the Dorriens were going to break, I, out of sheer patriotism, did n't want them to break before a public like that. Perhaps I still had some hope of getting away. I 've forgotten about that, but it seems reasonable. I do remember that I staved it off until after dinner. But they did n't let me alone. They wanted a referee, I imagine, some one who would keep them from screaming insults at each other, or decide between them when they did.

"There 's something morally disintegrating about heat. I fancy that 's been said before, but I know how true it is. My own nerves were on edge with it. Why did n't they go up into the mountains somewhere and dance with Dutch residents instead of sticking to ports? But I suppose that would only have postponed the catastrophe. Anyhow, it could n't hurt either of them to get out of that rotten temperature, no matter where they went. She was whiter than chalk, and Dorrien was nervous as a cat. Her voice jangled, and he twitched all over when she spoke. I did n't see that there was a penny to choose between them for merit except that she was stronger than he. They 'd both break, but he 'd break half a minute sooner. Ugh! it was bad!"

Hoyting breathed in the wind that blew gently against us off the Mediterranean waves. "You don't know anything about heat. Dry heat does n't matter. When there 's nothing but steam to breathe,—everything hot and vaporous and reeking,—temperate people lose their poise. Surabaya was like holding your head over a tea-kettle. Yes, I was sorriest for Dorrien. But why did n't they go to the mountains and have it out, if they had to, in paradise?"

He was silent for some moments over his vermuth. I did n't interrupt. I knew the rest would come. Uneasy reminiscence of the kind then wrinkling his face would only expedite his narrative. When he began again, it was abruptly, with a change of tone; but his eyes had never moved from the harbor-lights.

"I was sorriest for Dorrien. I asked him over to smoke on my porch. Your porch is your sitting-room, you know, and you don't go inside until you have to. I said, 'Let 's throw bananas to the monkeys.' The heat had gone to my head a little, too—heat and annoyance. He moved off at once. 'All right,' he said. 'Can't I come and throw bananas to the monkeys?' said Mrs. Dorrien. 'Of course.' We were all unnaturally serious, you see—a bad sign. I was in it then for as long as they chose to stay. What fool invented hospitality, I wonder?

"Dorrien had a little sense left. He began at once, 'I 've got a case of conscience to put to you, Hoyting.' Even then I hoped I could stave it off.

" 'Conscience is a local matter,' I answered; 'territoriality of law. Don't appeal to me. I 'm an outsider.'

" 'Are n't we all in Surabaya together?' her voice rasped its way in.

" 'Yes; but I hope you don't mean to decide anything according to Surabaya.'

" 'Do you really think at the moment we 're capable of doing otherwise?' She had me there: it was the mean truth. We were n't. That reeking heat would decide for us. I don't think she had meant him to appeal to me, but I fancy she did n't mind. If he had n't done it, she would have. It was inevitable.

"Dorrien went on: 'I had a letter when the mails came in two days ago, offering me a big post. Agatha and I don't agree about it.'

" 'You don't think it big enough?' I was so relieved I thought I could speak lightly—Heaven forgive my folly! If it was just some little feud of their ambitions, they 'd be all right as soon as they were off the land. But her face did n't relax.

" 'He has been offered the chance of exiling himself on Molokai with eight hundred lepers.' She had brought the jangling tones into a kind of ironic gamut. '*That* is the kingdom he is offered. And he thinks—my God! he wants to go!' She broke down utterly and wept, great sobs, like a man's, coming up from her chest and shaking her frail body. Women don't usually cry that way; there 's trouble in it when they do.

" 'But he is n't going.' It was only decent to comfort her. 'You say you are sailing for Europe.'

"Dorrien did not speak. Her sobs slowed gradually. She was making a terrible effort for the power to speak coherently, to get in her arguments, her pleas, her threats. I suppose I was her last dim substitute for public opinion. She was trying to bring the world to bear on him in Surabaya, and there was only I to be the world.

"Now, how could I have known I was going to run into a thing like that out there on the other edge of Java? Do I look like Mrs. Grundy? She hated me, mind you; she was terribly afraid of me; she could n't a bit trust me to see the thing her way: but there was no one else. I was an American, and I had had the bad luck to know Dorrien long before. She was n't trying any feminine wiles; she was just pleading for civilization, as she understood it, against mad and monstrous ideas that she had n't dreamed existed except inaccessibly. Caste goes deeper than sex—among us, anyhow. I don't know what she thought about Dorrien, really. Probably he merely seemed to her for the moment to have obliterated deliberately all his caste-marks. I 've always held that if a man did the work, it was n't up to the woman to tell him how to do it; and I remembered how Dorrien had felt about leprosy. Probably he could do good work there. I fancied he knew what he wanted. Some one had to be at Molokai; why, or why not, Dorrien?

"I looked at him. He was sitting perfectly straight and uncomfortable, his mad eyes fixed, as if they were glass, on the palm-boughs out beyond the smoky porch-lamp. Nothing to be done there. And when I turned back to her, I simply —oh, abominably, I grant you—laughed aloud. The notion of expecting a woman like that to live on a leper island! It had been bad enough to see her in Surabaya. I was sorry, fundamentally and genuinely sorry, for Dorrien; but it ought to have been patent even to him that Mrs. Dorrien could n't go to Molokai. Nothing but an exclusive love, the kind we 've all heard about and never experienced, would have made her do it. She and Dorrien had nothing of that sort to go upon, I was absolutely sure.

" 'But you 're sailing.' I clung to Dorrien's explicit words.

" 'By Heaven! I 'm not!' His lips just moved. He looked like a statue, conceived in madness, carved with scorn.

" 'I grant some one has to go,'—she was apparently trying to be extraordinarily generous,—'but why he? It 's not his place or his life. It 's not what he 's fit for. It 's not asked of him. He has me; he has Virginia: Virginia!' She had turned to me, her shoulder blotting out Dorrien. It seemed that they had to communicate through me; they had ceased to address each other. 'Has he a right,' she went on, 'to take us to a place like that? Has a husband, a father, no responsibilities? Even if I don't matter, must Virginia live and die among those monsters?'

"How could I say, I ask you, that Virginia must? I had never seen Virginia. I had nothing to do with these people. Why did n't they see that? I don't believe, you know, that they ever saw it. I might have been Rhadamanthus in a poor disguise.

"Mrs. Dorrien stopped, and cried quietly into her handkerchief. Her husband took up the talk.

" 'God knows I 've wasted life long enough. It 's a chance in a million, man—the one chance in the whole world. Give me ten years there, and I 'll *know,* I tell you. I 'll find a cure. I 'll track the filthy germ. I 've never had half a show

pulling old ladies through bronchitis. It 's no work for a man. I 've been ashamed to look at myself in a glass for two years. I 've gone a little way; I swear I 'm on the right track. It 's the kind of thing I can do. I have n't a bedside manner; Agatha has that. Those poor wretches don't need a bedside manner. They need some one to avenge them. She 's ambitious. Well, let her give me my head for ten years, and she can cover herself with my medals. We 'll come back, when I 've done my work, and she can queen it all over Europe.'

"He was incoherent, overweening, inconsequent, but terrifyingly in earnest. More probably than not, she would have a suicide on her hands, I thought, if she did take him home. It did n't look as if she would get him past Suez.

"Mrs. Dorrien sat with her hands folded in her lap, breathing hard, but quite silent. They were appalling, that pair. I 'd have given a good deal to hear a little repartee just then. But the mortal insult to either would have been to suggest that he should speak to her. The queerest night I ever spent, and I 've been through some I did n't believe in myself the next day. Well, all I wanted was to have it over; I did n't care how brutally I hastened it.

" 'Why don't you go alone?'

"He looked at me then; he had only spoken to me before. Dominated by that look, I began to piece together my own scraps of traveler's knowledge. Then I kicked myself. I did n't need all the unphraseable explanations that gathered silently in his eyes. I knew, of course, what he just refrained from replying. It was the last leash on him—the thinnest thread of control. If that snapped, if I jerked it, we should be saying, all three of us together, monstrous things. I held hard on the leash.

" 'He can't go alone.' Her voice was just a whisper. She was shocked to the core of her, and I saw that, to that extent at least, they had had it out. I was sorry for her then—sorry without regard to my fast-ebbing admiration. She had been flung on the horns of a dilemma, and they were goring her cruelly. They could n't, poor devils, get peace with honor."

Hoyting ordered more vermuth, and lighted the next of the undiminishing procession of cigarettes. He wandered away from the actual story for a little in sheer relief, and I let him, knowing that in the end he would get his fox and goose and bag of corn all safe across, like the man in the riddle.

"Dorrien was n't the sort of man you 'd expect to find in scientific research. He was too human, too impressionable. A scientist ought n't to notice Javanese singing-girls. They ought to be to him as the female of the flounder. I don't mean for a minute that Dorrien was a cad, that he was anything but—complete. He was a scientist of sorts, at least by predilection; but he was also healthy and immensely masculine. He could n't personify Science, and then treat her as if she were really a woman. He knew the difference. I 've seen men who did n't. They are the lucky ones. Dorrien was unlucky: he had no end of conflicting desires. He wanted abnormal conditions *plus* a normal life; and he wanted a little fame thrown in. I dare say he also wanted Mrs. Dorrien and the little girl whose teeth had to be straightened. Just at that moment he thought he wanted more than all the rest a chance to do his appointed work. But he was honest, damn him! honest. He knew that Science could never, for him, be a mistress, and he was n't a man to exist on merely Platonic relations. I 've always admired him for not blinking facts when he must have been sorely tempted to. But what they must have gone through, of bitter exposition, those two, in the days of my absence! I did n't see any way out of it. He wanted incompatible goods. And so, by heavens! did she."

Hoyting dropped his chin on his chest and closed his eyes wearily for a moment.

"If she had been a different sort even, they might have pulled through. But look at it. She was ambitious and sentimental. She wanted his success. She 'd have been willing enough to send him out alone if he had lied to her about possibilities. He had had the honesty to realize them, and the utter brutality to tell her—that was perfectly clear from the state of both of them. Probably he did n't think he had a right to withhold the information from her, or he might have thought it would be a clinching argument for her going with him. If you ask me, I think

she was very near hating him for having enlightened her as to the dangers. Women of her kind don't like such assumptions. And it did n't give her a *beau rôle.* There was n't anything, and would n't be, God knows, for her to be jealous of. But there was everything prospectively, if he went, to pity him for. A wife could n't fling him into that; not when he would n't even pose, not when he did n't scruple to say what she was flinging him into. However much she may have wanted to say 'Go,' she could n't. If he had only pretended to be other than he was, she could have made it out to herself that both of them were martyrs, he to his work, she to —oh, well, to the little girl. She was the kind of woman who could condone an infidelity, I imagine, in a cold, superior way; but her principles would hardly permit her to face it beforehand. And that was n't all—that was n't all. Of course she had asked him first of all—she would have—about the danger of infection; and it was evident from every suffering line in both their faces that he had n't hesitated to dot his i's. She knew what was dangerous and what was not, and she knew that if Dorrien went alone he was lost. I pitied her. She had hunted, during two days, for a *beau rôle,* and she could n't find one. Her only hope was to get him home and trust that he would get over it like some kind of fit. And he would n't, that was clear. The only suggestion I could think of was that they should divorce, and that he should proceed to find another woman who adored him, and take her out there. That is n't the kind of suggestion you make to people; it does n't sound sympathetic. It is n't practical, either; it leaves too much to be done, too quickly. Moreover, it had almost certainly never occurred to either of them that they did n't love each other as much as any other two people did.

"And they expected me to say something! They had spent forty-eight hours trying quite in vain to find a way out, and then had the appalling cheek and the pathetic confidence to bring it to me!

" 'I can't argue this matter,' I said finally. 'You must see that.'

"They did n't see it. It was a perfectly impersonal clutch they were strangling me with. They had n't any notion of their own dismaying breach of reticence. We were all in Surabaya—which was hell—together; and conventions did n't exist. Also, I could n't any more get out of it than if we had been more literally in hell, and they ineluctable and imperishable shades. I had to go on.

" 'She won't go,' I said at last to Dorrien. 'And you absolutely can't go alone?'

"He did n't speak, but he turned his eyes on me again. I seemed to read in them that the question had been put to him before and that he would not again go through the agony of answering. Not that the answer in those silent eyes was n't clear. Then, after a little, he did speak. 'Ask her if she counsels me to go alone.'

"My very spirit revolted at the way they had laid hands on me. Anything I said was bound to be damnable for one or the other of them. I swore I 'd get out of the thing non-partizan, if I insulted them both.

" 'I won't ask her,' I said. 'I won't have anything more to do with it. It 's a devilish mess, and one of you has to go under. But I won't lift a finger to determine which one. You may take that from me straight, both of you.'

"We ought by rights to have been tearing about that porch dramatically; but we all sat perfectly still in sheer exhaustion, dripping with sweat and breathing in quiet, regular pants. I wish—I wish it had never been.

" 'You won't even tell him that he can't go at all? Such a simple thing as that?' She flung out her hands in a queer, uncertain way. She was very far gone.

" 'I won't tell him anything. Good night.' I pulled myself out of my chair and leaned over the railing. I don't know how long I looked down into the hot little garden. I did n't mean to be a beast. Were you ever in a place where you could n't stir a muscle without committing murder? No, I suppose not. Well, that 's what I felt like. It seemed inevitable that pretty soon they 'd trap me into saying something that sounded like advice; and it looked to me as if any advice, if followed, would be fatal. There was n't any right way out, they being what they were. It was up to whatever power had made them. It was absolutely *not* up to me. I began counting lizards on the railing. Every bone in my body

ached with stiffness when I finally turned round. They had gone."

Hoyting lighted a cigarette. He had finished it, and lighted another, before he spoke again.

"The next morning I got off on a filthy little tramp steamer at four o'clock. It was n't a steamer the Dorriens could possibly take. I don't think they would even know about it. Then I made straight for China; I was pretty sure neither one of them would think of China. And by that time I had got back nerve enough to be quite sure that I had done right in keeping my hands off. But—I never asked any one what became of them. Now you say you know."

"Oh, yes, I know. Dorrien 's dead."

"They went back?"

"Yes, they went back. That was eight years ago?"

Hoyting began to count up the continents on his fingers. "Australia last year—South America—Siberia—the Transvaal before that. Yes, it would have been eight years ago."

To my surprise, I found myself reluctant to bring out the truth. Hoyting, as he talked, had been so vividly aware of the Dorriens, had shown me how real to him and repellent was that remembered scene, that my hesitation was not unnatural.

"He practised at home for a number of years, doing some research when he had time. He went back into public work to some extent—boards and commissions again. Her family seemed to manage him entirely." Then I stopped.

Hoyting waited. The lights in the harbor began to lessen, great patches of shadow spacing them. I waited, too, to gather strength. It had all become horrible to me now, and permeated with the sordidness that spoils tragedy.

"He shot himself."

"He cared so much as that?" Hoyting's huge finger flicked off the cigarette ash before there was need.

"He had—oh, I only heard it, Hoyting!" I cried. "I don't know the whole of it. Who does? But those damned Hewells took it up—I suppose by way of condoning the suicide—and made a martyr of him."

"Go on."

"He had somehow in the laboratory—you know the danger; and Dorrien was a reckless chap, those last years; not like himself, his friends said. They all used to worry over his riding, his shooting, his yachting—everything."

I broke off. It was extremely hard to tell the man who apparently knew most about Dorrien, even though he had never called Dorrien friend. "He had somehow, through a cut, the slip of an instrument,—I don't know the sickening scientific detail of it,—inoculated himself with some disease he was working with. He made nothing of it at the time, I 'm told. Everybody had forgotten it. Suddenly—when he found out what he was in for, I suppose—he shot himself. After what you 've told me, I should say it was probably from disgust. Why blame him?"

"What was it?" Hoyting had not stirred, but his voice had changed immeasurably.

"Tuberculosis."

The great shoulders shrugged once. I felt impelled to explain—a miserable little feverish strut. And before Hoyting, of all men!

"It gives the measure of his revolt—a man who had cured so many, and could have cured himself mechanically, you might say; a man whose special business in life had been to snap his fingers at that particular plague. That 's why, until you told me all this, I never understood. Now it 's clear enough."

I shut my eyes, glad to put the ironic thing away, glad to be at peace, with no further need to speak of it. When I opened them again, I was alone. Hoyting, the foot-loose, was gone.

THE ROAD-SONG OF THE RACE

BY IRENE P. McKEEHAN

I HAVE lived in the garden with Adam,
And eaten the fruit of the tree;
I have hidden, ashamed, from the face of God,
For I dreamed that He could not see.
The flaming sword of the Angel of Wrath
Has driven me over the earth;
I am marked with the mark of the murderer Cain;
I have travailed at death and at birth.
With patriarch, priest, and prophet, I seek for a Promised Land:
Lead me, brother; follow me, brother; brother, oh, take my hand!
I am moving onward and ever on; O brother, I may not stand!

I have found my king in a little child,
And knelt in a manger-room;
But I sold the master for silver coin;
With a kiss I sealed his doom.
I hung on the cross with Christ the Lord,
I suffered his pain and scorn;
But mine were the hands that drove the nails
And wove him the crown of thorn.
I track the light of my guiding star through the snow and the desert sand:
Lead me, brother; follow me, brother; brother, oh, take my hand!
I am but a pilgrim, O brother, and woe is me if I stand!

I have made my children the slaves of trade,
And scarred their backs with the rod;
For a bag of gold with a sword of steel
I have broken the laws of God.
But whenever a cause demands my life,
I have laid it down with a will;
For honor and love and a heartwrung cry
I can play the hero still.
My feet are firm on the steep, straight way, though I doubt if I understand:
Whether you lead or follow me, brother, let us go hand in hand!
And stay not behind, dear brother of mine, on the road to the
Promised Land.

THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Author of "The Short Story in English"

IN an old town in the East there is a Quaker family which for many generations has suffered from embarrassing attacks of worldliness. A colonial ancestor was tempted by the pomp and circumstance of patriotism to grind flour for Washington's army, an act of outlawry against the Quaker discipline; a later member turned painter; another left his book-mark in a telltale set of the Restoration dramatists; a fourth, so the story goes, took to the flute. He learned to play, he learned to love playing; then conscience gripped him. He had "a stop in his mind," as the Friends put it, regarding this vanity. After a long and mournful "exercise," fear that he had yielded to the world had the better of the conflict, and, behind the barn, he broke that flute across his knee. The breaking of the flute was symbolic. My great-uncle's act of self-repression was typical of the fault which caused the ruin of one of the noblest and most ideal of projects, the Society of Friends.

Only by comprehending the vastness of this project can one measure the extent of the failure of the Quakers. It was not a sect that they planned, but a new society. "The Quakers are not a sect," wrote George Fox, their founder, "but are in the power of God which was before sects were." Fox planned to "leave not a hoof in Egypt": all Christianity was to become a society of friends. All Christianity, and after that all paganism, was to accept one of the most persuasive appeals ever made to a people in need of spirituality.

The doctrine—if it was a doctrine—was very simple. The Friends proposed nothing but a new and more intimate relationship with God. Indeed, that most excellent of their writers, the New Jersey Friend John Woolman, puts the essence of Quakerism in a sentence: "True religion consists in the inward life." But this held tremendous implications, for the inward life was a life with God. Man, poor, rich, black, or white, was to carry God in his bosom, commune with Him, and be directed by His light. And the God in his bosom was a jealous God. Before the consciousness of His presence, all forms, ceremonies, affectations became vanities, were like stage-properties in the clear light of day; and thus simplicity in life followed as a matter of course. With Him as a guide, it seemed blasphemous to call in as intermediary a "hireling priest." God was sufficient for his ministry, hence Friends preached for one another, and married themselves. Again, the body, though poor or despised or black, was His temple; hence slavery, which degrades the body, and war, which destroys it, were abhorrent to the Quaker. In truth, all that was noble, and much that was peculiar in the Society of Friends, was only a direct or indirect recognition of this one principle; and a heavier load of idealism poor fallible man never carried. As Jeanne d'Arc answered of her voices, so the Quaker might have said of his inward guidings: "There is no day when I do not hear them. And they come in my times of need." Like Jeanne, he was reviled, tortured, and, worst of all, misunderstood for his obedience.

Such ideas did not fail to produce a remarkable people. In the persecutions of the seventeenth century, which gave rise to those "meetings for sufferings" where were recorded the trials for the faith, the society never relaxed from the

Drawn by Elizabeth Howell Ingham. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A QUAKER MEETING

inexorable logic of its principles. There have been no such missionaries, perhaps, since the Christianization of Europe. Indeed, the very discipline of the society was not, as most suppose, to set the Friends apart from the world, but rather to prepare a life for a world of Friends; and the men and women who rode up and down England in couples carried news of this life. George Fox pushed through savage America, seeking out the immigrants and the Indian kings. The pope, the sultan were visited, the latter by a woman. Private persons—for there was no missionary class—left their own pursuits for a time, and set out vigorously upon the labor of the faith, sometimes to neighboring meetings, sometimes across the world. I knew a clockmaker who in his youth had dropped his business and gone on a sailing-vessel to carry his message and his testimony to Peru!

The noble, dangerous theory of the inner light explained all this, and it explains the peculiar character of the men and women who have, even unto our own generation, borne the imprint of the society. Some months ago I was traveling toward one of the ancient strongholds of Quakerism in America, a town where the old families, even when no longer Friends, say "thee" and "thy" in the home—not "thee" and "thou," if you please; "thou" went out with the eighteenth century. In the seat in front of me were two old men. Both seemed to be Episcopal clergymen, yet the face of one had the stern lines with a mild glance, the rigid mouth, and the inward-looking eyes which I had believed typical of the Quaker of the old régime. My faith in the "Quaker face" suffered a momentary shock; then the men rose, and I saw that I had mistaken for the Episcopal uniform the stock collar, the collarless coat, and the broad hat of the "plain clothing" which one wore. The other was a clergyman; but this one was a Quaker, one of the few left who observe to the full the ancient customs, and his face bore the mark of the inner light.

Drawn by Elizabeth Howell Ingham

A QUAKER OF TO-DAY

What made the Quaker face? Not a broad-brimmed hat or a gray bonnet, as the flippant assert. Costume will not make it, as you may prove for yourself at the next masquerade. In part, it was the mysticism, the reserve, and the self-reliance of the Quaker mind. These things were the very essence of the society, and they led to a subconscious command to be silent, to be calm, to hide the emotions of the too often rebellious heart, which in turn helped to mold the faces one sees in the portraits and among the Friends still left who belong to the old rule. It used to be said in our Quaker town that one could tell by their manners the children who had been sent to the Friends' school, because once a week in meeting they had to sit for an hour in perfect quiet. Think of a family, of a community, where the heart was put under discipline for life!

But this is not all, for I have left out the causes which were chiefly responsible for the most charming element of the features of the old Friends—an enduring peace. There have been unpeaceful Quakers and unpeaceful Quakeresses. More than one member of our meeting, so I am told, stamped out of First Day service and slammed the door behind him when the unorthodox Hicksites began their preaching. I have heard that one of our ancestresses was a scold, and there was Cousin Amelia, who used to shake her finger at an obstinate driver when he refused to uncheck his horse, and say: "Just wait till thee gets to the next world. Then thee 'll see what will happen!" As I have remarked, the Quaker project was not always successful. But for once popular opinion is quite right—the Quaker face, particularly the Quaker woman's face, was transfused with peace. Is it not natural? Where

From a daguerreotype owned by Mrs. George Robbins. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

GEORGE JUSTICE AND PHEBE, HIS WIFE, QUAKERS

could be found "the world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil" if not in the older communities of Friends—communities in which prudence and self-control kept away poverty; where not only war, but strife also, and civil and domestic discord, were banned so explicitly tha it was forbidden to decide by majoritie at meeting; where rivalry in dress and i station were restrained as far as fallibl human nature would permit? How coul peace fail to be resident in a society whic

believed that God was not in His heaven, but among us, and that as long as one lived without affectation, did the daily task, kept the heart tender and the body pure, all was right with the world?

Yet it is more than probable that the serenity of the Quaker countenance was not wholly an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. It would be pleasant to accept the charming explanation which John Woolman offers: "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated." Unfortunately, it is only too probable that placidity came to the Quakers quite as often by an easier path. When the world refused to become their friends, they withdrew from the world, and thus intensified their communal atmosphere. Rich man, poor man—there were few thieves and no beggars among the Friends—lived together in the same belief and the same discipline. Peace, in such circumstances, was not difficult to attain; but sometimes it was the peace of the wilful anchorite, the peace of the truant to the world. And it may be that the great serenity of the face beneath the gray bonnet in this old daguerreotype of mine was a serenity which came because, the world forgetting, my ancestress also forgot—forgot some of the world's troubles, some of the world's keen pleasures, which not to have known is not altogether to have lived. Perhaps. But it was a fair exchange. We have a hundred militant women now for one whose face is such a haven of quiet rest.

Drawn by Elizabeth Howell Ingham

A LITTLE QUAKER

Nowadays the Friends have kept their high ideals, but have lost their individuality. What remains of their old prepotence is almost intangible: a reserve which keeps emotional experiences locked behind the lips of their descendants, a reliance upon intuitive belief, a distrust of the efficacy of form. But there is an abiding memorial to the Quaker civilization in America in the country districts where the society most flourished. There they have left the imprint of their peculiar spirit as clearly as upon the faces of their children. The valley of the Brandywine in Delaware and Pennsylvania is an example. It is a valley which should be visited by those who love the Friends, yet is known only for its brief nightmare of war. It is a country of shadowy meadows, of high woods, of warm and peaceful light upon steep hills always opening southward. In the laps of the hills, and at the edge of the meadows, are the houses, simple in design, but of an excellent propriety, and built of a stone which has weathered into soft russets and gray golds. Over the roof two or three pine-trees throw dark shadows, a hedge of high box screens the door and its three steps of stone, while down from the eaves hangs a riotous trumpet-vine, the one touch of color in the soft tones of the farm-house.

At intervals are the meeting-houses, crumbling and woebegone when the meeting has been "laid down" for lack of support, or somnolently welcoming a handful of Friends on First or Fifth Day. Low buildings, usually of wood or mellowed brick, they present in perfection the Quaker characteristic of austerity in a peaceful reserve. An oak-tree seems always to overhang, as pines over the home,

I do not know why. Within, the floors, the benches, and the walls are unpainted, and weathered to soft browns. A sounding-board stretches over the elders' benches, which are raised and facing the meeting. Upon them, on First and Fifth Day mornings, the elders sit in meditation, heads sunk on breast, eyes fixed on vacancy, until one old man shakes another by the hand as a sign that the service is over. Beneath them sits the meeting, men

Drawn by Elizabeth Howell Ingham

A QUAKER CAP

on the left, women on the right; and at the dividing-line of the middle there is a sliding-partition of wood which can in a minute impose a hopeless barrier to unprofitable glances or vain thoughts of sex. Alas! thoughts of sex were long since left behind by the few old folk that still gather in these Brandywine meeting-houses!

All this is intended for what the older writers would have called a "portraiture of Quakerism." It is a portraiture which, if just, holds good even for the last generation that wore the plain clothing and spoke the plain speech. And if it suggests a part of the charm of the friendly life, of

the spiritual activity of full-blown Quakerism, and of the vigor which made the Friends the first combatants for the abolition of slavery and for universal peace the reader must ask: Why have the Quakers lost their grip? Why did the vast project of George Fox bear such excellent fruits, and then dry to the root and well nigh fail?

It was an enterprise for earth too hard that was the first reason. And as though

the essentials of the faith were not difficult enough, the Quakers, from the eighteenth century onward, made the unessentials stumbling-blocks over which a good Friend, without a sin to his credit, might trip himself out of meeting. It was this which brought about what the Friends of this critical generation call "the disciplinary period"—and "the age of Quaker superstitions."

Neither war nor slavery was responsible for the decline of the society. Milton who was strongly drawn to the Friends was unwilling to forego the noble ardor of war, and many less spiritually fit were

Drawn by Elizabeth Howell Ingham. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A QUAKER WEDDING

kept away by the same prejudice. But universal peace was so noble an idea that only the pessimist can suppose that the world was lost to the Quakers because of this firmly held principle. The least investigation shows that persecution for this cause strengthened the society. The same can be said, and more, for the Quakers' early and persistent struggle against slavery. Here, indeed, they reaped the double advantage of early persecution and later popularity.

It was not these essentials, but the unessentials, which made the trouble. George Fox bought scarlet cloth for his wife's mantle, and did not call it vanity; but in later days a scarlet mantle on Quaker shoulders might have led to "disowning" by the meeting. Fox, it is true, wore leather breeches, "the perennial suit" Carlyle makes so much of in "Sartor Resartus"; but the opinion of Quaker historians that they were not for protest, but for use, is borne out by his "Journals," which record peregrinations that would have worn holes in the seat of anything less durable. He advocated the simple dress of his day for his followers, and never dreamed of a uniform. But when the world did not come to them, and the Quakers retired from it, their inherited dress, now grown mandatory and remarkable, furthered their seclusion, and lost to them in the days of their obstinacy many a good soul who, whether from sensitiveness or desire, wished to dress like the world. The "plain clothing," as Miss Gummere, in her admirable book, "The Quaker," makes clear, had its fashions and rigid ones. It had become a badge not of simplicity, but of a ritual. In every sense but one—the esthetic—it was a failure; and charm, however soothing to the Quakeress, was certainly not the aim of the discipline.

Again, there was the burning question of marriage out of the meeting. Not to go to war, not to pay tithes, not to hold slaves, were noble resolves; they strengthened the membership. But expulsion, if one married out of the society, was a wise provision only as long as the Friends retained the hope of a universal association. To be sure, one could appear before the elders to announce that he was sorry that he had chosen such and such a person for his wife, but must, with apologies to the meeting, go on with his contract!] father was asked to apologize for my r ther. I cannot regret that he was (owned by the meeting for refusing.

And, as though this were not enou came a ban upon all the arts, and, fo while at least, a distrust of educati The meetings protested against mu painting, and all the esthetic pleasure in which they seem to have included g bling—not for the evil which might be them so much as because they were (tracting, because they led to a waste time that might be devoted to godlin It may be sadly noted that this argum was much less often urged against greatest of distracters, money-maki With this exception, however, the Frie were logical—more logical, indeed, tl their premises were sound, more log than wise. What is to be said of a s which far down into the late ninetee century, when, Heaven knows, there w real enemies of godliness to contend w has in some instances asked for the moval of a piano, not from the meeti house,—that would be excusable, for admits that church music nowadays sometimes a distraction,—but from home, and all because it was against ancient discipline! As for education fear that it might interfere with the in light led at certain periods to much op sition toward the higher branches. Pr tical good sense saved the Quakers fr this pitfall, but practical good sense always been a blind guide in artistic m ters, and so there was nothing to tell th that the esthetic nature of mankind sho not and cannot be kept under by any cipline whatsoever.

In short, the Friends were strangled their discipline. Sometimes it was in r sonably essential matters, like the bu of the dead. As late as the middle of nineteenth century, worthy Friends w predicting a return of the scarlet wor of Babylon because their fellow-meml persisted in burying their beloved in ' namental cymytaries," where, contrary old custom, gravestones marked the p of rest. Sometimes it was in utter triv ities. I knew of one estimable Qua now alive and not old, who refused yield so far to the world as to part hair, and would probably still be sh headed if his betrothed had not refuse

A GROUP OF EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Top—Dining-hall and main hall, Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania.
Left-center—Part of the quadrangle of the Moses Brown School, Providence, Rhode Island.
Right-center—Parrish Hall, the main building of Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.
Below—Earlham Hall, formerly the main building of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

marry him with it unparted. The Quakers, having fought bravely against the world's conventions, became slaves to their own, and in such customs as the plain language were like savage tribes who perform rites the very meaning of which has been lost. And the reason for this strangling, one must sadly suppose, was a decline of the spiritual energy within them. If their inner light had burned with a constant brightness, it is inconceivable that the discipline would have gotten the upper hand. Well may the present society insist upon the name of "Friends," and deny the nickname "Quaker"; for "Friend" recalls all that was noble and spiritual in their doctrine, and that inner fire for a life with the spirit which burned in the founders of the society; while "Quaker," once given because they trembled at the word of the Lord, signifies plain clothing, plain speech, a meeting, fear of music, and hatred of war—all but the last the very dead cinders and burned-out coals of the faith.

But all was not lost by the nineteenth century. Indeed, all is in no sense lost even now for the Friends. If the glorious project of the founders has been unrealized by their descendants, their most vital principles and the society they began are still much alive, although not, it must be admitted, always so closely associated as George Fox could have wished. The very circumstances of the decline of the Friends' Society in the generations just before our own, and its present revival, illustrate in an interesting and unusual fashion the enduring value of the ideals which underlie Quakerism. None of the many sects that made the England of the Commonwealth turbulent puzzled the authorities more than the Quakers, and no history is more puzzling to the outsider than theirs in the nineteenth century.

One often hears the questions, What happened to the Quakers after the great split of 1827–28 between the so-called Hicksites and the so-called Orthodox? Were not families then torn asunder? What happened in the Civil War? Were not the Friends thrown into the painful embarrassment of struggling against a noble struggle? What happened in the closing years of the nineteenth century, when the change in our social life brought forth a generation which knew not even a mild austerity, and was bound by no cree among the Methodists and Presby father and son were bitterly sep was it not worse with the Quakers?

It was not worse; it seems to hav better, and this despite the fact th sect had never yielded so largely *Zeitgeist* as to make the struggle sarily a slight one. The questions the true nature of Quakerism. Wh Hicksite separation, the greatest ago society has known, because it was an of *discord,* was at its beginning, tl affected in the Philadelphia yearly ing issued an address in which wer significant words, "We feel bound press to you . . . that the perio fully come in which we ought to lc wards making a quiet retreat fro scene of confusion." The rendin of this controversy no reader of C records can doubt, and yet did a q of heresy ever issue forth in such m before? Family quarrels, lawsuit great bitterness did follow, but no in a living church was ever con with less that was scandalous an christian.

As for the Civil War, it brough opportunity than humiliation t Friends. To be sure, their long against slavery left them in an emb ing position. An enemy, War, wa ing out of their hands a struggle a another, Slavery. They could not a of the war, although in Philadelp an old Friend told me, they endeavc regard it as a mere police moveme ganized to put down slavery, and fore not a sin. In the South thei tion was hard, for those who wou pay the exemption-tax were force the army, where they would not In the North a compromise by tax substitute was more general. A mostly Friends by birthright only, over the discipline and went to the with the Union armies. Yet thos stayed at home were neither unpa nor inactive. During the Revo treachery to the cause had been cl against the Quakers, and a group o ers had been imprisoned; but not o of the charges was proved, while, contrary, the Friends made clear t was "by vigilance of the Society in sylvania and its interest with Frie

England that Edmund Burke was returned to Parliament from the city of Bristol." Their vigilance was not less in 1861–65. From battle they were kept by their principles, but instead of denouncing the war and then standing aloof, they supported the President and flung themselves heartily into the work of alleviation. In Philadelphia they were active in the work of the Sanitary Fair; in Delaware they were instrumental in preventing secession, and everywhere their protest against discord seems to have shown itself in an eager philanthropy.

Most interesting of all, and most characteristic, was the fashion in which the last Friends of the old law accepted the defection of their sons and daughters. For the society, though it has held ground in numbers, has in no sense grown with the population, and defection among its best elements was extensive, almost disastrous. Some went to the Episcopalians because they found there the dignity and the formalism which Quakers enjoy. Others went to the Methodists for spiritual intensity without disabilities of clothing or speech. Still others—but this has been rare—made the "fast set" their sect, and, reacting against the discipline, brought notoriety upon names sanctified by the persecutions of earlier epochs. But in all cases the attitude of the society seems to have been the same. It has been one of reproach, of regret, seldom of anger and condemnation. In Wilmington, a Quaker stronghold, the sons of Quakers danced in the seventies, while the daughters of Presbyterians were lucky if they were allowed to look on. Many a family had a Quaker grandfather in plain clothing, an Episcopalian son, and a grandson of a literary and free-thinking turn, with no discord in the household. Indeed, the Quaker never fought fire with fire. He may have suffered for the untimeliness of his principles, but at least the problem of the generations has been less bitter for him than for others. The Quaker household deserves a reputation which I believe has never been given it: in a day of internal disruptions it has kept the peace at home as consistently as the meeting has advocated it abroad.

And this tolerance can scarcely be said to result from a possible deadening of the spiritual life of the society. Unquestionably this life has slackened with the slackening of all spirituality that now flows through the old channels of our sects; but the fire still burns. It was only a few years ago that a Quaker firm of which I have knowledge refused a large and profitable order because the machine belts in question were, in some indirect fashion, to be used for purposes of war. And now a great Quaker company in the English chocolate trade refuses to buy slave-grown chocolate. Shockingly bad business of course, particularly the first of these instances, but proofs that principles still count for something with the Friends. The fire still burns. It was only a few years ago that I heard two ancient women bewail in meeting the decay of the friendly life in faltering accents of tenderness and affection which would have softened the heart of an institutional clergyman. But despite the strength of their feelings, they did not denounce. They counseled example and the influences of love.

Good example and love—these seem weak enough in this time of strident aggressiveness. But at least it has been such counsel which has made nothing become the ancient Quakerism so much as its fading.

I have written so far in a melancholy strain of the decay of a noble religion, the parching of a splendid idealism, and the failure of a great project. It is only right that a word should be said of the younger society, which is again vigorous, vital, and growing.

More than a hundred and forty thousand Friends are now members of the various meetings. In England they are all of the so-called Orthodox branch, and number about twenty thousand; in America these Orthodox Quakers are nearly a hundred thousand strong, with three quarters of them in the new lands west of the Alleghanies. Philadelphia is the center for the Hicksite branch, and their twenty thousand are chiefly in the East. Furthermore, to these main bodies must be added a few scattered meetings of the Orthodox in Ireland and in Canada, and the Wilburites, a small American sub-sect which still professes the rigorous Quakerism of the eighteenth century.

In doctrine and in discipline the distinctions are most interesting. The chief division is still between Hicksite and Or-

thodox, a separation which came as a result of one of those fearfully logical developments of doctrine which have always made trouble for orthodox Christianity. Elias Hicks, a Long Island minister, and others with him, struck a blow for a greater independence of all save the inner light. They denied the paramount authority of the Scriptures; they denied—and this was perhaps more hazardous for the unity of the society—the paramount authority of "the weight of the meeting," by this phrase meaning the more influential members who held the offices and kept the government and even a knowledge of the text of its discipline to themselves. Of course it was formalism and the decay of spirituality, not this separation, which caused the decay of Quakerism; but it was, and is, a grievous wound. As one might expect, the Hicksites are doctrinally the more liberal and the more radical of the two branches. They refuse to rank themselves either with Unitarian or Trinitarian, since, as they say, to assert one God or three in one is, in either case, an attempt to make precise the nature of a spirit. Indeed, there is no doctrinal test for their meetings except, of course, a profession of the inner light; and there are Friends of orthodox belief among them. After a long decline, the Hicksites seem to be actively reviving.

The Orthodox Society of this country is in a strange condition. In the West it is flourishing; in the East it still languishes. In the West there are meeti houses with organs and stained-glass w dows; there are "hireling ministers" revivals. The ancient meeting at Ph delphia looks askance at these proceedi particularly at the last, and calls th Methodism. The Friends are no lon "Friendly" in the West, they say, anc that peculiar adjective is summed u world of disapprobation. The Eng meetings, which are also Orthodox, s to stand midway between the conservat of Philadelphia and the modernism of West. They admit music sometimes, t are no longer eagerly exclusive, and so it is said in Philadelphia, they are "Friendly."

But, alas for the ancient discipli You must go to Philadelphia and a rural communities to find even the r nants of its outward manifestations. plain language has departed except for among Friends of the older meetings, is nowhere required. Plain clothing, with it the Quaker picturesqueness, is v nigh gone forever. A few true Qua bonnets, a few "half-and-half" com mises with the world, seven collar coats, but no broad-brimmed hats, are in the Philadelphia meeting of the Hi ites. The Orthodox are more, but onl little more, preservative of the older f ions. And if a sign of changed time needed, it is to be found on the first p of a recent "Friends' Intelligence where "Spring Opening. Selected St

Drawn by Elizabeth Howell Ingham

QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE IN SALEM, NEW JERSEY, BUILT IN 1772

in Millinery," occupies a most prominent position! There are no disownings now, little rancor left against the world, little animosity between the branches of the society. In the old days the bitterness of schism separated them, even though outwardly they kept the peace. "Now," said one of the oldest and most eminent of the Philadelphia Orthodox, "I say to my Hicksite friend, 'Thee may not believe in the atonement, but if thee ever gets to heaven, thee 'll find that the atonement got thee there.' "

Traces of the old exclusiveness which made the Quakers a people apart from the world still remain. The Friends were long a spiritual aristocracy. Meekness, with them at least, was not always a partner to principles of non-aggression. Nowadays, it is true, the West has broken away from the old policy, and urges fit and unfit to join the meetings; but there are gloomy reports in the East of the temporary quality of results from "sensationalism." In England, where the Quakers constitute a body scarcely to be rivaled for respectability and relative influence, there is a strange survival of their hereditary reserve. One of the most successful philanthropic enterprises of England, the "adult school" movement, belongs to them. Two hundred and fifty thousand workmen have been actively enlisted. But not, mark you, as Friends, though recently a beginning has been made toward urging some of them to fit themselves for the society. When all is said, genuine Quakerism, perhaps, is still a spiritual aristocracy. These twenty thousand English Friends contributed twenty thousand pounds to foreign missions last year, but gained little in membership. One could moralize upon that, upon the reluctance to seek proselytes, upon their aversion to mere numbers as a test of strength, and by no means entirely to the discredit of the Friends.

All in all, it would be folly and ignorance, in the light of the new tolerance and the new vitality of the society, and with knowledge of the high standard of its membership, to say that the Quakers were no more to be a factor in our civilization. A society should go far with the motto, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." I quote from "The Friend," a London paper. A society which maintains, and has maintained for many years, a series of secondary schools the scholastic and ethical standards of which have been so high that their influence is now widely felt, has by no means lost its usefulness. And one need only mention such institutions as Earlham, Bryn Mawr, Swarthmore, and Haverford, where many of our intellectual leaders have been trained, to prove that the prejudices against higher education which belonged to the dark ages of Quakerism have not affected its power for intellectual leadership in the coming generations.

But this modern Quakerism is a new enterprise and a new hope. The Friends of the present hold firmly the cardinal doctrines of the society: guidance by man's best, his spiritual self, simplicity in life, and, as defense and offense, only the methods of peace. They do not retire from the worldly minded to seek "a quiet retreat from this scene of confusion." It may be that when the mixing-vat of all the sects gives forth the social religion which the prophets are foreseeing, they may yet save for us the idea of a personal communion with God, spirit, or better self amid universal socialism. And although other forces are actively at work in the same direction, it may be that now, when at last our civilization seems to be growing ready for the leaven of international peace, they may be that leaven. But for a success in any way resembling the triumph for which George Fox sought there must be a new dispensation of spiritual energy. The "tenderness," the fervor, the great hope of the first great period of Quakerism have departed.

But they have not gone ingloriously. The writer who deduced the political torpor of Philadelphia from the Quaker tendency to leave the world to its vanities was criticized for undue generalization. How much more should I be liable to a like charge if to the philanthropic energy with which the Friend has rightly been credited, to the uplift of noble spirituality, and the simple and worthy life which his example has furthered, I should add qualities to be found throughout the generations descended from the Friends! Yet I believe that there may be found a certain tenderness of mind, an openness of heart toward all the simple things,—nature, the animals, poverty, and sickness,—among

men and women of Quaker descent. And I believe that not only a careful economy of this world's goods (for the Quaker has always respected himself too much to risk poverty), but also an instinctive morality, and an emotional reserve which indicates not a lack, but a wealth of spirit, are gifts not less generally inherited. No, the decline of the Friends has not been inglorious. But either because the spirituality of these last and best of the Puritans was depleted, or perhaps just because the meeting so wrought that my great-uncle, and many like him, broke their flutes over their knees and learned a lesson their children would not follow, the chosen people went back to Egypt, and the great project of the first Quakers failed.

MAY EUCHARIST

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

THOU priestly night of Spring! I woke to hear
Thy thousand voices in one summons blent:
"Arise, O thou who cravest God! Draw near—
Draw near and take this holy sacrament!"

And I arose, and to my window came;
And kneel here in the moon. The light of it
Is fair and solemn as the argent flame
Of many candles on an altar lit.

The air is rich with odor; incense burns
In all the tiny censers of the spring.
No clod, no flower, no blade of grass, but yearns
To add its breath to the vast worshiping.

O night of praise! The meadow marshes thrill
With plaintive chorusings that slowly drift
From tone to mellow tone; the breezes fill
With melody the leaves they gently lift.

Light sleep the birds, with little restless calls,
As if to songlessness unreconciled.
From out the brooding sky there, star-like, falls
A killdeer's eery crying, sweet and wild.

O night of tossing, silver-crested trees!
O night of fragile wraiths of blowing cloud
That veil the moon in tinted radiances!
Thou night of mystery! I cry aloud,

I stretch my hands to thee. I needs must know
The secret of thine utter loveliness.
I hold thee fast, and will not let thee go
Till thou shalt speak, my wistful soul to bless.

Then lo! all voices of this night divine
Begin again to murmur: *"Draw thou near!*
Eat thou the bread of beauty, drink its wine!
Behold! whom thy soul craveth, He is here!"

FINERTY HOLDS THE MEETING FOR THE CANDIDATE

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," "Partners of Providence," etc.

"IDDICATION is it!" said Finerty. "Phwhat w'u'd an ignorant man like me do wid an iddication? Sure it takes no iddication to make a speech. But there is a few things in th' shcool-books that I know. Th' worruld is round like an apple. An' if th' Raypublican pa-a-arthy kapes on, there ain't goin' to be no core."

"Are you going to vote the ticket straight?" inquired Stumpy.

"I am thot."

Finerty opened the door of the sand-house stove and poked up the fire.

"I am goin' to vote f'r McGarigle," he continued as he sat down. "'T was him I med th' speech for two years ago come Choosda'. Did I iver tell ye about it, an' th' awful thing that happened?"

The guests of the sand-house settled themselves comfortably without seeming to think that an answer was expected.

"No, I did not. I was helpin' to hold th' awjence till McGarigle w'u'd be through shpeakin' at th' other two places —me an' th' committee. 'T was in th' Empress Theayter. 'Ladies an' Gintlemin,' says I, 'an' mimbers av th' Sixth Ward Marchin' Cloob, th' time has come whin th' counthry calls f'r a leader. Th' time has come,' says I, 'whin th' voice av juty ixpicts ivery mimber av th' grand ould parthy av Jifferson an' Jackson to march to th' polls on illiction day an' cast his vote. Th' time has come,' says I—an' then, bedad!—Did I iver tell yees about it?"

"Was it a fire?" inquired Stumpy.

"'Th' time has come,' says I—an' wid that a bug flew undther me collar and shtarted to walk south."

Michael let his story rest at this point while he abstracted the clay pipe from his coat pocket and tapped it in the palm of his hand.

"'T was a big wan, wid wings that opened and shut like th' lid av a watch. I can raymimber ivery shtep av his route."

The short-stemmed pipe was refilled and tamped down with his usual deliberation.

"'T was in th' Empress Theayter. I was shtandin' in th' middle av th' stage, an' him walkin' all around on me naked form. But I shtood there an' *I shtuck to me speech like a man.*"

The ghost of a smile overspread his features; evidently this was a most satisfactory reflection. A few locomotive-like puffs followed each other in quick succession from the corner of his mouth. He was getting a good start on the train of thought.

"'As I was about to say,' says I to th' awjence, f'r ye see whin I felt him on me I kem to a shtop. Whin he fell in he was that excited he shtarted runnin' in circles on me. He wint three times round on me chist. An' then he shtopped to think. I c'u'd feel him tappin' me wid his feelers to find out how th' ground lay.

"'Th' finger av th' future,' says I, 'is p'intin' to wan that has always ridden in the van av Dimmycrathic progriss. It is p'intin' to wan,' says I, 'that has always shtuck to th' broad highway av Dimmycrathic principles an' docthrines. It is p'intin' to wan,' says I, 'that has always borne aloft th' torch av liberty an' niver wanst allowed it to fall into th' hands av th' inimy. Again he comes befure ye to be your champion at th' polls. Th' day av action is at hand. It is,' says I.

"Wid that th' bug shtarted to interrupt me again. He took another av his fool notions av goin' somewheres. He shtarted at me right shoulder an' med a short cut acrost me; but he had no more than got down as far as me vest pocket whin he turned around an' kem sthraight back again. Whether he got shcared whin he heard me watch tickin' I dunno,—a bug has no sinse at all,—but annyways I felt him turn around in a hurry.

" 'This will niver do at all,' thinks I. 'If I only had ye out where I c'u'd get wan good swipe at ye!' An' 't was then I saw me way clear."

Michael took out his big silverene watch and consulted it soberly. He stood his shovel up in the corner, where it could be grabbed upon a moment's notice.

" 'As I was about to say,' says I, 'th' day av victh'ry is at hand. It brings pride to me bosom,' says I; an' wid that I hit messilf a whelt on th' breastbone that w'u'd 'a' cracked a nut. An', bedad! I *missed* him! Whilst I was landin' th' gesther on him he shtepped about three inches to wan side. But I kept layin' f'r him.

" 'Th' hopes av Dimocracy,' says I, 'are now sittin' in th' balance. Th' eagle av liberty is now sittin' on th' fince bechune th' opposin' parthies. Th' inimy is bendin' all its efforts to misripresintation an' dethraction. But on Choosda' nixt,' says I, 'th' triumphant Dimocracy av th' First Precin't will go to rigister its will at th' polls. An' whin it does,' says I, 'we will blast th' hopes av th' inimy so high that they will niver come down. We will,' says I, doublin' up me fisht. 'Th' thought av it brings pride to me heart,' says I, an' wid that I hit mesilf a good hard belt.

"I 'm thinkin'," remarked Finerty after a moment's attention to the pipe, "that if it had n't been on th' soft shpot av me I w'u'd 'a' kilt him. Whin he felt th' jolt av it he ran over to th' other side av me. An' then I felt him wipin' his feet on me to sthraighten out his legs.

" 'Ayther in office or in th' civil walks av life he has been a credit to th' land av his adoption. He has been in ivery sinse th' architect av his own fortune. Comin' in airly manhood to the land av opporchunity, he put his shoulder to th' hod and rose by degrees to a position av influence and rispict. At th' earnest solicitation av his parthy he has wanst again consinted to be yer shtandard-bearer. And on Choosda' nixt, whin ye go to th' polls to cast th' ballot av yer counthry, raymimber th' watchword: it is Pathrick P. McGarigle.'

"Whilst I was sayin' that I raised me arm be way av p'intin' over to th' other hall where Pathrick was shpeakin'. An' whin I did it th' bug walked right up into th' pit av me arm. 'Now, me bucko, I 've got ye,' thinks I, an' wid that I put me arm down tight to me side. An', bedad! I *did* have him!

" 'In th' annals av th' past,' says I, 'there shtands no finer signater than th' name av Thomas Jifferson. In th' album av th' future there will be no more illusthr'ous names than av th' min that have shtood at th' head av th' Dimmycrathic parthy. Shtandin' to-day wid wan eye on th' future an' wan on th' past, we feel that we can offer ye a ticket that is aquil to th' best. F'r 't is a time,' says I, 'whin office calls for sthrong, able-bodied min.' "

Finerty paused while he took thought.

" 'Whin our forefathers set their fut upon th' soil av an unthried continent, they realized,' says I, 'that they had come to th' Land av Promise. An', bedad! it has been nothin' but promises iver since. What has th' opposin' parthy to offer ye? They offer ye promises. They have been spindin' thim like wather. But if ye 'll take me confidintial advice,' says I, 'ye 'll not be dilutin' yer politics wid annything like that. Whin ye take yer politics,' says I, 'take it like a man an' take it *sthraight.*'

"An', bedad! I *did n't* have him! Whin I put me arm down I thought I had him where he w'u'd not be disturbin' th' meetin'; but whin he got ready, he worked his way out as aisy as if he was undther a log. An' then he set out in an aisy-goin' sort av a way for a walk down me. I shtarted right in on me speech again, an' whilst he was goin' along I kept thryin' to think av a few appropriate sintimints by which I c'u'd get another swipe at him. But befure I c'u'd make up annything to fit th' occasion, 't was too late. F'r 't is ag'inst th' rules av shpeakin' to be hittin' yerself below th' belt. An' th' divil av it is wid a bug, that he won't kape sthraight on. Ye think ye have him shtarted, an' then there is no dependin' on him.

" 'Bad cess t' ye!' thinks I, an' while I

was thinkin' it he turned to th' right and kept right on in th' diriction av me pants' pocket. 'T was then I saw I w'u'd be havin' th' advantage over him. An' that time, bedad! I *did* have him! Wid an aisy gesther I advanced me right fut and rested me hand in me pocket. 'Now fer ye,' thinks I. 'Kape a-comin'.' An' wid that I nabbed him."

Finerty paused.

"There was a pa-a-a-art av me speech," he continued, "where I had to be p'intin' to th' north and th' south, th' east an' th' west. I was now comin' to it. And I saw I w'u'd be needin' me right hand to do it, f'r ivery wan knows that I am not a lift-handed shpeaker. Befure I let go me hold av him I gave him wan good hard shqueeze. But ye might as well thry to break th' shkull av a turtle. I must have done *something* to him though; f'r whin I let go he was that shtunned he fell clean down to me knee befure he caught himsilf.

"And then he kept right on; an' I 'm thinkin' by th' way he walked that if I did n't smash him in a vital shpot, I at least med a cripple av him. He wint three times round me leg goin' down. And all th' time he was doin' it I was kapin' on wid me speech and listenin' f'r th' sound av th' band.

" ' 'T is a record,' says I, 'av dishonor and bethrayal. 'T is a record,' says I, 'av corruption and misrule'; and at that p'int in me speech I heard thim comin' down th' sthreet. Th' band was playin'. Th' cheers av thim were breakin' out, and I c'u'd hear pieces av 'Hail Columb'a.' Whin they got in front av th' buildin' th' band kem to a shtop whilst th' bass drum helped thim out on three cheers and a tiger. 'Wha-a-at 's th' matther wid McGarigle?' says they. 'He 's a-a-a-all right.'

" 'Th' infant industhries,' says I, 'have got too la-a-arge and heavy f'r th' people to carry. They have been cherished and proticted till th' cradle av Liberty is like t' break down wid th' weight av thim. Let thim shtand up and walk,' says I.

" 'Wha-a-a-at 's th' matther wid McGarigle?' says they. 'He-e-e-e 's all right.' And wanst again th' bass drum kem in wid th' noise.

"F'r th' time bein' I had to shtop me speech. And whin I looked down at th' flure I saw th' bug lyin' hilpless on his back an' workin' his legs.

" 'Th' rimidy,' says I, 'is wan that I will now l'ave to be treated upon by a tongue far more eloquent than me own. I refer,' says I, 'to th' Hon. Pathrick P. McGarigle, who will soon be here to take me place upon th' platform. Thankin' ye wan and all f'r yer kind attention,' says I —an' wid that th' big doors were held open, and I c'u'd see Pathrick comin' into th' enthrance escorted be th' band. And th' musicians were just liftin' their horns to give the first blast av 'Hail th' Conquerin' Hero Comes.' 'Not fergettin', says I, 'th' ladies that have come here to honor us wid their prisince. *F'r,*' says I, 'th' fut that rocks th' cradle is th' hand that rules th' worruld.' Whin I said that I med th' gesther wid me fut. An', bedad! I *smashed* him!"

HOLIDAY

by
Horace Holley

DECORATION BY W. M. BERGER, BASED ON A SKETCH BY BERTHA HERBERT HOLLEY

TAKE dulling sleep away,
Too-anxious gods of labor!
We laugh to scorn your gifts of calm repose.
Bring rarer gifts than those—
The garland and the tabor;
Meadow and spring are bright with
holiday!

Oh, raise the wreathèd pole
In ancient, pagan fashion;
Summon the piper and the fiddler round
To voice with ardent sound
Our deepest, dumbest passion,
Silent too long in our devoted soul.

What though our bodies bow
Or earthward droop our glances?
These are but servants to our hearts' desire,
Which, catching secret fire
From songs and May-day dances,
The laggard limbs with eager grace
endow.

Yea, every joy you give,
Each soul-intoxication,
Turns back the gathering tide of doubts
and fears,
Restores our jubilant years
As by divine creation,
And frees the rhythmic powers by which
we live.

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ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE MEMORIAL AT PUT-IN-BAY, OHIO, TO COMMEMORATE THE CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE AND THE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

BY J. H. FREEDLANDER AND A. D. SEYMOUR, ASSOCIATE ARCHITECTS

THE MAN FROM THE SEINE

BY JOHN S. REED

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

"*OHÉ,* Jules!" cried Armand Pergot, *agent* of police, as he leaned on the parapet of the Pont du Carrousel in the uncertain dark of the dawn. "It is cold, *mon vieux.*"

M. Jules Pigalle, *sergent de ville,* responded with a grunt from the direction of the embankment.

"But thy fat body keeps thee warm, thou great stove of a man."

"Warm!" grumbled Jules. "Name of a pipe! I have a great surface to cover, and every part of it is of ice."

It was three in the morning. Up the eastern sky of Paris morning crept trembling, palely flushed with storm-wrack. It was May, but Paris could not remember so cold a May.

"*Tiens!*" laughed Armand. "Thou art not amiable this morning. Thy wife again?"

"Look to thine affairs, kind of a—what is it that it is?" he added in a startled voice.

"Where?"

"There in the Seine, at thy feet, imbecile."

"Ah! *bon Dieu!* it is a dead man!" Although M. Pergot was a liberal, he crossed himself involuntarily.

"Come, give a hand!" They descended to the water's-edge. A shapeless gray object bumped gently against the masonry. It was wet and gruesome to the hands as they dragged it on to the *quai.* In the growing light of morning they turned it over with their feet.

"What a year!" exclaimed Pigalle in a bored voice. "*Voilà* the sixth idiot I 've pulled out within a month! The world is going crazy."

"He resembles some one I know," mused the other.

"Nonsense!"

"But, yes. Let me think—no—ye M. Pergot struck an attitude of a n about to launch a profound truth. "W it not for the mustache, he would be I poleon Bonaparte Vidoq, Chief Inspec of Police."

Jules laughed scornfully. "Head o peasant! *Par example!* M. Vidoq in Seine at four in the morning! Why, Paris would know it by this time. (thou ox, telephone the morgue! Af ward return and guard monsieur. I to my bed." He moved off, rubbing hands maliciously.

From the middle of the bridge the grieved Armand called:

"*Ohé,* Jules."

"*Holà.*"

"I know now whom that corpse sembles."

"Whom, then, idiot?"

"Thy wife's *gigolo!*"

Upon which he vanished.

Five minutes later the corpse sat and rubbed his eyes. In the clear light full day he inspected the bridge, the ri the puddle in which he sat. Down-stre the gilded figures on the Pont Alexan caught fire from the sun. Except the l of clouds in the east, the sky was cl His first idea was that he was cold bey his worst dreams of cold; his second ca with the thought of dry clothes an warm fire. He suddenly realized that did n't remember where his home lay, a then it came over him that he 'd *forgot who he was!*

The *corbeau* who picks up cigar butts in cafés is poor and wretched a homeless, the faded woman who pat the Boulevard St. Germain after n night is hungry, friendless, without ho

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"'HE RESEMBLES SOME ONE I KNOW,' MUSED THE OTHER"

but to lose one's identity is a catastrophe that engulfs all of these. It is like beginning all over again, with not an acquaintance in the wide world; like a baby, man-grown, with a man's powers, it is true, but with all a man's needs and desires.

The man from the Seine sat in his new swaddling-clothes and gazed upon the river which had given him birth. Suddenly he understood that with his identity had gone the knowledge of how to gain food and clothing, the way to keep himself alive. He was seized with a violent shudder. Black horror closed down upon his brain and gripped it until he screamed aloud. Then he leaped to his feet and ran furiously up the stairs and down the street. An early milkman yelled a jocose word about "pigs who wash their clothes in the Seine," and asked him where his soap was. An uproarious party in a taxi wanted to know whether he was the street-sprinkler. The man doubled

his speed, rounding corners, crossing streets, he knew not where. It was as though he were trying to run away from the idea which straddled his aching shoulders.

When at length he could run no longer, he was before "les Halles," the huge market pavilions, the "belly of Paris." Hundreds of great peasant carts, filled with vegetables, were being unloaded at the gates. The streets were piled high with mountains of food. From within came a continuous roar, made up of men shouting, heavy boxes being trundled about, and the shrill bargaining of haggard old women.

The man sank into the corner of a church wall and sobbed. All about him the sordid tide of early rising humans flowed past—night wastrels retiring to rest, factory girls, rough workers of the markets, and starving wretches who think that where all Paris is fed there must be crumbs for her poor children.

It took a long time to get used to the idea. After an hour, the man stood up, brushed away the tears, and discovered a fourth idea—that he needed food.

His clothes were now dry enough to be unnoted among the crowd. He found five francs in his pocket, entered a tiny café thronged with slatternly hags and surly *voyous,* and ordered coffee with a *petit verre.* It was a surprise to realize that he knew what *"petit verre"* meant. It encouraged him, and made him curious. He hunted for a mirror to see what kind of person he was. The glass showed a man of middle age, with pleasant eyes, iron-gray hair, and a black mustache. He actually smiled at his reflection.

"Courage!" cried the man from the Seine to himself. "Life 's not so bad, after all. After my coffee—"

On a table near by lay a copy of the "Matin." He picked it up, and immediately his attention became riveted to a picture. It was not a well-printed picture, but the portrait was obvious. It was a portrait of himself! He verified it by a searching examination of the mirror. Above it was the legend, "Charles-Auguste Gognard, *dit* 'Casque d'Or,' 10,000 Francs' Reward." Below he read:

Charles-Auguste Gognard, called Casque d'Or, the murderer of M. de l'Armac, is still at large, owing to the stupidity of the Paris police. To aid his apprehension, the "Matin" offers the above reward, etc. *Inspecteur principale* M. Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq, the most acute member of the department, is now searching in disguise for the accused.

It is a disgrace that Paris, the capital of the world, one of the greatest cities in Europe, is overrun by criminals and governed by inefficient, etc.

The man from the Seine was about to let out a yell and leap through the plate-glass window when another item caught his eye:

Dernières Nouvelles. Another instance of police stupidity. At twelve o'clock last night a taxicab driven by Adolphe Alterne of Number 5 Rue Antoine smashed through the wooden structure protecting repairs on the Pont Royal, and fell into the Seine. It contained one passenger, a tall man with gray hair and a black mustache. The driver escaped, but no trace was found of the passenger. He is believed to be imprisoned in the sunken taxicab, which will be raised to-day.

4 A.M. *Agent* Armand Pergot *et* M. Jules Pigalle, *sergent de ville,* of the Sixth *Arrondissement,* report the discovery of a body answering to the above description in the Seine near the Pont du Carrousel at 3:15 this morning. They depose that having left the corpse alone to summon aid, on their return fifteen minutes later it had vanished. This is an instance of the wholesale incompetence which has ruined the Paris police. For it is evident that both descriptions tally with that of Charles-Auguste Gognard, murderer of M. de l'Armac. If he is alive, which is possible, the criminal is still at large. If dead, the body should be hanged as a public example.

The man from the Seine gripped the table so hard that it cracked. Great drops of sweat poured down his face, and the back of his head prickled. Something in his brain seemed to give way. He remembered being in a taxicab, remembered all of a sudden the horrible cracking of broken wood, the breathless plunge downward. Beyond that all was blank. But what need to know more? The chain of evidence was complete. He was a murderer!

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"AFTER AN HOUR, THE MAN STOOD UP"

To get out, to get out, to get out! This hammered his intelligence like a riveter. All this crowd must suspect; the whole world was after his life. He did not dare to look around. If he could only reach the door! The love of life—the life of which he was not a part, was so strong in him that everything else was crowded out of him. He was almost to the door.

"Eh bien, ami, you drink my coffee and forget to pay, *hein!"* roared a voice. The shock was terrible to the man from the Seine.

"Son of a pig!" He almost screamed, and snatching out four of his precious francs, he flung them on the floor, reeled out, and was gone.

It is a far cry from les Halles to the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, yet there is where the man finally arrived, after three hours of blind wandering. There he sat upon a hidden gravestone and thought and thought. "M. Napoleon B. Vidoq, the most acute member of the department, is now searching in disguise" was branded on his eyeballs. They were all about him, then. It seemed as though the very dead under his feet might rise up to catch him, as though the solitary grave-digger off yonder might be Vidoq in disguise. Disguise! Why not disguise himself? It was a great idea. He cursed himself for not having thought of it before. The obvious thing was to shave off his mustache. He felt around and discovered a franc. It was only a step to a tiny barber shop. He settled back in the chair, felt the warm lather on his face, and closed his eyes. What a blessing was that first bit of rest, how soothing the security of the little shop!

"Hee! hee!" cried the barber, intensely amused. "Monsieur was joking me."

"How so?"

"Monsieur knows well, hee! hee!"

The man from the Seine looked into the glass. The barber, shaking with delight, grasped a razor in one hand. With the other he had pulled off a wisp of hair. *The mustache was false!*

The man caught the barber between the eyes, was on the sidewalk in two jumps, and leaped down an alley, twisting, turning, doubling like a fox before hounds. He rubbed the lather off his face with his sleeve as he ran. His breath came in sobs.

After a while he came unconsciously to a walk, lurching a little like a drunken man. He could not think. A mustache is a small thing to build a world on; but of that he had been *sure,* at any rate. Now, the one thing that he had trusted, had been certain, painfully certain of, had failed him. Perhaps he was all that way. He dared not pull his hair.

Once when he passed a *poste,* an *agent* came suddenly out. It was our friend Jules Pergot. He looked hard at the man, saluted, and came toward him. It was as though the poor devil had never run at all. Seven minutes later he passed Boulevard de la Villette, a mile away. M. Pergot puffed behind, shouting something that sounded like "oq!" but might have been *"Halte!"* The cries grew fainter, finally dying away, and the man from the Seine emerged in the Park of the Buttes-Chaumont, fell upon a bench, and fainted. Passers-by thought him asleep.

It was evening when, weak and sick, he

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"IT WAS NOT A WELL-PRINTED PICTURE, BUT THE PORTRAIT WAS OBVIOUS"

came to himself. He looked straight up through the trees to a high, pale heaven blazing with stars. He lay there for some time without the least thought of danger or escape. He was too weary to run, too ill to scheme for his life. He had no mind to give himself up, but they might take him if they would. He felt curiously post-mortem, detached; like a ghost come back after the mourning is over, when he is forgotten.

Although he knew he had murdered a man, his conscience did not trouble him, because he could not remember how the man had looked in death or why he had killed him.

The man from the Seine rose and wandered weakly down toward the place where the lights made a glow in the sky. As he walked he became stronger. He was aware of overwhelming hunger and overwhelming drowsiness.

He spent his franc on some buns at a *boulangerie,* and devoured them like a cab-horse. It must have been almost midnight when he reached the Pont du Carrousel. It was as cold as winter, but the man felt strong and even happy as he leaned on the parapet and looked down upon his mother, the river. If he could only sleep! Why not under the bridge, on the *quais,* where no one came? He stumbled down, eyes half closed in anticipation of slumber, and blundered into the blackness under the arch.

It seemed to the man from the Seine as though he felt something cold and hard against his neck. He reached up to brush it away, found a knife, behind the knife a knotted hand, then an arm. Sleep left him.

"Lie still, my *coco!*" said a rough voice. Nothing but a voice, a hand, an arm; no face in that close night of a place. He lay still.

"Now explain thyself. What dost thou do here? Lie to me, and by the teeth of Fate I 'll bite thee well."

The man was not frightened. He was past that. Besides, here he was coping with a man, and not with the justice of men.

"I am a murderer," he said tranquilly. "I have escaped the police."

"Saperlipopette!" cried the other. "I, too, am a murderer. Thy hand, *camarade!"* They clasped hands firmly. The knife withdrew.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"THE MUSTACHE WAS FALSE!"

"Hein!" went on the voice, "how didst thou get thine? I met my fine buck *flanant* in the Faubourg, the imbecile, in evening clothes. It was a chic piece of work. I crept up behind him without his hearing; he was settled *comme ça."* He snapped his fingers. *"Bon Dieu,* how the pig bled! He had money—"

The man from the Seine hardly listened. Such a tide of joy, solace, love came rolling into his empty heart that he trembled. Here at last in a strange world of enemies was a human being to talk to, a fellow-creature who could sympathize, that greatest of human needs, a friend. Oh, it was sweet to lie there and know that near him was one link to hold him to the world! He reached out and touched the stranger's coat.

"Hey, what dost thou?" said the voice.

"I was making sure that thou wert not merely a voice," said the man from the Seine.

"What dost thou call thyself?" asked the voice, curiously.

"Tell me thy story first, and then I 'll tell thee mine."

"Bien!"—with a note of pride and satisfaction—"one has put 10,000 francs

upon my head. I am Charles-Auguste Gognard, *dit* Casque d'Or!"

"Qu-u-uoi donc?" stuttered the man from the Seine.

"Ah, thou hast heard speak of me!" said the great man. "I am known, I am an artist." He babbled on, relating a sickening tale of cowardly assassinations. The man from the Seine sat up suddenly. He felt the blood in his body stop moving, then pound through his veins so loud that he felt the damp walls must echo to it.

"Now thy little tale?" said Casque d'Or.

"I—" gasped the man from the Seine, hoarsely.

"Sapristi! what hast thou, *ami?"*

Then suddenly from both sides of the bridge came a flash of lights, and a score of police rushed in. Gognard struggled like a fiend, but was quickly overpowered. He stood disarmed, breathing hard, his arms held by *agents,* a look of utter malignity on the face that flashed out in the gleam of *Sergent* Armand Pigalle's pocket-light.

"Ah, I thought so!" exclaimed the latter in a complacent tone, *"Le voilà! Mes enfants,* the ten thousand is ours! And now to the other. Doubtless an accomplice."

When Pigalle flashed his light on the spot, the man from the Seine sat stupidly, as he had sat all the time, with an *agent* on each shoulder. He blinked solemnly.

Pigalle bent to peer into his face; galvanized, he leaped backward with a choking yell. *"Non! non!"* he cried; then again suddenly: *"Dieu,*—but, yes, Monsieur Vidoq! Fools, oxen, get up! Ah, *M. l'Inspecteur,* a million pardons!" The light shook and flared in his hand. All about men gasped and squealed. It was uncanny. *Mon Dieu!* it was magnificent! The greatest feat since the days of the Second Empire!

It came with a rush to the man on the ground, all the blank story before the episode of the taxicab. How he had put on the false mustache to hunt for Casque d'Or, how he had taken the taxi from the *sûreté.*

And amid the huzzas of men drunk with enthusiasm for the hero who had covered them all with glory, Vidoq rose from the ground. Just for a moment, through the whirling shock of new emotions, he felt that tie of affection which had bound him to the first fellow-creature in all the world; then his normal, keen, police intelligence reasserted itself. And these men that cheered him—the glory of the *gendarmerie*—

Casque d'Or blazed at him, wrestling with his guards. M. Pergot looked inquiringly, respectfully at his chief. Vidoq waved his hand.

And as they proceeded in state, the good *Sergent* Pigalle dropped back to walk with his chief. He was intensely curious. M. Vidoq cast a sidelong glance at him.

"The instincts of a good detective," he remarked pompously, clearing his throat, "are inborn and unconscious; but"—

M. Pigalle's eyes still queried.

"Er—careful deduction is most important," concluded the man from the Seine.

HELP FOR THE HARD DRINKER

WHAT CAN BE DONE TO SAVE THE MAN WORTH WHILE

BY CHARLES B. TOWNS

Author of "The Injury of Tobacco" [1]

THE people of the world in general, and especially the people of the United States, are asking some more questions about the cost of alcohol—not its cost in money, but its cost in men. They are questions which statistics cannot answer, which, indeed, can never be definitely answered; but we know enough to be assured that if answers could be given, they would be appalling. With increasing unanimity the thinkers of the whole world are saying that in alcohol is found the greatest of humanity's curses. It does no good whatever; it does incalculable harm. A dozen substitutes may be found for it in every useful purpose which it serves in medicine, mechanics, and the arts; its food value, of which much has recently been said, is slight or nil; and it has worked greater havoc in the aggregate than all the plagues. If not another drop of it should ever be distilled, the world would be the gainer, not the loser, through the circumstance. Yet the use of alcohol as a beverage is continually increasing. The number of its victims sums up a growing total. Sentimentalists have failed to cope with it, and the law has failed to cope with it. In combating it, the world must now find some method more effective than any it has yet employed.

When we consider excessive drinkers as a class, we find that a large number of "alcoholics" are born with tendencies which make alcohol their natural and almost inevitable recourse. As a rule they are naturally highly nervous, or, through some systemic defect, crave abnormally the excitation which alcohol confers. For these reasons, granting favorable opportunity and no great counterbalancing check, they are foredoomed to drink to excess. Some are predisposed to alcoholism by an unstable nervous organism bequeathed to them by intemperate parents or other ancestors; others are drinkers because they do not get enough to eat, or fail, for other reasons than poverty, to be sufficiently nourished; and others, possessing just the favorable type of physique, become alcoholics through worry or grief. All these kinds of people are victims of a habit which, properly speaking, they did not initiate, and of which, therefore, censure must be very largely tempered. Yet they are generally treated as though they had perversely brought about their own disease, a course not more reasonable than the punishment of people for developing neuritis or cancer.

The demand for a more effective as well as a more logical treatment of alcoholism has even greater urgency than comes out of this injustice. Much of our best material falls victim to this disease. By general admission the alcoholic often possesses many qualities of mind and temperament which the world admires and pronounces of the utmost value when rightly developed. Even the careless weakling who drinks to excess is proverbially likely to be generous, magnanimous, warmly impulsive, even quixotic. The finest sensibilities, the most delicate perceptions, and the most enthusiastic temperaments—from all of which qualities great constructive results may be expected—are notably the most exposed to alcoholism. A far greater number of its victims than the offhand moralist is inclined to concede have admirable sturdiness of will and dogged persistence. With less, per-

[1] In THE CENTURY for March, 1912.

haps, they would not have become excessive drinkers. They are alcoholics because with the help of stimulants they have habitually forced themselves to overwork, to bear burdens of responsibility beyond their normal strength, or to overcome physical obstacles, like poor health, eyestrain, and insufficient nourishment. The man who drinks is not necessarily depraved; but under the influence of stimulant he is very likely to drift into associations and environments which will lower his standards until he becomes irresponsible, unadmirable, or even criminal.

ARE ALCOHOLICS GETTING A FAIR CHANCE?

IT is perhaps not going too far to say that most alcoholics have not been given a fair chance by their bodies, their temperaments, or the actual conditions of their lives. The question is, Are they getting a fair chance from society—society whose experience has demonstrated that it must in some way protect itself from them?

At present the only public recognition of the alcoholic is manifested through some form of penalization. He loses his employment, he is excluded from respectable society, in extreme cases he is taken into court and subjected to reprimand, fine, or imprisonment. Nothing is done to bring about his reform except as the moral weight of the non-remedial punishment may arouse him to his peril and set his own will at work. Instances where this occurs are rare, because the crisis always comes when, through the influence which alcohol has wrought upon him, his brain has been befogged and his will weakened. Society does virtually nothing to awake that will or to assist its operation. The man whose drinking has so disarranged him physically or mentally that he is obviously ill is, it is true, taken to the alcoholic ward of some hospital, but even there no effort is made to treat the definite disease of alcoholism. For example, Bellevue and Kings County Hospitals, where New York's two "alcoholic wards" exist, are institutions devoted especially to the treatment of emergency cases. As a matter of course, the alcoholics taken to them are merely "sobered up." As soon as they are sobered and have achieved sufficient steadiness of nerve to make their discharge possible, they are turned out again into the liquor-ridden city, with their craving for the alcohol which has just mastered them no weaker, with their resolution to resist its urging no whit stronger, than they were before the crisis in their alcoholic history engulfed them. There is as yet no public institution in New York City where a man, either as a paying or a charity patient, may go for medical treatment designed to alleviate the craving for liquor; no organized charity makes provision for the medical treatment of the alcoholic. Only three States in the Union attempt to provide more competently than New York State does for this class of unfortunates. The provision they make progressively treats men convicted of drunkenness in the courts with surveillance, threat, colonization, and finally perpetual exclusion from society. Massachusetts has a colony for inebriates, New York is to have one, and one other State is doing something of the sort.

This, then, is at present the treatment accorded by the public to the victims of this serious disease. There are no clinics devoted to the study of alcoholism, although it is the ailment of probably one third of the sick people in the world today. Those who feel disposed to question this statement will be convinced that it is reasonable if they but make a count of the private sanatoriums dealing exclusively with alcoholics in and near New York, and, indeed, dotting and surrounding all our large cities. Connecticut, New Jersey, and Illinois will show a startling number. And it must also be remembered that many of the cases of disease other than inebriety treated in all public hospitals have histories more or less alcoholic, and that the insane asylums are crowded with those gone mad through drink. It is the demand of common sense, not of sentiment alone, that this situation should be altered.

Provision never has been made really to help even the man who, having lost control, is anxious to regain it. Inquire of the United Charities in New York and of similar organizations in other cities, and you will learn that they are doing the most intelligent work in the treatment of tuberculosis, but that alcoholism is getting

only condemnation and punishment, not curative methods; yet there probably are forty alcoholics to every consumptive. Neglect is almost universal, and where that charge cannot be brought, there the errors are incredible and continual. Many are charitable toward the drunkard, giving him their dimes when he begs for them, and thus promoting his inebriety; but society as a whole ignores him until he forces its attention through his helplessness or often through some sin, which might be more rightly charged to alcohol than to any natural criminal tendency in the man's nature.

ALCOHOLICS SHOULD BE TREATED AS INVALIDS

THE physician, as things are, can do little with the sufferer from any ailment if his system at the time is impregnated with alcohol, for the alcohol may very likely prove an antidote to the medicines, or, if it does not, may prevent the patient from taking them. An alcoholic does not keep engagements; he cannot be expected to take doses as prescribed by his physician. An alcoholic who is also ill of something else is doubly ill, but he usually gets treatment only for his secondary illness. No man who has lost control through stimulants is well, and until he has been definitely treated, he cannot be expected to act normally. The world does not yet know how to deal with him. Sequestration as it is usually practised—trips round Cape Horn, weeks spent in the woods where liquor cannot be obtained—will never do it. Not only must the physical yearning be eliminated, but the mental willingness to drink must be destroyed before reform can be accomplished. It is at this point that the sentimentalists are wont to fail. A promise made by one in whom the craving for the stimulant exists cannot properly be considered binding, for such a one is not responsible for what he promises. If body proves stronger than the mind in such a battle, he is merely an unfortunate, not really a liar or a weakling. The world's loss through alcohol has been incalculable. No community ever existed which could afford to relinquish the services of all its citizens who drink to excess or even of those who frequently get drunk. Yet society has continually maintained that when encountering the alcoholic it has crime, not disease, to deal with. Hence the crudely ineffective idea of penalization as a preventive.

In general the nearest approach which has been made toward physiological treatment—beyond, of course, the mere "sobering up" in an occasional hospital of patients made delirious by drink—has not been through medicine, but regimen, and this regimen has invariably included sudden enforced abstinence. This remedy is worse than the disease. It rarely helps and sometimes kills. A confirmed alcoholic, thus deprived of stimulant, may in consequence sustain a permanent lesion of the brain. I have seen many men who had been pronounced insane after they had been deprived of alcoholic stimulants, without proper treatment, but whose minds became perfectly clear as the result of the definite medical care their cases really required. Numbers of far from hopeless alcoholics are yearly being sent to our insane asylums, where there is little chance of their recovery. Furthermore, by merely depriving an alcoholic of alcohol, without eliminating his desire for it, we are likely to force him into something worse. An enormous increase in the direct use of habit-forming drugs and in the use of raw alcohol united with paregoric, cocaine, or laudanum has followed in every locality where prohibition has been adopted. Thus the attempt to enforce abstinence upon the man who wants to drink is not only ineffective, but destructive.

The late Dr. Ashbel P. Grinnell, for seventeen years dean of the Vermont Medical College, studied this phase of the subject, gathering interesting statistics.

After Vermont's adoption of prohibitory legislation, he sent out to wholesale and retail drug stores, general stores, and groceries that carried drugs as a part of their stock a letter in which were inclosed blanks calling for specific information concerning the sale of habit-forming drugs. Such was his personal standing in the State that he received responses from all but two or three of those whom he addressed, and these indicated that such sales had swelled rapidly until they indicated a daily consumption equal to one and one half grains of opium or its alkaloids for every man,

woman, and child in the State. This vast increase in the use of dangerous drugs he attributed solely to the prohibition of the sale of liquor. Thus it must be argued that the attempt to enforce abstinence upon the man who wants to drink is not only ineffective, but destructive. Society may thus save itself from a few drunkards, but is likely to get lunatics or "drug-fiends" in their places.

REFORM CANNOT BE ATTAINED BY PUNISHMENT

At the foundation of the present treatment of the alcoholic is usually the idea that threatening with punishment can be effective. Actual experience and the slightest examination prove this to be preposterous. The man who drinks when he knows he should not, does so because he cannot control himself, and he who has lost his self-control is obviously irresponsible. A threat, or the remembrance of a threat, cannot restrain him. A man who had committed a crime while drunk, but whose whole career had otherwise been reputable, was sentenced to life imprisonment. After he had served six years his friends presented so strong a case to the governor that he was pardoned, but with the warning that if he took one drink he might be returned to prison to complete his sentence. An excellent illustration of the slight influence of fear upon the alcoholic is furnished by the fact that within a very short time he was arrested for public drunkenness. Punishment breeds rebellion, and when you make a man rebellious you are most unlikely to reform him. Punishment has never yet cured a disease. The inflamed brain not only carries grudges, but is almost sure to intensify them. If a man is discharged from his employment or arrested at a time when he is in the abnormal alcoholic state, the effect on him cannot be reformatory; it must be to arouse his resentment, not his repentance. The employer who discharges a good man from his position because of drunkenness not only fails to deal intelligently with the man or with the subject, but may very likely be committing a crime against society by robbing it of a useful citizen and at the same time forcing a useless one upon it. A man taken to court for drunkenness should with great care be properly classified. It should be determined whether he is an habitual drunkard, an occasional drunkard, or an accidental drunkard. There may be hope for the occasional drunkard, there is, invariably, hope for the accidental drunkard. If one of these is found to have employment at the time of his arrest, great care should be exercised not to let the fact that he has been arrested prejudice his employer against him, and as far as possible he should be spared humiliation. Nothing will more quickly unfit a man for anything worth while than humiliation. To punish such a man with a prison term will help no one.

Neither should he be sent back to his liberty without some recognition of the fact that he has been drunk and irresponsible. Any police officer, and more especially any police-court reporter, will testify that almost every man who, having been arrested for drunkenness, is discharged from custody without penalty, for one reason or another, social position, political importance, or previous good character record, will find a saloon within two blocks of the court and take a drink on the way home. He will probably not get drunk,—the impression made by his arrest will remain too strong to permit that,—but he will take a drink. And that and other drinks will help time drive from his mind the memory of the arrest, the cell, the court. And what is true of him who has been arrested and discharged is also true of him who has been arrested and imprisoned.

Punishment fails utterly to "reform" the alcoholic.

Nor is colonization more effective. It means segregation. A man once said to me: "I want to be helped, but not at the cost of compulsory association with others seeking help. I know that to be thrown into unavoidable contact with those worse than myself would hopelessly degrade me. I should not be willing to risk that, no matter how much good the treatment might do me." Colonization of the alcoholic stamps him only a little less deeply than his stripes are sure to stamp the criminal who is sent to prison, and its effects upon him and his family are not more desirable than they would be if the process made exactly that of him. He is likely to be barred from employment

after his discharge from the colony, and thus find it impossible to reëstablish himself. Moreover, during the period of sequestration, it is difficult to devise a plan for the care of the wives and children of those sent into seclusion. At a time when nothing in the way of betterment can be expected of him unless he regains confidence in himself, such treatment does not strengthen, but cripples a man's spirit. Surveillance after his return will work on his imagination, cowing him into morbidness, until that alone will first weaken his will and then break it down. Too great emphasis, therefore, cannot be placed upon the viciousness of colonization for any but the first of the three classes into which I have said that all men charged in court with drunkenness should be carefully separated. Colonization of the hopeless is advisable only because such men, before they have descended to that stage, have cost their friends and society all that it is advisable to spend on them. If the man who is worth while is to be saved, it must be without the application to him of the brand.

So much for the existing public methods of dealing with the alcoholic. The most usual private method is for a man's family or friends, when he has lost control, to send him to some place where he can "get a grip on himself." But he does not receive in such a place, any more than in the hospital or prison, that specialized treatment which alone can make that regained "grip" effective. General treatment, accompanied by a gradual withdrawal of stimulant, will restore his bodily strength, with the result, in nine cases out of ten, that when he emerges from the seclusion, he is able to drink more than he was before he was sequestered, and will be sure to come to grief more quickly. In most cases his craving and need for stimulant are in no degree decreased, and in consequence he will frequently relapse while going to the railway station on the homeward journey. An even graver danger is that, while still in full possession of the alcoholic habit, he will in addition contract the hyperdermic habit, and any drug habit developed in the alcoholic is the most difficult of cases to deal with successfully. If he does relapse, his friends will almost surely hold him blameworthy and impatiently abandon him as hopeless, believing everything to have been done which can be done. In reality nothing at all useful has been done to help him. He is a sick man, and no attack whatever has been made on his disease.

COMPLETE MENTAL CHANGE MUST PRECEDE REFORM

THIS brings us to the kernel of the matter. No man who has become addicted to the use of alcohol can possibly abandon it unless he has first undergone a complete mental change, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this alteration of the mental state will not come until he has experienced a physical revolution. The reason for this is simple. Excessive use of alcohol really deteriorates tissue, and tissue degeneration transforms for the worse the entire physical and mental make-up of a man. The confirmed alcoholic is in the state which, save in rare instances, nothing short of specialized medical treatment can correct. Mere general building up of bodily tone is as ineffective with alcoholics as is enforced deprivation or punishment.

Some years ago, through Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York City, I gave to the medical profession a formula for securing this physiological change necessary to counteract the effects which alcohol sets up in the human system. This formula was published in "The Journal of the American Medical Association." In a long experiment I had found it completely effective, and it has since been tried the world over with success. It is a very simple prescription, the ingredients of which are purchasable at any drug store. I do not give it here because every physician already knows it or can easily obtain it without cost, and because it is distinctly a medical treatment, which, though perfectly safe, should never be administered except by a physician. Other ways of effecting this physiological change may some day be discovered, but I believe this to be the only one available at present. It is a treatment which may be administered without publicity and in a few days. The patient need not even be missed from his neighborhood, and an ordinary cold might keep him longer from his business. I emphasize this point particularly because many men

are afraid to take any treatment for alcoholism lest through it they lose their standing with themselves or with their neighbors. Self-respect must be protected at every stage of the struggle as the patient's only hope. My purpose in writing this article is to show that the only chance of reforming most alcoholics lies in giving them opportunity, through this physiological change, to reëstablish confidence in themselves.

In setting about the business of treating an alcoholic, the first step is to realize that he is in an abnormal mental state. To moralize or to appeal in the name of sentiment to a warped and twisted mind is, I believe, sheer waste of time. To the man who has lost control, it must be first restored before he can be put to thinking. You cannot expect the distorted alcoholic brain to be honest with you or with itself.

The second step is to give the patient that definite medical treatment which will correct his physical condition. Once this change has been effected, you have a man whose system is no longer crying out for liquor, with every nerve a-quiver for it, every tissue thirsting for it. There have been reforms from alcoholism which were not preceded by this physiological change, but they have been very rare.

The physiological metamorphosis may be accomplished from without, by means of treatment, without assistance from the patient other than mere acquiescence. The mental change can be assisted from without; it cannot be accomplished or maintained by any one except the patient. Despite himself a man may be successfully treated for other ailments, but not for alcoholism. By an intelligent subsequent attitude friends or physicians may help to restore self-confidence, but that is all they can do.

After the desire for it has once been eliminated, the patient cannot afford to take any stimulant whatever, and after a proper change of mental attitude he will not wish to. From alcohol he must abstain altogether, even in illness. Let no recovered alcoholic risk relapse because alcohol seems to his physician to be desirable as a stimulant. Indeed, the most extreme care should be exercised to avoid medicines containing alcohol even in small percentages, and this will bar most of the proprietary remedies. When he is hungry, let the recovered alcoholic be sure to eat; when he is weary, let him be sure to rest; when he feels ill, let him be sure to consult without delay a competent physician. None of these conditions indicates a necessity for stimulant. I will not even discuss the possibility of a relapse with any one who, having once lost control through stimulants, has regained it, and extreme care should be exercised to see to it that those under treatment do not come into contact with any one who has relapsed.

Thus the man who is worth saving may be saved. Society owes every alcoholic a fair opportunity to reform; it may be questioned if it owes him repeated opportunities. Many alcoholics never have been and never could be useful citizens. Waste of money and emotion on them is lamentable to contemplate; the sums at present thus hopelessly thrown away would aggregate enough really to restore every alcoholic actually worth saving. Sentimentalists do not like to admit the limitations of useful help, but those limitations do exist, and we should reckon with them. If we do, the man worth saving will have all the better chance.

A TEST OF THE WORTHY

IT is possible to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy by the simplest of expedients. Usually the question, What is this man willing to do in return for help? will, with its answer, also supply the answer to the inquiry as to his worthiness. No man of sufficient mental fiber to make helping him of any actual value is willing to accept charity. Even if he finds himself at the moment unable to repay the debt involved, he will be anxious to make it a future obligation. My eleven years of experience have proved to me that the sense of personal obligation is of great moment in this matter. Even when it becomes necessary for a relative, employer, or friend to assist a patient by the payment of his bills, it should be regarded a part of the treatment to consider this a loan, which must be repaid, and not a gift. It follows, sadly enough, that the most hopeless alcoholic is the rich young man to whom financial obligations incurred for treatment mean nothing whatsoever, and to whom responsible

employment is unknown. Indeed, it seems well-nigh impossible to reform the vagrant rich. The man who thinks that giving up his alcohol is primarily a privation, although he may admit the definite necessity of this privation, is not likely to reform permanently; but there is hope for that one who declares without apology that drinking is a bad business and that he wishes to be helped to stop it. I cannot say with too great emphasis that self-respecting pride is the main hope of the alcoholic.

It must not be overlooked, however, that it is the pride of the alcoholic who is worth helping which makes him difficult to reach. To try to help such a man when it is too late is a pitiably usual experience, for not until it is too late does the pride of such a man allow him to apply for help. The man who says, "I will not drink today," and finds himself compelled to; who promises himself, but cannot keep his promise, is the man who most deserves help, and is most likely to yield some sort of good return on an investment made in him. Indeed, it is the rare alcoholic, worthy or worthless, who, of his own initiative, submits himself to treatment. Friends must assist; but while the importance of such friendly service cannot be overestimated, it must be of the right kind or it will be worse than useless. Friends of alcoholics too often either sentimentalize or bully when they go about the task of helping, or they allow too little time for the accomplishment of the reform. Successful business men are specially likely to act childishly when dealing with the mighty problem of assisting alcoholics to their feet. They are likely to affirm that there is no excuse for any man who yields to drink. If they have given help before, they are prone to call attention to the fact that their beneficiary has not recompensed their kindness by reforming, and declare, for instance, that they will pay his board another week, but that that will be the end of their endeavor. This spirit,—and it is the usual spirit,—can accomplish nothing; and the money spent in this and other ill-considered and half-hearted efforts to save men has not decreased, but has increased, the dissipation it has sought to stop. Even relatives and intimate friends are likely to become weary of a case which shipment to some private institution, deportation to a ranch, or embarkation on a sailing-vessel for a long voyage has failed permanently to help.

Such treatment works no reforms, or almost none. Until the cause of drinking is removed, travel from one place to another in an effort to obtain reform by breaking up old associations will be of no avail, but will, instead, repeat the experience of the old woman in the fairy tale who was bothered by a goblin. When she uprooted herself from her old home and sought another, the goblin, hidden in a churn, went with her. It was the old woman, not the cottage, he was haunting; it is the man, not his environment, in which the alcoholic habit finds its stronghold. When a patient by intelligent treatment has been put into a receptive state of mind, he should be told to look up his old associates and to them declare himself upon the liquor question. If they are friends, they will congratulate him; if they are not, he will have gained by making certain of it. And there is very little danger that, after he has seen them, he will wish again to make intimates of them; that after, in his sober senses, he has examined the surroundings which they frequent, he will be willing to return to them. Being himself normal, he will wish for normal men as friends; being far more fastidious than he was when he was alcoholic, the old haunts will fill him with disgust. This declaration of himself the man must himself make. Good friends may help him otherwise, and chiefly by refraining from the slightest thing which may by any chance tend to decrease his self-respect and his confidence in his own power to stay reclaimed.

NOTE: Further discussion in this group of articles will deal with the drug habit, its treatment, and the need of uniform restrictive legislation.—THE EDITOR.

CLEVELAND'S FIRST ELECTION

HOW HE CAME TO BE SELECTED AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE—WHEEL-HORSE OPPOSITION—A MEMORABLE THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION—A CARD INDEX OF OFFICE-SEEKERS

BY WILLIAM GORHAM RICE

Assistant Private Secretary to Grover Cleveland as Governor of New York

I WENT to the Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1884 prepared to answer questions about the record of Governor Cleveland, because, as his assistant secretary at Albany, I knew what he had done in legislation, what appointments he had made, and what opinions he had expressed.

It was soon clear that his acts and utterances had already appealed to and satisfied progressive-minded delegates from all parts of the country, and they became ardent advocates for his nomination. Lined up against him, however, and against all that he stood for, was every reactionary element in the convention. Between these opposing forces stood that considerable number of delegates which in all national conventions puts forward "favorite sons" of their respective States, yet are open to the conviction that a choice from some other State may be better. It was Mr. Cleveland's courage and rectitude, as shown in his public acts, that finally won over to his support this latter body of men, and made possible his nomination for President in 1884.

It is not now the time to relate the convention story. Let it suffice to say that throughout the contest at Chicago, James H. Eckels of Illinois and I worked together for Cleveland, and our rooms became a kind of press information bureau and clearing-house for facts about him. Thence very late every night I sent a summary of the events of the day to the Albany "Argus," where what I wrote would meet the eye of Mr. Cleveland and Colonel Lamont, then his private secretary and always his trusted friend. With us was also Edgar K. Apgar, a delegate from New York State, whose eloquent final seconding speech did much to consolidate into effective action the real Cleveland sentiment of the convention. Of this sentiment Daniel Manning, later Secretary of the Treasury, had been the marshaling genius ever since the day, two months before, when he had accepted Cleveland as the man for whom Democrats could make the best fight.

I consider Apgar the real discoverer of Cleveland, and it was Apgar's keen, logical faculty and eloquence which largely pressed Cleveland's name to a successful issue in the New York State Convention of 1882 and the National Convention of 1884. For while Cleveland was one whose rugged integrity showed more and more in office, and whose record has come increasingly to give him a place in our history as a great American, his early political advance was due to the far-seeing discrimination and untiring effort of a small group of men. Some of these were political enthusiasts who loved him for that characteristic which is expressed by the phrase "Public office is a public trust," while others saw in him the most practicable instrument at hand to secure a return of the Democratic party to power.

The Chicago Convention of 1884 had this in common with other recent Demo-

cratic national conventions the nominees of which have won a majority of the popular vote, that the candidate named was chosen despite the active, pronounced, and intense hostility of the leaders of the most powerful organization within the party, Tammany Hall. This organization, while local in name, has nevertheless always drawn into affiliation with it men of like tendencies from other parts of New York State and from the country at large.

In this particular, the records of 1876, of 1884, and of 1892 are entitled to consideration in determining Mr. Cleveland's representative relationship to public affairs.

I.—In 1876, at the St. Louis Democratic National Convention, an address was issued which stated in part:

As the friends of Governor Tilden from New York are industriously circulating a report that the opposition in the State of New York to his nomination emanates from those either without personal character or having little political influence, it is proper that the facts should be laid before the delegates assembled that they may be able to judge in an intelligent and impartial manner the truth of these statements, and shape their action accordingly. The following list of prominent New York Democrats, who oppose Mr. Tilden's nomination on the ground that *he cannot carry his own State* or the country, is the best answer to these statements.

This address bore the names of John Kelly, August Belmont, William R. Travers, Fernando Wood, John T. Hoffman, Sanford E. Church, and more than a hundred other citizens of New York State, all men who accepted the leadership of Tammany Hall. Notwithstanding that opposition, Tilden was nominated, and despite that prediction, carried New York State. His popular majority in the country at large was 266,000.

II.—In 1884, at the Chicago Democratic National Convention, W. Bourke Cockran and Thomas F. Grady were the chief spokesmen for Tammany Hall and its affiliations in other parts of the State and country. In the course of a long speech in the convention Mr. Cockran declared:

"Believing that *Mr. Cleveland cannot carry the State of New York,* I protest solemnly against his nomination."

And Mr. Grady, in an attack in detail on Mr. Cleveland's record in labor and in other legislative matters, announced:

"I say to you *the State of New York cannot be carried by Mr. Cleveland.*"

It was after this latter speech that General Bragg, a Wisconsin delegate, in describing Cleveland's supporters, made this memorable reply:

"They love him, gentlemen, and they respect him not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him best for the enemies he has made."

Notwithstanding the opposition, Cleveland was nominated, and despite the prediction carried New York State. His popular majority in the country at large was 23,000.

III.—In 1892, at the Chicago National Democratic Convention, there appeared a declaration in round-robin form. This announced that *"Mr. Cleveland's nomination would imperil the success of the party. . . ."* It bore the signatures of Richard Croker, W. Bourke Cockran, William F. Sheehan, D. E. Sickles, H. W. Slocum, Edward Murphy, Jr., Hugh J. Grant, Roswell P. Flower, and every other delegate except two from New York State. Again Cleveland was nominated notwithstanding this opposition, and despite this prediction carried New York. His popular majority in the country at large was 366,000.

Neither the nomination nor the canvass affected Governor Cleveland. It was, in fact, a source of constant surprise and admiration to me to see how, during the summer and autumn of 1884, he fulfilled with his usual care and patience his daily duties at Albany. He determined pardon applications, investigated public-health complaints, and considered the many other prosaic matters that make up the routine work of a governor. Several times he went fishing for a day. He took his usual autumn vacation in the Adirondacks. He met and advised with those who called upon him from all parts of the country. He sought no one; he saw everybody who came. In the political excitement about him he was always calm and well settled as to what his course would be. His candidacy made little change in his way of life. His speech of acceptance, his later letter of acceptance, and two brief ad-

dresses, one in New Jersey and one in Connecticut, constituted virtually all his extended formal public utterances during the Presidential campaign. In fact, he went out of the State only twice, and then but for a few hours, to make the Newark and Bridgeport speeches above referred to. Mr. Cleveland, painstaking, deliberate, unversed in political manœuvers, and comparatively unknown, in many respects besides that of indulgence in speech-making was the antithesis of the brilliant ex-Speaker and Secretary of State, the experienced campaigner, the shrewd party manager, and intimate of great business interests, Mr. Blaine, who was the candidate of the Republican party. Such differences were sufficient to account for much wavering in political affiliations among the masses of both parties.

Within a few hours after the polls closed on election day, Mr. Cleveland and his associates in Albany perceived that the Presidency depended upon the vote of New York State. After casting his ballot in Buffalo, he had returned late in the day to Albany. With Colonel Lamont and other friends he was at the Executive Mansion, and even before figures were known, congratulatory telegrams began to come from all parts of the United States. The earlier press and other special despatches had been decidedly favorable to Democratic success, and New York State had been claimed by a majority of many thousands. But New York City, it soon appeared, had fallen far below Democratic expectations, and few satisfactory despatches from other parts of the State were received. A little after dark, rain began to fall in torrents, the telephone went out of commission, and as there was no special telegraph wire in the Executive Mansion, news was brought by messengers from the main telegraph offices.

Accustomed through many elections to rely upon comparisons of election-district figures to ascertain results with certainty, I went to the "Argus" newspaper-office, knowing that from the press wire there I could secure detailed returns. My calculations, based upon the percentage of comparative loss or gain in such election districts as were reported, showed me almost at once that New York State was exceedingly close. I therefore sent a special private message to Colonel Lamont at the Executive Mansion, telling him that while the drift in the State for Mr. Cleveland seemed surely sufficient to carry it, the indications were that the majority would not be over 2000. As the night wore on, this became more and more evident. The danger of the situation was quickly grasped by Colonel Lamont, and we concerted plans which I am still inclined to think made sure the victory for Mr. Cleveland. Soon after midnight we sent the following urgent telegram to every Democratic county chairman and to many other prominent Democrats throughout the State:

> The only hope of our opponents is in a fraudulent count in the country districts. Call to your assistance to-day vigilant and courageous friends, and see that every vote cast is honestly counted. Telegraph me at once your estimate, and let me hear from you from time to time until actual figures are known.
>
> DANIEL MANNING.

While this was signed with the name of the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, as a matter of fact, he knew nothing of it until replies began to come in. In subsequent telegrams we instructed carefully chosen attorneys to go to the clerk's office of their respective counties and watch the filing of returns; to get, if possible, certified copies, and to transmit them by special messenger to Albany. By these means gradually we collected semi-official returns, and twenty-four hours after the election we knew Cleveland's safe majority at the Executive Chamber more accurately than it was known anywhere else. The exact majority determined finally in December was 1047.

The day following the election the excitement, already great, was multiplied a hundredfold when it was comprehended that the vote in New York State was so close. How extremely close it was can be realized by the fact that a change of one vote in two thousand would have changed the result. The excitement reached such intensity as virtually to check all customary activities and to bring business to a standstill. Democrats were convinced that in 1876 Tilden had been "counted out" and defrauded of the Presidency, and

were determined that this should not occur again. For days the tension of feeling continued unabated, while the New York "Tribune," then preëminently the Republican organ, repeated its claim, unsupported by figures, of Blaine's election. This claim, reflecting the attitude of the Republican National Committee, aroused the suspicion that a movement was on foot to tamper with the returns. This suspicion was not diminished by a wide-spread belief that the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company were under the control of Jay Gould, one of the most conspicuous of Mr. Blaine's supporters. In New York City crowds gathered about the Gould residence and shouted in rhythm:

Hang! Hang! Hang Jay Gould!
Hang! Hang! Hang Jay Gould!

Meantime, though not unaffected by the general mood, Mr. Cleveland kept quietly at his work in the Executive Chamber, firmly resolved that, having been fairly elected, he should be inaugurated. When our Executive Chamber tables were completed, and he was satisfied that they told the truth, he telegraphed to a friend in Troy:

I believe I have been elected President, and nothing but grossest fraud can keep me out of it, and that we will not permit.

About ten o'clock in the morning, on November 7, three days after the election, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Albany came to the Executive Chamber, and said he had received an important message, with instructions to deliver it into Mr. Cleveland's own hand. This was the message:

Governor Cleveland:

I heartily congratulate you on your election. All concede that your administration as Governor has been wise and conservative and in the larger field as President I feel that you will do still better and that the vast business interests of the country will be entirely safe in your hands.

JAY GOULD.

Coming from the head and center of the group of interests that had continued to claim his opponent's election, it satisfied Mr. Cleveland that the contest was really over and the victory won.

After reading this telegram, Mr. Cleveland handed it to me and said: "Well, Rice, I guess it 's time to write our Thanksgiving Proclamation. Where is your little book?" The little book was "Synonyms and Antonyms," edited by Bishop Fallows. Mr. Cleveland had some time before discovered this upon my desk, and had made use of it many times. Thereupon, at his desk in the main room of the Executive Chamber, he wrote with his own hand—at that time he never dictated to a stenographer—this proclamation:

The people of the State of New York should permit neither their ordinary occupations and cares, nor any unusual cause of excitement, to divert their minds from a sober and humble acknowledgment of their dependence upon Almighty God, for all that contributes to their happiness and contentment, and for all that secures greatness and prosperity to our proud commonwealth . . .

In accordance with a long-continued custom, I hereby appoint and designate the 27th day of November, 1884, to be specially observed as a day of thanksgiving and praise. Let all the people of the State, at that time, forego their usual business and employments, and in their several places of worship, give thanks to Almighty God for all that he has done for them. Let the cheer of family reunions be hallowed by a tender remembrance of the love and watchful care of our Heavenly Father; and in the social gatherings of friends and neighbors, let hearty good will and fellowship be chastened by a confession of the kindness and mercy of God.

This I have always considered as his first writing after he felt that the Presidency was assured to him.

Early in 1892, when there was some discussion of Mr. Cleveland's hold upon his party, my conviction of his strength led me to make a special analysis of the vote of New York State for some years preceding. These figures showed Mr. Cleveland's remarkable vote-getting ability, and controverted rather conclusively the claim that he was not so strong as his party. I sent a condensation of them to

Mr. Cleveland, and he replied with this letter:

Gray Gables,
Buzzards Bay, Mass.
June 13, 1892.

My dear Col. Rice,

I don't believe you have an idea of the pleasure afforded me by the receipt of your note and its inclosure.

So many associated with me in the past and for whom I grew to have the most friendly regard have revealed themselves in strange ways, that your constancy has been especially gratifying.

Have not the figures you send been substantially printed quite generally? It seems to me I have seen something to the same effect in the newspapers lately. . . .

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

However, Mr. Cleveland sent the figures to Mr. W. C. Whitney, who was to command the Cleveland forces at the approaching national convention. Mr. Whitney saw their bearing upon the special question at issue, and when the seventy delegates from New York State united in their declaration that Mr. Cleveland's nomination would imperil success, he had these figures printed on a card for distribution among the delegates from other States.

The last paragraph of Mr. Cleveland's letter quoted above illustrated a rather remarkable trait in his make-up. This was that he never took much interest in pre-election details or figures. During the campaign of 1884, seeing him daily, I was much impressed with the fact that he gave but slight attention to the question as to the States from which he might hope for his majority in the Electoral College. While many about him were making up the various combinations of electoral votes which, with those of New York, would give him such a majority, he apparently made no calculation, and, I believe, never held in mind the exact electoral strength of the States. What was ever before him were the large controlling movements. Just where they might translate themselves into effective action seemed of minor consequence. Apparently he was as much interested in Massachusetts as in Indiana, though the former was virtually certain not to give him her vote, and the latter was virtually necessary to his success.

An occurrence in the summer of 1884 illustrated Mr. Cleveland's calmness and his avoidance of the sensational. He walked three times a day, morning, noon, and night, at exact hours to and from his house at Albany to the capitol. This walk was generally without any companion except when he had some friend at his house or happened to ask some one to lunch or dine with him. Coming from the Executive Mansion one morning during the campaign, he was stopped by a man who made some unreasonable request. Mr. Cleveland refused the demand, whereupon the man struck at him,—it was said, with a paving-stone. Parrying the blow, he brushed the man rather vigorously aside, and thought no more about it. On his arrival at the Executive Chamber he made no mention of the encounter, and it became known to us only when telegrams and telephone inquiries began to come from New York City and from other parts of the country. After this, though Mr. Cleveland did not know it, a "plain-clothes man" kept him in sight as he regularly walked to and from the capitol.

When the election was settled hundreds of letters of congratulation and advice began to come. Most of them were serious, but some were of gayer tone, and in the demands that soon crowded upon Mr. Cleveland it was a great satisfaction to hear his hearty laugh. Almost every morning I was able to select something amusing from the mail. He enjoyed again and again these curiosities of correspondence. While the proper names are changed in some of these now published for the first time, the subject-matter is given exactly as written in the originals in my possession. An early application for office reads:

Wayside, Ill., Nov. 7, 1884.

Dear Grover Cleveland,

I lost all I had on your majority in N. Y. but I congratulate you. I am a poor man.

J. P. SAMPSON.

P.S. For God's sake let me have the post office at this place.

Yours truly,
J. P. SAMPSON.

From a brilliant cartoonist of the campaign came this:

Office of Puck, New York.
Nov. 7, 1884.

Dear Governor,

Pray accept my heartiest congratulations. "Puck" has had its usual luck.

Yours respectfully,
BERNHARD GILLAM.

And here is a charming letter from an unknown admirer:

Nov. 15, 1884.

Dear Mr. President,

I am glad you are elected. I am as glad as though I was a man not a little girl.

With love,
IONA SHERWOOD.

One supporter reassured the President-elect with these words:

Kingston, Mo., Nov. 14, 1884.

Grover Cleveland,

Dear Sir and President,

I have been ratifying ever since the election. Have lost considerable time and sleep, also lost an office by electioneering for you instead of myself. I was up this morning at 4 o'clock, shooting anvils. The country is safe.

Respectfully,
P. F. WILLARD, Constable.

A rival aspirant for the Presidency in the course of an excellent letter wrote:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 22, 1884.

Hon. Grover Cleveland,

Esteemed Sir,

. . . It is not to be denied that I would have changed the result if I could have done so, but failing in that, I bow submissively to the powers that be, as expressed in the voice of the people (the men). . . .

Yours truly,
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

When Mr. Cleveland began to consider his cabinet and the other more important appointments, special letters came to him in great numbers. One group of these was most curious. The writer of them was a newspaper man of high reputation and of wide acquaintance with Washington life. He called on Mr. Cleveland at Albany and, when he left, stated he would send from time to time information about public men, unsigned, but in his own handwriting. Thereupon there began to come a daily envelop containing unsigned cards of convenient form for filing. These cards treated of nearly everybody proposed for the cabinet, of distinguished visitors announced in the public press as on their way to Albany, and of well-known men generally who might be commended for office themselves or might ask office for others. There was a separate card for every person, and his good points were written in red ink while discreditable facts and undesirable characteristics appeared in black.

Thus each card embodied a concise record of the deeds and a keen estimate of the character and influence of the man named therein. Giving as they did an incisive, impartial, and, I believe, upon the whole an accurate analysis of those about whom they were written, they presented a comment of unusual wit and wisdom upon American national politics. The point of view was that of an experienced and able observer of current events, and the whole record made a kind of Judgment Day book of men of both parties conspicuous in national affairs—in civil life and in the army and navy.

It can readily be imagined that not a few visitors who came to see Mr. Cleveland were surprised at the knowledge of the political affiliations of prominent men which was shown by the unsophisticated President-elect.

GENERAL HARRISON'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE PRESIDENCY

HIS REFUSAL TO MAKE PREËLECTION PROMISES OF PATRONAGE—SENATOR PLATT'S EXPECTATION OF THE TREASURY PORTFOLIO—HARRISON'S UNWILLINGNESS TO FIGURE IN THE ELECTIONEERING

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. W. HALFORD, U. S. A. (RET.)

Private Secretary to President Harrison

THE steady advance in civil-service reform has reduced the dangers incident to Presidential patronage. These might be minimized still further if Congress were to adopt the recommendation of President Taft for the further sweeping inclusion of appointive officers within the restrictions of the classified service. This challenge of the President to Congress, and the appearance of the often-proposed constitutional amendment extending the Presidential term and making the incumbent ineligible for reëlection, reveal the continued existence of the evils of patronage.[1] While it has become an unwritten law, to which thus far both parties have adhered, to give a second term to a President who has not erected an insuperable barrier, as did Andrew Johnson, who broke with his party, and Mr. Hayes, who, in his inaugural address, declined a renomination in advance, it is still true that "the second term" is a harassment and a weakness. From the first day he enters into office the acts of a President are judged as having some sinister reference to his own renomination, while appointments are assumed to be a cog in a machine to effect his continuance in power. If there were ineligibility for reëlection, or, as some States provide with respect to the governorship, if the incumbent may be eligible to serve for only four years in any period of eight years, there would be neither reason nor occasion for discounting everything a President does, and he might be allowed to develop whatever "policy" an executive may rightfully have, with the advantage of a sane and unselfish atmosphere both in Congress and in the public press. Certainly, with the extension of the civil service as Mr. Taft has urged, and the adoption of some rule of limitation, the country would be spared the turmoil into which it is now thrown every quadrennium, and never with acerbity exceeding the present commotion.

In one form or another patronage is the test of the quality of the man aspiring to or occupying a chief executive office,—a test culminating in severity in the case of the Presidency. When the movement for the nomination of General Benjamin Harrison for the Presidency reached a stage where it was thought to have fair promise of success, attempts were made to bind him with pledges as to patronage. Those who were close to the pre-convention canvass, or who went to the Chicago convention of 1888 charged in any measure with responsible representation of General Harrison, knew both how persistent these efforts were likely to be and how utterly futile they necessarily must be. The only word of importance that General Harrison gave to these delegates was that under no possible stress should there be even a semblance of a bargain, for under no circumstances would he be bound by any

[1] Since this article was put in type President Taft has publicly announced that he favors such an amendment.—E.W.H.

promise, express or implied, either during the campaign or later, if election should follow nomination. Some gentlemen of prominence thought this attitude might be reconsidered or modified. They affected not to believe or to understand it. In their view it might serve to "window-dress" a campaign, but between "practical" men, or even "between fri'nds," such utopian, even if constitutional, ideas must not be permitted to stand in the way of advantageous "arrangements."

A great deal has been printed about President Harrison's failure to name the late Senator Thomas C. Platt for the Treasury portfolio, as though it was a breach of an implied promise conveyed to the New York leader by authority at the Chicago convention. Besides the utter unlikeliness of such a promise, even the most remote, on the part of General Harrison, a new and conclusive statement from a friend of both Mr. Platt and the late President was given to me a year ago, when the story was under repetition upon the authority of a memorandum confided by Mr. Platt to the late William E. Curtis. Six or seven years ago my informant and Mr. Platt happened to be traveling between New York and Washington in the same car. They engaged in political reminiscence, Mr. Platt bringing up the matter himself. The senator gave expression to the high regard he had come to entertain for General Harrison, and voiced his regret that he had been led to believe that Harrison had authorized the promise that was conveyed to him at Chicago that he should have the portfolio in the event of the election resulting favorably to the Republican ticket. Mr. Platt went on to say that, whatever may have been the purpose, or belief, of the persons making the representation, he had become convinced that Harrison had authorized no such promise. This statement was made fourteen or fifteen years after the date of Mr. Platt's memorandum to Mr. Curtis, and was entirely voluntary.

Efforts were more than once made to entangle General Harrison in some form of ante-election agreements as to the cabinet and other matters. At a critical juncture of the campaign, when it was thought that he might be more amenable than his friends at Chicago had represented him, approaches were insistently made, and first-hand information all but demanded. A close friend was induced to be the bearer of these suggestions to General Harrison, who, as soon as they were presented, replied, "I can be defeated for the Presidency, but I cannot be dishonored." With this final answer the election came on without further incident of the kind.

Immediately after the election, the President-elect asked me to become his secretary, and it was agreed that I should do so upon his inauguration. But at his own desire this arrangement was changed, upon the ground that he did not wish to have two secretaries intrusted with necessary confidences, one before and the other after his induction into office. The election was on the sixth of November, and I left editorial control of the Indianapolis "Journal" and became his secretary on the twentieth of the same month. The organization of the administration is thus a matter of personal knowledge to me.

General Harrison at once began to consider the personnel of the cabinet. There were many interviews and discussions with leading men, and even with formal delegations that were properly interested and ready with advice. On one occasion a number of Ohio gentlemen called, and one of them, Congressman Butterworth, an old and valued friend of the general, made a characteristic address, outlining the kind of man it was desirable to have in the cabinet. When he was done, General Harrison quietly and quaintly remarked: "Major Butterworth, we are in entire agreement in this matter. Kindly give me the name of the gentleman you have been describing; I cannot appoint a photograph." The cabinet was absolutely "open" to General Harrison. There was never the slightest suggestion of restraint upon him in considering any man for any place at any period of these discussions and conferences.

When he went to Washington a week before the inauguration, General Harrison had settled upon its membership with the exception of one or possibly two places. Both for personal and party reasons he was desirous that New York should have representation in his official family, and he expressed a willingness to accept any one who would be satisfactory both to him and to the Republican leaders of the State. At a conference of New

York Republicans held in Washington, the name of General Tracy was agreed upon, and the President-elect cordially assented to this choice. General Tracy became Secretary of the Navy, and was one of the President's most trusted advisers, and their close friendship continued until General Harrison's death.

The pressure over patronage was extraordinarily heavy, as Harrison succeeded the only Democratic administration since 1860. Upon certain politicians he had not made a strong impression. His only national service had been one term in the Senate, and while he had won the esteem and challenged the respect of all who came in contact with him as an able, useful, conscientious senator, it was not in his nature to hold relations with political coteries or machinations. His nomination for the Presidency, brought about as it had been without special adventitious aids, had not been expected by the wiseacres and prophets. He was rather an unknown quantity to many fancied "leaders," particularly with some who subsequently felt themselves called to be the appointed guardians or administrators of one who could scarcely be trusted to walk in Presidential ways without their aid. A similar misapprehension had existed in the case of Mr. Lincoln, the first Republican President, and with similar results. Under these conditions no small degree of friction naturally developed.

The criticisms against President Harrison grew almost entirely out of appointments. His ability to grasp questions of administration was generally conceded, but he was not a "practical politician." In his inaugural address he had cordially welcomed advice as to appointments, the necessity for which he felt, and which was evident. But he insisted that such advice, whether voluntary or invited, should be given with "consideration and fidelity," and always with the recognition that the duty and the responsibility of appointment resided in the President, and he insisted upon his own judgment as to fitness and character.

The estrangement of Senator Quay from the President, which the latter deeply regretted, for he recognized and appreciated the great service Mr. Quay had rendered as Chairman of the National Committee, and was anxious that he should so understand, grew out of the President's attitude toward appointments. Early in the administration Senator Quay called upon the President and gave him a memorandum containing the names of the men the two senators from Pennsylvania had selected for marshals, district attorneys, collectors, and postmasters in the cities supposed to be subject to senatorial recommendation. The President asked for information concerning these men, but Mr. Quay replied that that was unnecessary as he had the guaranty of the senators. The President said he thought the appointing power was entitled to know the character and fitness of every one whose name was sent to the Senate, and before sending in the name. He was assured by the senator that there need be no anxiety as to the confirmation of the proposed appointees, for he would see to that himself. But the President replied that beyond the Senate lay the great public, to which he as President felt himself responsible, and that no matter whom senators might recommend or what the Senate might do in the way of confirmation, if an appointee turned out badly, the President, and not the senators or the Senate, would be held responsible. He asked that letters of indorsement be filed; but Mr. Quay declined, as he did not consider it necessary, in view of the senatorial recommendation. The President then said that he could not consent to the surrender of the personal responsibility for appointments which the Constitution enjoined, and he would have proper inquiries initiated on his own behalf, and he hoped the result would be to corroborate the judgment of the senators. But even this was distasteful to Mr. Quay, and thus began the estrangement that finally resulted in an openly hostile attitude on the part of the senators from Pennsylvania.

Strange schemes as to the distribution of patronage were suggested. Senator Farwell of Illinois evolved a scheme whereby a schedule of offices should be made out, assigning the number and nature of those to be given to each State upon the basis of the Republican votes cast at the preceding Presidential election. The senators and representatives of the States were then to fit into the schedules

the names of the men they should agree upon. Necessarily they would know these men better than the President possibly could. These slates were to be accepted by the President, and the appointments sent to the Senate.

Imagine such a plan being seriously suggested to any President, and particularly to a man like Harrison! Yet it was because of the rejection of such a crazy-quilt as this that the senator chose to part political company with President Harrison. No more bitter attack could well have been made by one man upon another than Mr. Farwell made upon the President to me because of Harrison's failure to appreciate the beauties of this method of putting the Presidential office in commission.

Such a plan is in effect still upheld by certain political organizations which desire to make any chief executive, National, State, or municipal, a mere rubber-stamp in the matter of appointments. In 1893, I crossed the ocean with a prominent New York leader who made a severe criticism of General Harrison, based entirely upon disagreements over appointments. I pointed out the fundamental error which he and others like him seemed to entertain. They conceived that "the organization" had been elected to the Presidency, and that, as trustees of the organization, it was their right and privilege to present to their agent daily agenda of what they desired him to do, expecting to secure his obedient *visé*. On the contrary, General Harrison believed that, having been chosen to the Presidential office, he had a personal duty to perform under the solemnity of an official oath for the discharge of which both his conscience and the people would hold him accountable.

A New York congressman once expressed his unfeigned delight over the admirable plan in vogue in his State and district whereby the name of the men to be recommended for appointment to every place or vacancy was sent to him by the "organization," so that he had no other care in the matter than to present them to the President or to the proper departments. Very suggestive is the whimsical story of the bachelor congressman, who, on being approached with the suggestion that it would be well for him to marry, at once expressed his willingness and inquired whom the organization would recommend. Such easy methods of evading responsibility may answer for recommendation, but when recommendations are to be enacted into appointments, a man with President Harrison's ideas could hardly "go the length." Not by him would the Presidency be held in solution.

Early in the summer of 1891, finding him continuously firm in his attitude, a number of influential leaders combined to prevent his renomination. The country was prosperous. Harrison had won the confidence of the people, more interested in a sane and just conduct of public affairs than in scrambles over place or in efforts to maintain personal political supremacy. The cleavage was only with those who were discontented with the distribution of offices and who found the President "unstampedable." The anti-Harrison movement was made to appear formidable, but no confidence is violated by the statement that these gentlemen sought approach for some compromise whereby they could "save their face." A common friend was asked to see the President and, if possible, to procure from him some statement to the effect that in the future they would be "consulted" about party matters, meaning, of course, that they were virtually to control appointments in which they might be specially interested.

This gentleman visited President Harrison at Cape May Point, where the President was spending his vacation. The ground was thoroughly gone over. After a full, frank, and friendly debate, and against the advice of the visitor that some *modus vivendi* should be found consonant with the President's ideas, General Harrison ended the matter by saying that those who were opposing him on the grounds stated would have to be guided by their own sense of justice and propriety. For himself he would not say anything that they or others could interpret to mean that any one would be given special advantage in influencing the action of the administration. He could not mortgage himself directly or indirectly, or in any degree promise special and exclusive favoritism, even if by so doing he were made sure of reëlection. He then added that he did not wish to be reëlected; he

did not desire to become again a candidate, and was not able to bring himself to consider with favor the thought of a second term. He gave his visitor full permission and authority to say this to those who had desired the conference, and to tell them also that in due time and in his own way he would take himself out of consideration for renomination.

That this was the sincere attitude of President Harrison at that time was well known to those closest to him. He never gave unnecessary confidences, but he did not hesitate to express himself freely to his intimates when he thought proper to do so. The Presidency had no fascination for him. He carried responsibility heavily. He had no faculty for throwing off its weight. He was by nature a careful student of whatever came to him to do, and the Presidential office taxed him to the utmost. He had great power of concentration, but little power to adjust himself to the rapid mental changes necessary to give an idea of undivided interest in the scores of matters presented to him with kaleidoscopic suddenness. This lack of adaptability caused the impression of "coldness" with which he was so glibly charged. General Harrison was not effusive, but he was not cold. Few men had quicker, warmer, or more delicate sympathies; but he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. No one who knew him beyond the suburbs ever charged him with being cold. Not after the dread morning of the fatal fire in Secretary Tracy's home could he be deemed cold by those who saw his ministry to the stricken friend and associate. Not those who knew and remembered his labors or who heard his expressions in public or in private during the days succeeding the Johnstown disaster deemed him cold. None who had felt the touch of his often unspoken sympathy and service in time of trouble of any kind thought him a cold man. Reserved he was to a degree, which made him not infrequently misunderstood even by friends and often misjudged by shallower natures.

General Harrison was not obsessed with any passion for place. Neither the power nor the circumstance of high office had glamour for him. He did not have what Mr. Conkling called "a halcyon and vociferous time" in the White House. His nature forbade anything of the kind, while his administration was attended with many distressing personal circumstances, culminating in the protracted illness and death of his wife. Returning from a walk one day, as we approached the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance to the White House grounds, he said, "There is my jail." He was constantly under a sense of confinement, heightened by reason of the fact that both home and office were under one roof. As he expressed it, the shadow of his work was over even his bedroom.

I asked him once whether he had ever seriously entertained the idea of being President. He answered that he could not well have avoided thinking of it, especially when his name became more frequently mentioned in connection with the office; but he added, "I never lost any sleep over it." During the early days of the organization of the campaign for his nomination, when half a dozen friends were meeting from time to time to perfect plans, one of them asked the general to give the names of a few persons in a certain congressional district of Indiana with whom correspondence might be had. He declined to do so, whereupon the asker said somewhat tartly, "General, you must get over being ashamed of hearing your name in connection with the Presidency." He at once replied, "I am not ashamed of the kindness of my friends," and that was all the help that could then be secured from him.

When election day came, the general declined to have a telegraph wire run into his house at Indianapolis, so the "Journal" office became headquarters for the news of the night. The general remained at home with a few companions, to whom any noteworthy returns or estimates were telephoned, he sending to the "Journal" such personal messages as he had received in the ordinary way by messenger. The closeness of the election of 1884, and the fact that the "Journal" was the candidate's home paper, gave its managers unusual caution and reserve. The midnight edition was sent to press without other claim than that the returns indicated Harrison's election over President Cleveland. About two o'clock in the morning the figures were sufficiently assured to warrant the telephoning of the "Journal's"

compliments, with the claim of 233 electoral votes. The general's son-in-law, J. R. McKee, who received the message, answered that the general had retired at eleven o'clock, leaving word that in no circumstances was he to be disturbed. The next morning General Harrison explained to me somewhat apologetically that he knew he was either elected or defeated. If defeated, it could not be helped by staying up; and if elected, he would require all the strength he could conserve for the trying day that would follow.

Before seven o'clock A.M. the delegations of rejoicing men began to arrive at his home, the jubilee lasting until long after midnight of Wednesday with demonstrations the like of which Indianapolis has never seen at any other time. Both these instances were the expression not of indifference, but of that rare and often misunderstood poise of self-control which was his stay and support against assaults of every kind.

The movement for the defeat of his renomination became a public matter, and it was openly prophesied that Mr. Blaine would be his opponent in the convention. During the winter of 1891–92 he remained immovable to the suggestion of allowing it to be understood that he would accept renomination. As late as April his disinclination was expressed to his confidants, to whom he declared again that in due time he would take himself out of the running. One of the leading men of the nation, anxious for his reëlection, personally denounced to me the silence of the President as little less than criminal. It was not until May 23, when it was plain that his enemies had determined to rally upon Mr. Blaine, and the secretary had agreed to such use of his name, that Harrison's fighting blood became hot. He felt that he was being treated unfairly. He was not to be allowed to take himself out of consideration in his own way, but was to be forced out under fire. He said that no Harrison had ever run from a fight, and he would not be the first one to do so. He sent for the Hon. L. T. Michener, for years a trusted personal and political friend, announced to him this change of purpose, and gave him full authority to plan and prosecute the campaign that resulted in his choice by the Minneapolis convention in 1892, despite the fact that the plotters for his defeat used not only the name of Mr. Blaine, but of Mr. McKinley as well, the latter against Mr. McKinley's earnest protest.

The subsequent defeat by Mr. Cleveland brought him no personal regret. The illness of Mrs. Harrison during the whole of the campaign, and her death only a short time before the election, necessarily withdrew him from active participation in the struggle. For a large part of the time he was absent in the Adirondacks in attendance at her bedside, and there his second letter of acceptance was prepared. At the expiration of his term he relinquished the Presidency, as he had entered upon it, without the slightest impairment of his own high sense of the personal and official responsibility of the office, and without having sacrificed a jot or tittle of its constitutional authority, satisfied that history would accord him the verdict of a stainless administration.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE *TITANIC*

THE disaster to the *Titanic* is of such awfulness and magnitude as to haunt interminably both sea and land. No memory of conflagration, or of earthquake, or of war itself, will linger more poignantly than the immense and cruel fate of the vast company of human beings on that leviathan of steamships, which might have been, like Milton's

> fatal and perfidious bark,
> Built in th' eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark.

For more than a lifetime to come the last scene will bring a shudder not only to the ocean-voyager, to whom the very breaking of the wave at a steamer's side will henceforth speak of tears, but to anxious relatives and friends beside many a comfortable hearthstone. The prayer for those going to sea has taken on new solemnity and significance. And the pity of it all!—that, with a little more human foresight, a little more imagination, a little more prudence, it need never have been!

Doubtless before these lines shall have reached the reader's eye all the distressing facts will have had official determination, the blame will have been duly apportioned, and the world will have become, through this horror, wiser as well as sadder. Provision will have been made not only for adequate, but—what is desirable—*more than adequate* checks and safeguards against the recurrence of such a calamity. Travel by sea will have become immeasurably safer.

There can be no compensation for such a calamity, but what an alleviation is furnished by the heroism that attended it, and that will be imperishably associated with it! What a revelation, on the whole, of the fundamental soundness and unselfishness of human nature! Before the resources of courage and devotion shown by these men and women on the threshold of death, who can doubt the ability of the race to cope with any ill that surrounds it!

Coming at a time of too ready cynicism regarding human nature and the agencies for holding it to its course, there is reason for optimism not only in the nobility exhibited on this dire occasion, but in the pride and appreciation with which it has everywhere been greeted. The public mind has not only thrilled in response to the brave deeds reported, it has been hungrily expectant of more. Men are at heart what they admire, and this spontaneous sympathy, cutting across all lines of caste or class or race, means that the world has risen to a higher realization of its better self. Having inspired such a feeling, the dead of the *Titanic* have not died in vain. This is the chief consolation to be offered to the bereaved who survive them.

The terrible event reads like an epic of a night, or like a Greek tragedy on a colossal scale; more, it is a revelation of the power of God in man.

PERILS OF THE MINIMUM WAGE

THE great English coal strike had features that were almost revolutionary. It issued in legislation that many believed to be wholly revolutionary. The strike was said by one English statesman to have "held up society." It certainly held up the Government. It coerced Parliament into doing what a year ago no Parliament would have dreamed of doing. Within a twelvemonth a question was put in the House of Commons, asking the ministry if they would consider a bill for establishing a minimum wage. The answer was almost contemptuously in the negative. Yet the strike soon came, and the country was reduced to such extremities and the Government so brought to the end of its resources that a bill accepting the principle of the minimum wage, and actually setting it up in the coal-mining industry, was hurried through both houses of Parliament and was signed by the king.

In fairness, it must be admitted that

the law thus made did not in form go so far as some of its alarmed critics asserted. The thing aimed at was carefully explained by the Prime Minister when introducing the bill. Investigation had convinced Mr. Asquith, he said, that "there are cases in which underground employees in coal-mines cannot, from causes over which they have no control, earn a reasonable minimum wage." All the emphasis was laid upon the exceptional instances and the places where there were peculiar difficulties. Indeed, the advocates of the measure always spoke of it as a thing apart. It was so because, in the first place, coal-mining was different from any other industry. Owing to its special conditions, and the unique relations it bore to all other industries, it could be dealt with, so it was argued, on a basis which no one would think of applying elsewhere. And since it had been shown that the system of piece-work, in certain mines, often did not permit a workman, even by the exertion of all his energy, to earn enough for a bare subsistence, it was necessary for Parliament to step in and provide that all contracts between owners and employees in the coal-fields should be invalid unless they went upon the theory of a guaranteed minimum wage. No precise rate was fixed in the bill. That was to be left to be determined for different localities by the "district boards" which it created. And the owners were to be given safeguards against slackness on the part of the men. All through, there was the earmark of "exceptional circumstances" upon the minimum-wage bill; and it was fervently hoped in England that in this case, too, Englishmen would be found to deserve the thanks to Heaven of an English publicist that they were not logical.

Yet it is impossible in England or any other country wholly and permanently to escape the logical consequences of such a measure. When you say A in the program of the Socialists or the Syndicalists, sooner or later you are called upon to say B. And already we hear threats that the workers in other industries—in the cotton and woolen mills, for example, and on the railways—will soon seek to apply what is to them the plain lesson of the coal strike, and in their turn try to "hold up society" until they secure in like manner the concession of a minimum wage. There are, too, other logical consequences of the minimum-wage legislation which cannot be avoided. Some of them are forcing themselves most unpleasantly upon the public and upon working-men in England. The fact is made clear, for example, that under the terms of the new law, certain coal-mines cannot be operated at all. Their margin of profit was so small that they are unable to face the new charges, with the result that their pits will remain closed. Instead of a guarantee of a minimum wage, the miners will get no wages at all. What will the Government do with such mines? The dilemma is one which must always present itself when a Government undertakes to fix prices. If the owners cannot do business on the terms prescribed, then the next demand is that the Government take the industry over, even if it has to be run at a loss and the deficits made good out of taxes. To bring about exactly that state of things is the avowed aim of Syndicalism and the Industrial Workers of the World, so that, by so much, the English Government has played directly into their hands.

We are bound to hope for the best. It may prove to be true that the dogged good sense of the English people, with their sturdy resistance to the sweeping inferences of the mere doctrinaire, will prevent a disastrous application of the new law and will especially raise insuperable obstacles to its extension to new fields. But the strongest protest ought to be made against the whole theory upon which this calamitous strike was conducted. It was that modern society is in a state of war. It was distinctly as a war measure that the miners undertook to cut off the very life-blood of English industry. They did not make it a case for conferring over their grievances or setting forth their needs and seeking an adjustment or arbitration, but for presenting an ultimatum. Now, this is a procedure upon which laboring men cannot afford openly to venture. As Professor Edwin Cannan pointed out, society can make war as well as be warred upon. If it comes down to the exercise of stark power, society can punish the working-men more sharply than they can possibly injure it. When it gets to be a question of "with-

holding supplies," the trades-unions can be starved out more easily than they can starve out others. But the whole conception is ill founded. We are not in a state of industrial warfare. One class is not taking up arms against another. Proof of this, if any were needed, might be seen in the flood of humane effort in England to relieve the need of those thrown out of work by the coal strike. The well-to-do gave freely to succor the poor, and municipalities were quick and generous in furnishing food to men, women, and children left temporarily without it. In the presence of such manifestations, it is ridiculous to speak as if a social war had already broken out. Human kindness still counts for more than class animosities; and if we can only keep reasonableness at a maximum, it will do more to settle industrial troubles than can possibly be effected by the minimum wage.

THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL PARKS

ON the tenth of June will terminate the twice-extended limit of time for the report of the commission of army engineers on the question whether there is any other available source of water for San Francisco besides the great Hetch-Hetchy Valley,—a well-nigh superfluous inquiry, since the city's representatives have acknowledged before the Senate Committee on Public Lands that they could get an abundant supply of pure water anywhere along the Sierra, *if they would pay for it!* "Ay, there 's the rub." The reason for the assault upon the integrity of the Yosemite National Park, set apart for the benefit of the whole country, lies in the desire of getting for nothing for a city corporation what would otherwise have to be paid for. Admit that these reservations are to be turned over, not even to the need, but to the convenience of municipalities, and they might as well never have been made.

Mr. Roosevelt, in the case of a similar and earlier assault upon the Yellowstone National Park by "Cooke City boomers" in "the eighties," laid down the right doctrine, that the park was properly made to protect and preserve its national wonders for the people, free from commercialism. Alas! as we shall see, this admirable principle was not maintained in the affair of the Hetch-Hetchy when it came before him for official determination.

Strange and significant has been the history of the Yosemite National Park. The late Senator George Hearst once stated to the writer of these lines that he was in favor of reserving the whole top of the Sierra, saying that it had been exhaustively "prospected" for precious metals, and was worth more to the State as a source of irrigation and as scenery than for timber. A few weeks ago there died in St. Louis a former Secretary of the Interior, General John W. Noble, who, after the Yosemite Park had been established, almost took the senator at his word and, by authority of President Harrison, created the great Sierra Reserve, and thus became officially "the pioneer of conservation." A later secretary, Mr. Hitchcock, refused the first petition of San Francisco for a water-reservoir within the park, on the ground that he had no authority to divert a national park to municipal purposes, and the revival and encouragement of the scheme, strangely enough, was left to the administration of Mr. Roosevelt, though, as a whole, it did more, in extent, than any of its predecessors in saving the public forests for the people. On the fifteenth of November, 1906, an official of the Government went out of his way to write this letter to an official of San Francisco, Mr. Marsden Manson:

My dear Mr. Manson:

I cannot, of course, attempt to forecast the action of the new Secretary of the Interior [Mr. Garfield] on the San Francisco watershed question, but my advice to you is to assume that his attitude will be favorable, and to make the necessary preparations to set the case before him. I had supposed from an item in the paper that the city had definitely given up the Lake Eleanor plan and had purchased one of the other water systems. If the possibility of a supply from the Sierras is still open, you should, I think, by all means go ahead with the idea of getting it.

Very sincerely yours,

GIFFORD PINCHOT, Forester.

We have no wish to enter upon the partizan or political aspects of conservation, but it is simple justice to Mr. Bal-

linger, Mr. Garfield's successor as Secretary of the Interior, to say that he did not yield an inch to the assaults upon the integrity of the Yosemite Park.

By a responsibility shared by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Garfield, his Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Pinchot, his Chief Forester, the grant of the Hetch-Hetchy was executed to the city, to be exercised after the resources of Lake Eleanor, situated at a corner of the National Park, should have been exhausted. Professing to accept this in good faith as satisfactory, the supervisors at once set on foot plans to acquire title to the valley, in part by purchase of private titles and in part by a bill permitting the exchange of well-nigh worthless land outside the valley for choice portions inside owned by the Government. Had Congress permitted the latter course, the city authorities would then have been able to say with specious plausibility, "We own the valley: shall we not do what we wish with our own?" Meanwhile, gambling on their expectation of succeeding with Congress, and by the help of the local labor-unions, who were deluded by the vision of future work on a great aqueduct, they succeeded in getting the city committed to an issue of bonds for the forwarding of the scheme. The expense of this unwarranted and speculative investment is now pleaded as a reason why President Taft should forestall the report of the army board and give his sanction to the whole original scheme, involving as it would the destruction of the Hetch-Hetchy as a wonderland and the exclusion of the public from half the magnificent Yosemite Park. The unfortunate management of the affair is further shown by the refusal of the supervisors, about four years ago, to purchase the more than ample resources of the Spring Valley Water Company (which now chiefly supplies the city) at a price which they then declared exorbitant, though it was much less than the price they have since urged the city to pay.

What is to be done? The people must lose no opportunity to defend what has been saved of their great natural treasures. Congress owes it to the country not only to provide adequate support for the care of the forest service, seriously threatened by a reduction of appropriations, but also to defend and develop the eleven national parks now established, and to create many more. Ten new ones have already been proposed. Our national legislators should not wait passively for pressure from outside, but should appoint competent men (such as the Forestry Commission of the National Academy of Sciences in Mr. Cleveland's administration) to examine and report, with a view to seeing not how little, but how much of our wonderful scenery can thus be made secure for the recreative needs of the centuries to come. These reserves and parks are assets of the nation. They and other similar tracts should be made inalienable for the use of the people *before it becomes the interest of anybody to divert them to commercial purposes.* Moreover, in the care of them a wiser policy is required than that which continually exposes to impairment the grandeur and beauty of Niagara. The problem calls for imagination and for constructive statesmanship. With such a cause at heart any intelligent, competent, and devoted public man in Congress could place his name among the stars.

In 1915, San Francisco is to be the scene of a great exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. For the success of this enterprise we have the heartiest good wishes. The preliminary steps taken on the esthetic side betray a judicious choice of expert assistance, and the world has a right to expect results of extraordinary beauty and importance. But nothing else that California can show as an exhibit will be comparable to the glories of the Yosemite Park. Instead of lending support to a mad and wanton scheme of vandalism toward the Hetch-Hetchy, the city should be doing what it can to obtain from Congress appropriations to make it accessible to the multitude of travelers who three years hence are sure to visit the most wonderful State in the Union. To do otherwise were as though a queen should trample her own crown in the mire.

OPEN LETTERS

ON GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

From an Impatient Listener to a Progressive Member of Congress

My dear Henry:

As a member of Congress elected from a doubtful district by a narrow majority, I presume you are in a proper state of mind to recognize a popular issue when you see one. What do you think of a bill for the regulation of interstate oratory? You have a decided leaning toward the principles of the New Nationalism and the extension of the powers of the Federal government, and my idea is directly in line with your views on the subject. I had been mulling over the matter in a desultory way for a long time when I came across an editorial in one of the afternoon papers which dealt in rather light-hearted fashion with the evils of after-dinner speaking. It seemed to me that while the writer had arrived at a fair understanding of his subject, he showed toward the end a deplorable lack of conviction. He says, "To speak of the government regulation of public dinners is premature." But why premature? And why take into consideration banquet oratory only, without giving heed to the entire field of public speaking, which under the present system has attained a condition of chaos that cries aloud for government intervention?

I take it for granted that if we are to have effective regulation of public oratory, it must come from the Federal government. To look to the different States for relief is vain, not only because the process would be a tedious one, but because the standards of public speaking in the different States are hopelessly at variance. A speech that would be considered much too long in New York would be considered just the right length in California and not long enough in Wisconsin. What the Massachusetts law would regard as an unreasonable monopoly of adjectives might be regarded as a colorless effort in Alabama. Anecdotes that would be received as a novelty by a Kentucky audience might impress a New Jersey audience as coming under the statute of limitations. We should only be facing the same state of affairs that now obtains with regard to the divorce problem. Say that a certain type of anecdote were prohibited in New York. There would be nothing to prevent a man from telling that story in Connecticut and having it reported in the New York papers on the principle of comity among the States.

But it is precisely such a possibility as I have last mentioned that opens the way for Federal regulation. It does away with the constitutional difficulty by bringing the case under the head of interstate commerce and communication. Once upon a time the good or ill effects of a public speech were confined to the immediate locality. To-day, owing to the highly perfected machinery of the associated press, a speech delivered in San Francisco is distributed within an hour to an army of ultimate consumers from Maine to Mexico and from Seattle to Key West, thus making it a national and not a local problem. In this same connection you must take into account the highly important fact that the great majority of public dinners in New York City, for instance, are given by members of the Ohio Society, the Sunflower Association, the Southern Society, the Wisconsin University alumni, and the Society for the Promotion of Child Study. Add the further fact that most of the public dinners in New York City that are not addressed by President Taft are addressed by United States senators from Oregon and Minnesota, and that most of the meetings now being held in Oklahoma are addressed by Governor Wilson of New Jersey, and the interstate nature of the problem is clear.

I shall not attempt in the present letter to saddle you with a complete draft of a

model law for the regulation of interstate oratory. I shall content myself with throwing out one or two suggestions which you can elaborate at your leisure after consultation with your leader in the House.

First, of course, comes the question of length. That, indeed, is the heart of the problem. The worst speaker is endurable if the end of his speech is in sight. But under the present system it is precisely the worst speaker concerning whose endurance no predictions can be made. I am inclined to think that the bill should fix thirty minutes[1] as the maximum length for any speech, with a minimum to be determined in the following automatic fashion: if the speaker begins to use sentences from which either the subject or the predicate or both are missing, or reaches out for a second glass of ice-water, or starts to thump the table, or refers more than twice within five minutes to his "distinguished opponent," or says, "Let me repeat then what I have already said concerning," or, "A brief recapitulation will show," it shall be considered that his time has expired, and the chairman shall act accordingly. The use of notes is to be prohibited except in the case of the President of the United States and his Secretary of State when speaking on matters affecting our foreign relations.

I would, however, incorporate in the bill a list of persons not to exceed ten in number, and mentioned by name, to whom the general limitations as to space and time shall not apply. Admission to this list should be on the ground of extraordinary qualification to interest an audience either by the importance of what one has to say or by the manner in which it is done.

The proposed bill will fail in its purpose if it does not impose severe restrictions on the use of adjectives in the superlative degree and on all references to periods of history and geographical locations concerning which we have no certain knowledge. For instance, no speaker should be allowed to say that the reception accorded to the new American cardinals on their return to this country was marked by the most extraordinary exhibition of popular enthusiasm in the history of the Sacred College. This fact might be important if it were true, but inasmuch as there have been cardinals for seven or eight hundred years and in pretty nearly every civilized country on the globe, the speaker is obviously making an assertion to which he could not swear. Neither shall an orator be allowed to gloat over the fact that America has produced the only English-speaking President who has served two terms and gone up in an aëroplane. This is true, but, from the very limitations of the case, not important. Neither shall a speaker be allowed to dwell on the fact that in New York City there are more Germans than in Hamburg, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Jews than in Jerusalem, and more Italians than in Rome. Not only has this statement been sadly overworked, but there is always the danger that the speaker, carried away by the fervor of his own eloquence, will go on to say that New York has more Japanese than Tokio and more Eskimos than Greenland.

There will of course be in the bill a series of provisions dealing with the use of the funny story in public speeches, not for the sake of illustrating an argument or driving home an appeal, which I thoroughly approve, but for the sake of raising a laugh at the beginning. Why should a man who rises to discuss so serious a subject as child labor in the cotton mills think it necessary to begin with the story of the negro who was found in a chicken-coop? Why should an address on the currency question begin with the story of two Irishmen who went out in a small boat to fish for halibut? I admit that the custom is so deeply rooted as to defy extirpation. I should therefore be content to limit the number of funny stories in any one speech, suppressing only those stories which, on being recognized, elicit a loud groan from the audience and cause men to shift in their seats and stare up at the chandelier.

But there is a still more flagrant case with which the law will have to deal. Severe penalties should be imposed on a speaker who relates a familiar anecdote and makes himself the hero of it. I have seen the managing director of a great corporation get up at a public dinner and tell how his superintendent once accused one of the firm's most successful salesmen of being heavily addicted to drink. "My dear boy," the managing director described himself as saying to his superintendent, "if you can find out for me this man Smith's favorite brand of whisky, I will send a barrel to each of the other salesmen." I have heard a newspaper correspondent recite how he was once engaged in conversation with the president of a South American republic when an insurrection broke out and a howling mob surged about the palace. The president stared out of the window and said, "This looks like a riot." "No, your Excellency," said the newspaper correspondent, "not a riot, but a revolution." This sort of thing should be

[1] While the Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of contributors, he cannot let so radical a proposition as this pass without protest. Thirty minutes would be too long by half.

mercilessly dealt with. The speaker, for instance, should not be permitted to attribute to himself the anecdote of "the perfectly good cat in the ash-barrel," or of the two men in a dynamite explosion of whom one was calm and the other was collected. Neither must he claim for himself the authorship of the statement that there are three kinds of lies, the third kind being statistics. A schedule of such familiar pieces of common property should be attached to the bill and be added to from time to time.

There is a great deal more I could say, but I must hurry and dress for a dinner of the Society for the Encouragement of Macadamized Roads in the Bronx, at which the senior senator from Porto Rico is to be the principal speaker.

Affectionately,
Harold.

ON THE POSEUR

With a Good Word for that Well-abused but Indispensable Type

My dear Graham:

You ask me with a humility more becoming than habitual for my views on the poseur. You are more particularly interested in the case of your own son, who, being at bottom a hearty American lad, has plagued you by playing the part of the *grand seigneur* and scattering condescensions with ducal munificence. My dear fellow, let the boy alone. The specific for these ailments is time, and if that drastic remedy should prove by chance ineffectual, why, even then perhaps there are worse handicaps in life than the ability to take undying pleasure in that most inseparable and troublesome of all one's belongings—oneself.

The pose is world-wide and as old, if the "Paradise Lost" be authentic, as man. In a gay essay, Stevenson said that dogs pose, and Hardy says, in effect, that children pose, and that their posing is one way of being simple. Men pose not only in the recess of the private letter, but in the crypt of the private diary. Our poses conduct us to church, invade our seclusion, climb with us to our chambers, and lie down with us in our beds. Our silence poses; our solitude poses; death strikes attitudes, and the act of suicide becomes a pose. Nature catches the infection, and makes real men who, so to speak, pose as poseurs; precisely as if she should make seals with a fur that mimicked plush.

But the question of honesty distresses you; you are almost equally vexed whether your son succeeds or fails in passing off his grandiosities as genuine. You add, with that debonair eighteenth-century antithesis of which all my exhortations have failed to cure you, that you do not wish to have him admired on false grounds or laughed at on sound ones. The first of these fears may be put aside; the chances are five to one that the lad's self will be his only convert. As for the second anxiety, there are plenty of worse employments for our scapegrace human nature than the evocation of wholesome laughter by the exhibit of harmless foibles.

And why should the laughter be ill-natured? The poseur, as we know him, is the man whom we have outwitted in his attempt to outwit us. We have fathomed his trick, and he is entitled to his share of the charity which we lavish on the exemplifications of our sagacity. The great poseurs, indeed, like the great criminals, are lost in the incognito of their triumph; history preserves them, like successful rebels, under other names. The poseur so-called has failed, but he is often an innocent and likable failure. He stands aloof from the swindler by his disdain of material profits, and from the slavish or craven copyist by his choice and relish of his part. The savor of *Iago's* pose of the roistering "sodger laddie" is its disinterestedness, the paucity (so worrying to critics) of palpable exterior motive; it is art for art's sake, like later immoralities. One fancies the real Poe looking up to his pinchbeck namesake almost as *Tom Pinch* did to *Mr. Pecksniff.*

A pose often springs from a balked ideal; it is a day-dream about ourselves in the nurture of which we ask the coöperation of an indulgent public. Looked at rightly, does not a man's supposition that his true self is unworthy of the eyes of the neighbors involve, in relation to those neighbors, an ingratiating and beautiful humility? What homage so complete as that of putting off, in honor of one's fellow-men, not one's hat or one's shoes, but oneself?

The poseur is a man for whom the effect of the world upon himself—the expression of which would be sincerity—is of less account than his own effect upon his circle, whether that circle be the *orbis terrarum* or the ring of tilted arm-chairs about the stove in the rural post-office. In his offenses his public is commonly an accessary both before and after the fact. *Mrs. Poyser* sagely remarked that you never caught a dog standing on his hind legs when there was nobody looking at him. The poseur in religion sometimes has his holiness thrust upon him, like *Krishna Mulvaney* or *Peer Gynt,* and the false prophet may be the dupe, and not the deceiver, of his votaries. The ministerial pose is often the nursling of the woman parishioners; and authors, and perhaps even self-installed magnates like your son, often refuse to make fools of themselves until a public or a coterie has set them the demoralizing example.

I am lured on to say a word of cases which have doubtless no application to your son. It has often occurred to me that the sinfulness of hiding oneself under a pose depends much on the kind of self remanded to obscurity. When the *Nurse* in "Romeo and Juliet" calls on *Peter* for her fan, *Mercutio* approvingly cries out: "Good *Peter,* to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer face." The alternative to the pose, be it remembered, is not abstract reality, but the reality of the poseur. Are the people who deplore the affectations of the made-up *Mrs. Skewton* in "Dombey and Son" really sorry that Dickens did not give us more of the "old, worn, yellow, nodding woman, with red eyes, . . . huddled up, like a slovenly bundle, in a greasy flannel gown"? Nothing, we virtuously feel, can excuse the pretense except—the substitution of the reality. People imagine that if the real Byron had peeled off his multifarious envelops, the Wertherian pose of *Childe Harold,* the Mephistophelian pose of the comic narratives, and even perhaps the Prince Hal pose of the friendly letters, the core would have been—well, let us say, Shelley. They do not see that it was the absence of Shelley at the core that made the integuments possible. When one rubs the silver plating off a fork, the residuum is never gold.

There are perhaps meager and starved realities capable of no better use than that of contribution to some brilliant and imposing semblance. There are men whom the pose evolves, completes, and individualizes; to whom it supplies the breath of life, like the pipe of the animated "Scarecrow" in the pathetically whimsical fancy piece of Mr. Mackaye. Who would have Chateaubriand sincere? The thought is homicidal. One would as soon have a reverent Voltaire, a prudish Whitman, an obvious Henry James. Men like Chateaubriand, like Pope, like Walter Pater, increase our wealth of types, enrich the great museum of human character which history, art, and letters slowly accumulate.

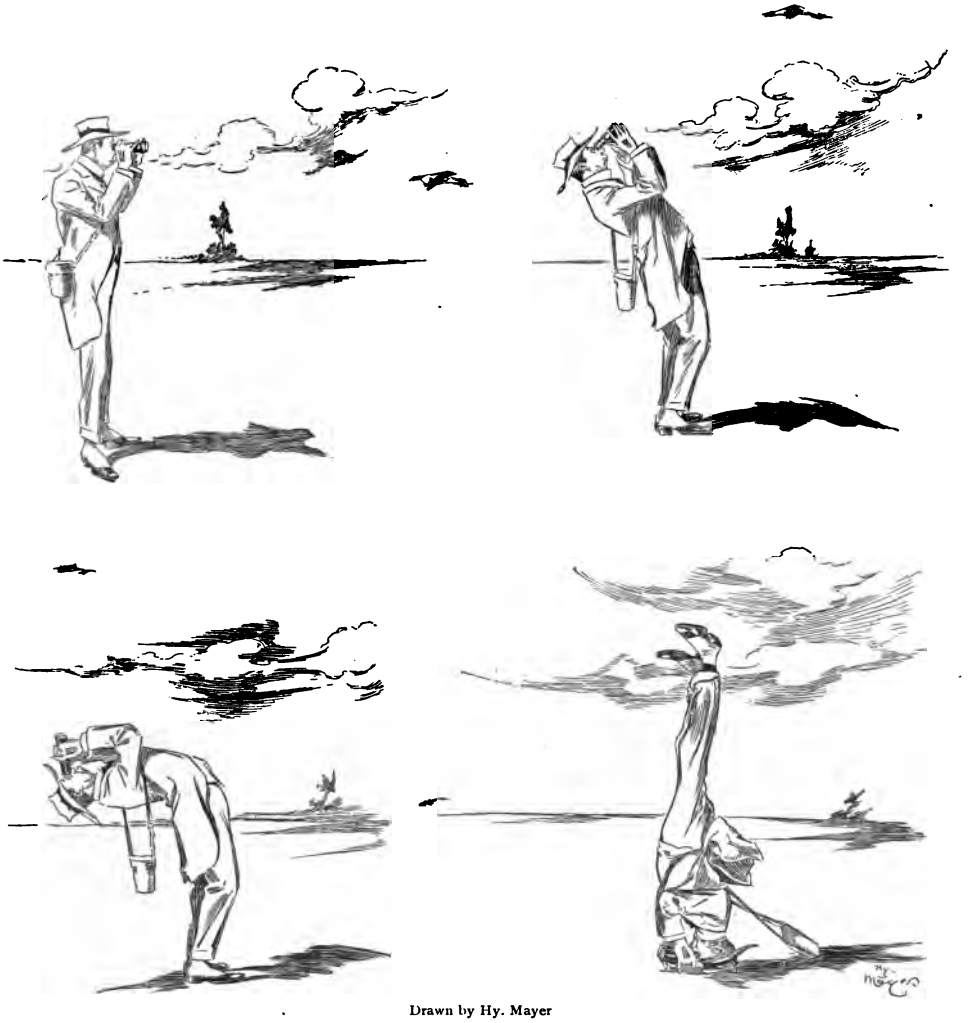
Lastly,—and here I think once more of your son, whom I have been rudely ignoring in the last two paragraphs,—let us remember that the pose is sometimes the wooing—not rarely the successful wooing—of the reality: it is the youth's mannishness, which manhood comes slowly but surely up to justify. Perhaps in your son's case, also, imitation is only prophecy. The process is common enough. Who shall say that humanity itself was not once a pose—the pose of some hairy, prehensile creature who found apehood insupportably plebeian? The first upright walk was a pose in the most literal sense, and one can imagine the uproar which the affectation evoked from the mouths of the compact simian majority. If the superman should ever become a reality, will not the pose be usher to the fact?

Sincerity and reality are great things,—too great and perhaps too rare to warrant an attitude of impatience or disdain toward all that lies outside the restricted boundaries of their absolute and unmixed sway. We are all, alas! poseurs, in which great class or cult let me admit my own membership in subscribing myself

Fraternally yours,

Oliver Forbes.

IN LIGHTER VEIN



Drawn by Hy. Mayer

WATCHING AN AIRSHIP

OLD DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MC ENERY STUART

THE TERRAPIN

BRER TERRAPIN draws in 'is head so knowin',
You can't tell whether he 's comin' or goin',
But *his* mind ain't mixed—he 's layin' low
Tel he sees which way he 's obleeged to go.
An' he ain't no new politician in dat—
Nǫ, he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE RATTLE-SNAKE

BRER Rattle-snake rattles befo' he springs,
But he warns too late to 'scape 'is stings;
His high-class manners don't count for much
Caze dey grafted on to a sarpent's touch.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

THE CLEVER SWAIN

BY GEORGE F. WHICHER

Scene: A modest drawing-room in Paris.

Pierre. [*Alone, pacing back and forth.*]
HER coldness drives me to despair.
She 's so petite, so debonair!
This rose I 've brought to-night—but there,
Her step!

Jeannette. [Entering.]
Bon soir, Monsieur Pierre.

Pierre.
Bon soir, Ma'am'selle. [Offering the rose.]
If one might dare
Beauty with beauty to compare,
This flower must yield to one more fair.

Jeannette. [Behind her fan.]
Monsieur makes compliment.

Pierre.
I swear
I speak but that which all declare.
Ah, Ma'am'selle, will you deign to share
Your radiance with a rival? Wear
This rose—

Jeannette. [Aghast.]
Pink rose with auburn hair!
Oh, at the ball the world would stare!

Pierre.
Alas! For me you do not care?

Jeannette.
Monsieur should have more *savoir-faire*.
Than to bring flowers I cannot wear.

Pierre.
My wretched taste—

Jeannette.
I cannot bear.

Pierre.
Is then the matter past repair?

Jeannette.
Perhaps. Will Monsieur call my chair?
We shall be late.

Drawn by A. G. Learned

"'THIS FLOWER MUST YIELD TO ONE MORE FAIR'"

Pierre.
I beg you ere
Your lips slay him your eyes ensnare,
You will consider how you tear
My heart asunder.

Jeannette.
Prithee, spare
These vain addresses.

Pierre.
Can I ne'er
Appease your anger, cruel fair?

Jeannette.
Well, stay and hear this ancient air,
A Norman *chanson de trouvère*.

[*She sits at the harpsichord and sings.*]
Phœbus wooed a mortal maid,
Flaming in his robe of blue;
But the damsel, half-afraid,
Whispered, "Ere I yield to you,
You must change the heavens' hue."
And, so runs the story old,
Phœbus, when the day was through,
Turned the skies to gold.

Pierre.
Of what you mean I 'm quite aware;
But, ah, how can I change your hair,
As Phœbus changed the skies?

Jeannette.
Beware!
The thought is heresy.

Pierre. [Perplexed.]
Then where?—
[Brightening.] Another flower I 'll buy, *ma chère*.

Jeannette. [*Taking his arm.*]
You are so clever, dear Pierre!

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

VIII—THE CANTANKEROUS 'GATOR

THERE was a cantankerous 'gator
For whom 't was no pleasure to cater.
If he happened to find
No dish to his mind,
He would like as not swallow the waiter.

GREETINGS FOR TWO

BY J. W. FOLEY

KNOWED him more 'n twenty year';
Liked him through an' through;
Him an' me was neighbors here
When the land was new.
He druv past here every day,
Wave' his hand jes' so;
Then he 'd holler, "Howdy!" an'
I 'd holler back, "Hello!"

I 'd be workin' in the field,
He 'd be off to town;
An' I 'd hear that rattle-wheeled
Buggy comin' down;
I 'd look up from hoein' corn,
An' I 'd see him go;
Then he 'd holler, "Howdy!" an'
I 'd holler back, "Hello!"

Never was no other talk
Had by him an' me;
See him go by, trot er walk,
Wave—an' let him be.
Alwus knowed when I looked up
Jest how it 'u'd go:
He 'u'd holler, "Howdy!" an'
I 'd holler back, "Hello!"

Say, I call *that* neighborin'
In the proper way;
Ain't no kith o' mine er kin
Fur as I kin say;
Alwus friendly, cheery-like,
Sunshine, rain, er snow,
He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'
I holler back, "Hello!"

He 'ten's to his own affairs,
An' I 'ten' t' mine;
He don't put on any airs,
I don't cut no shine;
Weather bad er weather fair,
Drivin' fast er slow,
He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'
I holler back, "Hello!"

That 's the way we started out
When we settled here;
Like t' keep it up about
'Nother twenty year'.
Look out yonder in the road—
There! Now see him go!
Soon he 'll holler, "Howdy!" an'
I 'll holler back, "Hello!"

Drawn by W. O. Wilson

A CLOSED INCIDENT

"Youse kids kin beat it. I bin indooced t' accept the position meself."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES

MRS. PHIPPS AND GRANDCHILD

BY

JOHN S. SARGENT

Owned by Mr. Henry Phipps

MRS. PHIPPS AND GRANDCHILD. BY JOHN S. SARGENT

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—XI)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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"FOR A GOOD BOY"

A WEE MACGREGOR STORY

BY J. J. BELL

Author of the "Wee Macgregor" stories, etc.

"AWFU' little news in the paper," remarked John Robinson to his wife, who had been in one of her silent moods since tea-time. "I see the Liberal 's in—"

"I wisht Macgreegor was in." Lizzie lifted her eyes from the pinafore she was repairing to the clock. "It 's time he was in his bed, an' he 's got a' his lessons to learn for the morn." She turned to her man, shirt-sleeved and slippered, at ease by the kitchen hearth. "It 'll no' dae, John. Ye 'll ha'e to speak to him serious-like; an' if speakin' does na gar him improve, ye 'll jist ha'e to—"

"Aw, the wean 's fine, Lizzie." John smiled, dropped the paper, and took out his pipe.

"He is na fine. He gets waur every day. An' it 's his fayther's fau't. He thinks he can get daein' onything he likes. I tell ye he 's got to be checkit, an' if you 're no' gaun to dae yer duty—"

"Weel, weel, I 'll gi'e him a word o' comfort when he comes in, wife," said John, between puffs. "But it 's a fine nicht for playin' ootbye, an' I mind when I was a wean masel'—"

"That 's easy mindit, for ye 've never been onything else."

At this Mr. Robinson laughed heartily. "Aweel, ye 've wisdom for the twa o' us, wumman." Becoming graver: "W'u'd ye like me to gang oot an' seek Macgreegor?"

Before Lizzie could reply, the bell tinkled. "That 'll be Mistress McOstrich. I promised to lend her the bew [blue] vases an' twa-three tidies for her party the morn's nicht," she said, rising.

"I thocht the party was na till next week."

"So it was. But an auld aunt o' Mistress McOstrich was ta'en badly yesterday, an' Mistress McOstrich thocht she better hurry on the party in case onything serious happened. Whisht, man! it 's naething to laugh at." Lizzie disappeared, and presently showed in Mrs. McOstrich, the wife of a baker in the vicinity, a weary-looking, elderly little woman. She carried a large basket.

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"Fine nicht, Mistress," said John, pleasantly, getting up and nodding. "An' hoo 's the guidman the nicht?"

"Aw, thenk ye," replied Mrs. McOstrich, in melancholy tones, "he 's jist aboot his usual. He gets that wearit efter he 's had his tea he would na heed an earthquake." She turned to her hostess. "It 's rael kind o' ye, Mistress Robi'son, to lend me yer maist gorgeous ornaments, an' I 'll tak' terrible guid care o' them—"

"Will ye tak' aff yer shawl an' sit doon?" said Lizzie, kindly.

"Na, na, I daur na bide, thenk ye a' the same. Ye see, ma man 's that wearit, an' he 'll be wantin' to gang til his bed." Brightening for a moment: "Yer guidsister Mistress Purdie 's comin' the morn's nicht."

"Oh, is she?" murmured Lizzie, who found it hard to keep friends with her haughty, moneyed sister-in-law.

"That 'll be a cooky extra," said John, and guffawed.

"John!" exclaimed his wife.

"Oh, let yer man ha'e his bit joke," sighed the visitor. "Ma man has na made a joke for seeven-an'-twinty year'—no' since he tell 't me I was like a giraffe. 'Deed, it 's nae fun bein' a baker, an' it 's less bein' marrit on yin. If folk thocht what it meant to be marrit on a baker, their mornin' rolls would choke them. Mistress Purdie 's unco lucky to be marrit on a grocer. It 's wonderfu' hoo folk in the grocery trade flee up in the world nooadays. Ma man 's aye wishin' he was a grocer, espaycially at three o'clock on a cauld, frosty mornin'. Oh, dear! I never seen a man like him for sleepin'! An' whiles he has the maist terrible bad dreams. The ither nicht he dreamed he was a cake o' gingerbread that would na rise, an' his struggles was something awfu'."

"D' ye tell me that?" said Lizzie, sympathetically, while John put his hand to his mouth. "But could he no' change to the grocery trade?"

Mrs. McOstrich wagged her beshawled gray head. "Na, na. It 's ower late noo. The Ethiopian canna change his spots, nor—"

"There 's Macgreegor!" cried John, going to the door in response to a knock.

When father and son appeared, Mrs. McOstrich was packing the borrowed ornaments in her basket and profusely thanking the lender.

"Here 's his lordship!" John announced proudly.

"Macgreegor," said Lizzie, "what d' ye mean, stoppin' ootbye till this time o' nicht? I 've a guid mind to—"

Mrs. McOstrich gently interposed. "Aw, the wee man! D' ye no' ken me?"

"Fine. Ye 're Mistress McOstrich. I 'm comin' to yer party the morn's nicht. Ha'e ye got wur bew vases there?"

"Macgreegor!" Lizzie whispered warningly.

The boy, on the safe side of his father, continued: "I like *your* parties. Ye 've ay plenty pastries. I wisht ma paw was a baker."

"Whisht!" cried his mother. "If ye canna behave yersel', ye 'll no' get to the party—"

"Toots, Lizzie! the wean 's fine," said John.

Thus encouraged, Macgregor proceeded: "I 'm gaun to ha'e a party, tae, on Hogmanay.[1] Will ye come, Mistress?"

Curbing herself, Lizzie said quietly: "Never heed him, Mistress McOstrich. He 's gaun to ha'e nae party."

Macgregor met his mother's eyes. "But paw said I was," he said, speaking as one who knows he is in the right. He turned to his father. "Did ye no', Paw? Aye, ye did!"

There was a pause before Mr. Robinson said rather sheepishly: "Let him ha'e his party, Lizzie. Jist twa-three o' his wee frien's, ye ken."

"I never heard sich nonsense," said Lizzie. "Get yer lesson-book, laddie, an' learn—"

Mrs. McOstrich's sad voice came in. "It w'u'd be rael nice for the laddie to ha'e a party, Mistress Robi'son."

"Na, na; he canna ha'e a party," said Lizzie in a tone of finality.

"But," said Macgregor, "I 've askit Wullie Thomson an' Peter Ross an' Jessie Mary—"

"Aweel, ye had nae business to ask onybody."

Awkwardly John rose to the occasion. "It 's me that 's to blame, Lizzie. I was gaun to speak to ye aboot it when—when I got a chance," he explained haltingly.

[1] New-Year's eve.

After all, Lizzie was not the woman to abash her goodman before a third party.

"Weel, we 'll see aboot it," she said at last, kindly enough. "Noo, laddie, awa' an' get yer book. John, try if ye canna help him wi' his lesson."

" 'Deed, aye, Lizzie; I 'll dae that," said Mr. Robinson, and he and Macgregor moved with relieved countenances to the fireside.

"It 's a' richt—eh, Paw?" whispered the boy.

"Aye, aye," muttered John, grinning. "But we 'll pey attention to yer lesson in the meantime, ma mannie."

Said Lizzie to Mrs. McOstrich:

"Ye maun excuse Macgreegor; he means weel."

" 'Deed, aye; 'deed, aye," the baker's spouse replied; "a' weans means weel, an' whiles I think they w'u'd dae weel, if it was na for us auld yins." With which deplorable heresy she took her departure, just pausing at the door to assure Macgregor that there would be a sufficiency of pastry on the following evening.

Mrs. Robinson, having succeeded in stemming the torrent of gratitude which poured forth afresh at the outer door, bade the borrower of vases a friendly good night, and then paid a brief visit to the room wherein her little daughter was sleeping. On her return to the kitchen she surprised father and son in a pleasant discussion on the subject of the latter's prospective party. Her expression hardened.

"John, ha'e ye nae sense? See the time, and Macgreegor's lessons no' learnt yet! Macgreegor, bring me the book, an' I 'll hear ye yer spellin'." She seated herself at the table. "I tell ye, Macgreegor, if ye dinna pey attention to yer lessons, ye 'll never grow up to be a lord provost."

"I 'm no' wantin' to be a lord provost, Maw. I want to be a plumber."

Whereupon Mr. Robinson chuckled, and hearing the same, the boy grinned.

Happily for them both, and perhaps for Lizzie also, the door-bell rang again.

"I 'll gang, Lizzie." John jumped up and hurried out.

"Noo, laddie," said Lizzie, restraining herself, "spell *misery.*"

"Ye 're lukin' at the wrang page, Maw. That was in yesterday's lesson."

Lizzie cleared her throat. "Spell *dungeon.*"

"D-u-n—" Macgregor halted.

"Tak' yer time. Spell it in bits. Dun—geon. Dun?"

"D-u-n."

"Geon," very distinctly.

"J-o-h-n—geon—dungeon!" said Macgregor, smartly.

Lizzie groaned. "Tak' the book an' learn it. An' if ye canna say it—"

The door was pushed open, and John's voice cried, "He thocht he w'u'd surprise ye."

Lizzie turned. "Fayther!"

"Gran'paw Purdie!" Macgregor shouted, dropping his book and running to the old man who entered, beaming.

"Weel, ma dochter, an' hoo 's a' wi' ye?" said Mr. Purdie, heartily. "An' ma auld frien' Macgreegor!" He took the youngster's hand. "I was feart ye w'u'd be awa' to yer bed."

"No' likely."

"Macgreegor," his mother interposed, "pick up yer book, an' awa' in aside wee Jeannie, an' learn yer lessons. But see an' no' wauken her."

"But I want to bide—"

"Preserve us!" ejaculated the old man, taking the chair proffered by his son-in-law. "Is the laddie no' feenished wi' his lessons? I doubt he 's bein' ower hard wrocht. I 'm no' agreein' wi' weans ha'ein' ower mony lessons to learn at nicht."

"Macgreegor did na come in when he should ha'e come in," said Lizzie. "It 's a' his ain fau't that he 's no' feenished wi' his lessons."

"Och, Lizzie, never heed aboot that," said John, with an insinuating glance at his wife. "The wean 's fine. An' he 'll be gettin' his holidays in twa-three days."

"I 'm gaun to ha'e a party on Hogmanay, Gran'paw," the boy announced. "Will ye come?"

"Dae what I bid ye, Macgreegor," his mother commanded.

"But I want to bide—"

"Maybe," Mr. Purdie mildly interrupted—"maybe he w'u'd na tak' very lang to learn his lessons."

Lizzie was tired that night; her wrongs got the better of her. "It 's no' jist his lessons, Fayther," she said; "it 's his disobedience. Aye, an' he 's gettin' that impiddent."

"I 'm no' impiddent, Maw," her son

protested. "I 'm no' impiddent—excep' to Aunt Purdie, an' she 's impiddent to me."

Once more John made matters worse by sniggering. The color rose in Lizzie's face.

Grandfather Purdie, who, it must be confessed, had come near to sniggering himself, held up his hand, and said soothingly: "Jist a moment, Lizzie. I 've a word or twa to say to Macgreegor." He dropped his hand on the boy's arm and drew him gently against his knee.

"Listen, laddie. I was thinkin' aboot ye comin' up in the steamboat the day, and I was wonderin' what I would gi'e ye for yer Ne'erday,[1] if—"

"What are ye gaun to gi'e us, Gran'paw?"

"Patience, patience! What I would gi'e ye for yer Ne'erday—*if* ye was guid an' diligent an' obedient an' weel-behaved till the end o' the year. Noo, it 's no' vera lang till the end o' the year,—jist ten days,—an' I 've nae doubt ye could please yer paw an' yer maw rael weel for that time, if ye was tryin'. D' ye see?"

"Aye, I see; I 'll try. What are ye gaun to gi'e us?"

"It 'll be a prize for guid conduc'." Mr. Purdie smiled on the parents, and turned again to his grandson. "Weel, I was thinkin' o' a watch an' chain."

"Dod! that 'll be fine!" cried John, delightedly.

"A watch an' chain!" murmured Lizzie. "Oh, Fayther!"

Macgregor looked straight in the old face. "D' ye mean a penny yin, Gran'paw?"

"Macgreegor!" a warning whisper from Lizzie.

Mr. Purdie laughed. "Na, na, laddie; a real silver watch an' chain."

"Wi' a key to wind it? I like the sort wi' a key—same as your auld yin. I dinna like the sort—"

"Macgreegor," Lizzie exclaimed, "haud yer tongue an' say 'thenk ye' to yer gran'paw."

"But I ha'e na got it yet, Maw. Wi' a key to wind it, Gran'paw?"

"I 'll tak' a note o' the key, ma mannie," was the good-humored assurance of Mr. Purdie. "But ye 'll no' forget ye 've got to *win* the prize," he added, at a hint from his daughter.

"I 'll no' forget," Macgregor said confidently.

There was a pause that lasted till Lizzie managed to catch her son's eye.

"I 'll awa' an' learn ma lessons," said Macgregor, cheerfully, and, picking up his book, left the room.

"A guid beginnin'," remarked Mr. Purdie, bringing out his pipe and smiling.

"Oh, he 'll win the prize easy," said John, with a laugh. "Eh, wife?"

Lizzie's expression softened. "I wonder hoo wee Jeannie made that big hole in her pinny," she said, taking up her sewing.

WHEN we come to think of it, ten days is a long time to be good and diligent and obedient *and* well-behaved. Which of us would venture to promise stability in these qualities over that period? Which of us would deserve a prize at the end thereof? As Gran'paw Purdie said on the last night of the year—but stay; Gran'paw Purdie shall speak for himself presently.

No boy worthy of the name can win a prize for good conduct. At the best, a boy may be given a prize for conduct less bad than that of his fellows. The phrase "good conduct," however, has a smugly pleasing sound to very young children, and also to adults who affect to have forgotten their own youthful misdeeds.

It was only to be expected that Macgregor would plunge from failure into failure. Nevertheless, failure involves the existence of endeavor to succeed. And, curiously enough, the more outstanding failures of those ten days were not so much due to Macgregor's badness, idleness, disobedience, and ill behavior as to certain circumstances, examples of which ought, in common fairness, to be recorded.

Macgregor would certainly not have started to climb that lamp-post in the dark had his friend Willie Thomson, instead of daring him to perform the feat, informed him that the lamp-post was freshly adorned with green paint. Nor would he have been foot of his class on the last day of the term had Willie Thomson, whose turn it indubitably was to occupy that seat of dishonor, refrained from taking an unlawful holiday. Nor, during the Saturday visit to the zoo with his par-

[1] New-Year's day; also, New-Year gift.

ents, would he have permitted a monkey to purloin his new hat, which his mother had insisted on his wearing, however "daft" he miserably felt it to be, had not the monkey snatched it from his head while he was busy telling his mother how he hated it. Nor, finally, would he have left the little jam tart, surreptitiously annexed from Mrs. McOstrich's supper-table, upon a certain chair, had he foreseen that his most severe and superior relative, Aunt Purdie, would presently sit thereon.

But without their extenuating circumstances, which grown-up people could hardly be expected to appreciate, the four misdeeds were surely sufficient in themselves to blot out the vision of a shining prize. They did so, undoubtedly, as far as Lizzie was concerned, though she disguised her despair in exhortation and encouragement until the eleventh hour. Until which hour Macgregor replied that the watch must have a key. John continued, or professed to continue, sanguine, pointing out that they were not called upon to report all their son's misdeeds to the grandfather, and that Aunt Purdie was hardly likely to report the jam-tart incident for fear of being laughed at.

"Honesty," Lizzie said, with the heavy sigh of one deploring a dreary fact, "is the best policy; an' if Macgreegor does na deserve the prize, he 's no' gaun to get it."

"He 'll deserve it yet," returned John, and reeled off a long list of crimes which Macgregor might have, but had not, committed.

"An' he does na deserve to ha'e a party, neither," she said. "Ye ken that yersel', John."

"No' bein' a prize, it does na count," he replied lightly. "Cheer up, Lizzie! He 's nae waur nor I was when I was his age." Here followed a fearful list of John's juvenile delinquencies.

"Man," she interrupted at last, "I 've got a conscience!"

"Weel, ma dear, that 's no' your fau't, an' I 'm no' blamin' ye."

So it came to Hogmanay. John, ignoring his wife's many protests, all more or less to the effect that he was aping "the gentry," had decorated the kitchen with long strings of paper flowers stretched from the four corners of the ceiling, a couple of Chinese lanterns suspended from the drying-pole, and sundry sprigs of holly stuck in likely places.

The "company" consisted of Gran'paw and Gran'maw Purdie; Willie Thomson, Macgregor's chief chum; two other small boys; three little girls, whom Macgregor had not been particularly keen on inviting; and a bigger girl, Jessie Mary, aged fourteen, who acted as Lizzie's lieutenant in organizing games and keeping order generally. Aunt and Uncle Purdie were expected later, when the juvenile entertainment was over, to assist the elders in bringing in the New-Year, at which ceremony, by the way, Macgregor's presence was to be permitted on condition that he was "extra good" throughout the evening. Mrs. McOstrich had been unable to accept Macgregor's invitation. Despite the fact that New-Year's day was a holiday in the bake-house, Mr. McOstrich insisted on retiring at his customary hour, eight o'clock, and consequently his spouse must stay at home. But the kindly woman had sent a large assortment of buns and pastries, which Macgregor and his young friends welcomed without any apparent regret at the donor's absence. It was unanimously agreed, however, that to be closely related to a baker was the most desirable thing in the world.

For the space of a couple of hours all went so brightly, so smoothly, and Macgregor behaved so nicely toward even the little girls, that hope, moribund for days, stirred softly in the mother heart. The watch and chain might yet be the laddie's property and her pride. Mrs. Robinson was roused from such a reverie by her husband's voice above the childish din:

"Here, Lizzie, what 's next on the program?"

Joining the little throng, she appealed to Jessie Mary. "Something they can a' play at, lassie."

"Bee-baw-babbity," said Jessie Mary, and was echoed by the smaller guests.

"Ach, that 's a daft game!" said Willie Thomson, contemptuously.

"Aye," Macgregor agreed; "it 's a daft—"

Lizzie was swiftly upon him, a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Mind what yer gran'paw 's maybe got for ye, if ye 're a guid laddie, deary," she whispered.

Drawn by Harry Raleigh. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE SAT—ON THE BALLOON WHICH WILLIE, STEALING BEHIND HIS FRIEND, PLACED LIKE A FLASH BENEATH HER" (SEE PAGE 333)

Macgregor hesitated. "Ye 're sure it 'll ha'e a key?" Then he said: "Wullie Thomson, come on an' play, or I 'll gi'e ye a bat on the nose."

"Gaun! hit me!" said Willie, truculently, stepping forward in an attitude of defense and defiance.

John interposed, laughing, and presently the game, which is of the kiss-in-the-ring order, was set going.

It fell to Macgregor to be first in the center. He did n't like the part, but was determined to go through with it. With a self-conscious smirk he knelt to the words:

> Kneel down, kiss the crown,
> Kiss the crown, kiss the crown,
> Kneel down, kiss the crown,
> Kiss a bonny wee lassie.

The singing ceased, the dancers halted. The small boys sniggered, the little girls looked modestly expectant. Macgregor looked exquisitely awkward.

"Come awa', Macgreegor!" his grandfather called encouragingly from the fireside.

"The dear!" murmured his grandmother.

Macgregor took a step in Jessie Mary's direction.

"That 's the boy!" cried John.

Macgregor took another step.

"Haw! haw!" laughed Willie Thomson. "He 's for the big yin!"

Before Macgregor could turn, Jessie Mary, doubtless to end his embarrassment, ran forward and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Haw! haw!" laughed Willie again.

Threateningly, Macgregor went close to him. "What are ye laughin' at?"

"Haw! haw! Ye kissed her! Haw!—"

"I did na! If ye say that again, I 'll gi'e ye a—"

Jessie Mary put herself between the threatening fists.

"Wullie Thomson," she said indignantly, "if ye dinna behave yersel'—"

"I believe ye kissed him first," cried Willie, with more guffaws.

With a toss of her head, Jessie Mary retorted, "I w'u'd na kiss you if ye was the only man in the warld."

"I w'u'd na gi'e ye the chance," yelled Willie, and fell upon Macgregor.

"This 'll never dae!" cried John, separating the combatants. "Wullie, shake han's wi' Macgreegor, an' tell Jessie Mary ye 're sorry."

After some persuasion, the boys shook hands, rather limply, it must be allowed.

"Noo, Wullie, tell Jessie Mary ye 're sorry."

Said Jessie:

"He can keep his sorry. I 'm no' in wi' him ony mair." With another toss of her head, she moved away.

The next moment Lizzie's arm went round her neck.

"Lassie, ye 've been a terrible help to me the nicht. Dinna let onything spile Macgreegor's party noo." She led the girl back to the cause of the disturbance. "Wullie, here 's Jessie Mary ready to forgi'e ye."

"I 'm no' heedin'," returned the boy, sullenly. "I mean I 'm sorry. Onything for peace." He walked off to the table against the wall, and presently he and Macgregor were sharing an orange, while Gran'paw Purdie, with a chuckle of relief, relit his pipe, and gran'maw, still nervous, pretended to resume knitting.

Jessie Mary's proposal to play at "Spin-the-plate" was hailed with general approval.

"I 'll get a plate," cried Macgregor, and with the aid of a chair scrambled upon the dresser.

"Stop, laddie!" exclaimed Lizzie, starting to cross the floor.

"I can manage fine, Maw," he replied, taking a large plate from the rack.

"Na, na! Pit it doon this meenute!"

A dismal crash was followed by a more dismal silence. Macgregor's knuckles went to his eyes. "Ye should na ha'e tell 't me to pit it doon, Maw."

With a choking sound, Mrs. Robinson stooped to collect the fragments of one of her "best."

John and the grandparents hastened to the scene of disaster.

"Dinna greet, deary!" said gran'maw.

"I 'm no' greetin'," mumbled Macgregor.

His father lifted him down and patted his shoulder. "Never heed, Lizzie. He did na mean to break it. An'—an' it 's Hogmanay," he said. "I 'll sune get ye a plate, Macgreegor." He mounted the chair. "Here 's yin."

Mrs. Robinson rose swiftly to her feet.

"No' that yin, John!" she almost screamed, clutching his arm.

Crash!

John followed the plate to the floor, looking less crestfallen, perhaps, than might have been expected.

With something like a sob, Lizzie fell on her knees beside the new wreckage.

There was a silence. Macgregor turned from one parent to the other. Then he went to his mother, and touched her rather diffidently.

"Never heed, Maw," he said in a low voice. "He did na mean it. An' it 's Hogmanay."

"Aw, the wee man!" Gran'maw Purdie softly exclaimed.

At this point John slipped from the room.

Gran'paw Purdie created a diversion by toddling to the dresser and declaring his intention of "trying *his* luck." This set the company smiling, and brought Lizzie to her feet.

"Na, na, Faythe r!" she cried, half laughing, half crying, as she restrained his arm.

"Weel, Lizzie," he said, drawing Macgregor to his side, "never heed aboot the plates. Ye can get plenty mair like them, but ye 'll never get anither Hogmanay like this."

Lizzie said nothing, but proceeded to take down one of her old plates, which she handed to Jessie Mary.

The game went merrily until Willie Thomson, having got the plate, called Macgregor, who in turn called Willie, who again called Macgregor, who once more called Willie, who for the third time called Macgregor—

"That 'll no' dae," Jessie Mary interrupted, seizing the plate. "Ye maun cry somebody else."

Trouble seemed imminent when the door was thrown open, and John came in, flourishing a bunch of gaily colored rubber balloons on strings.

"See what Mistress McOstrich has sent ye a'," he cried, and was forthwith mobbed by shrieking children.

There was a balloon for every one, and joy seemed to have reached its climax, and Jessie Mary was returning the plate to the rack, when from the smallest boy arose a most doleful wailing. He was immediately surrounded by sympathetic inquirers.

"Naebody cried on *me* to spin the p-plate!" he sobbed at last.

"Never heed, Johnny," said Macgregor. "I 'll let ye bash ma heid wi' yer balloon." He obligingly bent his poll. "Gaun! Bash it!"

A grin puckered Johnny's wet features, and he promptly let fly. So did Willie Thomson. So did the rest of the children. A general scrimmage ensued. The air was full of balloons and yells of delight. Gran'paw slapped his knee and chuckled. Gran'maw's smile was wavering and anxious. The bell rang, but no one heard it save Lizzie, who slipped from the room.

"But it was rael nice o' Macgreegor to let the wee laddie bash his heid," said gran'maw to her spouse. "Ye 'll ha'e to mind that when ye 're decidin' aboot the prize."

Despite the din, John caught the latter remark.

"D' ye think Macgreegor 's got ony chance noo, Maister Purdie?" he inquired of his father-in-law with assumed carelessness. "I ken he has na been as guid as he micht ha'e been—"

"Weel, John," the old man said, rubbing his hands, "I 'm no' gaun to be severe on yer son. Efter a', there 's nane o' us been as guid as we micht ha'e been —even in the last ten days. An' so I 've decidet to gi'e Macgreegor the prize—if he 's guid frae noo till the end o' the year."

John beamed his satisfaction. "I think Macgreegor 'll manage that," he said, and, seizing a balloon, joined in the fray.

The door opened. Aunt Purdie entered in all her haughtiness and grandeur.

A hush fell upon the merrymakers. They withdrew with one accord from the field of fun.

Aunt Purdie halted and surveyed the scene with a severe eye.

"Sich a pandemolium!" she exclaimed, and looked round coldly for an explanation.

Lizzie, who had followed her, replied rather nervously, "Oh, it 's jist Macgreegor ha'ein' a wee party for his Hogmanay."

"Oh, indeed." The visitor undid a button of her crimson cloak. "My friend Mrs. McCluny's children are having a party on the tenth of January. Mrs.

McCluny is paying a man to play the pianoforte. Of course, in her position—"

"Will ye no' tak' a chair, Mistress Purdie?" ventured John, who was looking particularly red and foolish.

Aunt Purdie joined the old folks at the fireside, but declined a seat.

"I am thankful to say that my friend Mrs. McCluny's nervous breakdown has been perverted, though last night she was trembling like an ashpan-leaf," she announced. "I jist dropped in to tell you that Robert and me would not be able to arrive here till near midnight. Robert is extremely busy at the emporium—"

"Paw," said Macgregor, who had been listening, "is that whaur they keep livin' fish—swimmin' aboot in tanks?"

"Whisht!" whispered Lizzie.

John laughed and checked himself. "Na, na, Macgreegor, she means yer uncle's shop."

Ignoring the interruption, though the word "shop" was almost more than she could bear, Aunt Purdie proceeded: "And I am now going to the theater with the doctor and Mrs. McCluny and afterward to supper at their house. Mrs. McCluny and me—" A long story of social functions of a superior quality followed.

Meanwhile the children were grouped round the kitchen, wondering when they were going to be happy again. Willie Thomson drew Macgregor into a corner. The two boys began to converse in whispers.

"Did ye ever try sittin' doon on yin o' them?" inquired Willie, indicating his balloon.

"Naw. What does it dae?"

"It mak's a rare bang." A pause. "I w'u'd like fine to see yer aunt sittin' doon on yin."

"So would I," Macgregor admitted. "But I w'u'd na try it till efter Ne'erday, Wullie."

Willie's smile was pitying. "Aw, ye 're thinkin' o' yer watch an' chain, Macgreegor. But ye 've nae chance noo. I heard what ye did at Mistress McOstrich's party an' at the Zoo. Oh, ye canna win the prize."

"Maybe—maybe I 'll get it for—for lettin' Jessie Mary kiss me."

"My! ye 're green! Ye 'll never get it for that. But"—Willie's lips went closer to his friend's ear—"I 'll tell ye hoo ye micht get it."

"Hoo?" very eagerly.

"If ye was pittin' forward thon chair"—Willie pointed—"an' askin' yer aunt to sit doon polite-like, that w'u'd maybe please yer aunt, an' she w'u'd maybe tell yer gran'paw to gi'e ye the prize. D' ye see?"

"Aye, I see. But I never did onything that pleased her yet."

"Weel, there 's yer chance."

Macgregor took a glance at his superior relative. "She 's lukin' awfu' crabbit, Wullie."

"She canna help that. She 'll no luk crabbit if ye 're polite-like to her. Ha'e a shot at it, onyway. I 'll come wi' ye."

Macgregor plucked up courage for the desperate venture. "Come on, then. You haud [hold] ma balloon."

Followed by his friend, Macgregor advanced solemnly toward the old people.

Said gran'paw:

"Here 's Macgreegor comin' to shake han's wi' ye, Sarah. Come awa', ma mannie."

Aunt Purdie regarded her nephew condescendingly. "So you 're having a party, are you? Well, I 'm sure I hope you 're all behaving yourselves."

His courage wavering, Macgregor pushed forward the chair. "Are ye no' for a sate?" he asked barely audibly.

"The deary!" exclaimed gran'maw. "Was that no' nice o' him? Sit doon to please him, Sarah."

"Well, upon my word!" Aunt Purdie was plainly taken aback. "Thank you, Macgregor," she said at last, almost graciously. "I did not intend for to be seated at this junction; still—"

And she sat—on the balloon which Willie, stealing behind his friend, placed like a flash beneath her.

Only Macgregor saw the action.

FOUR hours had passed away. The old clock pointed to ten minutes to midnight. A heavy silence brooded upon the kitchen. It was broken only by an occasional sigh from the people—gran'paw, gran'maw, and John—round the fire.

Lizzie entered quietly, somber of countenance, as though the house held some one seriously ill.

"Is he sleepin' yet?" asked John, dismally.

His wife shook her head.

"Puir lamb!" sighed Gran'maw Purdie.

"His heart was that set on bringin' in the New-Year wi' us a'," said John. "Is —is he greetin', Lizzie?"

"No' the noo."

Gran'paw spoke. "Did he say onything?"

"Na." Disconsolately Mrs. Robinson took her chair. "Aweel, Macgreegor 's had his chance, an' he 's lost it."

"The temptation was great," said John. "When I was a wean—"

"I ken, John. Ye w'u'd ha'e done the same; but ye w'u'd ha'e got punished. Weel, if he 's punished noo, he 'll maybe be a better laddie in the year that 's comin'."

"If we was lettin' him bring in the New-Year, it micht *remind* him to be a better laddie. Eh, Lizzie?"

Lizzie held her peace.

Gran'paw sat up in his chair. He drew from his pocket a small box. "What I want to ken is, what am I to dae with this watch an' chain?"

A sharp ring at the bell took Mrs. Robinson from her place. "It 'll be Mistress Purdie. I was feart she w'u'd be ower offendit to come back." She left the room.

Gran'paw handed the watch to John. For a space there was no sound save the clicks of winding as John toyed moodily with the stem. He uttered a word or two of feeble admiration and passed the watch to the old woman. "Nae doubt there 's young folk in the warld that *deserves* prizes for guid conduc', Maister Purdie," he said, sarcastic for the first time in his life.

At that moment Lizzie showed in not Aunt, but Uncle, Purdie, a big, bearded, genial, successful merchant, without an ounce of affectation in his composition.

"An' hoo 's a' wi' ye?" he cried. "My! ye 're as quiet as mice!" He looked about him. "Whaur 's Macgreegor? I thocht he was to get bringin' in—"

"Macgreegor 's in his bed for misbehavin' hissel', Rubbert," said Lizzie, with dire solemnity.

"Oh, that 's bad—for us yins. Weel, he did na misbehave hissel' sae faur as I 'm concerned, so"—unwrapping a parcel and taking out a good-sized box—"ye can gi'e him them sweeties wi' his Uncle Purdie's compliments." The big man planted the box on the table and seated himself beside his mother. "I thocht Sarah w'u'd ha'e been here—"

"Oh, thenk ye, thenk ye, Rubbert!" cried John, and snatching up the sweets, made for the door.

Lizzie caught him just in time. She secured the box and returned with it to the company, followed by her man, who looked abashed and possibly a little angry.

"Rubbert," she said heavily, "I canna gi'e yer sweeties to Macgreegor."

"Eh? They 're the best in the market. They 'll no' hurt him. Tell him no' to eat mair nor a p'un' a day," said Robert, laughing.

"But it 's no' that, Rubbert. I—I maun tell ye hoo Macgreegor misbehaved hissel'."

John touched her arm. "Aw, Lizzie, ye dinna need to tell Rubbert the noo."

"Puir lamb!" sighed gran'maw.

"Ye need na tell me," said Robert, bringing out his pipe, "excep' it 's funny."

"Funny!" groaned Lizzie. "But I maun tell ye, Rubbert: he—he got Sarah to sit doon on his balloon."

There was a dreary pause.

Then Robert, in a solemn voice, said:

"I 'm rael vexed—for the balloon."

Whereat gran'paw smote his knee and gleefully repeated the words to gran'maw.

John's face relaxed. "There, ye see, Lizzie! It 's no' as serious as ye thocht it was. Rubbert 'll pit it richt wi' Sarah."

"Leave that to me," said Robert, heartily.

"So I 'll jist gang an' fetch Macgreegor," John went on. "I ken he canna win the prize, but—"

"What way can he no' win the prize?" Uncle Purdie demanded.

"An' what 's to be done wi' this?" asked gran'maw, gently, holding up the watch and chain.

"Aye," said gran'paw. "An' there 's anither thing we should mind, Lizzie."

"What?" asked Lizzie, wearily.

"The laddie lost his balloon!"

"Dod, aye!" exclaimed John. "I 'll awa' an' bring him to ye."

"Na, John," said Lizzie. She turned to the others. "Ye 're a' against me, an' it 's no' fair o' ye. Ye ken fine I was jist as anxious as onybody for Macgreegor to win the prize. But richt 's richt, an' wrang 's wrang."

"While's it 's no' easy to split the difference," Uncle Purdie observed. "He 's

but a wean, an' it 's Hogmanay. Was that the bell, Lizzie?"

"Aye; it 'll be Sarah at last. We best no' say ony mair aboot it. But Macgreegor understan's as weel as me what way he canna get the prize."

The bell rang again, and she hurried away.

"What way," said Uncle Purdie, twinkling—"what way dae ye no' turn the prize into a present?"

Gran'paw slapped his knee. "Man, Rubbert, ye 've hit it!"

Gran'maw clapped her hands. "My! is that no' a fine notion, John?"

John hesitated. "Na," he answered sadly. "Lizzie w'u'd na like that."

Once more Lizzie showed in a visitor, but not yet Aunt Purdie.

A thin, pale woman, garbed in rusty black, entered, dragging rather than leading a small boy of abject mien and woebegone visage. She was unknown to the company, but the small boy was still recognizable as Willie Thomson.

"I 'm Wullie's aunt," she explained, refusing the chair proffered by John. "I 'm vexed for disturbin' ye at this time o' nicht, but Wullie cam' hame an' said he had a pain in his inside—"

"He got naething to hurt him here," put in Lizzie, doubtless forgetful of Mrs. McOstrich's pastries.

The visitor assented with a nod, and proceeded rapidly: "But efter I had gi'ed him a dose o' medicine, he said it was na exac'ly in his inside. He said it was furder up, an' I was for pittin' on a poultice, when I discovered it was his—his conscience."

"His conscience!" exclaimed gran'paw.

"Aye; jist that." She drew the boy in front of her. "Noo, Wullie," she said firmly, though not unkindly—"noo, Wullie, tell the truth."

"I—I canna," mumbled Willie, and sobbed freely.

"But ye 've got to dae it. Ye promised me."

Thus adjured, Willie spoke, though very indistinctly:

"It was me that—that pit the balloon below her. Macgreegor k-kent naething aboot it."

"Weel! weel!" muttered gran'paw.

"Puir lamb!" sighed gran'maw.

"Gang on, Wullie!" said the aunt, inexorably.

"I—I tell 't Macgreegor he w'u'd maybe get the prize if he askit her to sit doon p-polite-like. I want to gang hame." And the hapless youngster sobbed afresh.

The aunt looked from one to the other. "Did Macgreegor no' tell ye? I thocht he w'u'd, but Wullie said Macgreegor was na a clipe."[1]

"Wullie 's richt there!" said John, proudly.

"Aweel, Wullie, we best get awa' hame. Ye can tell Macgreegor ye 're sorry in the mornin'."

They were moving to the door when Uncle Purdie stepped forward. "I 'll get Macgreegor anither the morn," he muttered to John, as he took the box of sweets from the table. He placed it in the arms of the astounded Willie. "There, laddie, ye 've done no' sae bad. Tak' them for yer Ne'erday. They 'll no' gi'e ye a pain in yer conscience, onyway."

While he was speaking, Aunt Purdie entered, Lizzie having omitted to fasten the outer door. No one paid any attention to her.

Suddenly John cried:

"I 'm gaun to fetch Macgreegor, Lizzie."

"Oh, John, let me gang!"

And as they both turned to go, behold! Macgregor, in his scarlet flannel nightgown, stood blinking uncertainly in the doorway.

And the clock struck the first note of midnight.

"Bide a wee!" exclaimed gran'paw, rising in great excitement. "John, Lizzie, let me first!" He took the watch from gran'maw's hands and almost ran to the boy.

"Ma wee man, ma wee man," he said happily, leading Macgregor to the middle of the room, while jovial sounds began to come up from the street, "ye 've won yer prize!" He placed the watch and chain in the young hands. "Ye 've won yer prize!"

Speechless, Macgregor stood gazing gravely at his prize. All gathered round, Lizzie the happiest of them all. Even Aunt Purdie's countenance seemed to soften. It was as though, one and all, they waited the words of an oracle.

And as the last stroke of midnight fell, Macgregor's eyes flashed from the watch to his grandsire's face.

"Whaur 's the key?" he demanded.

[1] Telltale.

THE FAIRY OMNIBUS

BY H. BELLOC

WHEN you come to think of it, there are two kinds of surprises: that is, there are two kinds of contrasts for a civilized and traveled man to-day. The first I will call plain contrast or surprise, and the second compound contrast or surprise, after the fashion of steam-engines, which are compound or simple, poor things!

A plain contrast or surprise, for example, is falling off a pier into the sea; or getting a blow in the face; or coming round a corner never having heard of that mountain, and seeing Ingleborough; or finding out that a lord of whom you have only heard the name, is black; or discovering that a rich man of your acquaintance is poor; or learning intimately for the first time any one of the chief and more common events of human life, such as death.

Now, your compound surprise is an inversion of this. It is finding something which is rather commonplace in one situation, but finding it in a situation wholly odd; getting most expected things in unexpected places, and coming across the common experience of life where such an experience is most uncommon. In this category we should also place the unexpected concomitants of expected things; for instance, if you are waiting in a railway station it is normal enough to see a train come in, and it is normal enough to see a train go out, but it is not normal to see one trying to go in and another trying to go out on the same track. There, then, is an unusual conflict of wills.

Anyhow, summon up, I beseech you, the following ordinary things: a motor-bus; a good road; men in one company possessed of different languages; a walking-stick; a canon of a cathedral chapter, one of the ancient sees of Europe (delightful thought!); the sport of shooting wild birds, incidentally a quail. Consider all these things. Is there anything remarkable in any one of them? Why, no. Yet the coming together of all these, and their coming together all in one place, preserves forever in my mind the town of Elizondo.

THE Basque people are worthy of a fame as enduring as their imperishable stock. We have the records of the Pyrenees for more than 2000 years, and the Basque people have always been the Basque people. The sort of men called scientists, who correspond to the later scholastics and who talk in the void, love to make up theories about them; but the facts are plain enough. The facts are these: they inhabit the fastnesses of the hills, and they have chosen for their pastures and their plowlands the very best valleys. They neither advance nor recede; their boundaries are strict. They never grow fat; the energy of each endures until his or her death. They cultivate the land by sticking into it a gigantic three-pronged hoe, at which they tear and snatch until the roots of the earth come up with it. They actively play, and perhaps invented, the game of ball. They speak a language utterly different from any other language in France, or in Navarre, or in all Europe, for that matter, or in the whole world—a language quite unconnected with any others. They are exceedingly fond of wealth and they acquire it; in other nations the two things do not always go together. They are orderly beyond all other men. The devil failed to learn their language (it is important to remember this). They build their churches with three gables all side by side upon one spire. They were the only people that could stand up to the soldiers of Charlemagne. They did something to the Romans. What it was we do not know, for the Romans, resembling in this

the domestic cat, did not like to dwell upon a humiliation. But, anyhow, the Roman influence stops at the Basque boundary. They do not come into the Nine Peoples. There was, I think, no original bishopric among them. No Basque, I think, was conscript to the Roman armies: something happened.

Well, then, there lies in the country of the Basques—and though a little town, it is one of their chief towns—the town of Elizondo, which means, if I am rightly informed, the Church under the Hill, for I suppose that *ondo* means under, since it sounds like that, and *Eliz* is certainly *Ecclesia,* in which the Basque sound is like the Welsh sound for the same thing: indeed, the Basques and the Welsh have much in common, saving that the Basques are sad and speak a totally different tongue. I have a mind at this point to digress again upon the Basques and to describe the mournfulness of their songs, but I will refrain.

Elizondo, then, a town of the Basques, lay, to the knowledge of myself and two companions, beyond the high hills, beyond the crest of the Pyrenees; and we said to ourselves: "We will climb over the pass, we will climb up from the French side, where there are roads and railways and inns and newspapers and scandal, and we will come down into the untutored valleys of the farther slope. We shall find a strange and pastoral people; we shall see something new and fresh which shall make us forget the fever of our time." So said my two companions and I; but in the event it was easily proved that if only men will walk, they will come upon as many adventures as would sink a ship, and that adventure is a thing no man need seek: he has only to walk straight before him without a plan, and it will grip him within twenty miles.

When we had surmounted the pass we came down upon the farther side through a delightful valley which was spoon-shape and of an easy slope. It was a hollow rather than a valley. Low trees and bushes, some of them scented, grew sparsely upon the rising sides of it; a little brook rose from a fountain half-way down, and sprang clearly from grassy ledge to ledge along the lowest line of the vale. And at its foot we found a pond, a grove of trees, and an old cross upon which wandering Gipsies had carved their hatred of the Christian name. And so on we went in one way and another, asking our direction at the first house, and watching the new people among whom we had come, until we struck the town of Elizondo; and here it was that our unexpected experience of common things began.

Let me first beg the reader to believe that what I am about to write is true; for in this sort of tale truth is of the essence of the contract. It is not, indeed, the kind of tale any one could make up, but it is the kind of tale that reads as though any one could make it up, because there are no hippogriffs or centaurs or any difficult-to-be-described emotions, but only common things set together in an uncommon circumstance and order, to wit, those common things, a canon, a motor-bus, a good road, the shooting of a quail, divers languages, and so forth.

Well, into Elizondo we came, and as we approached the place our first shock was a magnificent highroad. "Was it for this," I said to my companions, "that we crossed the hills and invaded the land of unknown men? And what is there primitive about this road? Though it is upon the wrong side of the hills, it might be the road from Staines to London, so broad it is and so well made; or, again, the road from Lyons into Auvergne."

There it stood, an exceedingly well-made road of great breadth, uniformity, and careful surface: and that was the first surprise. But the next morning, after we had slept in the inn,—there are two inns, and the first is the last, and the last is the first; that is, the cheapest is the best,—we rose rather stiff, but gratified to remember how good a road would lead us on the very long march to Pamplona.

"Even if we cannot reach Pamplona," said one of my companions, "with so excellent a road to guide us nothing could go wrong. And there must be many inns along a road like this."

Nay, not only inns, but on such a road surely every product of that civilization which we thought we had left behind. It would not have astonished me to find some boy shrieking the news of a murder and selling newspapers of it on such a road, nor see buzzing along it in a motor-car some one who had but recently de-

frauded the widow and the orphan. There was nothing primitive about the road.

While, therefore, we were taking our chocolate in the very early morning and talking of the road together, the young woman, the wife of the man who kept the inn, said to us courteously:

"I would not have listened to the conversation of these lords, but since these lords are going to Pamplona, your graces would do well to await the motor-bus, which will take you thither at a small charge and more rapidly and conveniently than on your graces' feet."

To which we replied (not in her own tongue, for we did not know it, but in the tongue she had chosen, which was Castilian):

"You give us good news, my lady. At what hour does this self-moving coach appear?"

And she said: "At about seven, Knights."

So we doffed and waved and spread, and did all things proper to the occasion, and paid our bill, and, sure enough, there came along a well-appointed, nicely lacquered, new, properly engined motor-bus, wherein we took our places, wondering more and more. It was not for this that we had crossed the hills, but we were finding things more wonderful than we could have imagined.

Very quickly the motor-bus took us out of Elizondo. In the motor-bus were several human beings: an old lady who had been marketing, a solid peasant worth money, and this man and that man, and this woman and that woman, and the conductor hanging on outside, but not shouting, as you might have imagined, "Liverpool Street," nor even "Benk, Benk," though the thing was so familiar we wondered why he did not give these ritual cries. Among those who sat in the motor-bus and looked at us oddly, believing us to be bears who had come off the hills, for we were rough and untidy with the mountains, were two priests, one tall and thin, the other short and fat. The tall, thin one said, after looking at us long, and he said it in Spanish, nay, in Castilian, "You are perhaps Frenchmen?"

To which one of my companions who could speak that tongue answered, "No, we are Irish, every one."

Then said the tall, thin priest: "Ah? Irish? It is well." And after a little pause of reflection and perhaps of internal prayer, he added, "I speak all languages."

"You speak all languages?" said I eagerly in French.

"Yes," he repeated, a little embarrassed, in Castilian, "I speak all languages." Then he added in his native tongue, "How beautiful is the prospect of these hills!"

We were at that moment climbing up a hill to the first of the passes which lie between Elizondo and Pamplona, that ancient capital of Navarre, that ancient stronghold of the Basque race.

"How beautiful is this country!" he repeated, looking lovingly at the woods, and straining his eyes to see whether he might not catch beyond the successively lowering crests the distant sea.

"They are very beautiful," said that one of my companions who had first answered him.

"I am not of this country; I am from Valladolid," said the priest, still speaking in Spanish; "but I recognize beauty when I see it even in this strange land," and to our astonishment he kissed his hand four or five times to various points of the landscape. Then we were silent again until the summit of the pass was reached, and the motor-bus, having traversed a village and dropped a passenger, began rumbling and buzzing down the farther side.

Here was a great, open, sloping sward, a little marshy, and the gaunt rocks of the Pyrenees beyond. Then it was that the short, fat priest spoke rapidly to the conductor—so rapidly that I could not know what he said—and tapped the conductor on the shoulder. The conductor nodded, and as he nodded, the brakes were suddenly put on, and the machine stopped.

I should here mention that on this warm summer morning all the glass windows of the bus were let down. The sides were open to the air and divided only by the perpendiculars of the window-sashes. As the bus stopped, the shorter and the stouter of the priests—he who had tapped the conductor upon the shoulder and had spoken rapidly in a language we could not follow—jumped suddenly to his feet, stood up in the vehicle, lifted his walking-stick—yes, his walking-stick—to his

shoulder, and with a gleam of precision in his eye handled it as though it were a gun. The forefinger of his right hand moved; there was a tremendous bang; nobody shrieked or started; smoke curled from the end of the walking-stick; and the priest leaped smartly to the ground, past the conductor who opened the door as smartly for him, ran a few yards across the sward by the roadside, and came back radiant, holding up by its legs a quail. He had shot that quail! His walking-stick was made to shoot!

When the sportsman came back into the motor-bus, the engine, which had been purring in front, was put to work again, there was a scurring and clutching, the connection was made, and we began to go forward.

Meantime in that ark congratulations poured upon the successful hunter. The women praised him, the young woman with smiles, the elder ones with gestures and appeals to heaven. His tall, thin companion, who spoke all languages, pointed the moral to us.

"He is no fool," said he; "he misses nothing; he is famous for his skill."

"Yes, indeed," said the conductor through the window door at the back (apparently such scenes were among the commonest in his life); "he misses nothing; he may be known as the Doom of Quails."

"My companion," said the tall, thin priest, with a sigh, "is a canon; he is a canon of our cathedral."

The shorter and stouter priest nodded cheerfully at us, as much as to say, "Yes, and a good eye for quails, too!"

So buzzed we and buzzed not, so thought we and thought not, in that land of dreams.

But they were real men, and it was a real motor-bus, and the quail was a real quail, and the walking-stick was a real shooting-stick. For all about us was real; only our astonishment was odd.

We came to a place where these admirable men had reached the term of their journey. It was a little village a few miles from Pamplona, and they had occasion to stop there; they both got down. The engine wanted a drink, whether of petrol or water I do not know, and there was a general ease-up while it was satisfied. Most of the passengers got out, among them my companions and I.

As we did not know the customs of the Basque land, nor whether it was right in such a place to drink with a priest or not, for customs of this sort differ very much among the varied and divided provinces of Christian Europe, we simply sauntered round the village fountain with them, talking about sportsmanship and quails and canonries. When our conversation was over, we shook hands, and the tall, thin priest said:

"Aha, the shake-hand? All right!"

And then again in his own tongue, smiling gently, "I speak all languages."

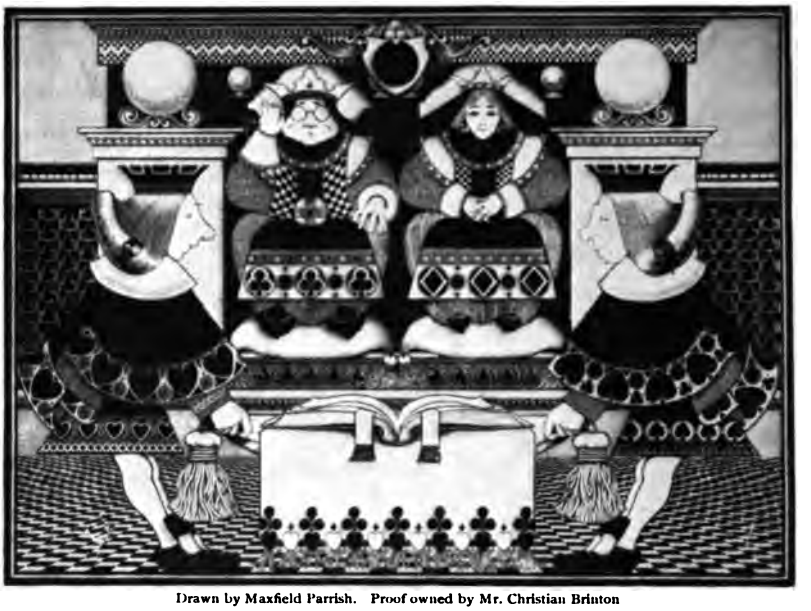
So we left him forever.

Now were not these astonishing things to discover on the wrong side of the Pyrenees?

REBEL TALK (1775)

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THE King eats bread that comes from grain the hungry scythemen reap;
The King is dressed by ragged boys who nurse and crop his sheep;
The King is sleek in houses built by those who freeze o' nights;
The King sleeps safe because of swords made red in bitter fights;
The King sits warm in winter's cold by dint of blood-bought fires;
The King is jeweled by men who die to fill the King's desires;
The King's wise thoughts his wise men plan, his deeds his footboys do;
Nor need the King be wise or kind or brave or just or true;
Nor need he think or do or be this, that, or anything:
So riddle me and riddle me the reason for the King.



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Proof owned by Mr. Christian Brinton

TITLE-PAGE FOR "WHIST REFERENCE BOOK"

A MASTER OF MAKE-BELIEVE

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

IF you think the builder of these dream castles clustering upon dizzy hilltop, or the creator of the knights in gleaming armor, these clowns and Pierrots, ogres, pirates, woodland sprites, and wistful, fancy-smitten children, is just an ordinary, average sort of person, you are vastly mistaken. He is unlike any one you have ever met. His story is different from any you have ever known, and perhaps when you hear it, you, too, may believe with him in Make-Believe.

Of course he always existed somewhere in that quaint, whimsical kingdom, that world which is so real and vivid to more flexible folk, yet which in later years becomes dim and indeterminate. He had certainly been there for centuries until one day he suddenly decided to take a more active interest in the general scheme of things. He had enjoyed subconsciousness long enough, and so, with that sense of [illegible] was later to reveal itself in myriad incongruities, he elected to make his terrestrial appearance by way of Philadelphia. Yet even before that particular event which biologist and biographer agree in calling birth, he realized what manner of place he was coming to, —how full of dull fact-worshipers it was —and he thus determined to provide himself with a liberal allowance of Make-Believe. He had misgivings about finding sufficient in his new quarters, and took the precaution of arriving well supplied for any contingency.

In common with most recruits from that same delectable land, the arena of his earliest efforts and the scene of his initial triumphs was the nursery floor. The customary toys, however, were not to his taste. They seemed stiff, soulless, and inarticulate; so, armed with scissors and paste-pot, he proceeded to cut out and piece together a world of his own making, a universe of ferocious giants and fabu-

lous monsters of the forest, of fairy princesses more beautiful than any sung by troubadour, of turret-crowned city, and restless sweep of ocean. In this realm he was supreme and absolute master. He ruled beneficently, or crushed and ruined at will. He fought battles and stormed breaches from which the swarthy Moor himself would have recoiled in dismay, and sent so many piteous suppliants to the block that he was sometimes forced to jump upon a near-by stool in order to escape the gory flood that surged about on every side.

It is not that the world in which he lived in those early, embryonic days was particularly different from that wherein dwell most children of his age; the main point is that it was a cosmos entirely of his own concoction. Every figure was carefully designed. Plumed helmets and shining suits of mail could be donned and doffed with graceful dexterity. Fiery chargers pranced across veritable drawbridge and under frowning portcullis, and curly, high-pooped ships rode proudly at anchor, full-rigged and ready to fare forth on any sea and in any sort of weather. It was in short a real world, a world of reality in the midst of much that seemed unreal, and not the reverse, as phlegmatic folk would doubtless have us believe.

It may be well to leave in undisturbed oblivion that purgatorial period during which all boys are much of a piece and pass through identical processes of development. Naturally enough, it was not long before he felt impelled further to materialize, as it were, his vision, and with this end in mind exchanged scissors and paste-pot for saw, hammer, and nails. The success of the new venture was equally emphatic. He could do anything with a set of tools and a few strips of

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Owned by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman

BOOK-PLATE OF ELLEN BIDDLE SHIPMAN

"No' that yin, John!" she almost screamed, clutching his arm.

Crash!

John followed the plate to the floor, looking less crestfallen, perhaps, than might have been expected.

With something like a sob, Lizzie fell on her knees beside the new wreckage.

There was a silence. Macgregor turned from one parent to the other. Then he went to his mother, and touched her rather diffidently.

"Never heed, Maw," he said in a low voice. "He did na mean it. An' it 's Hogmanay."

"Aw, the wee man!" Gran'maw Purdie softly exclaimed.

At this point John slipped from the room.

Gran'paw Purdie created a diversion by toddling to the dresser and declaring his intention of "trying *his* luck." This set the company smiling, and brought Lizzie to her feet.

"Na, na, Fayther!" she cried, half laughing, half crying, as she restrained his arm.

"Weel, Lizzie," he said, drawing Macgregor to his side, "never heed aboot the plates. Ye can get plenty mair like them, but ye 'll never get anither Hogmanay like this."

Lizzie said nothing, but proceeded to take down one of her old plates, which she handed to Jessie Mary.

The game went merrily until Willie Thomson, having got the plate, called Macgregor, who in turn called Willie, who again called Macgregor, who once more called Willie, who for the third time called Macgregor—

"That 'll no' dae," Jessie Mary interrupted, seizing the plate. "Ye maun cry somebody else."

Trouble seemed imminent when the door was thrown open, and John came in, flourishing a bunch of gaily colored rubber balloons on strings.

"See what Mistress McOstrich has sent ye a'," he cried, and was forthwith mobbed by shrieking children.

There was a balloon for every one, and joy seemed to have reached its climax, and Jessie Mary was returning the plate to the rack, when from the smallest boy arose a most doleful wailing. He was immediately surrounded by sympathetic inquirers.

"Naebody cried on *me* to spin the p-plate!" he sobbed at last.

"Never heed, Johnny," said Macgregor. "I 'll let ye bash ma heid wi' yer balloon." He obligingly bent his poll. "Gaun! Bash it!"

A grin puckered Johnny's wet features, and he promptly let fly. So did Willie Thomson. So did the rest of the children. A general scrimmage ensued. The air was full of balloons and yells of delight. Gran'paw slapped his knee and chuckled. Gran'maw's smile was wavering and anxious. The bell rang, but no one heard it save Lizzie, who slipped from the room.

"But it was rael nice o' Macgreegor to let the wee laddie bash his heid," said gran'maw to her spouse. "Ye 'll ha'e to mind that when ye 're decidin' aboot the prize."

Despite the din, John caught the latter remark.

"D' ye think Macgreegor 's got ony chance noo, Maister Purdie?" he inquired of his father-in-law with assumed carelessness. "I ken he has na been as guid as he micht ha'e been—"

"Weel, John," the old man said, rubbing his hands, "I 'm no' gaun to be severe on yer son. Efter a', there 's nane o' us been as guid as we micht ha'e been —even in the last ten days. An' so I 've decidet to gi'e Macgreegor the prize—if he 's guid frae noo till the end o' the year."

John beamed his satisfaction. "I think Macgreegor 'll manage that," he said, and, seizing a balloon, joined in the fray.

The door opened. Aunt Purdie entered in all her haughtiness and grandeur.

A hush fell upon the merrymakers. They withdrew with one accord from the field of fun.

Aunt Purdie halted and surveyed the scene with a severe eye.

"Sich a pandemolium!" she exclaimed, and looked round coldly for an explanation.

Lizzie, who had followed her, replied rather nervously, "Oh, it 's jist Macgreegor ha'ein' a wee party for his Hogmanay."

"Oh, indeed." The visitor undid a button of her crimson cloak. "My friend Mrs. McCluny's children are having a party on the tenth of January. Mrs.

McCluny is paying a man to play the pianoforte. Of course, in her position—"

"Will ye no' tak' a chair, Mistress Purdie?" ventured John, who was looking particularly red and foolish.

Aunt Purdie joined the old folks at the fireside, but declined a seat.

"I am thankful to say that my friend Mrs. McCluny's nervous breakdown has been perverted, though last night she was trembling like an ashpan-leaf," she announced. "I jist dropped in to tell you that Robert and me would not be able to arrive here till near midnight. Robert is extremely busy at the emporium—"

"Paw," said Macgregor, who had been listening, "is that whaur they keep livin' fish—swimmin' aboot in tanks?"

"Whisht!" whispered Lizzie.

John laughed and checked himself. "Na, na, Macgreegor, she means yer uncle's shop."

Ignoring the interruption, though the word "shop" was almost more than she could bear, Aunt Purdie proceeded: "And I am now going to the theater with the doctor and Mrs. McCluny and afterward to supper at their house. Mrs. McCluny and me—" A long story of social functions of a superior quality followed.

Meanwhile the children were grouped round the kitchen, wondering when they were going to be happy again. Willie Thomson drew Macgregor into a corner. The two boys began to converse in whispers.

"Did ye ever try sittin' doon on yin o' them?" inquired Willie, indicating his balloon.

"Naw. What does it dae?"

"It mak's a rare bang." A pause. "I w'u'd like fine to see yer aunt sittin' doon on yin."

"So would I," Macgregor admitted. "But I w'u'd na try it till efter Ne'erday, Wullie."

Willie's smile was pitying. "Aw, ye 're thinkin' o' yer watch an' chain, Macgreegor. But ye 've nae chance noo. I heard what ye did at Mistress McOstrich's party an' at the Zoo. Oh, ye canna win the prize."

"Maybe—maybe I 'll get it for—for lettin' Jessie Mary kiss me."

"My! ye 're green! Ye 'll never get it for that. But"—Willie's lips went closer to his friend's ear—"I 'll tell ye hoo ye micht get it."

"Hoo?" very eagerly.

"If ye was pittin' forward thon chair" —Willie pointed—"an' askin' yer aunt to sit doon polite-like, that w'u'd maybe please yer aunt, an' she w'u'd maybe tell yer gran'paw to gi'e ye the prize. D' ye see?"

"Aye, I see. But I never did onything that pleased her yet."

"Weel, there 's yer chance."

Macgregor took a glance at his superior relative. "She 's lukin' awfu' crabbit, Wullie."

"She canna help that. She 'll no luk crabbit if ye 're polite-like to her. Ha'e a shot at it, onyway. I 'll come wi' ye."

Macgregor plucked up courage for the desperate venture. "Come on, then. You haud [hold] ma balloon."

Followed by his friend, Macgregor advanced solemnly toward the old people.

Said gran'paw:

"Here 's Macgreegor comin' to shake han's wi' ye, Sarah. Come awa', ma mannie."

Aunt Purdie regarded her nephew condescendingly. "So you 're having a party, are you? Well, I 'm sure I hope you 're all behaving yourselves."

His courage wavering, Macgregor pushed forward the chair. "Are ye no' for a sate?" he asked barely audibly.

"The deary!" exclaimed gran'maw. "Was that no' nice o' him? Sit doon to please him, Sarah."

"Well, upon my word!" Aunt Purdie was plainly taken aback. "Thank you, Macgregor," she said at last, almost graciously. "I did not intend for to be seated at this junction; still—"

And she sat—on the balloon which Willie, stealing behind his friend, placed like a flash beneath her.

Only Macgregor saw the action.

FOUR hours had passed away. The old clock pointed to ten minutes to midnight. A heavy silence brooded upon the kitchen. It was broken only by an occasional sigh from the people—gran'paw, gran'maw, and John—round the fire.

Lizzie entered quietly, somber of countenance, as though the house held some one seriously ill.

"Is he sleepin' yet?" asked John, dismally.

His wife shook her head.

"Puir lamb!" sighed Gran'maw Purdie.

"His heart was that set on bringin' in the New-Year wi' us a'," said John. "Is —is he greetin', Lizzie?"

"No' the noo."

Gran'paw spoke. "Did he say onything?"

"Na." Disconsolately Mrs. Robinson took her chair. "Aweel, Macgreegor 's had his chance, an' he 's lost it."

"The temptation was great," said John. "When I was a wean—"

"I ken, John. Ye w'u'd ha'e done the same; but ye w'u'd ha'e got punished. Weel, if he 's punished noo, he 'll maybe be a better laddie in the year that 's comin'."

"If we was lettin' him bring in the New-Year, it micht *remind* him to be a better laddie. Eh, Lizzie?"

Lizzie held her peace.

Gran'paw sat up in his chair. He drew from his pocket a small box. "What I want to ken is, what am I to dae with this watch an' chain?"

A sharp ring at the bell took Mrs. Robinson from her place. "It 'll be Mistress Purdie. I was feart she w'u'd be ower offendit to come back." She left the room.

Gran'paw handed the watch to John. For a space there was no sound save the clicks of winding as John toyed moodily with the stem. He uttered a word or two of feeble admiration and passed the watch to the old woman. "Nae doubt there 's young folk in the warld that *deserves* prizes for guid conduc', Maister Purdie," he said, sarcastic for the first time in his life.

At that moment Lizzie showed in not Aunt, but Uncle, Purdie, a big, bearded, genial, successful merchant, without an ounce of affectation in his composition.

"An' hoo 's a' wi' ye?" he cried. "My! ye 're as quiet as mice!" He looked about him. "Whaur 's Macgreegor? I thocht he was to get bringin' in—"

"Macgreegor 's in his bed for misbehavin' hissel', Rubbert," said Lizzie, with dire solemnity.

"Oh, that 's bad—for us yins. Weel, he did na misbehave hissel' sae faur as I 'm concerned, so"—unwrapping a parcel and taking out a good-sized box—"ye can gi'e him them sweeties wi' his Uncle Purdie's compliments." The big man planted the box on the table and seated himself beside his mother. "I thocht Sarah w'u'd ha'e been here—"

"Oh, thenk ye, thenk ye, Rubbert!" cried John, and snatching up the sweets, made for the door.

Lizzie caught him just in time. She secured the box and returned with it to the company, followed by her man, who looked abashed and possibly a little angry.

"Rubbert," she said heavily, "I canna gi'e yer sweeties to Macgreegor."

"Eh? They 're the best in the market. They 'll no' hurt him. Tell him no' to eat mair nor a p'un' a day," said Robert, laughing.

"But it 's no' that, Rubbert. I—I maun tell ye hoo Macgreegor misbehaved hissel'."

John touched her arm. "Aw, Lizzie, ye dinna need to tell Rubbert the noo."

"Puir lamb!" sighed gran'maw.

"Ye need na tell me," said Robert, bringing out his pipe, "excep' it 's funny."

"Funny!" groaned Lizzie. "But I maun tell ye, Rubbert: he—he got Sarah to sit doon on his balloon."

There was a dreary pause.

Then Robert, in a solemn voice, said:

"I 'm rael vexed—for the balloon."

Whereat gran'paw smote his knee and gleefully repeated the words to gran'maw.

John's face relaxed. "There, ye see, Lizzie! It 's no' as serious as ye thocht it was. Rubbert 'll pit it richt wi' Sarah."

"Leave that to me," said Robert, heartily.

"So I 'll jist gang an' fetch Macgreegor," John went on. "I ken he canna win the prize, but—"

"What way can he no' win the prize?" Uncle Purdie demanded.

"An' what 's to be done wi' this?" asked gran'maw, gently, holding up the watch and chain.

"Aye," said gran'paw. "An' there 's anither thing we should mind, Lizzie."

"What?" asked Lizzie, wearily.

"The laddie lost his balloon!"

"Dod, aye!" exclaimed John. "I 'll awa' an' bring him to ye."

"Na, John," said Lizzie. She turned to the others. "Ye 're a' against me, an' it 's no' fair o' ye. Ye ken fine I was jist as anxious as onybody for Macgreegor to win the prize. But richt 's richt, an' wrang 's wrang."

"While's it 's no' easy to split the difference," Uncle Purdie observed. "He 's

but a wean, an' it 's Hogmanay. Was that the bell, Lizzie?"

"Aye; it 'll be Sarah at last. We best no' say ony mair aboot it. But Macgreegor understan's as weel as me what way he canna get the prize."

The bell rang again, and she hurried away.

"What way," said Uncle Purdie, twinkling—"what way dae ye no' turn the prize into a present?"

Gran'paw slapped his knee. "Man, Rubbert, ye 've hit it!"

Gran'maw clapped her hands. "My! is that no' a fine notion, John?"

John hesitated. "Na," he answered sadly. "Lizzie w'u'd na like that."

Once more Lizzie showed in a visitor, but not yet Aunt Purdie.

A thin, pale woman, garbed in rusty black, entered, dragging rather than leading a small boy of abject mien and woebegone visage. She was unknown to the company, but the small boy was still recognizable as Willie Thomson.

"I 'm Wullie's aunt," she explained, refusing the chair proffered by John. "I 'm vexed for disturbin' ye at this time o' nicht, but Wullie cam' hame an' said he had a pain in his inside—"

"He got naething to hurt him here," put in Lizzie, doubtless forgetful of Mrs. McOstrich's pastries.

The visitor assented with a nod, and proceeded rapidly: "But efter I had gi'ed him a dose o' medicine, he said it was na exac'ly in his inside. He said it was furder up, an' I was for pittin' on a poultice, when I discovered it was his—his conscience."

"His conscience!" exclaimed gran'paw.

"Aye; jist that." She drew the boy in front of her. "Noo, Wullie," she said firmly, though not unkindly—"noo, Wullie, tell the truth."

"I—I canna," mumbled Willie, and sobbed freely.

"But ye 've got to dae it. Ye promised me."

Thus adjured, Willie spoke, though very indistinctly:

"It was me that—that pit the balloon below her. Macgreegor k-kent naething aboot it."

"Weel! weel!" muttered gran'paw.

"Puir lamb!" sighed gran'maw.

"Gang on, Wullie!" said the aunt, inexorably.

"I—I tell 't Macgreegor he w'u'd maybe get the prize if he askit her to sit doon p-polite-like. I want to gang hame." And the hapless youngster sobbed afresh.

The aunt looked from one to the other. "Did Macgreegor no' tell ye? I thocht he w'u'd, but Wullie said Macgreegor was na a clipe."[1]

"Wullie 's richt there!" said John, proudly.

"Aweel, Wullie, we best get awa' hame. Ye can tell Macgreegor ye 're sorry in the mornin'."

They were moving to the door when Uncle Purdie stepped forward. "I 'll get Macgreegor anither the morn," he muttered to John, as he took the box of sweets from the table. He placed it in the arms of the astounded Willie. "There, laddie, ye 've done no' sae bad. Tak' them for yer Ne'erday. They 'll no' gi'e ye a pain in yer conscience, onyway."

While he was speaking, Aunt Purdie entered, Lizzie having omitted to fasten the outer door. No one paid any attention to her.

Suddenly John cried:

"I 'm gaun to fetch Macgreegor, Lizzie."

"Oh, John, let me gang!"

And as they both turned to go, behold! Macgregor, in his scarlet flannel nightgown, stood blinking uncertainly in the doorway.

And the clock struck the first note of midnight.

"Bide a wee!" exclaimed gran'paw, rising in great excitement. "John, Lizzie, let me first!" He took the watch from gran'maw's hands and almost ran to the boy.

"Ma wee man, ma wee man," he said happily, leading Macgregor to the middle of the room, while jovial sounds began to come up from the street, "ye 've won yer prize!" He placed the watch and chain in the young hands. "Ye 've won yer prize!"

Speechless, Macgregor stood gazing gravely at his prize. All gathered round, Lizzie the happiest of them all. Even Aunt Purdie's countenance seemed to soften. It was as though, one and all, they waited the words of an oracle.

And as the last stroke of midnight fell, Macgregor's eyes flashed from the watch to his grandsire's face.

"Whaur 's the key?" he demanded.

[1] Telltale.

THE FAIRY OMNIBUS

BY H. BELLOC

WHEN you come to think of it, there are two kinds of surprises: that is, there are two kinds of contrasts for a civilized and traveled man to-day. The first I will call plain contrast or surprise, and the second compound contrast or surprise, after the fashion of steam-engines, which are compound or simple, poor things!

A plain contrast or surprise, for example, is falling off a pier into the sea; or getting a blow in the face; or coming round a corner never having heard of that mountain, and seeing Ingleborough; or finding out that a lord of whom you have only heard the name, is black; or discovering that a rich man of your acquaintance is poor; or learning intimately for the first time any one of the chief and more common events of human life, such as death.

Now, your compound surprise is an inversion of this. It is finding something which is rather commonplace in one situation, but finding it in a situation wholly odd; getting most expected things in unexpected places, and coming across the common experience of life where such an experience is most uncommon. In this category we should also place the unexpected concomitants of expected things; for instance, if you are waiting in a railway station it is normal enough to see a train come in, and it is normal enough to see a train go out, but it is not normal to see one trying to go in and another trying to go out on the same track. There, then, is an unusual conflict of wills.

Anyhow, summon up, I beseech you, the following ordinary things: a motor-bus; a good road; men in one company possessed of different languages; a walking-stick; a canon of a cathedral chapter, one of the ancient sees of Europe (delightful thought!); the sport of shooting wild birds, incidentally a quail. Consider all these things. Is there anything remarkable in any one of them? Why, no. Yet the coming together of all these, and their coming together all in one place, preserves forever in my mind the town of Elizondo.

THE Basque people are worthy of a fame as enduring as their imperishable stock. We have the records of the Pyrenees for more than 2000 years, and the Basque people have always been the Basque people. The sort of men called scientists, who correspond to the later scholastics and who talk in the void, love to make up theories about them; but the facts are plain enough. The facts are these: they inhabit the fastnesses of the hills, and they have chosen for their pastures and their plowlands the very best valleys. They neither advance nor recede; their boundaries are strict. They never grow fat; the energy of each endures until his or her death. They cultivate the land by sticking into it a gigantic three-pronged hoe, at which they tear and snatch until the roots of the earth come up with it. They actively play, and perhaps invented, the game of ball. They speak a language utterly different from any other language in France, or in Navarre, or in all Europe, for that matter, or in the whole world—a language quite unconnected with any others. They are exceedingly fond of wealth and they acquire it; in other nations the two things do not always go together. They are orderly beyond all other men. The devil failed to learn their language (it is important to remember this). They build their churches with three gables all side by side upon one spire. They were the only people that could stand up to the soldiers of Charlemagne. They did something to the Romans. What it was we do not know, for the Romans, resembling in this

the domestic cat, did not like to dwell upon a humiliation. But, anyhow, the Roman influence stops at the Basque boundary. They do not come into the Nine Peoples. There was, I think, no original bishopric among them. No Basque, I think, was conscript to the Roman armies: something happened.

Well, then, there lies in the country of the Basques—and though a little town, it is one of their chief towns—the town of Elizondo, which means, if I am rightly informed, the Church under the Hill, for I suppose that *ondo* means under, since it sounds like that, and *Eliz* is certainly *Ecclesia,* in which the Basque sound is like the Welsh sound for the same thing: indeed, the Basques and the Welsh have much in common, saving that the Basques are sad and speak a totally different tongue. I have a mind at this point to digress again upon the Basques and to describe the mournfulness of their songs, but I will refrain.

Elizondo, then, a town of the Basques, lay, to the knowledge of myself and two companions, beyond the high hills, beyond the crest of the Pyrenees; and we said to ourselves: "We will climb over the pass, we will climb up from the French side, where there are roads and railways and inns and newspapers and scandal, and we will come down into the untutored valleys of the farther slope. We shall find a strange and pastoral people; we shall see something new and fresh which shall make us forget the fever of our time." So said my two companions and I; but in the event it was easily proved that if only men will walk, they will come upon as many adventures as would sink a ship, and that adventure is a thing no man need seek: he has only to walk straight before him without a plan, and it will grip him within twenty miles.

When we had surmounted the pass we came down upon the farther side through a delightful valley which was spoon-shape and of an easy slope. It was a hollow rather than a valley. Low trees and bushes, some of them scented, grew sparsely upon the rising sides of it; a little brook rose from a fountain half-way down, and sprang clearly from grassy ledge to ledge along the lowest line of the vale. And at its foot we found a pond, a grove of trees, and an old cross upon which wandering Gipsies had carved their hatred of the Christian name. And so on we went in one way and another, asking our direction at the first house, and watching the new people among whom we had come, until we struck the town of Elizondo; and here it was that our unexpected experience of common things began.

Let me first beg the reader to believe that what I am about to write is true; for in this sort of tale truth is of the essence of the contract. It is not, indeed, the kind of tale any one could make up, but it is the kind of tale that reads as though any one could make it up, because there are no hippogriffs or centaurs or any difficult-to-be-described emotions, but only common things set together in an uncommon circumstance and order, to wit, those common things, a canon, a motor-bus, a good road, the shooting of a quail, divers languages, and so forth.

Well, into Elizondo we came, and as we approached the place our first shock was a magnificent highroad. "Was it for this," I said to my companions, "that we crossed the hills and invaded the land of unknown men? And what is there primitive about this road? Though it is upon the wrong side of the hills, it might be the road from Staines to London, so broad it is and so well made; or, again, the road from Lyons into Auvergne."

There it stood, an exceedingly well-made road of great breadth, uniformity, and careful surface: and that was the first surprise. But the next morning, after we had slept in the inn,—there are two inns, and the first is the last, and the last is the first; that is, the cheapest is the best,—we rose rather stiff, but gratified to remember how good a road would lead us on the very long march to Pamplona.

"Even if we cannot reach Pamplona," said one of my companions, "with so excellent a road to guide us nothing could go wrong. And there must be many inns along a road like this."

Nay, not only inns, but on such a road surely every product of that civilization which we thought we had left behind. It would not have astonished me to find some boy shrieking the news of a murder and selling newspapers of it on such a road, nor see buzzing along it in a motor-car some one who had but recently de-

frauded the widow and the orphan. There was nothing primitive about the road.

While, therefore, we were taking our chocolate in the very early morning and talking of the road together, the young woman, the wife of the man who kept the inn, said to us courteously:

"I would not have listened to the conversation of these lords, but since these lords are going to Pamplona, your graces would do well to await the motor-bus, which will take you thither at a small charge and more rapidly and conveniently than on your graces' feet."

To which we replied (not in her own tongue, for we did not know it, but in the tongue she had chosen, which was Castilian):

"You give us good news, my lady. At what hour does this self-moving coach appear?"

And she said: "At about seven, Knights."

So we doffed and waved and spread, and did all things proper to the occasion, and paid our bill, and, sure enough, there came along a well-appointed, nicely lacquered, new, properly engined motor-bus, wherein we took our places, wondering more and more. It was not for this that we had crossed the hills, but we were finding things more wonderful than we could have imagined.

Very quickly the motor-bus took us out of Elizondo. In the motor-bus were several human beings: an old lady who had been marketing, a solid peasant worth money, and this man and that man, and this woman and that woman, and the conductor hanging on outside, but not shouting, as you might have imagined, "Liverpool Street," nor even "Benk, Benk," though the thing was so familiar we wondered why he did not give these ritual cries. Among those who sat in the motor-bus and looked at us oddly, believing us to be bears who had come off the hills, for we were rough and untidy with the mountains, were two priests, one tall and thin, the other short and fat. The tall, thin one said, after looking at us long, and he said it in Spanish, nay, in Castilian, "You are perhaps Frenchmen?"

To which one of my companions who could speak that tongue answered, "No, we are Irish, every one."

Then said the tall, thin priest: "Ah? Irish? It is well." And after a little pause of reflection and perhaps of internal prayer, he added, "I speak all languages."

"You speak all languages?" said I eagerly in French.

"Yes," he repeated, a little embarrassed, in Castilian, "I speak all languages." Then he added in his native tongue, "How beautiful is the prospect of these hills!"

We were at that moment climbing up a hill to the first of the passes which lie between Elizondo and Pamplona, that ancient capital of Navarre, that ancient stronghold of the Basque race.

"How beautiful is this country!" he repeated, looking lovingly at the woods, and straining his eyes to see whether he might not catch beyond the successively lowering crests the distant sea.

"They are very beautiful," said that one of my companions who had first answered him.

"I am not of this country; I am from Valladolid," said the priest, still speaking in Spanish; "but I recognize beauty when I see it even in this strange land," and to our astonishment he kissed his hand four or five times to various points of the landscape. Then we were silent again until the summit of the pass was reached, and the motor-bus, having traversed a village and dropped a passenger, began rumbling and buzzing down the farther side.

Here was a great, open, sloping sward, a little marshy, and the gaunt rocks of the Pyrenees beyond. Then it was that the short, fat priest spoke rapidly to the conductor—so rapidly that I could not know what he said—and tapped the conductor on the shoulder. The conductor nodded, and as he nodded, the brakes were suddenly put on, and the machine stopped.

I should here mention that on this warm summer morning all the glass windows of the bus were let down. The sides were open to the air and divided only by the perpendiculars of the window-sashes. As the bus stopped, the shorter and the stouter of the priests—he who had tapped the conductor upon the shoulder and had spoken rapidly in a language we could not follow—jumped suddenly to his feet, stood up in the vehicle, lifted his walking-stick—yes, his walking-stick—to his

shoulder, and with a gleam of precision in his eye handled it as though it were a gun. The forefinger of his right hand moved; there was a tremendous bang; nobody shrieked or started; smoke curled from the end of the walking-stick; and the priest leaped smartly to the ground, past the conductor who opened the door as smartly for him, ran a few yards across the sward by the roadside, and came back radiant, holding up by its legs a quail. He had shot that quail! His walking-stick was made to shoot!

When the sportsman came back into the motor-bus, the engine, which had been purring in front, was put to work again, there was a scurring and clutching, the connection was made, and we began to go forward.

Meantime in that ark congratulations poured upon the successful hunter. The women praised him, the young woman with smiles, the elder ones with gestures and appeals to heaven. His tall, thin companion, who spoke all languages, pointed the moral to us.

"He is no fool," said he; "he misses nothing; he is famous for his skill."

"Yes, indeed," said the conductor through the window door at the back (apparently such scenes were among the commonest in his life); "he misses nothing; he may be known as the Doom of Quails."

"My companion," said the tall, thin priest, with a sigh, "is a canon; he is a canon of our cathedral."

The shorter and stouter priest nodded cheerfully at us, as much as to say, "Yes, and a good eye for quails, too!"

So buzzed we and buzzed not, so thought we and thought not, in that land of dreams.

But they were real men, and it was a real motor-bus, and the quail was a real quail, and the walking-stick was a real shooting-stick. For all about us was real; only our astonishment was odd.

We came to a place where these admirable men had reached the term of their journey. It was a little village a few miles from Pamplona, and they had occasion to stop there; they both got down. The engine wanted a drink, whether of petrol or water I do not know, and there was a general ease-up while it was satisfied. Most of the passengers got out, among them my companions and I.

As we did not know the customs of the Basque land, nor whether it was right in such a place to drink with a priest or not, for customs of this sort differ very much among the varied and divided provinces of Christian Europe, we simply sauntered round the village fountain with them, talking about sportsmanship and quails and canonries. When our conversation was over, we shook hands, and the tall, thin priest said:

"Aha, the shake-hand? All right!"

And then again in his own tongue, smiling gently, "I speak all languages."

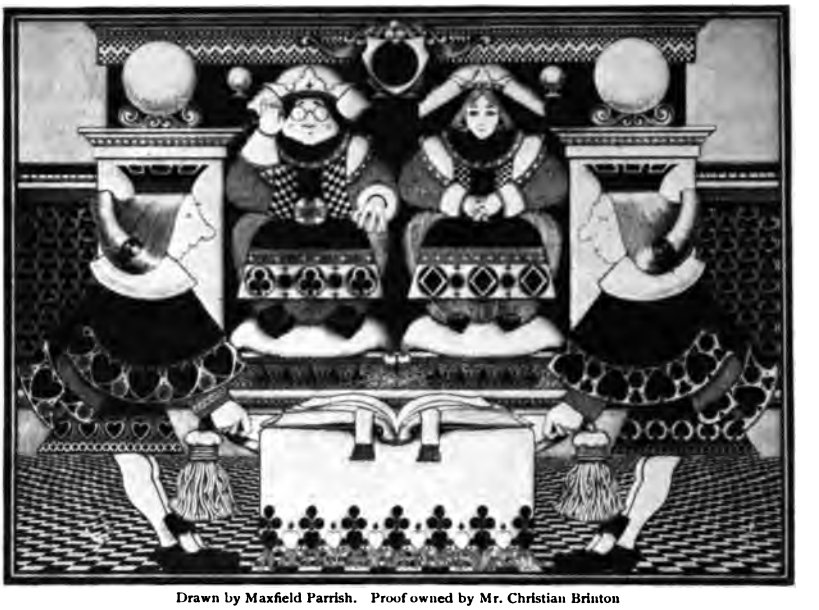
So we left him forever.

Now were not these astonishing things to discover on the wrong side of the Pyrenees?

REBEL TALK (1775)

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THE King eats bread that comes from grain the hungry scythemen reap;
The King is dressed by ragged boys who nurse and crop his sheep;
The King is sleek in houses built by those who freeze o' nights;
The King sleeps safe because of swords made red in bitter fights;
The King sits warm in winter's cold by dint of blood-bought fires;
The King is jeweled by men who die to fill the King's desires;
The King's wise thoughts his wise men plan, his deeds his footboys do;
Nor need the King be wise or kind or brave or just or true;
Nor need he think or do or be this, that, or anything:
So riddle me and riddle me the reason for the King.



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Proof owned by Mr. Christian Brinton

TITLE-PAGE FOR "WHIST REFERENCE BOOK"

A MASTER OF MAKE-BELIEVE

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

IF you think the builder of these dream castles clustering upon dizzy hilltop, or the creator of the knights in gleaming armor, these clowns and Pierrots, ogres, pirates, woodland sprites, and wistful, fancy-smitten children, is just an ordinary, average sort of person, you are vastly mistaken. He is unlike any one you have ever met. His story is different from any you have ever known, and perhaps when you hear it, you, too, may believe with him in Make-Believe.

Of course he always existed somewhere in that quaint, whimsical kingdom, that world which is so real and vivid to more flexible folk, yet which in later years becomes dim and indeterminate. He had certainly been there for centuries until one day he suddenly decided to take a more active interest in the general scheme of things. He had enjoyed subconsciousness long enough, and so, with that sense of contrast which was later to reveal itself in myriad incongruities, he elected to make his terrestrial appearance by way of Philadelphia. Yet even before that particular event which biologist and biographer agree in calling birth, he realized what manner of place he was coming to, —how full of dull fact-worshipers it was —and he thus determined to provide himself with a liberal allowance of Make-Believe. He had misgivings about finding sufficient in his new quarters, and took the precaution of arriving well supplied for any contingency.

In common with most recruits from that same delectable land, the arena of his earliest efforts and the scene of his initial triumphs was the nursery floor. The customary toys, however, were not to his taste. They seemed stiff, soulless, and inarticulate; so, armed with scissors and paste-pot, he proceeded to cut out and piece together a world of his own making, a universe of ferocious giants and fabu-

lous monsters of the forest, of fairy princesses more beautiful than any sung by troubadour, of turret-crowned city, and restless sweep of ocean. In this realm he was supreme and absolute master. He ruled beneficently, or crushed and ruined at will. He fought battles and stormed breaches from which the swarthy Moor himself would have recoiled in dismay, and sent so many piteous suppliants to the block that he was sometimes forced to jump upon a near-by stool in order to escape the gory flood that surged about on every side.

It is not that the world in which he lived in those early, embryonic days was particularly different from that wherein dwell most children of his age; the main point is that it was a cosmos entirely of his own concoction. Every figure was carefully designed. Plumed helmets and shining suits of mail could be donned and doffed with graceful dexterity. Fiery chargers pranced across veritable drawbridge and under frowning portcullis, and curly, high-pooped ships rode proudly at anchor, full-rigged and ready to fare forth on any sea and in any sort of weather. It was in short a real world, a world of reality in the midst of much that seemed unreal, and not the reverse, as phlegmatic folk would doubtless have us believe.

It may be well to leave in undisturbed oblivion that purgatorial period during which all boys are much of a piece and pass through identical processes of development. Naturally enough, it was not long before he felt impelled further to materialize, as it were, his vision, and with this end in mind exchanged scissors and paste-pot for saw, hammer, and nails. The success of the new venture was equally emphatic. He could do anything with a set of tools and a few strips of

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Owned by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman

BOOK-PLATE OF ELLEN BIDDLE SHIPMAN

pine board. Conscious of his power and ready sense of accomplishment, it was inevitable that he should begin to interrogate the future, and it is significant to recall that at this particular juncture only one career appealed to him—that of a carpenter. Artist and artisan were from the outset inseparable, and have remained so to this day.

The serious business of play had, alas, to be interrupted now and again by the inconsequential claims of school; but here, too, a certain whole-hearted facing of practical issues tided him along without undue stress of brain or soul. There was furthermore an atmosphere of mind as well as art about the genteelly sequestered Philadelphia home. The father was a constant and unfailing source of inspiration both intellectual and esthetic, and there used to drop in at intervals a certain famous Roman archæologist and antiquary, a poet and professor of English, and an architect friend, who would discreetly hint that one who was so good a carpenter might do equally well as draftsman and designer.

Yet there was no immediate necessity for confronting one's life career. That innocuous interlude known as college had first to be experienced, and Haverford, the stronghold of cricket and Quakerism, was chosen as the scene of a frankly unequal compromise between day-dreaming and study-hour concentration. To college he brought the ripening legacy of play-room and workshop, and at once proceeded to create about himself an atmosphere of decorative fantasy. The suite in Barclay Hall quickly became the wonder of upper as well as lower classmen. He was willing to take incredible pains in order to achieve a desired effect. If the wall surfaces, for instance, were found lacking in tone or design, he would borrow a step-ladder from the mistrustful janitor, and pass joyous afternoons dashing in with crayon or colored chalk the most diverting wreaths and garlands. Everything was in keeping. Antique stores were ransacked for appro-

Owned by Mr. Austin M. Purves

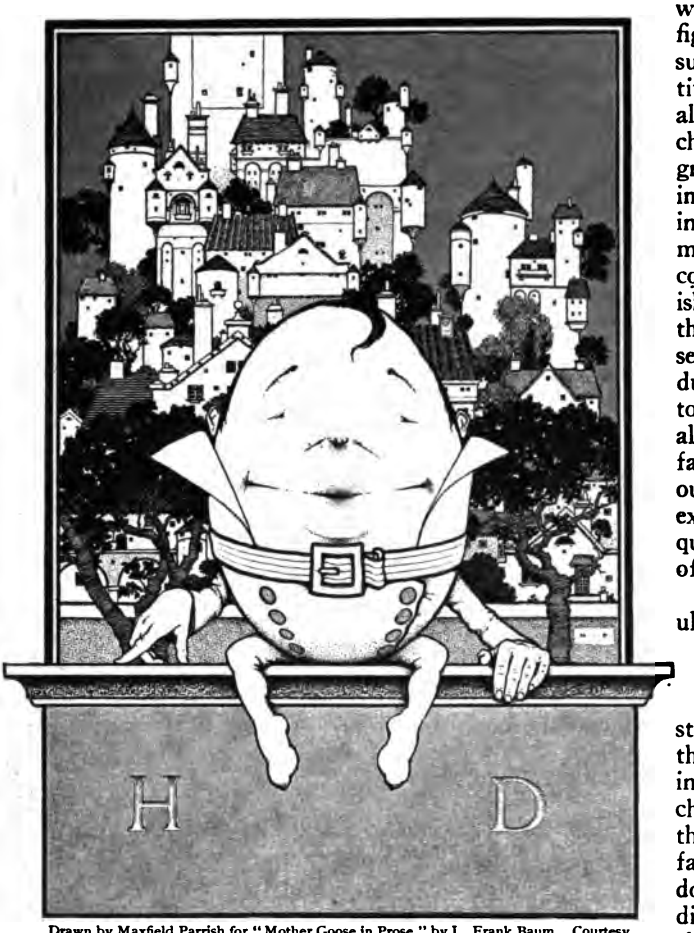
PIERROT. A PAPER CUT-OUT BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish

A JOURNEY THROUGH SUNNY PROVENCE IN THE DAYS OF KING RENÉ

priate bits of furniture, brass, or pewter, and a dire financial crisis was precipitated by the purchase of a certain memorable rug. So awe-struck were the Philistines by this array of taste that they would pause transfixed upon the threshold, not presuming to enter without a condescending nod from one or other of the occupants. And when it came to the wild, nocturnal carnival of hazing and room-wrecking, it was a recognized tradition that this particular suite must remain inviolate, a consideration which, it should be confessed, in nowise precluded its proprietors from indulging in the fierce joys of indiscriminate ravage.

Nor did it take this ready fund of invention long to escape the confines of Barclay and seek wider scope. It soon became a definite factor in the college world. Programs of athletic meets and kindred academic functions were enlivened by comic figures revealing instinctive surety of line and imaginative force. The climax of all was, however, a certain chemistry note-book, with gnomes and pixies brandishing test-tubes and performing various grotesque experiments. It was done in color, and remains the cherished possession of one of those rare pedagogues whose sense of humor has not been dulled by a lifetime devotion to pure science. There were also other members of the faculty who were not oblivious of his gift for graphic expression, notably the eloquent and magnetic professor of German and English.



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish for "Mother Goose in Prose," by L. Frank Baum. Courtesy of The Bobbs-Merrill Company. From a proof owned by Mr. Christian Brinton

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Yet on his side the curriculum presented few points of appeal. It was not somnolent lecture-hall, but rather those exhilarating strolls about the grounds, the crimson flare of maple in the autumn, and the changing magic of sunset sky, that captured his maturing fancy. He played cricket, as does every stanch Haverfordian, yet the cloud shadows chasing one another across the green not infrequently seemed more important than the score, and he would blithely cut batting practice or recitation to be off for a ramble in the open country back of the campus, where one was free from restraint of any sort—free of spirit and of footfall.

Living in an atmosphere at once more remote and more explicit than his fellow-students, he seemed more purposeful than they, and toward the end of his course grew anxious to accomplish something on his own account, a feat seldom achieved within the confines of college. Yet the interval passed at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine

Arts was wholly superfluous, for he was already a draftsman and colorist of individuality and power. He had the technic of his craft at his finger-tips and, given an appropriate theme, could do things which would have baffled the most versatile instructor. In point of fact, within a couple of years he was himself teaching at a near-by institution, and beginning to send forth into the world those advertisements and magazine covers which have refreshed the eyes and stimulated the imagination of—well, it is close upon a generation now. He did not have to go through the customary arduous and sterilizing apprenticeship. What he wished to do had been clear from the beginning, and the way to do it followed as a matter of course.

Having invented his own pictorial language and learned to employ it with precision, it remained for him merely to select a spot where he might go on fostering those creatures of whim and fancy which looked mischievously out from page and poster. While it is possible, both historically and geographically, that Cornish may have existed before his advent, there are grounds for doubting this, and every reason for affirming that, esthetically, it was still to be divined. In short, he remade Cornish, just as years before he remade his rooms at college. After his coming, folk began remarking that the hills seemed to shape and group themselves more effectively, that certain trees stood forth more picturesquely against the horizon, and that those swift-scudding cloud-forms marshaled themselves almost as majestically across the sky as they did in the backgrounds of his canvases. Novel as were such results, they nevertheless involved no change of method. He was just as he had always been, only his field of activity had become more diverse and his power of expression more fully developed. He appeared to have a secret understanding with, as well as of, Nature. And every one about him, from racy, angular native to easeful, plutocratic summer resident, responded to the spell of his personality.

Not only did he awaken imagination and sharpen vision, but, true to his knack for artisanship, he quite as handily transposed fancy into fact, as, indeed, had ever been his wont. On the side of one of those sparse, stony pastures stretching away toward the sky and looking down upon mortals of less venturesome temper, he designed himself a house the like of which you have surely never beheld.

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish for "Mother Goose in Prose," by L. Frank Baum. Courtesy of The Bobbs-Merrill Company. From a proof owned by Mr. Christian Brinton

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Watched over by sturdy, sentinel oaks, this rambling, hillside home, scornful of architectural rule, yet perfectly adapted to the particular purpose in mind, is by all odds his most typical creation. Every detail from roadway-gate to polished brass door-latch, from carved hall settee

Everything at "The Oaks" is in consonance. The size of the house exactly coördinates with the dimensions of the shaggy pony tethered in the foreground. The garden, which originally consisted of lank, yellow-topped mullein stationed at random about the place, is even now none

Owned by Mr. Austin M. Purves

TWO GIRLISH FIGURES. A PAPER CUT-OUT BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

to paneled mantel-shelf, is of his own devising. Building proved so engrossing that he moved in long before the roof was on, and for weeks deftly attacked the most cyclopean problems of construction, his only help being a local carpenter whose devotion to his career was complicated by incessant garrulity and an imperative craving for ice-cream.

too prim or pattern-like, for here no one presumes to chastise nature into smug subservience. The interior is as characteristic as the outside. The living quarters are plain, but comfortable. The dining-room is small, for one prefers, whenever possible, to eat on the porch, which faces south, overlooking distant hill and intervening valley. There is also a

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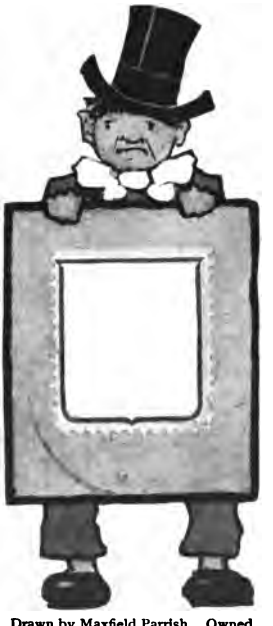
PROFILE OF GIRL'S HEAD. A PAPER CUT-OUT BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

spacious music-room, built where the friendly cricket used to chirp, and in summer there sometimes comes from the city a famous quartet; but neither is music nor are any of life's amenities in the least degree formalized. This particular room seems at its best when empty, or nearly so, and he strolls in, seats himself at the piano, and improvises for hours at a time, the firelight meanwhile dying away, and the silhouette of the mountain seen from the big end windows slowly dissolving into purple nothingness.

One of the features of "The Oaks" is the workshop, completely equipped even to the lathe on which he turns out any desired piece of household furniture or, when needed, vases and columns for his more elaborately decorative compositions. He is an accomplished machinist and, doubtless with the approbation of the valetudinarian pony, drives a motor with the same ready assurance that he runs the stationary engine or supervises the family furnace. A few paces beyond the bewildering agglomeration of flywheels, belts, benches, and tool-racks, is the studio, a vast, bare room, neutral-toned, and devoid of any of the conventional esthetic trappings or customary artistic appeal. It also is a workshop, the only embellishments consisting of a chair or two, a small table, a massive easel, and a plain, resolute-looking stove; for during many months the snow is packed tight and high outside, and the only sound is the wind cutting

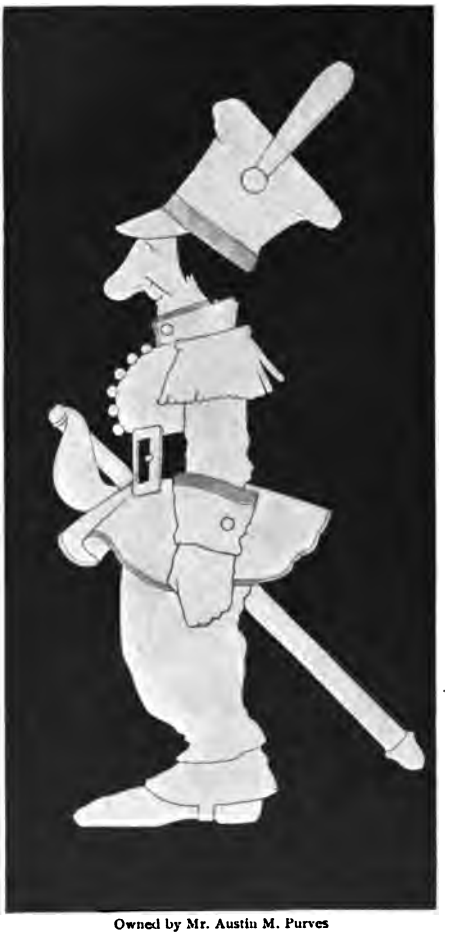
DESIGN ON THE OUTSIDE OF AN ENVELOP



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Owned by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman

around corners or the call of a stray blue-jay.

Such is "The Oaks," and such the atmosphere in which he lives and labors. He has traveled much both at home and abroad. He has seen the great, saffron spaces of the West, has felt the garden magic of Italy, and knows the château towns of France; yet all this, and more, was familiar to him without so much as stepping from studio or piazza. He has never been compelled to cast about either for subject or for setting. He has remained unchanged, save that his interests are wider and his sympathies more concrete and more domestic. And his world is still the same world, he having merely brought to it year by year a surer sense of balance and a richer, more resonant chromatic beauty. There is no place in the universe which suits him so well as Cornish. He resides there the entire twelvemonth, and knows and loves its every change of mood and season. He likes it at all times, but preferably in the autumn, when there is a deepening hint of mystery to wood and sky, or in the heart of winter, when the stalwart members of the "Chickadee Club" meet for dinner or gather about the hickory logs.



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THE MILITIAMAN. A PAPER CUT-OUT BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

There never was a time when the serene and cloudless country in which he mainly dwells did not exist. It is as old as humanity, yet reveals itself afresh in every youthful, buoyant breast. It is in brief the land of Make-Believe, and in this land he early proved his mastery. The initial attempts to seize the particular accent and aspect of his chosen sphere were broadly humorous and grotesque. Though they displayed a robust jollity that suggested the jovial Teuton, they were neither Germanic, Latin, nor Anglo-Saxon. Try as you may, you cannot locate any of these quaintly capricious beings or the backgrounds, natural or architectural, against which they are massed. All you know is that they belong to a place where one is ever young, and that they spontaneously awaken in you memories of having once been there yourself.

For close upon a decade he responded to that which was deliberately fantastic, nor did he encounter the slightest difficulty in making the public accept his point of view. Folk were indeed glad to exchange the sterile commonplaces of current illustration for these roguish wights and enigmatic youths and maidens. His first actual commission was executed while he was still in college, and thence onward there has been an unappeased demand for that naïve apposition of modern and medieval motive which is the essence of all the earlier work. His artistic coinage circulated freely because it was stamped with an assured measure of clearness and force. Whatever the theme or medium, there was never any mistaking

the individuality of style. There was nothing vague or indecisive here. The outlines were sure and deft, and the tones smooth and brilliant. Apart from spirit and subject, it never, even in the beginning, suggested the work of a 'prentice hand.

Mischief and merriment were the key-notes of this particular stage of his development, it not being until later that he found the pathway leading to that realm of romantic evocation which is today his acknowledged province. His inventive fertility was amazing. The portfolio of World's Fair sketches was prepared long before the gates of the White City swung open, and was not considered in the least lacking in comic verity. He never permitted himself to be restricted by mere fact, and in the illustrations for his first books, such as "Mother Goose in Prose" and Knickerbocker's "History of New York," he used the text as the slenderest excuse for scampering off into topsyturvydom. The important point is that all this time he was enjoying himself after his own unhampered fashion. He was simply doing with a trifle more system what he had been accustomed to do for years. And during intervals between drawings he would refresh himself by designing bookplates, painting furniture, making picture-frames, or devising elaborately finished letter-heads.

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"SHABBY GENTEEL." A PAPER CUT-OUT BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

The most typical production of this period may still be seen in the Mask and Wig Club, Philadelphia, where, above the capacious fireplace in the grill-room hangs his original version of Old King Cole, and around the walls is an array of ornamental mug-racks, likewise done in color and carried out in the same vein of decorative grotesquery. There is a wholesome gusto, a lusty sense of good living, to such subjects which find an echo in almost everything dating from these days. Wine-sacks are never empty, and huge, pyramidal puddings are escorted in steaming hot by obsequious servitors. One eats and drinks as mercifully one does only in the magnifying mind of a child. The world is a joyous place; it is like a juvenile dream come true. Still, despite its gastronomic attractions, this phase was not to last beyond its allotted time. Simultaneously with the appearance on the scene of Kenneth Grahame's delectable band of Arcadians, the spirit of his work underwent a subtle yet decisive change. There was something in the sensitively wrought imagery of "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days" which instantly arrested his fancy, and for once artist and author were in complete accord. The touch henceforth showed increasing delicacy, the tones became more eloquent, and the treatment of character revealed a fuller measure of intuitive penetration.

Just as before, everything needful was

From a sketch owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, for a decoration in the Mask and Wig Club, Philadelphia

OLD KING COLE. DRAWN BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

somehow already stored within and needed only to be beckoned forth at will. It was unnecessary for him patiently to ponder the jewel-like surfaces of Carpaccio, or to saunter about rugged Tuscan town absorbing local color in order to picture for us "Its Walls Were as of Jasper." And in "The Roman Road" he nonchalantly sketched the dome of St. Peter's, just as later in Mrs. Wharton's "The Duchess at Prayer" he disclosed an enchanting garden vista with fountains, cypresses, and close-clipped walks before ever setting foot in Italy.

It is superfluous to repeat the titles of the numerous books he has embellished with an increasingly ripening imagination, or to recall the countless magazine illustrations which have borne the impress of his unflagging creative faculty. It is sufficient to bear in mind that there is in all this work a flexibility of spirit which bespeaks the typically free, unfettered temperament. He possesses in an exceptional degree the power of esthetic transmutation. He leads you adroitly from the heroic half-light of Attic myth and legend into the shimmering noonday or scented silence of Oriental fantasy. Yet one is treated on these journeys with the frankest lack of ceremony, and before starting out it is prudent to cast aside academic prejudice. This art is a law unto itself and caters to no accepted conventions. You must be prepared for anything and everything. Classic scene may appear more Gothic than Greek, and there is not infrequently to these califs and their mosques and palaces less of the East than of European romanticism. He finds himself, and he has the gift of making you feel, equally at home anywhere—that is, anywhere in the land of Make-Believe; for the restless, stressful existence about him offers little interest or stimulus. Above all, he preserves in each transition the precious spontaneity of youth. This art is a manifestly adolescent expression. The element of amusing or alluring distortion is seldom absent. The dragons are more avowedly voracious, the genii more malevolent, and the questing little adventurers more valiant than any met elsewhere. In color as well as in character the same strain obtains. The dawn is more

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Owned by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman

A FRENCH COOK, ON A FANCIFUL MENU

radiant than Aurora dare tint her, and the sunsets have a prismatic splendor visible only to painter and to poet.

This art at no point touches life as we, alas, are forced to accept it. It seeks no compromise with fact, for it exists quite independently of what we are pleased to term truth to nature. Technically as well as in subject-matter it stands apart from current production. In so far as it is not strictly individual, its method is based upon the practice of certain masters who lived long since and who have perpetuated the tradition of fresh, bright color and clean, well-defined contour. You seldom see in these canvases broken surfaces or any attempt to create the so-called illusion of reality. There is little movement, even. The figures are static, and each separate scheme is planned with a regard for proportion and balance which admits of nothing impromptu. You do not meet here those vibrant atmospheric effects so dear to the latter-day palette, nor that suggestion of motion which is the cherished achievement of most contemporary painters. The calm of the dream world has spread itself over these carefully wrought compositions. And in studying them you are unwilling to decide whether he cannot, or merely does not care to, confront broader issues and face more complicated problems.

Owned by Mr. Austin M. Purves

THE ROMAN SOLDIER. A PAPER CUT-OUT
BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

It is in no small degree its persistent juvenility that is responsible for the continued popularity of this work. It represents a protest—an unconscious one, if you will—against the precocity of the coming generation. With clarity of vision and vigor of presentation it keeps alive sentiments which are in danger of suffering extinction. In fine, the chief charm of this many-hued and constantly shifting panorama lies in the fact that it is a prolongation, as it were, of the imaginative period. Everything you have known and loved in childhood passes at one turn or another before the eye, disclosing a wealth of reawakened sympathies. Latterly he has appeared with less frequency in the magazines, for he is at present devoting himself almost exclusively to the more permanent field of mural painting. Yet here, too, the themes are much the same as usual. "Old King Cole" has simply been glorified and aggrandized for a New York hotel, and it is "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and "The Pied Piper" which, in Chicago and San Francisco, serve similar purpose and are conceived in a corresponding spirit.

The latest completed work is an important series of decorative panels for the

dining-hall of a certain opulently progressive Philadelphia publishing house. The scheme represents with characteristic flexibility as to details and treatment a Venetian fête, and in this serenely gay processional, which runs around three sides of the room, are grouped most of his favorite scenes and personages. It is in a sense an epitome in line and tone of his entire artistic career. There are cavaliers and grand ladies galore; there are serenades and surprises; there are lovelorn misses, pages, and laughing coquettes; there are broad terraces and slender, soaring columns, great, flowered vases, and dark cedar boughs sweeping full across skies suffused with the amber and gold of sunset. The effect is cumulative. He has here had the space to unite all those frankly happy creatures with whom he has lived so long, and never have they seemed so radiant and care-free. Never have they appeared so imbued with beauty or touched with poetic sentiment.

Our narrative would not display the requisite completeness or finish were it not possible to add that he has obligingly gone a step further and chosen a spot where every offshoot of his fancy, new or old, trivial or formal, might find congenial setting. As a scant concession to curiosity, let us call it the House of Purves, and concede that it may be situated somewhere near Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. In a great room, with generous fireplaces at each end and windows fronting the garden and wood beyond, there has been gathered together more of his work than can be found anywhere else. Errant Pan, patient Griselda, and Jason look out upon lilac-bush and swaying tree-top, while scattered about are innumerable drawings and sketches. It is a veritable pictorial Walhalla, filled with the heroes and heroines, the gods and goddesses, of his dream-kingdom. There are so many that they overflow into the passage and straggle up the stairway, where they are sure of a welcome in nursery and play-room. The House of Purves is in fact the only place where you can get on intimate terms with him. It is here that his art is able to tell its story unmindful of the world without. And it is here that you best appreciate its blithesome denial of what is, its endearing belief in what is not.

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Owned by Mr. Austin M. Purves

DECORATION ON THE OUTSIDE OF AN ENVELOP SENT BY MAIL

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER XIII

STELLA loved the garden, even when autumn came and flowers were rare; for still there was the gold and russet glory of the trees. Also the garden was a bit of her Promised Land; the road beyond the gate ran into the heart of the world. And the open air brought strength. On sunny days her wheel-chair was brought down and set on a gravel path, and there, wrapped in furs, she sat, generally alone save for the old hound always on guard beside her. She read, and dreamed her innocent dreams, and looked up at the ever-novel canopy of the sky, exulting quietly in her freedom. Those around her knew her needs and gave her at such times the familiar solitude which she craved.

"Don't be left alone, darling, a moment longer than you want," said Lady Blount. "Too much of that sort of thing is n't good for you."

And Stella, trying to interpret herself, would reply, "I just want to make friends with nature."

"I wish I could understand you, dear, like Walter," said Lady Blount. "What exactly do you mean?"

Stella laughed, and said truthfully that she did not know. Perhaps it was that, the sea having taken her to its heart, she feared lest earth might not be so kindly, and she sought conciliation. But such flutterings of the spirit are not to be translated into words. A day or two before she had driven through a glade of blazing beech, carpeted deep brown, and the shadows twisted themselves into dim shapes, stealing through the mystery of the slender trunks, and the longing to be left alone among them and hear the message of the woodland had smitten her like pain.

One morning she sat warmly wrapped up, a fur toque on her head, in the pale autumn sunshine, with Constable by her side, when a draggle-tailed woman, carrying a draggle-bodied infant, paused by the front gate, taking stock of the place in the tramp's furtive way; and, spying the gracious figure of the girl at a turn of the gravel path, walked boldly in. Before she had advanced half-way, Constable, hidden by Stella's chair, rose to his feet, his ears cocked, and growled threateningly. The woman came to a scared halt. Stella looked up and saw her. Quickly she laid her hand on the dog's head, and rated him for a silly fellow and bade him lie down and not move till she gave the order. Constable, like an old dog who knew his place, but felt bound to protest, grumblingly obeyed. He had lived for eleven years under the fixed conviction that though female tramps with babies were permitted by some grotesque authority to wander on sufferance along the road, they could enter the gates of the Channel House only under penalty of instant annihilation. His goddess, however, through some extraordinary caprice ordaining them to live, the matter was taken out of his hands. Let them live, then, and see what came of it. It was beyond his comprehension.

"Don't be afraid," cried Stella in her clear voice. "The dog won't hurt you."

"Sure, Miss?"

"Quite sure." She smiled bountiful assurance. The draggle-tailed woman approached. "What do you want?"

The woman, battered, dirty, and voluble, began the tramp's tale. She had started from Dover and was bound for Plymouth, where she was to meet her husband, a sailor, whose ship would arrive

Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HEROLD . . . GLANCED AT HER SLIM FIGURE FRAMED BY THE WINDOW"

to-morrow. What she had been doing in Dover, except that she had been in 'orspital (which did not account for the child's movements), she did not state. But she had slept under hedges since she had started, and had no money, and a kind gentleman, Gawd bless him! had given her a hunk of bread and cheese the day before, and that was all the food they had had for twenty-four hours.

As she talked, Stella's unaccustomed eyes gradually took in the scarecrow details of her person: the blowzy hat, with its broken feathers; the greasy ropes of hair; the unclean rags of raiment; the broken and shapeless boots; the huddled defilement of the staring, unwholesome child; and she began to tremble through all her body. For a while the sense of sight was so overwhelming in its demands that she lost the sense of hearing. What was this creature of loathsome ugliness doing in her world of beauty? To what race did she belong? From what planet had she fallen? For what extraordinary reason did she choose to present this repulsive aspect to mankind?

At last, when her sight was more or less familiarized with the spectacle of squalor, the significance of the woman's words came to her as to one awaking from a dream.

"Not a bit of food has passed my lips since yesterday at twelve o'clock, Miss, and Gawd strike me dead, Miss, if I ain't telling the blessed truth."

"But why have n't you bought food?" asked Stella.

The woman stared at her. How could she understand Stellamaris?

"I have n't a penny in the world, Miss. The day afore yesterday a lady give me twopence, and I spent it in milk for the child. S'welp me, I did, Miss."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Stella, whose face had grown tense and white, "that it 's impossible for you to get food for yourself and your baby?"

"Indeed I do, Miss."

"That the two of you might die of starvation?"

"We 're a-dying of it now, Miss," said the woman.

God knows that she lied. The tramp's life is not a path of roses, and it is not one suitable for the rearing of tender babes, and the fact of its possibility is a blot on our civilization; but the hard-bitten vagabond of the highroad has his or her well-defined means of livelihood. This was a mistress of mumpery. She had passed the night in the comfortable casual ward of a workhouse five miles away, and had slept the dead sleep of the animal, and she and her baby had started the day with a coarse, though sustaining, meal. She was wandering on and on, aimlessly from workhouse to workhouse, as she had wandered from infancy, begging a sixpence here, and a plate of victuals there, impeded in her stray-cat freedom only by the brat in her arms, yet fiercely fond of it and regardful of its needs. She was a phenomenon that in our civilization ought not to exist. She was acquainted with hunger and thirst and privation, she was anything of misery that you like to describe; but she was not dying or likely to die of starvation.

The sociology of the tramp, however, was leagues outside the knowledge of Stellamaris. She looked at the woman in awful horror until her delicate face seemed to fade into a pair of great God-filled eyes.

"And you have no roof to shelter you from the cold and rain?"

After the manner of her kind the woman assured her that such was the fact. She put her head on one side, wheedling in the time-honored way.

"If you would help a poor woman with a shilling or two, kind lady—"

"A shilling or two?" Stella's voice broke into a cracked falsetto. "You shall have pounds and pounds. I 'll see that you don't die of starvation. I have no money to give you,—I 've scarcely ever seen any,—but I have thousands of pounds in the house, and you shall have them all. If I could only walk, I would ask some one to fetch them to you. But I can't walk. I 've never been able to walk all my life. You see, I 'm tied here till my maid comes for me. What can I do?" She wrung her hands desperately, stirred to the roots of her being.

"Never walked?" said the woman, taken aback, the elementary human fact appealing more to her dulled senses than the phantasmagorical promise of wealth. "Lor'! Poor young lady! I 'd sooner be as I am, Miss, than not be able to walk. And such a sweet young lady!" Then the gleam of the divine being spent, she said, "Can't you call anybody, Miss?"

But there was no need to call anybody; for one of the maids, having caught sight of the intruder through a window of the house, came flying down the path, a protecting flutter of apron-strings.

"What do you mean by coming in here? Go away at once! We have nothing to do with tramps. Be off with you!"

She was breathless, excited, indignant.

"Hold your tongue, Mary!" cried Stella in a tone so unfamiliar that it petrified the simple maid. "How dare you interfere between me and the person I am talking to?" It must be remembered that Stella was of mortal clay. She had her faults, like the rest of us. She was born and bred a princess, an autocrat, a despot, a tyrant. And here was one of the white-hot moments of life when the princess was the princess and the tyrant the tyrant. The new commotion brought the old dog again to his feet. For the only time in her life she struck him in anger, though physically he felt it as much as the fall of an autumn leaf.

"Down, Constable, down!" And turning to the maid: "Wheel my chair into the drawing-room and ask her ladyship to come to me. You follow us!" she commanded the tramp.

The bewildered Mary obeyed. The procession was formed: Stella, in her chair; Mary; Constable, head down, wondering like an old dog at the queer, new-fangled ways of the world; and the bedraggled woman, with her pallid and staring baby.

The chair was wheeled across the threshold of the drawing-room. The tramp paused irresolute. Bidden to enter and sit down, she chose a straight-backed chair near the door. Mary sped to fetch her ladyship to deal with the appalling situation. In a moment or two Lady Blount hurried in. The woman rose and sketched a vague courtesy.

Lady Blount began:

"My darling Stella—"

But Stella checked her, stretching out passionate hands.

"Aunt Julia, give me two or three thousand pounds at once, please, please!"

"My dear, what for?" asked the amazed lady.

"To give to this poor woman. She and her baby are dying of starvation. They are dressed in rags. They have no home. It 's dreadful, horrible! Can you conceive it?"

Lady Blount turned to the woman.

"Go round to the kitchen entrance, and they will give you some food. I 'll see you myself later."

The woman thanked her and blessed her, and disappeared.

"My dearest," said Lady Blount, gently, "you can't give such people vast sums of money."

"Why not? She has none. We have a lot. How can we live in comfort when she and her baby are wandering about penniless. They will die. Don't you understand? They will die."

"We can't provide for them for the rest of their lives, dear."

"But we must," she cried. "How can you be so cruel!"

"Cruel? My dearest, if I give her a plate of food, and some milk for the baby, and send her away with a shilling, she will be hugely delighted. A woman like that is not a very deserving object for charity."

Stella's bosom rose and fell, and she regarded Lady Blount in sudden, awful surmise.

"Auntie darling, what do you mean? Why are n't you horrified?"

"She 's only a tramp. Neither she nor the baby is going to die of starvation. And, darling, you must n't let folks like that come near you. Goodness knows what horrible diseases they may be suffering from."

"But that makes it all the worse. If she is ill, we must help her to get well."

"My poor innocent lamb," said Lady Blount, "there are thousands like her. They are the dregs of our civilization. We could n't possibly keep them all in luxury, could we? Now, don't be distressed, dear," she added, bending down and kissing the girl's cheek. "I 'll go and have a word with the woman. I 'll treat her quite generously, for your sake, you may be assured."

She smiled, and went out of the room, leaving Stella crushed beneath an avalanche of knowledge. Filthy, starving shreds of humanity were common objects in the beautiful world—so common as to arouse little or no compassion in the hearts of kind women like the maid Mary and her Aunt Julia. All they had thought of was of her, Stella, her danger and pos-

sible contamination. Toward the woman they were callous, almost cruel. What did it mean? Her chivalrous anger died down; reaction came. She looked about her beautiful world piteously, and then for the first time in her life she wept tears of bitter sorrow.

They told her afterward of the tramp's wayward, wandering life, of the various charities that existed for the regeneration of such people, of the free hospitals for the sick, of the workhouse system, and they gave her John Risca's famous little book to read. Eventually she was convinced that it was quixotic folly to bestow a fortune on the first beggar that came along, and she acquitted her aunt of cruelty. But a cloud hung heavy for a long time over her spirits, and a stain soiled the beauty of the garden, so that it never more was the perfect paradise. And, henceforward, when she drove through the streets of the great watering-place near by, and through the villages which still held something of their summer enchantment, her eyes were opened to sights of sorrow and pain to which they had been happily blind before.

Winter came, and the routine of her life went on despite revolutionary changes of habit. Her heart had learned not to be affected by the transition from the prone to the sitting posture. No longer did beholders realize her as nothing but a head and neck and graceful arms, and no longer was a dressing-jacket the only garment into which she could throw her girlish coquetry. Her hair was done up on the top of her head in the manner prescribed by fashion, and she wore the whole raiment of womankind.

John, when he first saw her reclining in her invalid chair, dressed in a soft-gray linon gown, a gleam of silk stocking peeping between the hem and a dainty shoe, hung back for a second or two from a feeling of shyness. It was a shock to find that Stella had feet like anybody else, and very prettily shaped, adorable little feet. It seemed almost indelicate to look at them, as it would be to inspect too curiously the end of a mermaid's tail. She held out both hands to greet him, laughing and blushing.

"How do you like me?" she asked.

The lights of the drawing-room were dim, and the firelight danced caressingly over her young beauty.

"I 've never seen anything so lovely," said John, looking at her in stupid admiration until her eyes dropped in confusion.

"I did n't mean me, you silly Belovedest. I meant my new dress, my general get-up. Don't you think it 's pretty?"

"I do," said John, fervently.

But what cared he, or what would have cared any man worth the name of man, for the details of her feminine upholstery, when the revelation of her complete deliciousness burst upon him? It was then that he realized her as woman. It was from that moment that she haunted his dreams not as Stellamaris, star of the sea, child of cloud and mystery, but as a sweet and palpitating wonder in a marvel of flesh and blood.

Despite dangers, and through the stress of tradition the unwritten law still prevailed. The episode of the tramp caused her to ask many questions; but they answered them discreetly. Even when she grew strong enough to take her active share in the world's doings, her life would still be a sheltered one. Knowledge would come gradually and unconsciously. Why wantonly give her the shocks of pain? But even a guarded house and garden could not be the sanctuary of the sea-chamber. Breaths of evil and sighs of sorrowful things come on the winds of the earth into most of the habitations of man. The newsboy alone flings into every household his reeking record of sin. This last did not penetrate into the sea-chamber; but lying about the rooms, it could not escape a girl's natural curiosity.

"Young ladies don't read newspapers, dear," said Lady Blount, asking Heaven's forgiveness for her lie.

"Why?" A natural question.

"They contain accounts of things which are not fit reading for young girls."

Stella pondered over this reason for some time; but one day she said:

"I am no longer a young girl. I am a grown-up woman. I want to know what the world is like. I hear every one talking of parliament and politics and foreign countries, and I am ignorant of it all, my dear exquisite auntship. I have a right to know everything about life. You must let me read the newspapers."

"Well, wait just a little, dearest," said Lady Blount.

And the next time John Risca and Wal-

ter Herold came down, she took counsel of them, and they reluctantly agreed that no longer could the old régime of the unwritten law be enforced. Stella must have her newspaper. Thenceforward, every morning, the portentous package of "The Times" (none of your sensational halfpenny shockers!) was laid upon Stella's lap, and she read, poor child, the foreign news, and the leaders, and all the solemn and harmless and unimportant matters in big print until she yawned her pretty head off, in vast disappointment with newspapers. It all seemed to her ingenuous mind such a wordy fuss about nothing. Still, she read conscientiously about tariff reform and naval armaments and female suffrage and the pronouncements of the German emperor and home rule for Ireland, in the puzzled assurance that thereby she was fitting herself for her future place in the great world.

But one day Lady Blount, going into the pleasant morning room where Stella now usually had her being, found her sitting with tragic face, staring out of the window, the decorous "Times" lying a tousled, crumpled mass on the floor. She was alarmed.

"Darling, what 's the matter?"

"Oh, it 's hateful! It 's unthinkable! Why did n't you tell me that such things happened nowadays?"

"What things?"

Stella pointed to the outraged organ of British respectability.

"A day or two ago—it 's all true that 's in the newspaper, is n't it? It 's not made up? It all happens?—a day or two ago, while we were laughing here, a man took a knife and killed his wife and three children. It 's incredible that there can be such monsters in the world."

"My darling, when you know a little more," faltered Lady Blount, "you will learn that there are abnormal people who do these dreadful things and get reported in the newspapers. But they have nothing to do with us. You must n't be frightened. We never come across them. Our life is quite different."

"But what does that matter?" cried the girl, with agonized eyes. "They exist. They are among us, whether we happen to meet them or not. They are like the tramps."

The world-worn woman, lined and faded, her red hair turned almost gray now, put her arms around the girl, and sought physically to bring the comfort that her intelligence was not acute enough to convey in speech. Stella hid her face against the kind bosom and sobbed.

"Auntie dear, I 'm frightened, so frightened!"

"Of what, darling?"

"Of ugliness and wickedness and horror."

"Nothing of that, dear, can ever come our way. It does n't come the way of decent folk. People like us don't have anything to do with that side of life."

Stella still sobbed. The words brought no conviction. Lady Blount continued her unenlightened consolation. Let the precious ostrich stick her head in a bush, and that which she could not see could by no chance happen.

"But men are out there—" she waved an arm vaguely—"who kill women and little children."

"But we never meet the men," cried poor Lady Blount, insistently. "Our lives are free from all that."

She preached her narrow gospel. There was a class of beings in the world who did all kinds of ferocious, criminal, cruel, mean, and vulgar things; but they were a class apart. In the world in which she herself and Stella and John and Walter dwelt all was beauty and refinement. Stella dried her eyes. At one and twenty one cannot weep forever. She allowed herself to be half persuaded of the truth of her Aunt Julia's sophistries. But the little, impish devil who stage-manages the comedies of life arranged a day or two afterward a sardonic situation.

It was the mildest of December mornings. Old Autumn humped a brave and kindly shoulder against Winter's onrush. A faint southwest wind crept warmly over the channel, and sweet odors came from the moist, unsmitten earth. A pale sun clothed the nakedness of the elms and chestnuts in the garden, and brightened to early spring beauty the laurels and firs. Stella, with Constable near by, sat in the sunshine, by the ivy-clad, northeastern front of the old Channel House, and her chair was beneath the window of the morning room. Now that she could sit upright, she had learned to use her hands in many ways. She could knit. She was

knitting now, vaguely and tremulously hoping that the result might be a winter waistcoat for her Great High Belovedest, intent on her counting, one, two, three, four, purl one, when suddenly voices in altercation broke upon her ear.

It was merely an unhappy, ignoble quarrel such as for many years had marred that house of sweet-seeming. Fierce hatred and uncharitableness were unchained and sped their clamorous and disastrous way. Bitter words uttered in strident and unnatural tones wounded the quiet air. The woman lost her dignity in vain recrimination. The man snarled savage and common oaths. Suddenly the door slammed violently, and there was the silence of death. The scene had lasted only a few moments. Sir Oliver, in his foolish anger, had evidently followed his wife into the morning room and left her abruptly. But the few moments were enough for Stella, who had heard everything. Her heart seemed frost-bitten, and her blood turned to ice.

The cruel, vulgar, and hideous things of life were not the appanages of a class apart. They entered into her own narrowed world. Her beautiful world! Her hateful, horrible terror of a world!

CHAPTER XIV

In midwinter the shadow that hung over John gathered into storm-cloud.

Miss Lindon, in pathetic despair, had abandoned her notion of turning Unity into a young lady of young-ladylike accomplishments. She could perform whatever marvels of exquisite sewing Miss Lindon could imagine, but there her proficiency in the elegances came to an end. The girl's tastes, Miss Lindon lamented, were so plebeian! She would sooner make puddings than afternoon calls; she would sooner sweep and dust and polish than read instructive or entertaining literature. In her child-of-the-people's practical way, she had ousted Miss Lindon from the management of the household, thereby coming into conflict with the stern Phœbe, no longer feared, who hitherto had carried out, according to her own fancy, the kind lady's nebulous directions. Miss Lindon sighed, and surrendered her keys, inwardly thankful to be relieved of crushing responsibilities. She had never known how to order dinner for John. If, after agonized searching, she had decided on lamb and sweet peas and grouse and asparagus, it was only to be told that some or all of them were out of season. And she could never check the laundry-list, so eternally mysterious were the garments worn by man.

Unity was a born economist. As soon as she took over the seals of office, she abolished the easy and expensive system of tradesmen calling for orders. She herself marketed, and that was her great joy. Every day she took her market-bag and busied herself among the shops in the Kilburn High Road, choosing her meat with an uncanny sureness of vision, knocking extortionate pennies off the prices of vegetables, and seeing generally that she had good value for her money. Miss Lindon, accompanying her on one or two of these excursions, was shocked and scared at her temerity. How dared she talk like that to the greengrocer? Unity replied that she would talk to him until he did n't know himself if he gave her any more of his nonsense. She was n't going to allow her guardian to be robbed by any of them, not she; she was up to all their tricks.

"I suppose you thought that was a good lettuce, Auntie?"

"I am no judge, dear," said Miss Lindon; "but surely you ought n't to have hurt his feelings by saying that its proper place was the dust-bin, and not a respectable shop."

"He understands me all right," laughed Unity.

All the tradesmen did, and they respected the shrewdness of the businesslike little plebeian, whom they recognized and treated as one of their own class; and Unity saved her beloved guardian many shillings a week, which was a matter of proud gratification. She held her head high nowadays. She had found herself.

Once chatting casually with Herold, John said with the air of Sir Oracle:

"Unity has got quite a strong character."

Herold laughed. "Did n't I tell you so nearly three years ago? You would n't believe me."

"You talked some nonsense about love," growled John.

"Well, have n't you given it to her in your bearish way? What would you do

in this house without her? You 'd be utterly miserable."

"I suppose I should," said John. "But I wish you would get out of the infernal habit of always being in the right."

One afternoon—it was the Saturday before Christmas—Unity took the market-bag and went out to do her shopping. Evening had fallen on a thin, black fog. The busy thoroughfare was a bewildering fusion of flare and gloom. The Christmas crowd, eager to purchase or to gladden their eyes with good things unpurchasable, thronged the pavements—an ordinary crowd of middle-class folk, careless of the foggy air, enjoying the Christmas promise in shops almost vulgarly replete. A hundred rosetted carcasses in a butcher's shop where ten hung the day before is marvel enough to attract the comfortable loiterer, and the happy butcher's "Buy! Buy!" as he stands in a blaze of light sharpening his knife, is an attraction peculiarly fascinating. What with the stream entering and issuing from shops, the wedges of loiterers glued to shop windows, the two main currents of saunterers, progress was difficult. In the murky roadway motor-omnibuses and carts flashed mysteriously by in endless traffic. All was uproar and ant-heap confusion.

Unity, resolute, squat little figure, made her purchases, and, having made them, lingered joyously in the throbbing street, her hereditary element. She was never so happy as when rubbing shoulders with her kind. The whistling shop-boy and the giggling work-girl were her congeners. For the sake of her guardian and Aunt Gladys she never spoke to such ungenteel persons, but in their swiftly passing company she had a sense of comfort and comradeship. Often she went out without knowing why: the street called her. The sights and sounds of it provided an ever-changing, ever-exciting drama. A street accident, a fallen horse, a drunken man, held her fascinated. And to-night the abnormal life of the street afforded an extra thrill of exhilaration; there was so much to see. At last she found her progress blocked by a crowd hanging about a confectioner's window. She wormed her way through, and was rewarded by the enthralling spectacle of a huge clockwork figure of Father Christmas, who drew from his wallet the shop's special plum-pudding at ninepence halfpenny a pound. It was mighty fine, and Unity never heeded the tossing and buffeting of the admiring crowd. The light shone hard on the ring of pink faces framed by the blackness beyond. Then eager sight-seers jostled her into the background.

Suddenly she felt a sharp and awful pain in her side. She shrieked aloud and turned. The baffling figure of a woman in black hurrying into the maw of the darkness met her eyes before the startled crowd closed about her. She put her hand instinctively to the tortured spot, and drew out from her flesh a long hat-pin; then she fainted.

An assistant in the shop, coming out to know the cause of the hubbub, recognized her and had her brought indoors. The policeman on the beat soon shouldered his way in. They put poor Unity on a shutter, covered her with rugs, and, followed by a tail of idlers, bore her to the house.

John came home soon afterward and found an agitated Aunt Gladys in process of being reassured by a kindly doctor that Unity was not dead. The wound, though ugly and painful, was little more than flesh-deep. The hat-pin had glanced off a corset bone and penetrated obliquely. Straightly driven, however, it would have been a deadly thrust. Of the murderous intent there could hardly be any doubt. A sergeant of police was also waiting for John; but John let him wait, and rushed in his bull-like way up-stairs.

Unity, who had long since recovered consciousness, lay in bed, her wound tended, a cheerful fire lit, and Phœbe in attendance. John dismissed the latter with a gesture and flung himself on his knees by the head of the bed.

"My God! child, what has happened?"

For all the difference of surroundings,—the pretty room and fine linen,—the common little face on the pillow was singularly like that which he had seen in the orphanage infirmary. Perhaps there was a deeper trust in the girl's eyes, for they were lit with a flash of joy at his great distress.

She recounted simply what had occurred.

"You saw the woman disappear?"

"I think so. It was all so quick."

It was a woman's stab. What man would use a hat-pin? And there could be

only one woman alive who would stab Unity.

"Did you recognize her?"

His voice was hoarse, and his rugged face full of pain. She regarded him steadily.

"No, Guardian."

"It was not—she?"

"No," said Unity.

"Are you sure?"

Unity clenched her hands and turned away, and her eyes grew hard.

"If it was, I should have known her."

John rose to his feet and stood over her, his arms folded, and looked at her from beneath his heavy brows. Unity met his gaze. And so they remained for a second or two, and each knew that the other knew who had dealt the blow.

"It was n't her," said Unity.

The words were stamped with finality. John, meeting the girl's set gaze, had a glimpse of rocky strata far beneath. No process of question invented by man would induce her to unsay the words.

"There 's a police sergeant downstairs," said he.

"I did n't see no woman either," said Unity, significantly.

And John did not notice her unusual relapse into orphanage speech.

Soon afterward he left her and joined the sergeant in the hall. The policeman asked the stereotyped questions. John replied that Miss Blake—it was, as far as he knew, the first time he had given Unity her full style and title, and the name sounded odd in his ears—that Miss Blake had seen nothing of her assailant and could give no information whatever.

"You suspect nobody?"

"Nobody at all," said John, decisively. "You need n't trouble to pursue the matter any further, for the wound luckily is trifling, and in any case I should not prosecute."

"As you please, sir," said the sergeant.

"Good evening, and thank you," said John.

"This is the hat-pin, sir."

"You can leave it with me," said John.

He went into his study and examined the thing. It was of common make, the head being a ball of black glass. A million such are sold in cheap shops.

He had no doubt as to the owner. She had spied upon him craftily, bided her time, and had then struck. He had not seen her since the day they had met in Maida Vale and he had unceremoniously packed her home, and for the last few months she had not molested him. Now came this unforeseen, dastardly attack.

He rang for Phœbe, gave a message for Miss Lindon, and went out with an ugly look on his face. A taxicab whirled him swiftly across London to Amelia Mansions in the Fulham Road. Mrs. Bence answered his ring. He stepped into the hall, and in his blundering way strode down the passage. The woman checked him.

"Mrs. Rawlings is n't in, sir. She is with Mrs. Oscraft, the lady down-stairs."

He turned abruptly.

"Has she been out this afternoon?"

"She went out to lunch with Mrs. Oscraft and came back with her an hour ago."

He drew the hat-pin from the inside of his overcoat, where he had stuck it. "Do you recognize this?"

The woman looked puzzled. "No, sir," she said.

"Mrs. Rawlings has n't any like it?"

Mrs. Bence inspected the pin. "No, I 'm sure. If she had, I would have known." She saw the trouble in his face. "What has happened, sir?"

He told her briefly. The woman knitted a perplexed brow.

"I don't see how it could have been her, sir," she said. "She 's nearly always with Mrs. Oscraft, and very seldom goes out by herself, and to-day, as I 've said, she went out and came back with her. And I 'm sure she has n't had a hat-pin like that in use."

"Who exactly is this Mrs. Oscraft?" he asked.

Mrs. Bence added to his vague knowledge. Her husband was a book-maker, very often absent from home, having to frequent race-meetings and taverns and other such resorts of his trade. She had many friends, male and female, of the same kidney, a crew rowdy and vulgar, but otherwise harmless. She and Mrs. Rawlings had become inseparable.

"I 'll go down and see her," said John.

Mrs. Oscraft, an overblown blonde, floppily attired, opened the door of her flat.

"Hello! Who are you?" she asked.

He explained that he was the husband of Mrs. Rawlings.

"So you are. She 's got a portrait of you. Besides, I 've seen you here. She 's in the drawing-room. Come along in and have a whisky and soda or a glass of champagne."

He declined. "I owe you a thousand apologies for intruding," said he, "but if you would answer me just one question, I should be greatly obliged."

"Fire away," said the lady. "Won't you really come in?"

"No, thank you," said John. "Will you tell me where my wife has been this afternoon?"

"With me all the time," said Mrs. Oscraft, promptly. "We 've been doing Christmas shopping in Kensington High Street, and only just got back."

"She did n't go near Kilburn?"

"Lord bless you, no!" said the lady. "Look here, would you like to see her?"

"No," said John. He apologized again, and bade her good evening. He descended the stone stairs with a bewildered feeling that he had made a fool of himself; and Mrs. Oscraft, as soon as the door was shut, put her thumb to her nose and twiddled her fingers in the traditional gesture of derision.

John went away sore and angry, like a bull that, charging at a man, unexpectedly butts up against a stone wall. He had no reason for disbelieving Mrs. Oscraft, and the hat-pin was not his wife's. Yet who but his wife could have been the aggressor? It might have been an accident. It might have been a man—such cases are not uncommon—with the stabbing and cutting mania. Unity's fleeting glimpse of the woman in black might have been a trick of shadow in the lamplit fog. Yet in the deed he felt the hand of the revengeful and cruel woman. He was baffled.

On his way home he called on Herold, whom he found at dinner.

"I shall never know a moment's peace of mind," he said gloomily, after they had discussed the matter, "until she is put under restraint. If she did n't do it, as you make out,—" Herold held to the theory that a person could not be in two places, Kensington and Kilburn, at the same time, —"she is quite capable of it."

"It 's a mercy," said Herold, "that you did not see her and tax her with the offense, and so put the idea into her head."

"I believe she did it all the same," said John, obstinately.

"But why should Mrs. Oscraft have lied? Mrs. Bence saw them go out and come in together. You can't suppose the other woman was an accomplice. It 's absurd."

"I know it is," said John. "But the absurd often turns up in a churchwarden's unhumorous kit of reality in this Bedlam of a world."

They argued until it was time for Herold to go to his theater, then John went home and ate a belated dinner in such a black mood that Miss Lindon dared not question him.

And that was the end of the matter. Unity's wound healed after a few days, and sturdily refusing Phœbe's protection on her walks abroad, she resumed her marketing in the Kilburn High Road. John called on the district inspector of police and obtained the ready promise that folks running amuck with hat-pins should be summarily arrested and that his house and ward should be placed under special supervision.

It was characteristic of the terms of dumb confidence on which John and Unity lived together that neither of them referred again to the possible perpetrator of the outrage. When she became aware that the policemen in this district always kept her respectfully in sight and, on passing her, saluted, she knew that her guardian had so ordained things. One day in the New-Year she entered his study, and stood at attention.

"Please, Guardian, may I have half a crown?"

He fished the coin out of his trousers' pocket and handed it to her.

"I don't want it for myself," she said.

She had her allowance for pin-money, which she was too proud to exceed. As a matter of fact, she hoarded her pennies in the top of an old coffee-pot and out of her savings bought not only finery for herself, but startling birthday and Christmas presents for her guardian and Aunt Gladys. It was astonishing what Unity could do with elevenpence three farthings.

John, knowing her ways, smiled.

"What do you want it for, then?"

"I 'm going to give it to my best po-

liceman," she said, and marched out of the room.

That was her only acknowledgment of her appreciation of the measures he had taken to ensure her safety. He understood, and, when telling Herold of the incident, called her, after the loose way of men, "a rum kid." Of the obvious he was aware, and it pleased him; but subtler manifestations escaped his notice. It never occurred to him that it was more than a pleasing accident of domestic life when, on letting himself into the house with his latch-key, he should find Unity, drab and stolid, her cheeks and snub nose and prominent forehead shining in the unladylike way deplored by Miss Lindon, as if polished with yellow soap, and her skimpy hair bunched up ungracefully, with patient, unchanging eyes, awaiting him in the little hall, her hands already outstretched to take hat and stick and to help him off with his overcoat. Yet ninety-nine times out of a hundred it happened. He did not notice the orderly confusion wrought by the ingenuity of sleepless nights out of the chaos of his study. Wishes—just the poor, commonplace little wishes of household life, what could poor, commonplace little Unity, with her limited soul-horizon, do more for him? —wishes vaguely formulated in his mind he found quickly and effectively realized, and worried, hard-working, honest man that he was, he took the practical comforts sometimes as a matter of course, now and then with a careless word of thanks, and never dreamed—how could he?—of the passionate endeavor whereby these poor, commonplace little things came to pass.

There can be as much beautiful expenditure of soul—as beautiful in the eyes of God, to Whom, as to any philosopher with a working idea of infinity, the fall of a rose-petal must be as important as the fall of an empire—in the warming of a man's slippers before the fire by the woman who loves him as in all the heroisms of all the Joans of Arc and the Charlotte Cordays and the window-breaking, policeman-scratching, forcibly fed female martyrs of modern London that have ever existed. It is a proposition as incontrovertible as any elementary theorem of Euclid you please; but so essentially unphilosophic is man, to say nothing of woman, —for a man would sooner break stones, play bridge, go bankrupt, slaughter his wife and family, or wear a straw hat with a frock-coat than brace his mind to think, —that this self-evident truth passes him by unrecognized, unperceived, unguessed.

The volcanic forces of life—essentially such as act and react between man and woman—lie hidden deep down in the soul's unknown and unsuspected caldron, and their outward manifestations are only here and there a puff of smoke so fine and blue that it merges at once into the caressing air. The good, easy man plants his vines on the mountain-side. The sky is serene, the sun fills his grapes with joyousness. Then comes eruption, and the smiling slope is smitten into the grin of a black death's-head.

CHAPTER XV

WINTER came and melted into spring. Physically Stella had progressed beyond all hopes. Like the Lady in "The Sensitive Plant," she walked a ruling grace about the garden of the Channel House, and nursed the daffodils and narcissi and tulips with tender hands. In these she took a passionate joy curiously exceeding that in other revelations of the great world. Indeed, during most of the winter, she had shrunk from mingling with humanity. Her zest for the new life had been dulled. She found excuses for not going beyond the garden gate, and of her own free will did not seek the society of those dear to her. The windows of her sea-chamber once more afforded her the accustomed outlook, and the gulls wheeling high in the wintry gusts again became her companions.

The Blounts let her have her way,—was she not autocrat?—putting down her hesitations and cravings for solitude to a young girl's delicate whimsies, of which they could not divine the motive; for she, who had once been expansive, now had grown strangely reticent. Even Herold, who used to accompany her into the Land That Never Was, did not gain her confidence. Into those mystic regions she could admit him freely; but the Threatening Land that lay beyond the threshold of her sea-chamber a heart-gripping shyness forced her to tread alone.

"Life has frightened you," he said one day.

"How do you know that?" she asked, with a quick glance.

He smiled.

"You are like an Æolian harp set in the wind, my dear."

"Only you can hear it."

"Every one hears it."

She shook her head.

"No; only you."

"That 's as may be," he said, with a laugh. "Anyhow, something has frightened you. What is it?"

Stella rose—she had learned to walk; the hours of her exercises had been the gayest in her day—and touched him lightly with her fingers on the shoulder, and went and stood by the great window of the drawing-room and looked out at her sky and sea. The Great High Favorite, with his uncanny insight, had read her truly. Womanlike, she did not know whether to resent his surprising of her innermost secret or to love him for it. She was understood; that was balm. Yet what right had he to understand? The question was a drop of gall. The pure spirit of her flew to the chosen companion of her dreams; something, the nature of which she was unaware—sex-instinct—forbade too close an intimacy in things real and tangible. And there was a touch of resentment, too, in an outer circle of her mind. Why had he given her no warning of the Threatening Land? He had allowed her to step ignorantly upon its thorns, and her feet still bled.

Herold turned in his chair and glanced at her slim figure framed by the window. Then he went softly to her side.

"Stellamaris, you are dearer to me than anything on God's earth. Tell me what frightens you. Maybe I can help you."

But Stella shook her head. She had been accustomed from childhood to lavish terms of endearment from her little band of intimates, and her woman's nature was as yet not enough awakened to catch the new and subtle appeal. A girl's pride froze her. The wounds that he had allowed her to receive she would cure by herself. She touched his hand, however, to show that she appreciated his affection. The touch sent a thrill to his heart.

"Stella dear!" he whispered.

Then, as a note struck on a piano causes the harmonic on the violin to vibrate, so did his tone stir a chord in the girl's nature, occasioning an absurd little flutter of trepidation. She laughed, and threw wide the folding-doors that opened upon the lawn.

"Don't let us talk of bogies on such a beautiful day. I want to show you my crocuses."

It was her sovereign pleasure to break off the conversation. He dared not press her. She took him out among her crocuses and daffodils, and became the Stella he had always known, with the exception that now she dwelt in a spring flower's bloom instead of in a bit of silver in the flying scud. They talked eternal verities concerning the souls of flowers.

After this unsatisfactory and, to a certain extent, baffling visit, Herold went back to London with a heartache, which induced an unaccustomed moodiness. At the theater that night, Miss Leonora Gurney took him to task. Now, Miss Gurney (Mrs. Hetherington in private life; she had divorced the disreputable Hetherington years ago, and had not remarried) was a very important and captivating person. She was a woman of genius, a favorite of the London public, a figure of society, in management of her own account, wherein she showed shrewd business ability, and very much in love with Walter Herold, wherein she showed much of the weakness of Eve. This season Herold was her leading man.

To say that Herold had wrapped himself up in his Joseph's garment (not the one of many colors, but the other one equally famous) during all his stage career would be mendacious folly. Many a ball had come to him at the bound, and he had returned it gaily. He had laughed an honest way through innumerable love-affairs—things of the moment, things of the fancy, things of no importance whatsoever. Many maidens, and some matrons, had wept for him, but none bitterly. He had established a reputation for lack of seriousness in matters of the heart. His bright, blue eyes would flash at you, and his low, musical voice would murmur no matter what, even were it the Lord's Prayer backward, and you caught your breath, and lost your head, and were perfectly ready to say if he asked you, and sometimes even if he did n't ask you, "Take me, I am yours." But whatever he did, he never rose to the passionate

height, or sank to the unromantic depth, of the situation. Which things were a mystery.

To qualify what might appear to be a sweeping proposition, it may be stated that there are certain phases in certain women's lives when they make straight for the mystery surrounding a man, as moth does for candle, and singe their wings in so doing. Thus singed were the chaste and charming wings of Leonora Gurney. Herold, no more aware of an aura of mystery than of a halo, received the lady's advances in his frank, laughing way. She had the raven hair, dark, blue eyes, and white skin of an Irish ancestry. She was exceedingly attractive. She played her love-scenes with him—his part in the piece was that of a broken-down solicitor's clerk who entertained an angel unawares—with an artistic sympathy that is the rare joy of the actor, when he feels, like one who has the perfect partner in a waltz, that he merges his own individuality into a divine union. At the end of the third act the curtain came down on the angel bending over his chair, her hand in his. It remained there, a warm and human thing, and her breath was on his cheek, for a long time, while the curtain went up and down. It was by no means disagreeable to hold Leonora's hand and feel her breath on his cheek, after the common emotion of the swinging scene. Hundreds of men would have given their ears to have done the same without any swinging scene at all.

Herold certainly took the lady by the tips of her fingers and adventured with her into the Land of Tenderness—the *Pays du Tendre* of the old French romanticists. How could mortal man help it? The theater and the theatrical world clacked with gossip. The unapproachable Leonora, the elusive Herold, it was brilliant high-comedy marriage. Already those not bound by romance criticized the possibilities of a joint management. Could he always play lead to her? Was not his scope, exquisite though he was in it, too limited? She was the *Juliet* of her generation. Would he be content to play the *Apothecary?* Sooner or later there would be the devil to pay. To the onlookers who see most of the game and to the overhearers who hear ever so much more, the affair between the two was a concluded matter; but the parties to the supposed contract still wandered in the sweet pastures of the indefinite. And this was through no fault of the lady. She did her best, as far as lay in the power of modest woman, to lead him to the precise high-road; but Herold remained as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp.

"You 're not very responsive to-night, Walter," she said during a wait in the first act, which they generally spent on the stairs leading from stage to dressing-rooms.

In the intimate world of the theater the use of the Christian name is a commonplace signifying nothing; but a trick of voice may make it signify a great deal. Herold, sensitive, caught her tone and bit his lip.

"The actor's Monday slackness," said he.

"Where have you been week-ending?"

"Nowhere in particular."

"And you refused Lady Luxmore's invitation, knowing that I was to be there, in order to go nowhere in particular?"

"The floor of that house is littered with duchesses," said he. "Its untidiness gets on my nerves."

"That 's too flippant, Walter. Why not say at once that you went to Southcliff?"

"That 's nowhere in particular," said he. "It 's my second home."

"And you come back from it as merry as a young gentleman in a Hauptmann play. You are barely civil."

"My dear Leonora!" he protested.

She looked him straight in the eye and shook her head.

"Barely civil. What have I done to you?"

"You have always shown yourself to be the sweetest of women," said he.

"Then why not treat me as such?"

She stood near him on the narrow stair, alluring, reproachful, menacing, yet ready to be submissive. Despite her make-up, her proud beauty shone resplendent. If she had been a wise woman, she would have let him answer the challenge. But a woman in love is an idiot; Heaven forbid that she should be otherwise! So is a man, for the matter of that; but he obeys an elementary instinct of self-protection. Woman essentially disobedient (*cf. Rex Mundi vs. Eve*) does not. Hence storms

and tempests and cataclysms. Seeing him hesitate, she added jealously:

"I believe there is more attraction in the shadow-child at Southcliff than I have been led to suppose."

A man of the world, he ignored the challenge, and turned off the innuendo with a laugh.

"Who can say what is shadow and what is substance here below? Kant will tell you that nothing exists save as an idea in our minds."

"I don't seem to exist in yours at all."

"There you wrong me," he cried.

They fenced as they had fenced before; but on her mention of Stellamaris, Herold had closed against her the outer court of his heart into which she had stepped, and, looking at her, had become frozenly aware that the dark Irish eyes, and the raven hair on a stately head, and the curved, promising lips, and the queenly figure, and the genius and rich womanhood of which these were the investiture of flesh, meant to him nothing and less than nothing. The woman read her sentence in his eyes, and abruptly left him, and stood in the wings until her entrance. And Herold, manlike, gave her no thought; for his head was in a whirl, and his heart afire, with a new and consuming knowledge. The splendor of all the Leonora Gurneys, of all the splendid women of the earth, faded into a pale glimmer before the starry eyes of one girl.

As a wonder-child, as a thing of seafoam and sunset cloud, she had crept into his soul and had taken up therein her everlasting habitation. She was the very music of his being, an indissoluble essence of himself. He wondered, as men untouched by love do wonder, why no woman had done more than stir the surface of emotion. Now he knew. He had loved her in her exquisite ideality with a love that was more than love. Now, in her magical transformation, he loved her with love itself.

Stella Maris, star of the sea! Stella Herold, star of that which is greater than all the multitudinous seas of earth, the soul of a man!

He dreamed his dreams, and gave that evening an exceedingly bad performance.

Soon afterward, with drums playing and colors flying, Stella came with her retinue to London. She had rooms in a magnificent hostelry, a magnificent hired motor-car to transport her, and as magnificent raiment, chosen by her own delicate self, as any young woman could desire. But despite all this magnificence, she wept over many a lost illusion. Where were the music-haunted streets, the golden pavements, the gorgeous castles, the joyous throngs of which John, years ago, had fed the swift imagination of the child?

On their way from Victoria Station they passed through St. James's Park.

"That 's Buckingham Palace," said Sir Oliver, with more pride than if he owned it.

"That?"

Her heart sank like a stone dropped down a well. That dingy, black barrack the stately home of the king? And when they swung up Constitution Hill and lined up in the traffic by Hyde Park Corner, "This," said Sir Oliver, "is Piccadilly."

What she had expected, poor child, to find in Piccadilly, she scarcely knew; but from infancy, the name had a sweet and mystic significance. It connoted beauty and grandeur; it was associated in her mind with silk and gold and marble. It was what a street in the New Jerusalem might have been had John of Patmos had the training of a star reporter. Poor Piccadilly! To the Englishman the most beauteous, the most seductive, the fullest of meaning of all the thoroughfares of the cities of the world, to the disillusioned girl it was only a dismal, clattering, shrieking ravine. Why had they lied to her? She could not understand.

The first evening she was overstrained, and went to bed early; but the next night they took her to see the play in which Herold was acting.

"I 'll bring her round between the acts," said John to Herold, during a discussion of the adventure.

"You 'll do nothing of the sort," said Herold.

"It will interest her tremendously to go behind."

"And see all the tinsel and make-believe? What a fool you are, John!"

"Well, anyhow, we 'll come and see you in your dressing-room," said John, who recognized some reason in his friend's objection. "We can get round without crossing the stage."

Herold put his hands on John's great shoulders.

"My dear John," said he, "I love my profession very dearly, but there 's one thing in it which I loathe, and that is having to paint my face."

He said no more; but John understood, though he thought it somewhat finicking of Herold to shrink from meeting Stella in his make-up. He had seen him talk thus to dames and damsels of the most exalted station without a shadow of false shame.

So Stella went to the play without peeping behind the scenes; and then, indeed, she once more lived in her Land of Illusion. The hushed house, spectral in the dim light, seemed part of a dream-world. On the stage, life real and vibrating passed before her enraptured eyes. During the first part of the play she squeezed John's hand tight, and during the intervals said very little. She did not question the means by which Herold transformed himself into the broken-down solicitor's clerk. He was the solicitor's clerk, and no longer Herold. His love for the beautiful woman, at first so hopeless, wrung her heart. Then the response of the woman set her pulses throbbing. The third act, an admirable piece of crescendo, reached a height of passion which held her tense. Love the Conqueror, the almighty, spread his compelling pinions over the breathless house. It was a revelation. She had never suspected the existence of such a tumultuous phenomenon. Love she had heard of, the love of Prince Charming for Princess Rose; but it had meant no more to her than the loves of the butterflies. This was different. It explained things she had not understood in music. It opened up the world that had lain hidden beyond the crimson of her sunsets.

When the curtain came down on the end of the great love-scene she was too much overwrought to applaud. She sat pale, shaken, limp, with only one great desire—that all surroundings would vanish and that she could find herself by her window looking out over the moonlit sea. There, she felt, she could weep her heart out; here her eyes were intolerably dry.

Sir Oliver rose and stretched himself at the back of the box.

"Devilish good! Splendid! Never thought Walter could touch it. Miss Gurney, too, immense. Puts one in mind of Adelaide Neilson. Best *Juliet* there has ever been. Before your time, John. Jolly good job, however, people don't go on like that in real life."

Stella turned her head quickly.

"What do you mean, Uncle?"

"People go a bit quieter, my dear," he laughed. "Gad! If that sort of thing became popular, it would tear us all to bits."

He went out to smoke, dragging John with him. Stella put a wistful little gloved hand on Lady Blount's knee.

"Is that true, Auntie?"

Lady Blount sighed. Such storms of emotion had not come her way. She looked backward over the dreary vista of sixty barren years. One such hour of madness, and what a difference in her memories!

"I can't tell you, darling. Perhaps not, if two people love each other very, very dearly; but they must do that—and love is n't given to every one."

An ingenuous question rose to the girl's lips, but it died there, poisoned by the remembrance of vile words of hatred. Instead, she asked:

"How many people, then, love like those two in the play?"

"About one in a million," replied Lady Blount.

And Stella, with the young girl's sweet and natural wonder whether she might possibly be one of the million, felt the hot blood rise to neck and cheek. Ashamed, she held her fan before her face and, leaning over the front of the box, watched the shimmering stalls.

The play over, they drove home in the magnificent motor-car. Supper awaited them in their sitting-room, where Herold was to join them later. Stella lay back on the luxurious seat, nestling by Lady Blount, languid, with closed eyes. The others, thinking that she was physically fatigued, said little. They did not realize the soul-shaking effect of the revelation of human passion on their pure star of the sea. It was not given them to divine the tempest—such a one, perhaps, as that which rocks the bee on its flower, though a storm all the same—that raged beneath the mask of the delicate face. They thought she was fatigued, and be-

cause they loved her they did not weary her with speech.

She was indeed tired, desperately tired, by the time they arrived at the hotel. She could scarcely walk up the steps. John supported her to the lift. When they reached their landing, he took her bodily in his arms and carried her down the corridor, Sir Oliver and Lady Blount hurrying on in front, so as to open the sitting-room door and turn on the lights. Stella's head lay on John's shoulder, an arm, for security's sake, instinctively round his neck. The way was long, the lift serving the wing wherein their apartments were situated being out of working order, and John lingered on the delicious journey.

"Poor darling! We 've exhausted you," he whispered.

She shook her head and smiled wanly. "It was wonderful." And after a second she said: "And this is wonderful, too. How strong you are, Belovedest."

"Do you like me to carry you?"

She opened her eyes and they looked dreamily into his. He laughed, and bent his head, and kissed her. He had kissed her thousands of times before, but this time her soft lips met his for an instant, and when they parted, her eyes closed again, and she lay back very white in his arms. And John, too, was shaken, and held the delicate body very tight against him and quickened his pace.

He laid her gently on a couch in the sitting-room. Lady Blount was all for her going then and there to bed; but she pleaded for a sight of Herold. He came in a few moments afterward. She roused herself, thanked him in her gracious way for the evening of delight.

"To-morrow, dear, I 'll tell you all about it. I am just a little bit dazed now."

"Has it been a great adventure?" he asked, with a laugh.

Involuntarily she glanced at John and saw his eyes fixed on her. She flushed slightly.

"Perhaps the greatest of all," she said.

The men walked together the common part of their homeward way. John slipped his arm through his friend's, a rare demonstration of affection.

"Wallie, old man," said he, "I 'm in hell again. I 've got to get out. I must n't see any more of Stella."

"Why not?"

"Just that. I must get out of her life somehow. Things have changed. It 's too horrible to think of."

Herold shook himself free and halted.

"My God!" he cried, "you?"

John threw up his arms in a gesture of despair.

"Can I help it? It is n't given to man to help these things."

"And Stella?"

"I must get out of her life," said John.

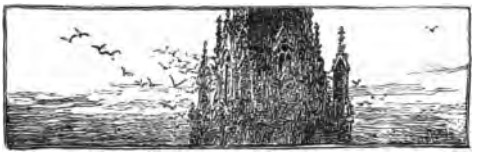
"It will be difficult."

"What can you suggest?"

"Nothing," said Herold—"nothing now."

They moved on, and walked in dead silence to the parting of their ways.

(To be continued)



EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS

III—THE WOLF OF GUBBIO AND THE COMING OF SANTA CLARA

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

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WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

THE LIFE OF THE BRETHREN

FRANCIS was now free to preach; formerly a bishop or a parish priest might object to an unaccredited layman's assuming the prerogatives of the ordained. As the Catholic Church, the central basis of which is authority, refuses the Bible to the unlearned unless it is accompanied by an authoritative interpretation, so a preacher unauthorized by superior authority is suspect. Francis had desired the blessing of Innocent III for his way of life; but even more he had desired the permission he now received.

In 1211 the Benedictines, to whom the chapel of the Portiuncula belonged, gave it to Francis; but he refused to own it, and rented it for a basket of fish, to be sent annually to its owners. On the altar was a picture of the "Assumption of our Lady," and from the symbols in the picture the chapel was known as that of "Our Lady of the Angels." In the wood near the place, which Francis loved, the brethren built a hut of interwoven branches, thatched with mud and leaves. They slept on straw, and the ground served both for tables and for chairs. There were no inclosures about their cabins except hedges. The cabin, the earliest model of a Franciscan establishment, and that which Francis hoped would always be the model, was called *luogo*. The word "convent," afterward substituted, implied a giving way to the relaxation Francis feared from the influence of prudent prelates and the learned; for it must be admitted that, excepting the people who concerned themselves with making cheerful songs and the pious interpretation of the word of God, Francis had a pathetic horror of the learned. As the colony of the Portiuncula grew, new buildings were made of wood, plastered with mud. The friars must dwell in them as pilgrims and strangers.

The influence of Francis was so great at this time that all received his decisions with joy, and the wretched cabins in the wood seemed to be the vestibules of paradise. He was looked on as the living symbol of Christ, for, it must be repeated, that abstractions did not appeal to the medieval folk. Here was a man who did what Christ had counseled—not commanded—those who would follow him perfectly to do. His example in the way of perfection was not for everybody. It was enough for these brethren that they had answered the call. Their lamps must shine before all men, because Christ lived in them, but gently, sweetly, as light falls.

In the beginning there were murmurs against this imprudent, unwise, and unworldly way of life. Common sense was against it; but, then, from the point of view of the Roman patrician, the aristocratic citizen of Jerusalem, and the well-fed money-changers, Christ himself was

not a person of common sense. This opinion was not that of Brother Bernard, the kind and patient, or of Brother Giles, the loving and literal, or of Brother Junipero, who was one of the *jongleurs du bon Dieu,* but perhaps it was of Brother John, who wore a hat and left the community because he could not see how sensible men could live without money. If the farmers did not employ the brothers, they had to live on what they could beg. Roots and edible leaves, without the condiments that Francis loved in his salads, were, with cold water, often their only portion. The gray of the olive-tree, the speckled red-and-white roses, and the changing sky, held great consolation for the little band, and Francis, singing of the wonders of God in nature, kept love aflame within their hearts.

To-day we ask with Brother John, who was probably not the Judas some of the shocked brethren believed him to be, but only a practical person who wished to have his own way, How could they be happy on nothing a day?

It must be remembered that at this time Francis was not thinking of improving the general condition of labor. A beggar who asked alms and a great prince, with a magnificent court, were equal in his eyes, though he loved the beggar more because he was poor. Francis did not work for labor; he worked for everybody, and everybody must pray or work or beg for everybody else, that the kingdom of Christ on earth might be fulfilled. As he grew older, and the counsels of prudence and common sense prevailed among his brethren, and they became learned, and ceased to wear the meanest clothes and to live in mud-thatched huts, his heart wept. One day he left his cell for a few moments, and a friar came to him.

"Whence came you, Brother?" he asked.

"I came from your cell," the friar replied.

"Since you have called it mine," Francis answered, "let another dwell there, and not I."

His brothers who were near him many times heard him say, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

What could people of common sense do with such a man? He had forced the hard-headed Innocent III to bless his "impossibilities" cordially, and all of a sudden the whole world was running after him. Unless we have something in our hearts that yearns to love as he loved, we must put this phenomenon down to the mysteries of the medieval heart. New brethren came flocking to Portiuncula. Brother Thomas of Celano in his rhetorical way tells us that the brethren really loved one another. They recited the breviary as though they were priests, ever and anon crying out in spiritual and vocal unison, "Our Father who art in heaven!"

ANECDOTES OF FRANCIS

The heart of the time would be wholly exalted or not at all. Francis said to the man who was willing to give his money to his relatives, but not to the poor: "Go, Brother Fly! Go!" With Francis, "Brother Fly" was a term of reproach. Fired by his preaching, an ardent young peasant, driving two oxen, came in his way.

"What shall I do to be saved?" asked the honest man.

"Give all you have to the poor."

The peasant unharnessed one of the oxen. "This one," he said, "I will take with me when I go to the Portiuncula; that one I will give to the poor."

Francis, who had rejected all the property of rich disciples, smiled at the simplicity of the man. "I accept," he said; "yet first let us see your father and mother."

But the old folks made difficulties. They regretted the loss of their son, but quite as much they seemed to regret the loss of the ox.

"Let us make a bargain," Francis said. "I will take your son, and give you back his ox." The chronicler leads us to believe that the old couple were willing to agree to this.

The power of Francis with all animate things was marvelous. This is one fact that permeates all the legends, and on which all his biographers agree. And he had the gift of reading the minds of those he loved. There is a story of a young friar who believed that Francis disliked him. One day when this brother was

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

ST. FRANCIS CONSOLING THE FRIAR WHO DOUBTED HIS AFFECTION

particularly unhappy, thinking that the dislike of Francis meant some serious fault on his part, some ingrained sin, for he knew that Francis loved all created things, the dew of refreshment fell upon him. Francis read his mind and said: "Come to me. Whenever you desire to talk of heavenly things, come to me." And the forlorn young man was made happy.

THE WOLF OF GUBBIO

WHETHER the story of the conversation of Francis with the wolf of Gubbio is true or not, or, as has been suggested, it is a sublimated version of his interview with the haughty patricians of Assisi and their former slaves, the plebeians, it is certain that the children and the simple-hearted prefer to believe that the wolf was a real wolf; and children and the simple-hearted are nearer to God than most of us. The story of Francis, who was a saint largely because he was *un uomo de genio,* is so wonderful that to be on the side of the children and of the angels is the only way of understanding it. It cannot be in the least comprehended from the modern analytical point of view. The devil, as Coventry Patmore says, was the first analyst, and we all know what happened to *Marguerite* after she tore the daisy to pieces.

The story of the wolf of Agobio (Gubbio) is told in the twenty-first chapter of "I Fioretti." It seems that at one time Francis dwelt in the city of Gubbio. Now, the citizens were very unhappy because there was a wolf near the town, and the wolf gave them no peace by day or night. Mothers were afraid to let their children play about. The men were armed, but so furious was this beast that even weapons seemed useless against him, or at least the men were afraid to use them. The fright of the men might not have moved Francis, but the terror of the mothers and children he could not endure; and, then, in his opinion both the citizens and the wolf were to blame. The wolf had never been spoken to of Christ,

and he acted only according to his nature; for wolves must eat. The citizens had not remembered that he was God's creature, and that, therefore, they should have made a friend of him. Francis determined to force the beast to hear reason. Despite the advice of the people, he went out to meet the wolf, making the sign of the cross. His brethren accompanied him part of the way, but waited at a safe distance with the people who had come out to view the fearful sight.

The wolf rushed at Francis with open mouth. Francis made over him the sign of the cross, and said gently:

"I command thee, Brother Wolf, on the part of Christ, that you do not do harm to me or anybody."

Upon this the terrible wolf lay down like a lamb at the feet of Francis. He had been addressed properly,—a thing which had never happened before,—and he was willing to hear reason.

"Brother Wolf," continued Francis, "you have done great evil here, hunting and killing God's own without His permission, and not only eating animals, but men created in the image of God; and so you have made yourself a thief and a murderer of the worst kind, and deserve to be hanged like a criminal. And everybody hates you, and voices that hatred. But I would make peace between you and the men of Gubbio, if you will offend no more. They will pardon you, and neither men nor dogs shall molest you."

The wolf, who had not eaten people maliciously or for amusement, but because he was hungry, showed by the expression of his eyes and the movements of his head and tail that he agreed with Francis and was willing to accept his decision. But Francis, according to the manner of the Middle Ages, exacted a symbol of the good faith of the wolf. Brother Wolf must give his paw upon it, on condition that Francis would see that the people of Assisi fed him every day. This peace having been arranged, the wolf, much to the amazement of the citizens, meekly followed Francis to hear him preach. Francis told them that sin was the occasion of the evils that befell them. The flames of God's punishment, he said, with the wolf standing near him and listening attentively, are more terrible than the teeth of an animal that can destroy only the body. "Go, then, dear brethren, to God, and do penance for your offenses against Him, and He will save you from the flames of hell."

And then Francis asked Brother Wolf again to put his right paw into his right hand, in the presence of witnesses, as a pledge that he would keep his part of the agreement; for Francis no doubt felt that it would be hard, unless his brother was impressed with the nature of the oath, to keep him from returning to his pagan ways; and perhaps, after all, the wolf might be tempted to find amusement by chasing the terrified men of Assisi into their houses.

Everybody in Gubbio, happy at the prospect of peace, blessed Francis as with one voice. After this, Brother Wolf became a great favorite in Gubbio; he went from house to house, a cherished friend, and the children played with him as though he were a big dog, and the dogs themselves, out of respect for Francis, did not bark at him. Two years later, when Brother Wolf died of old age, Gubbio grieved heartily because "While he went about the place gently," he recalled "vividly the virtue and holiness of St. Francis."

FRANCIS AND THE TURTLE-DOVES

FRANCIS believed that God gave special grace to those who loved his little sisters and brothers, the birds and the beasts. Even Brother Fly, though Francis evidently did not look upon him as of the elect, like the lambs and the doves, was not to be called accursed. One day Francis met a youth of amiable appearance on his way to market with a number of turtle-doves in a cage. Now, Francis loved doves, they were so gentle and so affectionate, and had not the Madonna herself offered them in the temple?

"*O buone giovane,*" he said, "give unto me these birds, which are in holy writ compared to chaste and humble souls, so that they may not fall into cruel hands and be killed."

And the young man, by the grace of God, gave the cage of doves to Francis. And then Francis looked into the youth's eyes and said sweetly:

"Little son, thou wilt later be a brother in this order, and serve Jesus Christ most graciously."

ST. FRANCIS SUBJUGATING THE WOLF OF GUBBIO

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

CHILDREN OF ASSISI FEEDING THE WOLF OF GUBBIO

And so in time the good youth became one of the blessed order of Francis, and died in the grace of God, which Francis had sought for him because he enabled him to set the doves free. And to the doves he said:

"O my little pure doves, my little sisters, simple, innocent, chaste, why did you let yourselves be taken? See, I snatch you from death, and give nests to you, wherein you may increase and multiply, according to the commandment of the Creator."

Francis made nests for them at the Portiuncula, and without fear they lived with their families among the brethren, by whom they were fed. And after they had been fed, they would not go away until Francis had given them his blessing.

The mighty love in the heart of Francis drew all pure-hearted things to him, and gave him power to work what men called miracles. There are many records of his way with sinners; for no sinner was hopeless in his eyes, and there was no sinner who might not be called his brother. His power over all hearts was most evident in the marvelous episode of the conversion of Santa Clara.

THE CONVERSION OF SANTA CLARA

No great movement has ever succeeded without the help of a great woman. And the point of view of the greatest saints of the church concerning women has been blurred by over-ascetic biographers, who are more or less tainted with Gnosticism, which, with all due respect to other people's opinions, was a forerunner of Calvinism. The saints, who were men engaged in doing noble acts for the love of God, did not look on women as undesirable. On the contrary, in many cases, they found them so desirable that their only safety was to flee from an attraction to which they were only too susceptible. Modern ideas of purity are not the ideas of the early fathers or of the Middle Ages. The Song of Solomon was not looked on as a part of the Old Testament to be handled furtively. The man who sacrificed the earthly love, in the highest sense the prelude to a more celestial passion, did not surrender it because it was evil, but because, in giving it up, he made the supreme surrender. If to fine souls human passion is the gateway to a passion that is superhuman, there are souls that need not

the long approach, but who enter at once into that holy place where heart and soul meet in an atmosphere from which all that is earthly has disappeared. In the psychology of the saints this is most common. Abelard, though he had saintly potentialities, was not strong enough to be a saint. Women have always been coadjutors in the work of God for this world. The reform which Francis began would have been incomplete without the "Lady Clara," the little flower of St. Francis.

When an enraptured girl elopes at midnight in our day to meet her future husband, nobody but the prudent condemn. In the Middle Ages even the prudent did not condemn, and similarly there was little condemnation for a maiden who, drawn by love of God, made her way to a convent. So when Clara, having listened to Francis in the cathedral of Assisi, determined to follow him in the way of poverty, only her male relatives were indignant, and they were considered to be very unreasonable by all the women of their families, and rather foolish by the people who were their neighbors. "For who can go against the Holy Spirit?" they asked. Clara was eighteen years of age when she listened to Francis. She had heard of him, of course, for her little world was full of his name. Besides, her cousin Rufino was of the "religions," as they called the order. Probably Francis saw her in church, as Dante saw Beatrice, and marked her for his own. She probably visited the Portiuncula with her aunt or her mother, Ortolana, to see Friar Rufino. It is certain that she met Francis many times, always in "honorable company." In the turmoil of the wars about her she longed for peace and to follow Christ as Francis had done, and to follow him literally, becoming as absolutely poor as she could.

She was the daughter of a rich and noble family. Her father, Favorino, was one of the family of Scefi, and seignior of the castle of Sasso Rosso—at least they say so at Assisi. He had determined to make a good marriage for the charming little Clara; but after she had heard Francis, she would have no suitor, and at eighteen, according to the popular opinion of Assisi, was in danger of becoming an old maid. Was not *Juliet* of Verona quite capable of falling in love at an earlier age? Thomas of Celano, who loves to play on words, says of her, "Admirabilis femina *clara* vocabulo et virtute—*claro* satis genere traxit originem," etc. The name of her mother, which means the cultivator of a garden, gives him another chance for a pun, and two years after her death, Pope Alexander IV, in his bull of canonization, takes the opportunity to make a play on the word "Ortolana." Her mother was of the noble family of Fiumi. Born in 1194, Clara was much younger than Francis.

The day—it was Palm Sunday—came when she chose between the world and poverty. She went to mass for the blessing of the palms, arrayed in all the splendor of new spring garments, as was the custom. Her companions, beautifully adorned, went forward to take the palms from the hands of the prelate. Clara held back. Did she hesitate and wait for a sign? If so, the sign came. The priest went down to where she humbly stood, and gave her the branches with his own hands. The palm of utter sacrifice for the love of Christ was to be hers. The people were not surprised. The repute of her sanctity was in men's mouths. A prophecy of it had been made to Ortolana before Clara was born, and when a child, having no rosary, she made beads of pebbles. Many other edifying things were told of her.

On the night of the following Monday, March 19, 1212, Clara, with her Aunt Pacifica and others, broke through a closed-up door in her father's house. She would not pass through the usual opening, for only those who never returned went through the door of the dead in old Italian houses, and she would never return.

Francis and his brethren, torches in hand, for the town and country were asleep, waited for her. Francis to her represented Christ. He was her guide to the salvation of her neighbor and her own soul, for the essential Franciscan doctrine was that one saved one's soul in saving one's neighbor. Christ sacrificed all for the world, which would, he knew, be ungrateful. Clara ardently desired to be one with Christ, to continue his sacrifice, as Francis interpreted its meaning. Since the holy church approved of Francis, she could have no doubt that he lived ac-

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ST. FRANCIS AND THE TURTLE-DOVES

cording to the counsels of the gospel. She would pray night and day for those who could not or would not pray; she would crucify herself daily by giving up all the luxuries of her existence, by becoming utterly dependent on the will of God. Her secret garden was to be the chapel of St. Damian's, that gray little building, today the same, among its pomegranates and olive-trees. Francis had builded better than he knew in saving it from ruin, for later it was to be the abode of her who was to be with him the co-redeemer of his country. Her aunt and the "honorable company" with her divested her of her ornaments, for she had come as a bride, and her luxuriant hair was cut off. Henceforth she was vowed to holy poverty and to the service of the poor in body and spirit, for all poverty is not physical. Mass had been said just after midnight in St. Damian's, and an hour after dawn Francis and his brethren walked to the monastery of St. Paul, which belonged to the nuns of the order of St. Benedict, "therein," as Thomas of Celano says, "to rest until Almighty God could otherwise provide.

When the day came, the relatives of Clara filled the town with their clamor. She should be brought back. Who was this fool Francis, late a silly youth, to stand between Clara and a good marriage that would benefit both the family of Scefi and the Fiumi? The kinsmen of Clara—her woman-relatives were all with her in heart—rushed forth armed to retake her, but she would not be retaken. She showed her tonsured head and held fast to the altar-cloths. "I will be the bride of no man," she said; "I have chosen the better part. I am the bride of Christ." In deference to public opinion at last the infuriated men accepted the situation. All Assisi held that her father might choose a husband for her whether she liked it or not, but that, when it came to the question of a religious vocation, her rights were not to be infringed. In the Middle Ages the only freedom for a woman was the freedom of the convent.

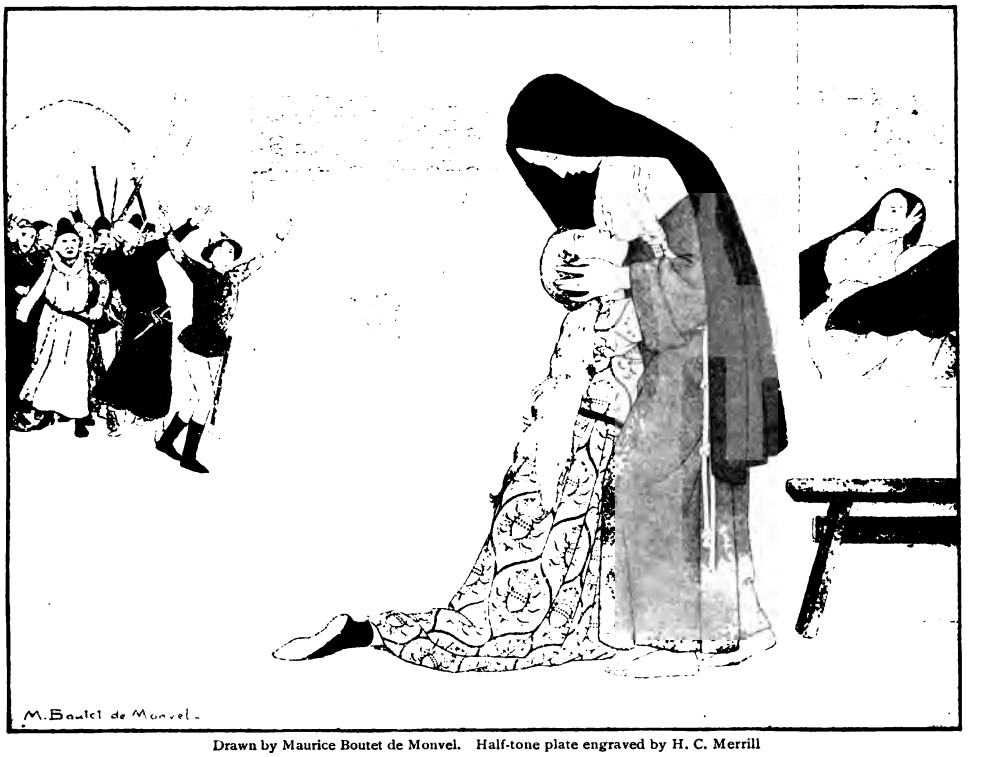
SHE FOUNDS THE ORDER OF POOR LADIES

WITH her mind at rest, Clara went to the church of St. Angelo di Panza, and thence to that of St. Damian. Here she founded the monastery of the order of Poor Ladies. Her little sister Agnes soon followed her into the cloister. At this second flight the Scefi were exceedingly wroth. They rushed to St. Damian's and tore the young girl from her sister's arms; but the chroniclers tell us that by a miracle the body of Agnes became so heavy that the united strength of her captors failed, and they were obliged to leave her in the road. When her uncle tried to strike her, his arm was smitten by a terrible pain. She, too, was clothed in the beast-colored robe of the order of Poor Ladies, her girdle of jewels and ribbons was exchanged for a plain cord, and there was no reason for her to wear her pearl-woven cap, for her hair was cut off. She was now so poor that even nature's adornment was denied her. These two began the religious order now known as Poor Clares, which spread with incredible rapidity over Europe.

At first the little community lived only by manual labor. Clara embroidered exquisitely, as is evident from the beautiful alb still preserved in the church of Santa Clara, and Agnes had also been well taught to use her hands. A certain number of the friars were commanded by Francis to provide for their needs. These were lay brothers, known as Zealots of the Poor Ladies. It was their duty to beg for the necessaries of life for their poor charges. As a rule the Poor Ladies never went beyond their garden, and as the order increased, a little house was also provided for the ministering Franciscan priest and for the Zealots. To the end, even after the death of Francis, Clara persisted in the rule of utter poverty. When, late in her life, Gregory IX was made pope, she received him at St. Damian's. He begged her to accept some possessions; it was impossible that women could exist in a community without property.

"If it is thy vow that stands in the way," he said, "we absolve thee from it."

"Holy father," she answered, "absolve me from my sins, but I do not wish to be absolved from following the way of Christ." Against the most violent opposition she persevered in putting into practice the rule of absolute poverty given to her by Francis, and it was not until the day before her death that she succeeded in obtaining the bull from the pope authorizing her communities to be entirely poor.



Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CLARA RECEIVING HER SISTER AGNES

HER CHARACTER AND WORK

As her reputation for sanctity grew, hundreds of women, young and old, became fired with the order to sacrifice all for Christ and their neighbors. They demanded peace, they demanded love. One has only to read European history of that period to find out how little love or peace there was. If Christianity offered the bread of life, there was only one way of grasping it. This was to do what Christians feared to do—to have no reserves in sacrifice. In his "Life of Clara," Thomas of Celano said, "Now, through old age, the weak world was rapidly failing, the eyes of belief growing blinder, its steps shambling, and its strength for virile acts ebbing, and corruption walked abreast with senility." Queens, princesses, like Agnes of Bohemia, followed the example of Clara, and in beds of splendid and luxuriant roses grew the silence that raises the heart. In the beginning Clara would not accept the place of abbess. She would be least of all. She nursed her sisters, bathed the feet of serving-women, because they were poor and labored hard. She would often light the lamps and ring the bell for prayers before her community arose. She would allow others to do nothing that she could do herself. Very often in the cold of the night she arose and covered the sleepers. To those who were not fit to follow the strict rule, she was most lenient. Her sisters might not leave the monastery except for a reasonable cause. The lay sisters, who served outside, were forbidden to gossip. The chaplain—Clara would have none but a Franciscan—must not enter the monastery without a companion, and when they entered they were obliged to remain in an open place, so that they might always be seen by each other and by others. There was no chance for sentimental conversation.

Francis found great consolation in Clara's aid; but she was so humble that all joy and hope seemed to come to her from Christ through him. Life in the Middle Ages, I must repeat, was sacramental to those who desired the better

part. All grace and all good were conveyed by symbols, and to devout souls, and even to believing sinners, Francis was one of the physical symbols of God. Francis pointed out to Clara greater heights of perfection. To him she gave hope; she smoothed, too, for the community of men many of the difficulties of daily life, which might have disturbed their peace. The mending and sewing for the friars, the making of their altar linen—all these things were looked after by Clara and her nuns. And no doubt the friars accepted certain ameliorations of their lot without knowing how these ameliorations were brought about. During a cold winter, when he was ill, Francis was induced to have part of his habit lined with common fur; but he insisted that a piece of this fur should be sewn on the outside, so that the world would know how luxurious he was. The good nuns probably managed this.

Francis, humbly fearing the adoration of Clara, seldom visited her, though their souls seemed almost one. On his deathbed, in 1226, in answer to Clara's request that she might see him, he said to one of the friars: "Go to Sister Clara and tell her to put away all sadness, and say to her, too, that she and her sisters will meet me after death and be greatly comforted."

But both knew much anxiety and much tribulation before the day of his death. In the meantime Clara seemed to divine his secret thoughts, and when the wounds of our Lord were impressed on his body, she knew or guessed the secret, and made such foot-gear as enabled him to walk, and such sleeves as concealed from the eyes even of his brethren the sacred marks on his hands. Yet this gentle creature set a troop of Frederick II's Saracens to flight, and stood with all her might against the relaxation of the rule which Rome, seeing through the eye of prudence and common sense, tried to force upon her. The third order of St. Francis, which was to give a terrible blow to feudal privileges, was to succeed close upon the foundation of the second order, —that of the Poor Ladies,—following implicitly in the way of Francis.

(To be continued)

HIDDEN HERITAGE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I AM not half so poor as they
Who have great wealth but in to-day.
Beneath this time an undertime,
My hidden heritage sublime;
Beneath this world an underworld,
With mass and shards above it hurled.

I always knew that it was there,
But how descend it, how to dare?
I always knew my noontide draft
In its deep well had darkly laughed;
How nightly Sleep, that shepherd sooth,
There led the dream-flocks of my youth.

I knew, because each joy of mine
Had under-grief the more divine;
And, ah, because no sorrow pressed
So hard but that it also blessed!
With up-sent dew my tears were pearled—
Beneath this world such underworld!

I always knew that it was there,
And did this solid world upbear;
So, were I weak, its voices rose,
"Fear not; strength rushes in thy blows."
And, were I witless and unread,
Some nether sun its light upshed.

I always knew, I know, 't is there;
But how to reach it, how to dare,
The shards that hide it how upheave,
And to its heart full pathway cleave,
As one who must descend, not climb,
Unto a heritage sublime!

THE YES-MAN

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

WHEN Edward Marsh was told that his services would no longer be required by the firm of John Shawcroft & Company, he was not surprised. Twenty years spent at a single kind of work, and fifteen of the twenty at the same desk, had left him without much capacity for spontaneous feeling. The words of the sales manager struck upon his perception with the same force as a routine instruction regarding the work of the day, no more and no less. He bowed and left the manager's office without a word.

It was only when Marsh was seated at his desk and fumbling nervously with the litter of correspondence that he began to comprehend the situation. The blood flowed into his head and made his cheeks burn. He was like a man coming out of a nightmare. He began to sweat. His hands, trembling, rattled the letter he was holding in his hand. His throat was dry, and when he tried to clear it, his stenographer glanced up at him and asked, "Do you wish me to take some dictation?" He did not hear her.

"Why?" This was the word that finally tore itself free from the chaos of snarled, shapeless wonderings in the man's brain. "Why?" And now that he had the word, it controlled him. It assailed him from the four corners of the room, and ticked out of the desk clock, and creaked out of his swivel-chair, and whispered repeatedly into his ears, "Why? why?"

Marsh got up on his feet and went quickly back to the sales manager's room. He saw and heard nobody on the way, though several other clerks, noting his peculiar appearance, asked him what was the matter. The door of the small room was open, and he staggered, rather than walked, in. The sales manager looked up and greeted him with a puzzled look, which Marsh did not see. Then Marsh blurted out the word that was dinning at his ears, "Why?" He caught a corner of the desk and braced himself.

"You went out before I had a chance to explain," said the sales manager. "I did n't know what on earth was the matter with you."

"Why?" persisted Marsh. "You say I am through, Mr. Fisher. You say the office does n't want me any longer. Why?"

"You 're excited, Mr. Marsh," replied the other man. "Come, sit down and calm yourself. This is n't an agreeable thing for me. Let 's look the matter right in the eye. I want to try to make you see it from my angle. Won't you have a chair, or shall we talk it over later?"

"No, not later; now. I want to know now," said Marsh. He dropped into a chair and tried to pull himself together.

The sales manager swung round and faced Marsh. He picked up a silver paper-knife and studied it during a moment's silence. Then he began soothingly:

"I want to tell you something about my own position here first, Mr. Marsh. I 've been here just four months. Before I left Chicago, I had a long talk with Mr. Shawcroft. He spoke about this business with utter frankness. The business has been going back. I don't know how much or how little you know about the affairs of the company in the large, but I 'll tell you with the same frankness that Mr. Shawcroft told me—it looks ugly. Our competitors are pushing us hard. Sales have been dropping off steadily for the last five years. Something is wrong with the organization. It is n't the fault of the goods. I 've studied the whole manufacturing end. No; we 're not selling our goods, that 's all. And I 'm here to see what I can do. My reputation is at stake.

I 've got to make good—to Shawcroft & Company and to myself. You see that, don't you?"

Marsh was silent, looking straight down at the floor.

"Last month I let Urquhart go. I did n't like to. He has been a good, faithful man. So have you, Mr. Marsh. I know how long you have been here. I know all about your record. You 've done your level best. Mr. Shawcroft told me that he would trust you with every cent he has. I don't doubt it.

"But, Mr. Marsh, let 's face the truth. This company was built in an era of business that has been slowly dying out, giving way. The methods here are the methods of the past. They won't stand up against modern ideas. We 're slipping back. We 've got to have initiative in the organization. There was a time when Mr. Shawcroft was the governing force here. The whole spirit of the business emanated from him. He did the thinking for everybody. It was a mistake; he sees it now. He surrounded himself with good, honest men. He could place confidence in them. But they were yes-men. Do you know what I mean by that—yes-men? He gave orders, and they said 'Yes.' They never questioned, they never went a jot out of the path he laid down for them. They might have had ideas; they probably did. You yourself did once. But ideas were n't wanted. What was wanted was acquiescence—and work. And now, with Mr. Shawcroft getting on in years and unable to go on with the old vigor, what is the result?

"The business has paid part of the penalty. The men like yourself must pay the rest. It 's a shame, it 's a rotten mess, but new blood we must have—new blood and men who have individual force, who can think out a problem for themselves. Can you, Marsh? Could Urquhart? What more can I say?

"You are going to hate me, Marsh. I wish that was all there was to it. I can stand that. I have stood it before. I wish I could take your damning and make your future easy by that kind of sacrifice. Call me what you please, Marsh. I don't blame you. I 've told you how matters stand; I 've been as fair as I can."

The interview was at an end. The sales manager looked worried and even pitiful, but he had made up his mind. Marsh had no answer. The sales manager's words were definite enough, yet Marsh could not understand. He knew only the years of service he had given; he saw the company as a great, sheltering institution, housing an amiable family, in which he did his share of work unstintingly—and mechanically. It would shelter him no more. His place in the scheme of things had vanished. A sinister hand had crossed the slate on which was recorded the time he had spent and the effort he had made and the work he had done, and rubbed them out. The blow that had fallen upon him found him unprepared. He was forty-one years old.

Then a passion of indignation came upon Marsh, to whom passion of any kind had long been strange.

"You say you have been as fair as you can," he cried. "What is there fair about this? Is this a sample of the new methods you talk about—the new methods that are going to do such wonderful things for Shawcroft & Company? To take the men who have been here longest and have given the best part of their lives in this office, and throw them into the streets like packing-cases that you 've taken the goods out of? When I came here to work you could count the men in the office on the fingers of your hand. Now look around: there are more than sixty. Who is responsible for this? Are you? You have been here four months. When I came here John Shawcroft was struggling to make both ends meet. He had a wife and two children, and he had a pretty hard row to hoe to pay his bills and keep a decent roof over their heads. Now he has plenty of money; he never can spend it all as long as he lives. Who did this? Did he do it alone? Suppose it was his brains that did most of the thinking; you can't build a factory on brains alone. And now do you think Mr. Shawcroft is going to turn his back on the men who took off their coats and worked with him in the old days? You don't know him, Mr. Fisher. He 'll never support you in this. He 'll never—"

Marsh stopped suddenly and glanced toward the door. John Shawcroft himself stood there, his eyes fixed keenly upon the discharged employee and his fingers nervously twitching his watch-chain.

Shawcroft was tall and thin. His closely cut beard, which had been jet black, was now almost wholly grayed, as was his hair, or, rather, what remained of his hair, for the top and the front of his head were bald. He showed in his eyes and in his manner of standing, neither erect nor with a marked stoop, that he had worked too hard. He was tired out. And this truth was most manifest in his voice when he spoke, for he talked in a certain querulous tone that did not arise from a nature naturally petulant. He felt the business, which had been his life, slowly slipping from his grasp; and he lacked the energy, and somehow even the will, to seize it anew. Yet he could not remain happy away from the office. He had tried a foreign trip, cut it suddenly short, and fled back to the old surroundings. What he really wanted was to keep things as they were—to drift quietly along with the current, maintaining the old ways, keeping the familiar faces about him, and going on peacefully to the end; and that, he had found, was impossible. It had become a question of giving up the ship or of changing his course, and he had changed his course.

"Here is Mr. Shawcroft now," suggested the manager, turning to Marsh. "This will be the best time, perhaps, to have the matter settled."

"I heard you mention my name as I came along the corridor," said Shawcroft. "What seems to be the trouble, Edward?" He called Marsh by his given name, as he did all the men who had been with him since his beginning.

In the presence of a man whom he knew so well, Marsh regained some of his lost poise. He felt that an ally was at hand. He did not know that Shawcroft and the sales manager had already threshed the question out together, and that his old employer had assented, not without reluctance and misgivings, to the proposed change. So he said with some show of confidence:

"Mr. Fisher has told me that he does n't need my services any longer. I guess —I rather lost my head; I 'm sorry if I said anything I should n't have said. But I told him, Mr. Shawcroft, that you would feel differently about it." Then, becoming magnanimous, he added: "I don't blame Mr. Fisher at all; he could n't possibly know about my relations with the firm—he has n't been here long enough. From his point of view he is all right, of course."

There was an awkward pause. The sales manager said nothing. He waited to hear from Shawcroft, because from the decision in this case he could gage perfectly the limits of the position he was to occupy. And Shawcroft, knowing this only too well, groped vaguely for a solution that he knew in his heart could not exist.

"I suppose it is fair to say, at this point," were the words Shawcroft finally uttered, "that Mr. Fisher, while nominally sales manager here, is in reality the principal executive head next to myself; and though I shall still remain in active supervision, the main responsibility, and a freedom of action that ought to go with that responsibility, now fall upon him." He turned to the sales manager as he spoke, and Fisher bowed slightly in answer.

The evasion, subtle as it was meant to be, was not lost upon Marsh. The events of the last few minutes had quickened his wits immeasurably. He glanced at Shawcroft; an appealing, pained look it was. He saw Shawcroft's eyes persistently gazing at nothing through the window, and he knew that he must fight it out alone, if, indeed, there was any chance at all. And this was what hurt Marsh most. He was not only losing his position now: he saw the intimate relationship which had been built up in many years crumbling and ready to fall.

Marsh saw before him now only one man, and that his adversary—yes, his enemy. He noted the youthful face of the sales manager, a visage clean-shaven, with thin lips and a finely shaped nose, of which the flesh about the nostrils quivered slightly with every breath, as though he scented prey. So at least it seemed to Marsh, despite the fact that he was not ordinarily an imaginative man. He observed the eyes, too; and they gave the lie to the youthful face, for they told the man's actual age and were witnesses of his experience. Behind all that could be seen in Fisher's face lay the suggestion of great reserve power, and a tenacity that reached out after difficulties for the very love of subduing them.

Marsh should have known from the beginning that to this man it was useless to talk of past service. He realized it now. His voice quavered and almost broke as he took up his defense. "Mr. Fisher," he began, "you say that I am incompetent to hold my position as correspondent any longer—"

The sales manager waved his hand, as if to deprecate the attribution of words he had not used; but Marsh went on: "Well, it amounts to that. At any rate, I am to go. Do you think it is fair not to name a single instance where I have failed? I know that business has fallen off, and I know that I have worked harder and harder every day to keep up the sales. You say I have failed. Why don't you show us—why don't you show Mr. Shawcroft—where I have failed?" Marsh's egotism was speaking now. He believed in his ability. It had never been questioned before.

The sales manager reached over to the wall beside his desk and pushed a button. "This is what I wanted to avoid," he said. "But if you insist, Mr. Marsh, I feel bound to show you some of the weak spots in your management." An office boy entered. The sales manager said to him, "Georgie, get me the map of Mr. Marsh's territory, and the sales-sheets that go with it." The boy brought them.

Both Marsh and Shawcroft eagerly watched the new executive as he unfolded the map and laid it out before him on the desk. "Here is your territory, Mr. Marsh," he said. "You have Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, and the Dakotas. How many traveling salesmen have you in that territory?"

"Seventeen," replied Marsh, promptly.

"Now, what block is giving you the biggest trouble just at the present time?" asked Fisher.

"Why, northwestern Iowa, I should say—from Sioux City up to the Minnesota line."

"How many salesmen in Iowa?"

"Four."

"Whom do you consider the best one of them?"

"Erskine, I think."

"And where is Erskine working?"

"He was in Council Bluffs yesterday."

"Not where you are having the most trouble, then?"

Marsh saw the point and began to explain. "I was going to send him over there a little later," he said weakly.

"Well, we will let that point rest for a minute. We 'll stick to Iowa, though. One of our competitors beat us badly two weeks ago in Ottumwa. How did that happen? There was a big store just opening up there, a branch of Simmons & Exton in Burlington. Did we have a man on the spot?"

"No."

"Who is in the southeast, there?"

"Marshall, just now."

"Where was Marshall?"

"In Muscatine."

"Could n't you have wired him?"

"Yes; but Ovington was coming down that way from Des Moines, and I thought I could save the expense of sending Marshall back—"

"How much expense, Mr. Marsh?"

"Why, it would n't be much, of course."

"Over twenty dollars?"

"No, sir."

"And if we had made that deal with Simmons & Exton, how much do you think it would have meant? They bought several thousand dollars' worth of goods, did n't they?"

Marsh was silent.

"And so, to save twenty dollars—"

"No; it was n't that."

"What was it, then?"

Marsh hesitated, and tried to think of a suitable explanation. None came, and he had to say, "I don't remember."

"That 's all; I don't want to go any further," said the sales manager, folding up the map. Then he rose and took up his hat, "I 'm going into the factory for a while," he said, and went out.

Marsh and Shawcroft sat silent for a moment. Suddenly Marsh jumped up and stood, trembling with injured pride, before his employer. "So you 've fixed it up between you!" he cried. "I see it now. You 've squeezed me like a sponge, and now I 'm dry, you toss me aside. You had it all arranged to come in here this afternoon. Mr. Shawcroft, I 've worked hard for you. I 've done my best. God forgive you for this! Good-by."

"Edward—Edward, just a minute!" Shawcroft called after him; but he was

gone. Shawcroft sat thinking a few minutes, and then went to Marsh's room.

"Is Mr. Marsh about?" he inquired of the stenographer.

"He was here a few minutes ago, and took some things out of his desk," the girl replied. "Then he put on his hat and coat and went out."

"Poor devil!" thought Shawcroft. "It 's hard on him and Urquhart and the rest. But what else can we do? Fisher is right, Fisher is a pusher. He knows what he is talking about. He 's got the stuff in him. I was lucky to get such a man."

But Shawcroft was ill at ease. His mind was filled with unpleasant images and doubts and questionings. He caught a glimpse of his face in the glass over the wash-stand as he entered his private office, and it disconcerted him. He saw more lines about his eyes than he had ever before noticed. His cheeks above his beard looked sallow and thin.

"I wish we could find a place for Marsh somewhere else in the office," he said to himself. "But Fisher does n't think it would work well, and I suppose he is right."

It was half-past four in the afternoon when Marsh got home. His wife, a pale, delicate-featured woman, a year or two younger than himself, was dusting the hall when he entered, and she gave a little cry of surprise and fear as she saw his face.

"Why, what has happened, Edward?" she gasped.

"Happened? I 've been fired, Jenny; that 's what 's happened."

Mrs. Marsh sat down in the nearest chair and stared at him without full comprehension.

"Fired? Why, not discharged, Edward? Not discharged from the office?"

"Not discharged, no," repeated Marsh, angrily. " 'Fired,' I said. Thrown out —squeezed dry, like a sponge, and thrown out." He felt a strange satisfaction in repeating these words which he had spoken to Shawcroft. The simile seemed original and apt.

"But what could you have done, Edward, to—"

"What have I done, Jenny? I have worked for Shawcroft & Company too faithfully. I 've been too decent and straightforward and conscientious. They don't like those things any more. They 've got new ideas and a young cub—that man Fisher—who called me a yes-man, whatever he means by that. A yes-man! After twenty years in that office!"

"A yes-man? I don't understand—"

"There is n't anything to understand, Jenny. It was a put-up job: Shawcroft and that fellow got their heads together, and now I 'm out. I would n't have believed it of Mr. Shawcroft. It 's all over; there 's no use talking about what 's gone past. But I 'll show them, Jenny; I 'll show them that they 've made the biggest mistake of their lives—that I 'm not too old, that I can get a place, and do better than I ever did with them."

Jenny Marsh went to her husband and put her arms around his neck and kissed him. She believed in him. She had always deemed him the mainstay of the office where he worked, and when he spoke so confidently now, she took it for granted that the firm of Shawcroft & Company was about as good as ruined. Under the affectionate touch of her hands Marsh's manner softened almost immediately. He felt somewhat as he had a couple of hours before, when Shawcroft had entered the sales manager's office. But this time he could be as certain of his ally as of his own life. He began to feel better. He felt that he could go out and get a position as good, or better, without difficulty.

The Marshes had not saved money. They had bought the house where they were and had given a mortgage back, and despite the fact that they lived rather simply, it was often difficult to meet the interest of the mortgage. There was no system in their expenditure; there had been little real system at Shawcroft & Company, and Marsh's domestic life had reflected more or less the habits of his work. They had had one child, a daughter, but she died in infancy, and having only themselves to take care of, they had afterward spent the money pretty much as it came. On the day he left the office for good, Marsh could count only forty-odd dollars of ready money; two weeks of advance salary were mailed to him by the cashier, according to the company's custom, which gave them about a hundred dollars to live on until Marsh could find another place.

He lost no time in hunting a position. He searched the classified advertising of the daily papers every morning. Several firms were asking for correspondents, and he called at the addresses given or answered by mail. They were all looking for younger men; and besides, he had been discharged from his last place, as he was forced to admit, at the same time giving his own version of the matter with undiplomatic asperity. He began to wish that he had had better control of himself, and had at least obtained a letter from Shawcroft stating what he had done, and how long he had served there. His pride would not let him go back for such a letter now.

On the other hand, one prospective employer, a young man with a very brisk manner, began by saying to Marsh: "I don't want any recommendations. You need n't show them to me. I can tell whether you 're the man *we* are looking for, and that 's all I want to know." Marsh was not the man this employer was looking for. He was aware, as he answered the young man's shrewd questions, that he lacked something convincing, something assured and definite, that would impress his interrogator. "No," said the man, after a brief conversation; "I 'm sorry."

"But why—will you tell me why you don't think I would do?" persisted Marsh, doggedly.

"Stagnation; no action," was the laconic answer. "You 'd make a good man for routine, I guess. We 're not looking for them, though. We need a live wire."

Marsh heard this phrase so often in his rounds that he wondered what a "live wire" was like. "Whatever it is, it seems to be something I am not," he said to himself, bitterly.

A month passed. Marsh had ceased to look for a position like the one he had held, and was ready to take almost anything that offered. He thus fell into the ranks of that great, aimless, unemployed army, equipped with large guns—and blank cartridges. These are the men upon whom the underworld of advertising feeds, offering chances to sell worthless stocks or frivolous and unsatisfactory articles upon commission; and one by one Marsh approached the baits which he found in the newspaper columns, and turned away in disappointment and disgust. The really solid and desirable firms were in need of men,—he was told this everywhere,—but not men like himself. He began to grow pessimistic. He lost confidence in himself, and then he did the worst thing he could have done, which was to neglect his personal appearance. He had always been neat and particular in this regard; now he called at offices with two days' growth of beard on his face. Nobody informed him how fatal this was, and he had lost the power to discern it for himself.

Another distressing circumstance added to Marsh's difficulties. He had believed that, with many years of integrity behind him, during which he had promptly paid the tradesmen who supplied his house, it would now be the turn of those storekeepers, by extending him credit, to help him tide over the interval until he found another position. This ingenuous view of the psychology of tradesmen was characteristic of the man. He did not perceive that the time when he could have run up large bills with the grocers and butchers was when he had steady employment, and not now, when he had none. When it became known that Marsh had left the office of Shawcroft & Company and was seeking, without success, another place, the dead-line of credit was drawn tightly about him, and his chagrin was all the greater from the knowledge that other men, his neighbors, who had never shown a fraction of his willingness to meet obligations, were being supplied as readily as ever upon the mere strength of the jobs they held.

Worse still, neither Marsh nor his wife knew how to economize. The simplicity of their scale of living had come not from any real thrift, but from an absence of desire for luxury. So, when it became necessary to retrench, they followed the inevitable course of improvidence—that of denying themselves the wrong things. In his wanderings in search of work Marsh was continually attracted by, and bought, articles which were neither necessary nor useful. Such impracticality could have only one end. The Marshes were soon without money, and without the means of getting any except by giving up their home. This they did, on the usual sacrifice of part of what they had paid in.

They continued to occupy the house, however, at a monthly rental.

When they had paid their small debts, the Marshes found themselves with more cash than they had ever had before, and despite his good intentions, Edward Marsh began to relax his efforts to find a place, and to spend his time devising ways of spending his money. He considered many possibilities—of going to Florida to share in some of the tremendous profits of celery and truck-growers advertised in the magazines; of taking a homestead in the Canadian Northwest, and getting rich in wheat; of opening a little notion store somewhere near their home; of buying an interest in some small store already established. He had about a thousand dollars at this time. It represented the savings of his whole life. He might have done well with it, since the city was growing, and small establishments were springing up everywhere; but the possession of the money, and the disposal of it, preoccupied him, and he did nothing. He wished to go somewhere—to some distant place where money could be made quickly and easily. A great spirit of unrest was upon him; but as he could not make up his mind where he wished to go, or could not get started, the restlessness simply extended itself to a nervous meandering around the old environment, and more and more unfitted him for work. One day he met Fisher on the street. Fisher nodded pleasantly, and paused as if he were going to talk; but Marsh ignored his salutation, and hurried by. Not unnaturally, he blamed Fisher for everything that had happened.

But toward Shawcroft he could not feel bitter for any length of time. He looked upon his old employer mainly as a deluded man, who had been and was being victimized by Fisher, and would finally be robbed of his business and everything else he possessed. This conviction was the stronger since he had heard from some of the men at the office that business was picking up rapidly, and that the number of men in the factory had been considerably increased. Marsh shook his head. He felt sure that it was not a healthy growth, that Fisher was playing a deep game.

At the end of the year the Marshes were in serious straits; the money had been frittered away thoughtlessly. Edward Marsh had found no position, and had grown away from the desire to find one, except that he had a vague ambition to do something big, something immediately and largely profitable; but just what this was he did not know. Mrs. Marsh was as patient, affectionate, and helpless as ever, shared all his hopes with him, and took more than her share of worry and despair when those emotions were uppermost. As she could not help her husband, she chose the easiest way—petting him, and abetting his futile schemes.

Sooner or later, traveling his path, Marsh was bound to feel himself a wronged and persecuted man. He told his wife this, and she agreed.

"It 's no use, Jenny," Marsh would say, on coming home at night after sitting most of the afternoon in some shady place where he could watch the ceaseless passage of men and affairs and ponder them idly, "things have turned against us. Nobody wants me. I 'm played out. All I had I gave to Shawcroft & Company, and we know what I got for it."

One day, going toward his favorite bench in the park, he found it occupied by a man who looked like a tramp, and who moved along sullenly when he saw Marsh determined to claim a place. They got upon good terms, however, and began to exchange confidences, or what passed for confidences, since each felt that the other was making out a case that suited his vanity. Marsh intimated that he was looking for work.

The other man had no illusions on that score. He grinned and answered, "Not very hard, though, eh?"

"I 've done my best," replied Marsh, a little offended at the suggestion.

"A man that works is a fool," said his companion. Then he added, "And a man who has n't got a job, and wants one, is a —well, it would serve him right if he got one."

Marsh did not like this cavalier way of disposing of such a weighty problem; nevertheless he felt himself in the presence of a strong man, an alarmingly strong man. He scented an interesting story. "Did n't you ever work?" he asked.

"Me? Sure I have. I was a sucker once, just the same as you and the rest of them. And I got mine, too. They

squeezed me dry, like a sponge, and chucked me."

"Squeezed you—" Marsh stopped. He felt a bit angry at this man for usurping his phrase—the phrase of which he was rather proud.

"I suppose you would take a job if you could get one?"

Marsh said he would, gladly.

"I thought so," sneered the other man. "You look soft, my friend. You look easy. I 'll tell you what 's the matter with you—you ain't got any nerve."

Marsh was not seeking a quarrel. He got up and walked away, followed by a stream of profanity and abuse from the bench.

But Marsh began to think over the tramp's words. He could not help comparing them with Fisher's complaint against him—that he was a yes-man, a man without initiative. There was a flavor in common between the two charges, and though the blood mounted to his cheeks in hot resentment of them, they forced upon Marsh an impression that something was wrong with him, call it by any name—something fundamental and material. His pride quickly negatived the suggestion, yet he could not escape some of its force.

One evening as Marsh was sitting in the kitchen, with his stocking-feet on the pan of the range, reading a newspaper, his wife came excitedly in from the front porch.

"There 's somebody coming in, Edward. It 's Mr. Shawcroft, I think. Had n't you better put on your shoes?"

Marsh pulled on his shoes, which had been soaked in a shower that afternoon, and went into the hall, wondering, with a fast-beating heart, what Shawcroft could want of him. Perhaps they had found that they could not get along without him at the office, after all.

"Good evening, Edward," saluted Shawcroft, as they met at the door. "I hope you are well?"

Marsh said he was, and that he hoped his visitor was, too. They went into the parlor and sat down. Marsh was surprised to see how much older Shawcroft seemed than when he had taken leave of him at the office.

They spoke commonplaces at first, and then Marsh said, "How are things at the office, Mr. Shawcroft?"

"Excellent; could n't be better," was the reply, and Marsh's hopes fell. This was only a friendly visit, then, after all.

For a few minutes Shawcroft sat thinking. Then he said:

"It 's about the business that I was going to speak, Edward."

"Yes, sir."

"You were done a great injustice," said Shawcroft, calmly.

"By Mr. Fisher," added Marsh, with an amiable desire to show that his feelings toward his old employer were still warm.

"No, Edward, not by Mr. Fisher; by me."

"By you, Mr. Shawcroft? Oh, no; I 've never thought so. I always knew you were misled into believing—"

"What I wished to believe," interrupted the other. "I 've not come here to-night to dodge the truth, Edward. I 've come to talk very frankly."

Marsh was silent, but eager and mystified.

"I 'm quitting the office for good tomorrow," continued Shawcroft, after a pause. "It is my business; it belongs to me just as much as it ever did; and it will be a bigger business than it ever was before. But the truth is, Edward,—and I don't know whether you realize what it means to me to say it,—that things go along better at the office when I 'm away than when I am there. So I 'm discharging myself. I find that I am incompetent. The business is too big for me, and I can't handle it any more."

What Shawcroft said he said with a peculiar touch of humor and a twinkle of the eye, but there was behind that mask another feeling, which expressed itself through his tone and in his faltering, constrained manner. He was like a man going into exile.

"You won't understand all this," he went on, "because you cannot see the business through my eyes. Your position was different, and you have paid the penalty in another way. But the truth is that we sit here now, two incompetent men. You are so because you never had a chance to do anything else; and I am incompetent because I never gave you and the others the chance. I ought to have built up a

business with men, and I built it instead with machines. The time came when I reached my limit. I expected the machines to go on alone. They could n't. I thought it was their fault. Fisher said no; he told me to my face it was my own. He said I was reaping simply what I had sown. I did n't believe it; but I had sense enough to follow Fisher's advice. That was a kind of inspiration, because I distrusted him for a long time.

"When Fisher told you he did n't need you any longer, Edward, I felt mighty sorry. I wanted to find another place for you somewhere in the office. Fisher did not agree with me; he said that it would do you no good, and it would do the business harm. He had a lot of reasons. I don't remember what they were; they were probably sound enough. So I let you go. I felt that you had been neglecting your work. I thought it was your own fault. To some extent I still think it was; but it was also mine. I did your thinking for you when you had better done it yourself. Well, now I must do it for you when you cannot."

"But if everything was all wrong in the old days, how was it we—you could build up the business you did?" asked Marsh, whose conception of the import of Shawcroft's words was none too clear.

"I 've thought of that, too. I suppose we did what we could under certain conditions. The conditions changed; but we did n't change with them. Yes; that was our trouble. We did n't respond to progress; did n't know it when we saw it. Well, it 's getting late, and I must be going home," said Shawcroft, rising. They stood up. "You 've had a pretty rough time of it, I suppose?" he asked Marsh.

"Well, yes, sir; rather."

"I 'm not a philanthropist, Edward,—you know that,—but I feel an obligation in your case, and in Urquhart's and in some of the rest. I 'm anxious to do the right thing, whatever it may be. Will you come around to the office in the morning, say about ten o'clock? We can then talk over some plans I have. Understand, Edward, you and I are both out of Shawcroft & Company for good,—don't make any mistake about that,—but I 'll do something for you. We 'll see. Good night."

But Marsh followed his old employer to the front gate. "I just wanted to tell you, Mr. Shawcroft, that I 've always believed in you, even since—I got through. I knew you meant to do the square thing. But I think you ought to watch that man Fisher, just the same."

Shawcroft looked keenly at Marsh. Then he nodded slowly, comprehendingly. "I know just how you feel, Edward. You could n't feel any differently. It would be a miracle if you did understand. And yet the truth is that it was Fisher—"

Marsh gasped. He sensed what was coming.

"Yes; it was Fisher. It was his advice sent me here to your house. We 're both yes-men, Edward. We 've got to take orders now."

SIGHT TO THE BLIND

(A KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN STORY)

DOINGS ON PERILOUS

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town," "Mothering on Perilous," etc.

ONE morning in early September, Miss Shippen, the trained nurse at the Settlement School on Perilous, set off for a day of district-visiting over on Clinch, accompanied by Miss Loring, another of the workers. After riding up Perilous for several miles, they crossed Tudor Mountain, and then followed the headwaters of Clinch down to Skain's Fork, where in a forlorn little district-school-house the trained nurse gave a talk on the causes and prevention of tuberculosis, the spitting of tobacco-juice over the floor by teacher and pupils abating somewhat as she proceeded. Two miles farther on she stopped at the Chilton home for a talk to half a dozen assembled mothers on the nursing and prevention of typhoid, of which there had been a severe epidemic along Clinch during the summer.

Afterward the school-women were invited to dinner by one of the mothers. Mrs. Chilton at first objected to their going, but finally said:

"That 's right; take 'em along with you, Marthy. I allow it 'll pyeerten Aunt Dalmanuthy up to hear some new thing. She were powerful' low in her sperrits the last I seed."

"Pore maw!" sighed Marthy, her soft voice vibrant with sympathy. "It looks like things is harder for her all the time. Something new to ruminate on seems to lift her up a spell and make her forgit her blindness. She has heared tell of you school-women and your quare doings, and is sort of curious."

"She is blind?" inquired the nurse.

"Blind as a bat these twelve year'," replied Mrs. Chilton; "it fell on her as a judgment for rebelling when Evy, her onliest little gal, was took. She died of the breast-complaint; some calls it the galloping consumpt'."

"I allus allowed if Uncle Joshuay and them other preachers had a-helt off and let maw alone a while in her grief," broke in Marthy's gentle voice, "she never

would have gone so far. But Uncle Joshuay in especial were possessed to pester her, and inquire were she yet riconciled to the will of God, and warn her of judgment if she refused."

"Doubtless Uncle Joshuay's high talk did agg her on," said Mrs. Chilton, impartially, "but she need n't to have blasphemed like she done at Evy's funeral occasion."

Marthy covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, that day!" she exclaimed, shuddering. "Will I ever forgit it? John and me had got married just a month before Evy died, and gone to living up the hollow a small piece from maw, and even then she were complaining of a leetle scum over her eyes. Losing Evy, and rebelling like she done atterward, and Uncle Joshuay's talk, holp it along fast, and it were plain to all that he had prophesied right, and her sight were a-going. I would come down the branch of a morning and beg her to let me milk the cow and feed the property and red up the house and the like, but she would refuse in anger, and stumble round over chairs and table and bean-pot and wash-kittle and pigpen, and maintain her sight were as good as ever. Never till that day of the funeral occasion, one year atter Evy died, did she ever give in."

Here Marthy again covered her face with her hands, and Mrs. Chilton took up the tale:

"I can see her now, up thar on the hill-shoulder, betwixt you and John on the front log, by Evy's grave-house, and Uncle Joshuay a-hollering and weeping and denouncing like he does, and her setting through it like a rock. Then finally Uncle Joshuay he thundered at her the third time, 'Hain't it the truth, Sister Dalmanuthy, that the judgment and the curse of God has fell on you for your rebelliousness, like I prophesied, and that you hain't able to see John thar or Marthy thar or the hand thar before your face thar?' when Aunt Dalmanuthy riz up sudden, and clinched her hands, and says slow and fierce: 'Man, it *is* the truth you speak. The curse *has* fell; and I hain't able to see John here or Marthy here or the hand here before my face here. But listen what I got to say about it. I 'm able to hate and to curse as good as God. And I do! I hate and curse the Hand that, after taking all else I loved, snatched from my bosom the one little yoe lamb I treasured thar; I hate and curse Him that expected me to set down tame and quiet under such cruelty and onjestice; I hate and curse and defy the Power that hated and spited me enough, atter darkening the light of my life, to put out the sight of my eyes! Now,' she says, 'you lay claim to being mighty familiar with the Lord; take that message to Him!' she says.

"Women, that whole funeral meeting kotch its breath at them awful words, and sot there rooted and grounded; and she turnt and looked around defiant-like with them sightless eyes, and strode off down the hill, John and Marthy follering."

After a somewhat protracted silence, Marthy's kind voice resumed:

"And from that day to this John and me hain't left her sence. We shet up our house and moved down to hern; and she tuck to setting by the fire or out on the porch, allus a-knitting, and seldom speaking a word in all them years about Evy or her sorrow or her curse. When my first little gal come along, I named it Evy, thinking to give her some easement or pleasure; but small notice has she ever showed. 'Pears like my young uns don't do much but bother her, her hearing and scent being so powerful' keen. I have allus allowed if she could git her feelings turnt loose one time, and bile over good and strong, it might benefit her; but thar she sets day in, day out, proud and restless, a-bottling it all up inside."

"She biles over a right smart on you, Marthy, I should say," remarked the hostess.

"No, now, Susan, she don't, neither, considering her provocations. She were the smartest, most managing woman in these parts, and I never did have no faculty, and don't run her house like I ought; and John is a puny man and not able to do all her bidding; and the young uns they gits terrible noisy and feisty at times, all but Evy."

"The women" rode with Marthy a mile farther, stopping before a lonely log-house, with corn-fields climbing to meet the timber half-way up the mountain in the rear. Marthy ushered her guests into the porch with the words, "Here 's the fotch-on women, Maw."

The tall, gaunt, forbidding-looking old woman sitting there turned sightless eyes toward them, putting forth a strong hand.

"Howdy, women," she said grimly. "Git cheers for 'em, Evy."

They seated themselves, and Aunt Dalmanutha resumed her knitting, swiftly and fiercely, all the pent-up force of a strong nature thrown into the simple act. Instead of the repose that characterizes the faces of the blind, her eaglelike countenance bore the marks of fretful, sullen, caged, almost savage energy.

"Go quick and take a look at that 'ere pot of beans, Marthy," she ordered. "Evy declar's they hain't scorching, but my nose informs me different'. Take the women's bonnets, Evy, and lay 'em on my 'stead; and round up all the young uns back in the corn-crib, so 's I can git the benefit of the talk. Now, women," she continued peremptorily, "I been hearing a whole passel about your doings and goings and comings these four or five year' gone, and I 'm right smart curious to know what it 's all about. What air you in these parts for, anyhow, and how come you to come?"

"We are here," began Miss Shippen, quietly, "first and foremost because we want to educate the children who have never had the chance they deserve—"

"That 's so; they hain't, more shame to the State," interrupted Aunt Dalmanutha. "Take me, now; I were raised forty-five mile' from a school-house or church-house, and never had no chance to l'arn 'a' from 'izard.' And these here pindling present-day district-schools scattered here and yan they only spiles the young uns for work, and hain't no improvement on nothing."

"Next," proceeded the trained nurse, "we want to be friendly and helpful to the grown-up people who need it, especially to the sick and suffering."

"I heared of the nursing you done in these parts in the typhoid last summer," said Aunt Dalmanutha, "and certainly it sounded good. But, women, one more question I crave to put to you. Do you mix in religion and preachifying as you go along?"

"We do not preach at all," replied Miss Shippen; "we let our deeds speak for us."

Aunt Dalmanutha extended a swift hand. "I am proud to make your acquaintance then," she said. "I have had my 'nough of religion and preachifying, but of plain human friendliness not, because there is little of it on the ramble."

"My special work," continued the trained nurse, "is of course with the sick, nursing and teaching how to nurse, and how to prevent as well as to cure illness, and sending cases I cannot help down to the level country for proper treatment. I see, Aunt Dalmanutha, that you are blind. Have you any objection to letting me take a close look at your eyes?"

"Look all you want," was the grim reply; "I am used to being a' object and a spectacle."

The nurse took from her satchel a glass with which she carefully examined the dulled and lifeless eyes, sitting down afterward without a word.

"And not only a' object and a spectacle," continued Aunt Dalmanutha, bitterly, "but a laughing-stock and a byword for the preachers in especial to mock and flout at. Yes, I that were once the workingest and most capablest woman up and down Clinch; I that not only could weave my fourteen yard', or hoe my acre of corn, or clear my man's stint of new ground, a day, but likewise had such faculty in my head-piece that I were able to manage and contrive and bring to pass; I that rejoiced in the work of my hands and the pyeertness of my mind and the fruits of my industry, and when my man died were able to run the farm and take keer of the children as good as before—I am sot down here in the midst of rack and ruin, with the roof a-leaking over me, the chimbly sagging out, the fence rotten and the hogs in the corn, the property eatin' their heads off, and the young uns lacking warm coats and kivers, John and Marthy being so mortal doless; I am sot here bound hand and foot in utter darkness, my strength brought to naught, my ambition squenched, my faculty onusable, a living monument to the hate and revenge and onjestice of God!" She spoke with growing passion, but checked herself, and began more calmly,

"And if it were just, Dalmanuthy Holt would be the last to speak ag'in' it. I allus prided myself on being a reasoning woman. But just it is not, and never were, and never will be. I have seed a sight of trouble in my day, women, and bore up under it patient and courageous.

Besides the man of my love, and the payrents that begot me, seven sons of my body have I laid in the grave, three in infancy of summer-complaint, two with the choking-disease, two with typhoid; and in all this I never once lifted up my voice ag'in' God, but bore it still and patient, even when I were reduced down to just John, my sorriest son, and little Evy, my onliest daughter and the child of my prayer. But, women,"—and again strong passion thrilled in her voice,—"when I seed that one little tender yoe lamb that I cherished with deathless love begin for to pale and cough and pine, then and thar the sword entered my soul, my heart turnt over in my breast, and I cried out wild and desperate: 'Not this! not this! Take all else I got, but not her! It is cruel, it is onjust. I rebel ag'in' it, I will never endure it.' And I kep' a-crying it as I seed her fade and thin; I cried it when the last breath flickered from her pore little body; I cried it when I laid her in the cold ground; I cried it when the preachers buzzed round me atterward, threatening judgment; I cried it when I felt the curse a-falling and the sight of my eyes a-going; I cried it loud and fierce at her funeral occasion; and cry it I will to the end of my darkened days! It were cruel, it were onjust, it were horrible, it were wicked, of God to treat me that way, and never will I say it wa'n't."

Miss Shippen waited a full minute before answering quietly and slowly: "It *was* cruel, it was unjust, it was horrible, it was wicked, that you should have been made to suffer so; above all, Aunt Dalmanutha, it was unnecessary. With a little knowledge, and proper food and fresh air, your daughter's life could have been saved; with knowledge and proper treatment your sons need not have died of dysentery or typhoid or even diphtheria; with knowledge your blindness itself, which is no curse, but would as surely have come upon you had you never lost Evy and never rebelled in your heart, need have lasted only a few months. For these are cataracts that you have on your eyes, and nothing would have been simpler and easier than their removal."

Amazement, incredulity, almost horror were written upon Aunt Dalmanutha's countenance as she heard these quiet words.

"Where do you get your authority over preachers, woman?" she demanded, leaning fiercely forward.

"I get my authority," replied the trained nurse, firmly, "from my knowledge of modern medicine and surgery; I get my authority from things seen with my eyes and heard with my ears during days and nights of duty on the battle-line between life and death; I get my authority," she continued more solemnly, "from Him whose spirit of freedom and tolerance has made possible the advances in modern science, who is the source of the rising tide of helpfulness manifest in human hearts everywhere; who, when he was on earth, went about doing good, and proclaiming not the hate, the vengeance, the cruelty of God, but His mercy, His kindness, His pity, His fatherly love."

The blind woman sat as though turned to stone, except that the veins in her neck and temples throbbed violently.

"Do you mean to tell me God never wanted to take my loved ones from me?" she asked at length from a dry throat.

"I do. I mean that their deaths, so far from being the will of God, were the fruit alone of ignorance and of evil conditions."

"You mean to say that the hand of vengeance wa'n't never lifted ag'in' me, and I hain't never sot under no curse?"

"I do."

"And that the preachers has lied to me?" she said through clenched teeth.

"They were simply mistaken; they knew no better."

Aunt Dalmanutha lifted a shaking arm. "Woe to them if ever they cross my path ag'in!" she cried hoarsely.

"Don't think about them," said the nurse; "the thing for you to do at once is to go down to the Blue Grass, to a doctor I know there who does great things for eyes, and who, if it is not too late, will remove those cataracts and restore you to sight and usefulness and strength, as God intends. I will write at once to the hospital, and make the arrangements; you should start within a week. The trip," she added, "need cost you nothing, if you are unable to pay your way."

Aunt Dalmanutha drew herself up proudly.

"I hain't a' object of charity," she said. "If I go, I 'll pay my way. I got some-

thing laid by still from my weaving days. But it has come on me too sudden'; I feel all lost; I will have to study a heap before I can make up my mind." She moved her hands about before her in a dazed, helpless way.

During all the rest of the visit she was silent and distraught. Twice at dinner her shaking hands knocked over her coffee-cup, and once the sorghum-pitcher, little fair-haired Evy cleaning up quietly after her granny, and placing things to her hand so deftly and furtively that she did not know it was done at all, while on her other side sat Marthy, ever kind, solicitous, and patient, and at the far end of the table John vied with her in unobtrusive but loving attentions to "maw." Never had "the women" seen an elderly or afflicted person more tenderly and devotedly cared for. But the object of it all sat rigid, self-absorbed, frowning, as oblivious to the light and warmth of love as of the light of day, her sole remarks being contemptuous apologies for Marthy's cooking, and complaints of the hardship of having to "gum it," or to eat without teeth.

One week later there was a call from the road in front of the school hospital, and Miss Shippen was pleased and relieved to see Aunt Dalmanutha mounted on a nag behind John. In her black calico dress and sunbonnet, and long, drab apron, with her arm tightly clutched to John's arm, and dark apprehension written upon her blind face, she was indeed a pitiable sight.

"I have pondered your words," she said to Miss Shippen, "and have made up my mind to foller them. With naught but them to swing out on, I am setting forth into the unknown. I that hain't never so much as rid in a wagon, am about to dare the perils of the railroad; that hain't been twenty mile' from home in all my days, am journeying into a far and absent country, from which the liabilities are I won't never return. Far'well, if far'well it be!"

On the last day of October, Miss Shippen had just dismissed her seventh-grade class in home-nursing, and was standing in the hospital porch drinking in the unspeakable autumnal glory of the mountains, when a wagon, rumbling and groaning along the road and filled with people, stopped with a lurch at the gate. Advancing, the nurse was at first puzzled as to the identity of the people; then she recognized the faces of John and Marthy Holt and of little Evy. But for several seconds she gazed without recognition at the striking figure on the front seat beside John. This figure wore a remarkable hat, bristling with red, yellow, and green flowers, and a plaid silk waist in which every color of the rainbow fought with every other. Her bright and piercing dark eyes traveled hungrily and searchingly over the countenance of the trained nurse; her lips opened gradually over teeth of dazzling whiteness and newness. Then, leaning swiftly from the wagon, she gathered the nurse into a powerful, bear-like hug, exclaiming, with solemn joy:

"You air the woman! I know you by your favorance to your talk. I allowed you would look that fair and tender. Here air the woman, John and Marthy, that restored unto me my sight, and brung me up out of the Valley of the Shadow. She tolt me what to do, and I follered it, and, lo! the meracle was performed; wonderful things was done unto me!" Here Aunt Dalmanutha—for it was she—supplemented the embrace with kisses rained upon the head and brow of the trained nurse.

Extricating herself at last from the strong arms in which she was lifted from the ground and rocked powerfully back and forth, Miss Shippen was able to look once more into the face she had failed to recognize, and from which at least a score of years were now erased.

"Yes, John and Marthy and Evy and t' other seven young uns, take the look of your life at that 'ere angel messenger that brung me the good tidings of great joy; that lifted me up out of the pit of darkness on to the mountain-tops whar I now sojourn. Yes, look, for in heaven you 'll never see no better sight."

Embarrassed by the open-mouthed family gaze, and by the additional presence of several teachers, who stopped to see and listen, Miss Shippen said:

"Tell me all about your trip, Aunt Dalmanutha."

"Tell about it? Tell that which ten thousand tongues could scarce relate?

God knows my stumbling speech hain't equal to the occasion; but I 'll do my best. You last seed me a-taking my fearsome way to the railroad; and what were the sinking of my heart when John left me thar on the cyar, words will never do jestice to; seemed like I were turnt a-loose in space, rushing I knowed not whither. The first ground I toch was when I heared the voice of that 'ere doctor you writ to inquiring for me at the far eend. He said he allowed I would be skeered and lonesome, so he come hisself to fetch me to the hospital. Woman, it were the deed of a saint, and holp me up wonderful'. Then I were put to bed a spell, and soft-footed women waited on me. Then one morning he tolt me he were aiming to peel them 'ere ingun-skins off my eyes, and for me to have no fears, but trust in him; that he believed them eye-nerves, shet back thar in the dark, was still alive and able to do business. And though my heart shuck like a ager, I laid down on that table same as a soldier. When I got up, I were blind as ever, with rags tied thick around my eyes. And I sot there patient day after day, and the doctor he 'd drap in and cheer me up. 'Aunt Dally,' he would say—he claimed he never had no time to git out the Dalmanuthy—'in just a leetle while you 'll be a-trotting around the Blue Grass here worse 'n a race-hoss; but you got to git your training gradual.' Then he 'd thin the bandages more and more, till a sort of gray twilight come a-sifting through. 'And don't think,' he would say; 'that I am aiming to let you lope back to them mountains till I git you plumb made over. Fust thing is a new set of teeth,—you done gummed yourself into dyspepsy and gineral cantankerousness,—and then I 'm sot on taking you to my house to visit a month and eat good victuals and git your stummick opened up whar it done growed together, and your mind unj'inted, and your sperrits limbered similar.' And straightway he sont for a tooth-dentist, that tuck a pictur' of my gums in wax then and thar. Then come the great day when I looked my fust on a human countenance ag'in. I axed that it be the doctor's, and I seed him only through black glasses darkly; but, O God! what a sight it were none but the blind can ever tell! Then for quite a spell I looked out through them dark glasses at the comings and goings and people there in the hospital. Then one day the doctor he run in and says, 'Time for you to look on the sunlight, Aunt Dally. Keep on them glasses, and wrop a shawl round you, and come with me. I 'm aiming to show you the prettiest country God ever made.' Then he holp me into a chariot that run purely by the might of its own manœuvers, and I seed tall houses and chimblys whiz by dimlike, and then atter a while he retch over and lifted my glasses.

"Women, the tongue of seraphim hain't competent to tell what I seed then. That country hain't rugged and on-eend like this here, but is spread out smooth and soft and keerful, with nary ragged corner nowhar', and just enough roll to tole the eye along. Thar I beheld the wide, green pastures I had heared tell of in Scriptur'; thar I seed still waters, clear as crystal, dotted here and yan; and on them pastures and by them waters thousands of sleek nags and cattle a-feeding and drinking, peaceful and satisfied; thar, bowered back amongst lofty trees, was the beautiful many mansions and homes of the blest; thar was the big road, smooth and white as glass, down which pretty boys and gals, too fair for this world, come on prancing nags; thar, best of all, hovering and brooding tender over everything, was the warm, blue sky and the golden sunlight. Them alone would have been enough for me. Yes, it were indeed a heavenly vision. I set, sca'cely knowing if I were in or out of the body. 'Am I translated,' I axed the doctor, 'and is this here the New Jerusalem, and them pretty creeturs the angels of heaven?' 'Far from it, Aunt Dally,' he says, sighing. 'Them air the fortunate Blue-Grass folk, that be so used to blessings they don't even know they got 'em, let alone makin' a' effort to share 'em with the needy. If they was as onselfish within as they air fair and prosperous without, we would n't need no millennium.'

"I can't say I had any rale, realizing sense of sight that day. It were all too wonderful and visionary. And them weeks that follered at the doctor's house, too, they seem like a love-lie dream—the delicate victuals that fairly melted down my throat before these here fine store teeth could clutch 'em, the kindness of

him and his woman, and of his little gal, that teached me my a-b-c's. For he said, 'With your head-piece, Aunt Dally, it hain't too late for you to die a scholar yet; you got to git l'arning.' And, women, I got it. I knowed all my letters and were quite a piece in the primer before I left, and Evy here she aims to finish my education and have me reading Scriptur' come summer. Yes, it all seemed too good and fair to be true, and I lived in a daze. I come to myself sufficient', though, to have the little gal write John to hire a wagon and bring Marthy and all the young uns to the railroad for to meet me, and see the world and the cyars; and also, realizing I were going to git back my faculty and workingness, and not being able to make the doctor take ary cent for his doings,—he said it were the least the Blue Grass could do for the mountains,—I tuck what money I had left and bought me some fine store clothes for to match my teeth and my innard feelings. 'Peared like I could n't noway feel at home in them sorry gyarments I had wore in sorry days.

"But it were not till I sot in the railroad cyars ag'in, and the level country had crinkled up into hills, and the hills had riz up into mountains, all a-blazin' out majestical' in the joy of yaller and scarlet and green and crimson, that I raley got my sight and knowed I had it. Yes, the Blue Grass is fine and pretty and smooth and heavenly fair; but the mountains is my nateral and everlastin' element. They gethered round me at my birth; they bowed down their proud heads to listen at my first weak cry; they cradled me on their broad knees; they suckled me at their hard but ginerous breasts. Whether snow-kivered, or brown, or green, or many-colored, they never failed to speak great, silent words to me whensoever I lifted up my eyes to 'em; they still holds in their friendly embrace all that is dear to me, living or dead; and, women, if I don't see 'em in heaven, I 'll be lonesome and homesick thar.

"Yes, when I laid eyes on them well-beloved forms, I knowed for sure I had my sight. And the folks in the cyar they knowed it, too. I am in gineral one to keep things locked and pinned down inside me; but for once I let go all holts and turnt a-loose. Then and thar I bu'sted out into shouts of joy and songs of praise; I magnified the Lord and all His works; I testified of my salvation from blindness of body and sperrit; I hollered till natur' went plumb back on me and I could n't fetch nary 'nother breath.

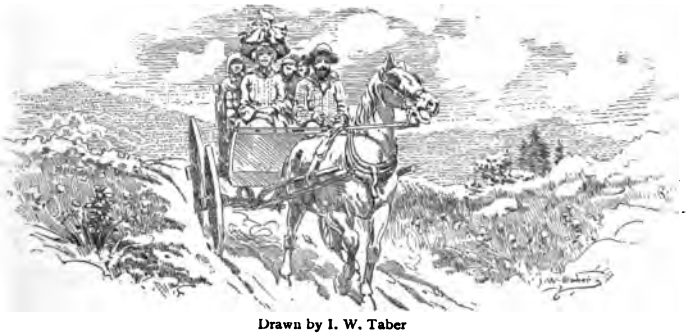
"Then when I stepped off the train, thar was the living human faces of my own blood, John and Marthy, and the eight young uns whose countenances I had never beheld. And as I gazed, women, more scales drapped from my long-blind eyes. In the face of John here, the boy I had allus abused for no-git-up and shiftless, I beheld loving-kindness and onselfishness writ large and fair; looking on little Evy, I seed love divine in her tender eyes, and light raying out from her yaller hair; and from the other seven smaller head' bunched around her like cherubim'. And Marthy! Right here, women, I ax your pardon if I stop a spell, for of a truth words fails me and tears squenches me. What did I see in that kind, gentle, patient face of hern? Women, it were the very living sperrit of Christ hisself I seed thar—the sperrit that returned love for hate, mercy for revilement, joy and life for curses and death. Yes, when them eyes of hers was turnt on me so full of love, right thar my heart broke. I had demeaned and berated and faulted her so continual', and helt her up as a pore, doless creetur', without no backbone or ambition; and now I knowed that if thar ever were a tender, ginuwine, angel daughter on this here earth, it were her to me. Women, when she tuck me to her bosom, I just slid right down thar on my unworthy knees thar on the ground at her feet thar, and with bitter tears beseeched of her to forgive and forgit my hard-heartedness and stone-blindness and dog-meanness, which of course, being Marthy, she had already done allus-ago.

"Then, friends, my cup were running over; and as we journeyed up creeks and down mountains nigh these three days, we was the nunitedest and joyfullest family that ever follered a trail; and all the way I laid my plans for to set the farm on its feet ag'in, and clear new ground, and maul rails for the fence, and rive boards for the roof, and quairy out rock for a new chimbly, and bring up the yield of corn, and weed out the eatingest of the

cattle, and git my loom sot up and running so 's to have a-plenty of kivers and linsey for sale come cold weather; and we all rejoiced amazing, knowing prosperity wa'n't no further from us than yan side the mountain.

"And, now, fellow-sisters, you see before you a ree-surrected woman. I hain't only got the sight of my eyes; I got mind-sight, heart-sight, soul-sight. I hain't only got these fine store-teeth and a tamed and biddable stummick; but the innard power to chaw and digest speritual truth. I hain't only wearing these gayly boughten clothes; I 'm a-fla'nting the robes of joy and the gyarments of praise. I know the Lord don't hate me and never did; I know I am free, restored, and saved; I know my Redeemer liveth, and has fotch me up out of the blackness of darkness on to the topmost peaks of joy and peace and thanksgiving.

"And don't think, women,—don't never, never think I hain't aiming to let my light shine. I aim to use my faculty not for worldly betterment alone, but to turn it loose likewise in the line of religion and preachifying. Yes, every night this enduring winter will see me a-s'arching the Scriptur'; and what I can't read I can ricollect; and come August, when the crap is laid by and the funeral occasions sets in, I will be ready for 'em. There won't be one in thirty mile' won't see me a-coming, clothed in these ree-surrection gyarments, and taking my stand over the grave-houses for to testify to the saving and uplifting and renewing power of the Lord, elbowing away and drownding out and confounding Uncle Joshuay and t'_other blind leaders of the blind wharever they dares to raise their gray heads and hoary lies, till they 'll be only too glad to take to the bresh, norating far and nigh the wonders of my own onresistable experience, and whooping and hollering out world-without-eend the ons'archable riches and glory and power of the love of God."



Drawn by I. W. Taber

GERMANY AS A SEA POWER

IMPRESSIONS OF A NAVAL ATTACHÉ

BY COMMODORE W. H. BEEHLER, U.S.N., RETIRED

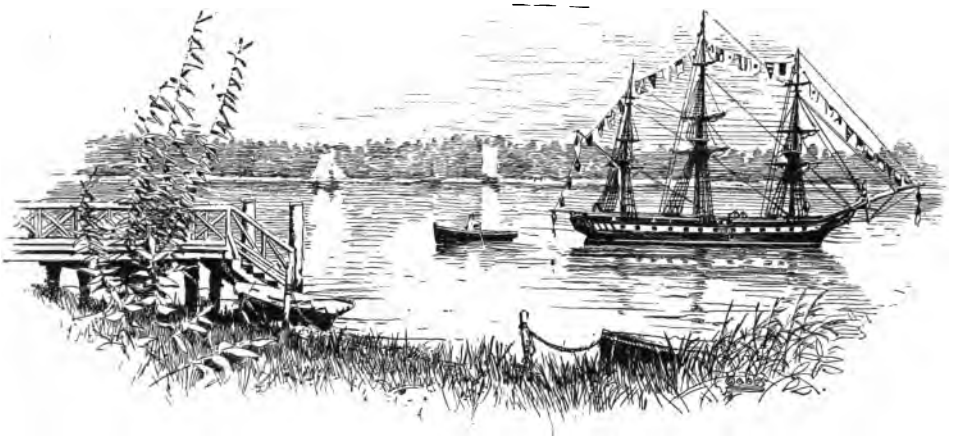
MY duty as American naval attaché in Berlin, Rome, and Vienna from 1899 to 1902 largely consisted in collecting information not only through government channels, but concerning private ship-building. In Germany naval equipment and allied industries are more closely connected with the Government than in our country, and the inspection of them by foreign officers cannot be made without government consent. Thus in 1899 my invitation from the Vulcan Ship-building Company at Stettin to attend the launching of the North German Lloyd steamer *König Albert* was issued by the navy department and came as though by "supreme command." The vessel was to be launched in the presence of the King of Saxony, whose name it was to bear.

As the German navy belongs to the empire, it differs radically from the army. Strictly speaking, there is no imperial army. There is a Prussian, a Saxon, a Bavarian, and a Baden army, each the military force of a sovereign state of Germany. These are mobilized into an imperial army only in case of threatened war. The navy, being imperial, is supported by the federated imperial government, and while its personnel is chiefly recruited from the seafaring population along the coasts of the Baltic and North seas, a large proportion of the force comes from other parts of Germany. The compulsory military law permits a choice of service in either army or navy, and the German Navy League, a patriotic society with nearly a million members, has induced large numbers of officers and men from the interior to join the navy. The naval force is not recruited from the unemployed, but from all classes of people, including the nobility. Hence the crews of German naval vessels are made up of the best citizens, who must serve without pay.

The wonderful growth of the German merchant marine has been such that each of the two leading German steamship companies outranks in number of vessels and tonnage all other steamship companies, including those of Great Britain; it is this that has given Germany second rank as a naval power. The intimate connection between the German navy and the merchant marine is emphasized by the law that places all vessels, stores, and other property of any German steamship company or owner, at all times, in peace or war, subject to the orders of any German naval commander who is authorized to take possession, with the proviso that the German navy department shall reimburse owners, and also be the sole and final judge of the just amount of compensation that shall be paid for such appropriation of private property. The democratic character of this law is evident, since all persons and all property are subject primarily to service for the defense of the country. For the common weal ancient rights of landholders and other feudal privileges are ignored.

During the revival of American commerce these unique German methods and resources may be studied to advantage.

The Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd have a total of 597 steamers, with a total tonnage of 1,973,387 tons, which ply to all parts of the world. Besides these two companies, which are the largest in the world, there are other German steamship companies that are also largely supported by the Government, inasmuch as they all contribute to the naval strength. The two big Ger-



Drawn by I. W. Taber

TOY FRIGATE ON THE HAVEL NEAR POTSDAM

This miniature man-of-war figured in the naval education of the Emperor William II.

man steamship companies are now building more large steamers: the Hamburg-American line two of 50,000 tons each, and the North German Lloyd one of 35,000 tons.

The *Titanic,* which sank April 15, 1912, on her maiden voyage, was of 46,000 tons, being the largest then afloat.

The big Hamburg ships are provided with the Flamm system of anti-rolling tanks, which keep them perfectly steady at sea in bad weather; and these ships will also have large crews of trained men who belong to the German navy reserve. Nominally the German navy has no coaling-stations, but it always has preference to coal from piles belonging to German companies at cost. Thus it happens that a German cruiser can obtain coal in our ports for a price less than that at which it is supplied to our own naval vessels, since the German steamship companies keep large quantities on hand, purchased when market prices are cheapest, and delivered at advantageous seasons.

There are other considerations which give Germany a great advantage. All German merchant vessels have crews that have been trained in the German navy, and all these steamers are thus virtually vessels of the German navy, and might all be brought into service in case of war. Owing to the American lack of a merchant marine, our navy takes the fifth place in comparative strength among the navies of the world, ranking after England, Germany, France, and Japan. Moreover, German law permits the free importation of all material for ship-building, and encourages German ownership of sea-going steamships, while American law absolutely forbids an American to import a ship.

THE LAUNCHING OF A MERCHANT SHIP

THE great development of German ship-building has contributed much to the wealth and power of the country. At Stettin the Vulcan Ship-building establishment has grown enormously. I first visited it when six large vessels were being built, the *König Albert, Deutschland,* and *Kronprinz Wilhelm* for the North German Lloyd, and three war-ships, one for the German navy, and two armored cruisers, the *Yakumo* for Japan and the *Bogatyr* for Russia. The *König Albert* was built for the Asiatic and American trade, to ply between Bremen, the Philippines, and China, stopping at intermediary ports. Among those who were invited to attend the launching were the legations of Saxony and China and the American embassy, which was represented on that occasion by the Hon. J. B. Jackson, then chargé d'affaires, and myself. In honor of the aged and popular King of Saxony the city was profusely decorated. Troops of the sea battalion and the Prussian army stationed in the vicinity were paraded from the railroad station to the shipyard. The shipping

was likewise decorated, and everybody was enthusiastically celebrating the birth of the new ship. The hull of the *König Albert* was festooned with garlands, gaily decorated tribunes were erected for invited guests, with a royal pavilion at the stem for the king and his suite, the Saxon legation, and the Chinese and Americans, escorted by the German secretary of the navy. The king, the last surviving commanding-general of the Franco-Prussian War, was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. He was received by the troops, who escorted him to the shipyard, where they were inspected by the king and his military aides. This personal inspection of the troops by royalty is one of the marked features of such an occasion, after which the troops march in review with the *parade-schritt,* or slow pace. The king from the royal pavilion read an appropriate speech, after which the Grafin von Bergen-Hohenthal, wife of the Saxon minister to Berlin, pressed the button that released a suspended bottle of champagne, which was dashed against the ship's side, while she recited the formula, "By authority of my Most Gracious Sovereign, the King of Saxony, I baptize thee *König Albert.*" At the same instant the supporting shores were released, and the ship glided into the water, while the people shouted and the war-ships saluted.

The guests were then taken by steamer to Swinemünde, a Baltic resort. During the trip I was presented to the King of Saxony, who questioned me as to the health of his friend the Austrian emperor, who was then ill, and to whom I had been presented not long before. Upon landing, we were dined at the hotel, and speeches were made. The Chinese minister spoke through one of his secretaries. He had lost an arm in a railway accident, and had dispensed with Chinese dress and queue, having abandoned all hope of ever returning to China, since the loss of his arm would impose on him the duty of committing hara-kiri. When the *König Albert,* on her maiden voyage, reached China, the country was in the throes of the Boxer insurrection.

THE EMPEROR AT THE LAUNCHING OF A BATTLE-SHIP

Two weeks after my return from Stettin an imperial invitation was received to attend the launching of a German battleship from the works of Herr Krupp at Kiel. This new vessel was laid down in 1898 as a substitute for the old *König Wilhelm,* which at that time was cruising on the East Asiatic station in command of Prince Henry; but because she was fifteen years old the law required that she must be replaced by a new battle-ship. Thereupon the *König Wilhelm* was reclassified as an armored cruiser, and five years later the cruiser *Prinz Friedrich Karl* was built as a substitute for her, then a twenty-year-old cruiser. Thus two substitutes were built for the original ship. The German Reichstag authorized this because of the urgent need of more ships to maintain peace.

Shortly before the launching, the Krupp shipyard had been seriously damaged by fire; but this ship, the name of which was not known until she was launched, and the Russian cruiser *Askold,* which was on the stocks, were not damaged. While the launching of ships at German yards had become a common occurrence, this was made a most noteworthy event by the emperor, who prepared an elaborate ceremonial. All the ships of the German navy assembled in the harbor, and all the military forces of the vicinity paraded. The people of Kiel and excursionists from all over the country attended. The emperor, with the empress and his aged aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and a brilliant staff, were received at the landing, and after the inspection of the troops and the review, he came to the imperial pavilion, at the foot of which the four naval attachés present saluted him. He greeted us cordially, shook hands, and ascended the pavilion with his suite.

It was on this occasion that the emperor delivered his famous dictum, "Our future is on the sea," and revealed to the world his determination to reach for Germany's share of the "command of the sea." He made a stirring appeal, during which he quoted freely from Admiral Mahan's writings, especially "The Influence of Sea-Power," which it was clear had been a leading influence in convincing him of the need of a powerful navy. At the climax in his oration he said that, as the old ship *König Wilhelm* bore the name of him who first had made Ger-

many an empire, it was most appropriate that the substitute ship should be christened *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* for the new empire of the sea. When he had said this, his aunt, the surviving daughter of Emperor William I, feebly endeavored to throw the suspended bottle of wine against the ship; but the bottle swung only part of the way, whereupon the emperor seized it, and hurled it vigorously against the ship, where it was dashed to pieces, as he shouted, "I baptize thee *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse,*" amid great applause, royal salutes from every ship of the vast fleet of German war-ships in the harbor, bands playing the national hymn, and uproarious hurrahs of the immense multitude of soldiers, sailors, dockyard employees, and populace. Probably no other ship was ever launched with such elaborate and demonstrative enthusiasm.

Immediately after the launching ceremonies, the emperor left Kiel on his special train. Herr Krupp then entertained the guests at a great banquet in an improvised hall amid the ruins of the fire. Later the secretary of the navy took the four naval attachés to the naval casino, where we were entertained by the officers of the German navy.

GERMANY'S COMMERCIAL POLICY

THE policy of providing for Germany's future on the sea is the natural result of the enormous strides made by the population of Germany. Except a few South Sea islands and tropical parts of Africa, there remain no territories for the Germans to colonize; so their future is necessarily linked with the sea. During the last twenty years the German seafaring population has increased much more than that of any other nation. Only fifty years ago there were comparatively few German ships, the German flag was seldom seen at sea, and there was no German navy. Only a few ships of the free cities and of Prussia were afloat.

The emperor desires a navy as thoroughly efficient and formidable as the German armies. All the military service laws apply to the navy; but his real object is to promote commercial interests. He is much more a *"trade lord"* than a *"war lord."* He does not wish war; but by being well prepared, Germany has had no war since she became an empire.

The development of the German merchant marine and ship-building industries has been the goal of her naval policy, and their intimate coöperation has justified the expense of the navy and enabled Germany to reach the second rank in naval power. Commercial competition will cause jealousies, but as war will injure commerce more than anything else, it is Germany's paramount policy to avoid war.

Germany's marvelous commercial development has caused jealous rivals to impute all kinds of motives to Germany's naval policy, which has for its object the keeping of Germans attached to Germany. The foolish fear has been expressed that Brazil, Mexico, and other American states would by settlement become German colonies; but this is impossible, since German immigrants become the best kind of citizens of any country of their adoption. They are a freedom-loving people, and while they reverence the ancient aristocratic traditions of the fatherland, and believe that system the best for Germany, with its environment, they do not wish to apply those feudal conditions to an adopted country. Such immigrants do not come from the nobility, but from the sturdy middle classes, actuated by the purpose to prosper according to merit, without the aid of inheritance or family advantage.

GERMANY AND DISARMAMENT

ABOUT this time our ambassador, Dr. Andrew D. White, was a member of the First Peace Conference at The Hague, which had assembled on the call of the Czar of Russia, who had made a strong plea for disarmament. The sincerity of this most desirable plea was, however, much doubted in Germany, because the German shipyards were then building three war-ships for the Russian navy, the *Bogatyr,* the *Askold,* and the *Novik,* and others were being built in France and America, and all the Russian shipyards were working overtime on the largest naval program ever undertaken by Russia. The hypocrisy was so apparent that the Germans have looked upon pleas for disarmament as a diplomatic joke, and have been so indifferent to the idea that many have believed the Germans opposed to international peace, whereas no people

favor it more than the Germans, who most diligently strive to do all in their power to maintain peace by being more powerful than those who would disturb it. Germany believes in strong armaments. Her compulsory military and naval service has promoted the enormous German development by imparting enterprise and thrift to the people. The service has afforded free practical education in both army and navy, and incidentally has produced enormous wealth through commercial growth on the sea, and through profitable ship-building industries at the seaports. In 1899, Germany had three large private ship-building yards, and in less than four years, by the impetus of naval ship-building, these three shipyards were more than trebled in capacity, and fourteen additional private shipyards where large ships are now built were established, while the great government shipyards have been employing for the navy many thousands, who support their large families in contentment.

A VISIT TO THE KRUPP WORKS

My family was due at Bremen on July 7, 1899. Arriving there two days beforehand, I received an order from the secretary of the navy to arrange for an inspection of German navy-yards by Congressman George Edmund Foss, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, in which capacity he served for twelve years. The same mail brought an appointment from Mr. Foss to meet him at Cologne on the fifteenth. The same day I received a telegram from Minister Harris at Vienna, directing me to meet him at Triest, Austria, also on July 15, to welcome Admiral George Dewey on his homeward voyage from Manila.

German hospitality is proverbial; but I was amazed to receive a letter from Herr von Ammon, whom I had never seen, stating that he had heard through my brother in San Francisco, whom he had known there, that my family were then expected at Bremen, and begging us to spend the summer as his guests at Witten, on the Ruhr. He said that he had a large house, his children were all absent, and his wife would feel it a privilege to welcome and introduce my family in Germany. This cordial invitation solved the difficulties of my conflicting duties. I arranged to meet Mr. Foss at Cologne, and as Admiral Dewey could not reach Triest before the seventeenth, I wired Minister Harris that Mr. Foss and I would meet him there on that date.

Herr von Ammon at this time was conducting a large glass factory at Witten. He had a labor colony modeled after that of his intimate friend Herr Krupp, with coöperative stores and other arrangements of benefit to workmen. After showing me his own works, he asked if I would not like to see Krupp's works at Essen, about an hour's journey away. I told him that nothing could be of greater interest to me than an inspection of Krupp's works, but that upon my arrival in Germany I had been informed that Herr Krupp would not again permit an American officer to visit his works. He had formerly been very courteous to Americans, but as our Government would not permit the purchase of his guns and war material, from a business point of view he did not believe it expedient to show us his products and the results of his experiments. Herr von Ammon thereupon telephoned to Herr Krupp, who replied that any friend of his would always be welcome whether he was a naval attaché or not. The next day we were met by Herr Krupp, who took us over a great part of his immense establishment. He was very pleasant, and when I told him that Congressman Foss was to meet me in order to visit German naval establishments, he said he would be glad to entertain us and show us everything we desired to see. I told him that the manufacture of armor-plate was of greatest interest, and he said that he would arrange for the official permit from the German secretary of the navy, and that I should telegraph the date of our arrival several days in advance. His hospitality rivaled that of my friend Herr von Ammon.

MEETING DEWEY AT TRIEST

After my family was comfortably settled with Herr and Frau von Ammon, I met Mr. Foss at Cologne and proceeded with him via Venice to Triest, where, on July 19, Admiral Dewey arrived on the *Olympia*. I was the first to welcome him. He was in fine spirits, and greeted me cordially. In 1871 I had served with him

in the old sailing-ship *Supply,* in which we conveyed the charitable contributions of the citizens of New York and San Francisco for the relief of the suffering French after the Franco-Prussian War. The admiral felt very shy of proposed honors and actually dreaded returning home because of the public demonstrations that were being prepared for him. He was not at all eager for his mail, which I took to him, and joyfully gloated over the inadvertent loss of some that came on board the *Olympia* at Suez. This mail was so bulky that it filled his cabin, and for lack of other receptacles some of it was put in the waste-baskets. In cleaning up, the Chinese servant, who did not understand the new use of the waste-baskets, following the usual routine, quietly dumped their contents overboard. The admiral's secretary was horrified, but the admiral was delighted, and said if correspondents should complain of not receiving replies to their letters, that loss of mail would be to blame.

Admiral Baron von Spaun, the Austrian minister of marine, went to Triest to welcome Admiral Dewey; but after waiting several days, he told Minister Harris that he was obliged to return to Vienna. He expressed his regret at failing to meet Admiral Dewey, and sent him a message of welcome, and placing all the facilities of the Austrian naval station at Triest at his disposal.

Admiral Dewey chose Triest as a convenient place to give the crew of the *Olympia* a rest. It is out of the beaten track of tourists, and he wished to avoid the honors everybody was anxious to give him because of his great and unprecedented victory. Time has not effaced the glory of that victory. At first it was asserted that Admiral Dewey had a superior force of battle-ships; in fact, the cruiser *Olympia* was the largest in his squadron of unarmored cruisers and gunboats. When war was declared with Spain, Dewey was summarily ordered by the British to leave Hong-Kong. In carrying out his orders to destroy the Spanish fleet, he had no port to serve as a base. The naval commanders in Hong-Kong had no idea that he would dare attack the Spaniards in their mined and fortified harbor, or they would have followed to witness the battle, if possible. His success was due chiefly to the superior training and drill of the Americans in time of peace.

Admiral Dewey had declined all invitations while en route home from Manila, but he could not resist the dinner offered by Minister Harris, which was exclusively American. Only officers of the ship and a few officials were present. No newspaper correspondents were invited, though many had congregated from all parts of the world to interview Admiral Dewey, who positively refused to see any of them. Some, having gone to expense and trouble, sought to indemnify themselves by publishing stories which were not true. The yarn about the unfriendly relations between Admiral Dewey and Admiral von Diedrichs was repeated with plausible circumstance. Admiral Dewey assured me that his relations with Admiral von Diedrichs were friendly, and subsequently in Berlin, Admiral von Diedrichs told me that his relations with Admiral Dewey at Manila were pleasant. The Germans were amazed at Dewey's overwhelming victory, and it cannot be said that they were pleased. It was rumored that Germany had negotiated the purchase of the Philippines before war was declared, that three ships were en route with stores to complete the transfer, and that Admiral von Diedrichs arrived at Manila too late to consummate this alleged secret treaty. I did not verify this story; but if true, it would explain the conduct of the Germans and their alleged ignorance of the law of blockade, and would afford more proof of Dewey's tact and skill in keeping friendly relations with them in the circumstances.

There are many Americans who believe it would have been better for us not to have taken over the Philippines. If Germany made an offer, she probably did not offer more than we paid—twenty million dollars. The German nobility sympathized with Spain, but our naval victories compelled a radical change in their views, to accord with the sentiments of the great majority of the German people, who strongly sympathized with us.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR

On returning to Berlin, I obtained the necessary permits for Mr. Foss and me

Drawn by George T. Tobin from the photograph by Reichard and Lindner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPEROR WILLIAM II

In the uniform of the Potsdam Regiment of the Guards.

to inspect the German shipyards at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven; and Herr Krupp, in accordance with his kind offer, secured official permission for us to visit the armor department of his works. I introduced Mr. Foss to the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral von Tirpitz, and to other officers, after which he went to Sweden, while I arranged to meet him at Kiel. Upon my arrival at Kiel I called on the commandant Admiral von Koster, and explained that Mr. Foss, as Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, had duties similar to those of the German secretary of the navy in preparing appropriations for the action of Congress. I told him that our navy felt very grateful to Congressman Foss for getting us equal pay with the army while on shore duty. The admiral was surprised that, when doing the same duties on shore as officers of corresponding rank in the army, our naval officers had been receiving less pay. Thereupon he characterized Foss as a *"lieber freund,"* and said, "Any friend of the American navy is necessarily my friend, and I will do all I can for him." I then said that I had noticed the arrival of the yacht *Hohenzollern* with the emperor on board, and I knew that nothing would please Mr. Foss more than to meet his Majesty, for whom he had the highest respect. The admiral said: "He is now out sailing, but I am to dine with him this evening. I will do what I can to arrange a meeting to-morrow, and meantime I will give you my pinnace, in which you may go on board and see your friend Admiral Baron von Senden-Bibran, who will be able to arrange it if possible." I went on board, and fully explained everything to the admiral, who was the emperor's aide. About nine o'clock that evening an orderly came to the hotel, where Mr. Foss had meanwhile joined me, and brought us an invitation to meet his Majesty at noon the next day.

When we went on board the *Hohenzollern,* Admiral von Senden-Bibran met us at the gangway and escorted us to the emperor, who greeted us cordially. He was dressed in yachting costume, with white shoes and trousers, blue sack-coat, and white cap, and was in his usual happy mood. After shaking hands vigorously, he began to talk about the amalgamation of the line officers and engineers in our navy. He favored the modern tendency to specialize, and thought it would not be possible for a body of officers to excel in both careers as line officers and engineers; the duties were different and required different faculties. We explained that all our officers are educated at the Naval Academy, and were obliged to qualify as both. American line officers had always had charge of electric plants on board our ships, and had proved competent to manage electric machinery, and now that all the fighting features of modern ships are operated by machinery, it is essential that all officers shall be engineers in order to handle their ships efficiently. Mr. Foss had fathered in Congress the personnel law that amalgamated the two corps of officers.

The emperor then asked him about his political career and his election campaigns, and the congressman told the emperor that if he were a candidate for President, he would be elected. The emperor laughed heartily at the idea of a German potentate becoming President of the United States. Mr. Foss described his object as congressman in visiting German naval establishments, and spoke of our welcome to Admiral Dewey at Triest. Then Mr. Foss told the emperor how much he regretted the false reports in the newspapers to the effect that Admiral Dewey had expressed unfriendly sentiments toward Germany. I also denied the truth of those reports, and told the emperor that Admiral Dewey had assured me that his relations with Admiral von Diedrichs at Manila were pleasant. The emperor said he had not believed the reports of friction. Mr. Foss told of his plans to visit Krupp's works at Essen, and how I had secured the invitation for him. He was pleased at the account of Herr von Ammon's hospitality and his intercession with Herr Krupp, and jokingly said, "Well, Beehler, if I had been Krupp, I should have fired you."

This interview lasted about forty-five minutes, during which we were standing or walking about on the hurricane-deck. Upon our leaving, the emperor expressed the hope that we would enjoy our visit to Essen. His barge was waiting for us, and after we had finished our inspection of the navy-yard at Kiel, we took the train for Bremen, where we stopped overnight, arriving at Wilhelmshaven early

the next morning. I called on the commandant, Admiral Karcher, in whose cordial company we made a thorough inspection of the navy-yard and the great and exclusively naval port.

INSPECTING ARMOR-PLATE AT KRUPP'S

I HAD wired the exact time of our arrival at Essen, where we were met by carriage and conducted to Herr Krupp's private hotel "Essener Hof," a magnificently appointed establishment with American comforts rarely found in Europe. Herr Krupp was absent, but four directors had been delegated to entertain us handsomely. Dr. Ehrensberger, the inventor of Krupp face-hardened armor-plate, was particularly courteous. He had prepared an elaborate exhibit of armor-plate in all the twenty-two different processes to which it is subjected to produce the strongest armor possible. It is so hard that it is impossible to penetrate it, to make holes for armor-plate bolts except by first fusing the places for bolts with the electric arc. We spent two days in inspecting these immense works, which include gun factories and extensive foundries. The high cost of manufacturing armor was demonstrated, and how much the cost was reduced for large quantities.

A TRAITOR IN THE KRUPP WORKS

SHORTLY after my return to Berlin, Ambassador White received a letter addressed to the embassy, but to no particular person; he turned it over to me, saying that it concerned naval affairs. The letter was in German from a man who claimed to be a trusted employee of Herr Krupp and to be thoroughly conversant with the secret details of the process of making face-hardened armor, which secret he offered to sell to the United States. For that purpose he desired to place himself in communication with the United States embassy to arrange details, price, etc. He inclosed a stamped envelop addressed to Herr ——, General Post-Office delivery, Essen. I was indignant at this insult, and with the ambassador's approval I wrote to Herr Krupp, and sent him the letter with the addressed envelop. I informed him that as naval attaché I was not a spy, and could not stoop to steal trade secrets. My duties were open and aboveboard, and whenever I had orders to obtain any information, I always requested it from the proper authorities, who had invariably granted such requests. It was, however, my duty, in view of his kindness to me and Mr. Foss, to reciprocate by informing him of the rascality of a man who claimed to enjoy his confidence, and at the same time was negotiating to betray it. Herr Krupp sent the addressed envelop to the post-office at Essen, where upon its delivery the claimant was promptly arrested and subsequently tried and punished. Herr Krupp wrote me a letter of thanks, in which he informed me of the arrest of the traitor. Krupp's establishments have ever since been open to inspection by American officers, who have received many courtesies from him. The Dreyfus affair was then agitating France, and public opinion the world over was aroused on this subject. During my tour of duty as naval attaché at Berlin, Rome, and Vienna, I had only pleasant experiences with the authorities.

MODERN LEVIATHANS COMPARED WITH NOAH'S ARK

IN January, 1900, I was invited to the launching at Stettin of the *Deutschland,* intended for the American trade. Up to that time she was the largest ship ever built in Germany, and the Emperor made much of the opportunity to show his interest in closer relations with the United States. The great size of the *Deutschland* reminded me of an article by a French naval architect, in which he sought to demonstrate that Noah's Ark, taking the dimensions given in the Bible, had been built in accordance with the wave-line theory—the immersed hull corresponding with the mathematical curves of the wave-lines of the first and second order. He claimed that the Ark represented the largest possible construction that could be properly water-borne upon the sea. Any larger construction would necessarily be structurally weak on account of the theoretical requirement to bridge the waves instead of being uniformly buoyed. If built of wood, a larger ship could not long endure the strains to which a vessel is subjected in storms at sea. The *Great Eastern* (which proved to be indispensable for laying the first transatlantic cable) was the only

wooden vessel known that exceeded the dimensions of Noah's Ark, and she "broke her back," and soon proved to be architecturally too weak for the sea. Counting the cubit as 21 inches, the Ark was about 525 feet long, 87½ feet beam, and 52½ feet deep; while the *Great Eastern* was 680 feet long, 83 feet beam, and 58 feet deep.

The *Deutschland* is smaller than the Ark, but in recent years steamers much larger than the Ark have been launched. They are built of steel, and that material may compensate for the loss of structural strength in design. Modern ship-building expresses so much of modern scientific progress that it is interesting to contemplate the wisdom that designed the Ark, which weathered the greatest storm ever known, and was buffeted by seas for over a year's duration. We, indeed, have made wonderful progress, but there were men of renown among the antediluvians.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL NAVY IN 1912

THE German naval program provides that the navy shall consist of thirty-eight battle-ships, twenty large armored cruisers, and thirty-eight cruisers, to be in active service by 1917. All of these ships are to be modern in every respect, as no vessel over twenty years old is considered efficient, and such must be replaced by a new ship.

As the eight battle-ships still building will be complete within a year, the prescribed strength of thirty-eight will have been attained five years ahead of the program; but there is agitation in the Reichstag for an enlarged program, consisting of fifty-eight battle-ships, and other ships in proportion, which seems likely to be adopted.

The German navy has 138 destroyers, ranging from 300 to 680 tons, and the law provides for building twelve torpedo-boat destroyers annually.

There are twelve submarines, and the Reichstag appropriated $3,750,000 last year for additional submarines.

There are three submarine mother ships, namely: *Nautillus,* of 1970 tons; *Albatross,* 2200 tons; and *Pelikan,* 2360 tons. The *Vulkan* is specially constructed, with two parallel hulls for docking and raising sunken submarines.

The protected cruisers *Freya, Hertha, Hansa, Victoria Luise,* and *Vineta* are used as training-ships, and are efficient cruisers of about 6000 tons and have two guns of 8.2-inch and six 6-inch guns.

Older ships, like the *Würtemberg, Mars, Fuchs, Hay, Drache, Delphin, Grille, Rhein, Moltke, Nixe,* and *König Wilhelm,* are used as training-ships. There are two repair ships or floating naval workshops under construction, seven surveying ships, two fleet colliers, and other auxiliary vessels.

The mine-laying vessels that have in recent years been developed are assuming great importance. The available vessels of the Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd place a formidable fleet for this service. The submarine-mine development has reached a high state of efficiency, but details of this service are kept secret. The fact that such mines can be laid out in a consecutive stream at the rate of one per minute, and form a barrier with electro-contact mines anchored in 100 fathoms of water, and made to float ten feet below the surface of the sea, would make the approach of any fleet to the coast a very precarious proceeding unless the region were thoroughly reconnoitered by a flotilla of submarines ahead of the attacking fleet.

The personnel of the German navy is trained constantly for immediate war service, and ships not actually cruising are kept in reserve, so that trained men in business may at any time be summoned by telegraph and immediately repair to their designated stations in forming the crews of such reserve ships. The seafaring population is in categories of reserve exactly, as in the army, and thus form a counterpart to the resources of the army, so that Germany is virtually a nation in arms both on land and at sea.

Drawn by André Castaigne

THE OLYMPIC IDEA

ITS ORIGIN, FOUNDATION, AND PROGRESS

BY WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE

Professor of History in Columbia University and Senior Member of the International Olympic Committee

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THERE are probably forty thousand practising amateur athletes in the United States to-day. They are a splendid body of youths, and the hundreds of thousands of spectators who throng to witness their sports offer convincing testimony of the far-reaching influence of athleticism in America. These numbers are even larger in Great Britain. Once more the "god of the open air" has risen to Olympian rank, and the devotees of other than athletic sports can be counted by millions. Organization for the purpose of intelligent, regulated emulation is instinctive in us. Associations have been formed, definitions established, and rules promulgated, for nearly all forms of legitimate sport in Anglo-Saxon countries, and this example has not passed unnoticed on the Continent.

Some thirty years ago, M. Pierre de Coubertin, a young Frenchman whose heartstrings had been wrung by the humiliation of his country in 1870, began to study outdoor life in England and America. He traveled extensively, published several books on the subject, and in his own land was the organizer of clubs for cultivating the more strenuous, inspiriting, and daring sports which had hitherto been neglected.

Almost simultaneously there was a revival of the vigorous old French games, and a movement to study and introduce the German methods of physical training. All three of these agitations met with success, and they attracted attention to such an extent that even those countries which had been formerly most indifferent to such matters felt the lure of sports and athletics to an amazing degree, though chiefly as adjuncts to the means of physical training already in use.

The motto of M. de Coubertin was

"Ludus pro Patria." Its spirit took possession of all continental Europe (especially where patriotism was strongest), either because of its comparative novelty or because the particular country was menaced by internal or external danger. Within a few years there sprang up a natural desire among these neophytes to measure their progress in international contests with those long accustomed to the various sports, and especially to test their prowess with that of Great Britain. Kindly acquaintance is the best solvent of international jealousy and enmity. Putting this and that together, the idea occurred almost simultaneously to several men—professors, soldiers, writers, and publicists—that here was a neglected means of international conciliation. Correspondence followed, and a few personal conferences were held as to the feasibility of extending and intensifying the common interest for such a purpose. France is the alluvium of ages and peoples, the fertile seedplot of generous ideas, and in this enterprise M. de Coubertin again took the lead, summoning to the Sorbonne representative delegates, selected chiefly from his wide personal acquaintance in different countries, for the combined purpose of deliberation and action.

The meeting, which assembled on June 23, 1894, was not imposing either in numbers or in the personal distinction of those who attended it; but it was impressive from the place of its session, from the associations aroused by the great hall of the Sorbonne, oldest of Western universities, from the interest it awakened in the enlightened public, and, above all, from the earnestness of the delegates. And there was faith, that mighty mustard-seed. The result of the conference was the adoption of the Olympic Idea, and the formation of an International Olympic Committee, the object of which was, first and above all else, to define and promulgate a purpose, until then rather vague; secondly, in the fullness of time to revive Olympic contests.

Of this committee the writer has been a member from the beginning, until now, by priority of interest and anticipation, he is almost, if not quite, the dean of its regular floor members. The president, ever premier in council and prime mover in action, is Baron Pierre de Coubertin. The committee's foremost task—that with which it began its labors—was to arrive at some general definition of the Olympic Idea by the study of the merits and demerits of the spirit shown at ancient Olympia in Greece; to select those concepts which were still vital and useful, and to adapt them to modern conditions; in short, to get an outline of policy, and try it out by experiment and practice.

For this purpose the president, a man of classical training and spirit, consulted not only men of similar caliber in his own land, but those in other countries as well, making extended journeys for the purpose. In America he was greeted enthusiastically, winning many valiant hearts to his cause. Here, as elsewhere among the select few, the Olympic Idea became almost an obsession; the many of course could not find time to bother with an idealist and his strange doctrines. But the little handful in each country was undismayed. There was lively corresponding, comparing, and suggesting; finally came the appointment of a small volunteer executive committee in Paris, whose modest expenses were borne in part by slender contributions from those in the International Committee, but mainly however by themselves. So by fairly rapid stages the idea took form and grew.

Primarily sport must be the medium of international conciliation. There can be no rivalry without some friction, but rivalry in sport should, and must, be the most generous of all rivalries—a contest in magnanimity. The contestants and their friends at any given Olympiad might not number more than a few hundred; but suppose there were only a hundred from each of the contesting nations and that forty nations were represented! This assembling together is no unimportant agency for reciprocal acquaintance. That several thousand strangers are temporarily the guests at any national capital makes for present fellowship and future friendship. The common interest in the competitions and daily intercourse at other times, the appreciation of representative delegations, tend naturally to sweep away the cobwebs of international suspicion and distrust.

That the nucleus of the Olympic meetings must be field- and track-athletics is inevitable, because these have become the

common possession of vigorous, enterprising youth the world over. The various events can, moreover, be standardized with greater ease; that is, the details of rules, judges, and possible styles are not difficult to arrange with equal justice to all. In regard to field- and track-athletics there is likely to be less particularism, less national jealousy, than in other forms of contests. From the very outset, in the first Olympic gathering at Athens, common ground for friendly emulation was easily established. Besides, there was the perennial question of the amateur and the professional, the most knotty, elusive, and exasperating of all questions connected with sport. Even this was so handled as to give general contentment, the basic principle being that no matter how perfect the performance, the performer was an amateur if his practice were an avocation and not a vocation, if he had performed in public neither for money nor for money's worth.

From this position it was inevitable that further discussion would ensue, and for twenty years it has gone on in the public forum of all countries, until opinion has become alert, conceptions have been clarified, and the earnest desire for definition applicable to the widest field has become poignant. Clear, stable, and definite legislation will be possible if, as proposed, a congress of delegates from all the great federations of sports can meet at Paris in 1914 in order to establish the standard Olympiad and thereby to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first meeting at the Sorbonne. Lack of space forbids the history of Olympic evolution or even the recapitulation of the events which have furnished its environment. There have been thirteen plenary sessions of the International Committee, in Paris (1894, 1901, 1902); Athens (1896, 1906); Havre (1897); London (1904, 1908); Brussels (1905); The Hague (1907); Berlin (1909); Luxemburg (1910); and Budapest (1911). Four general congresses have been summoned by the committee, and held under its auspices, for the discussion of vital questions, and a fifth should be held in 1914 to create the type Olympiad. Throughout this period "The Olympic Review," now in its seventy-fourth number, has appeared regularly; and most important of all, under the auspices of the committee, four great international contests have been held: the first at Athens, as was seemly (1896); the second in Paris (1900); the third in St. Louis (1904); the fourth in London (1908). The fifth is to be held in Stockholm, in July of the present year. The committee has forty-four members, from thirty-one countries; each of these has a National Olympic Committee, larger or smaller, and for the Stockholm games there are entries from forty nations.

These few facts and figures are given to show the acceleration alike of interest and of practical results. It is probable that Germany will be the host of the next contest in 1916, though three other European lands desire the honor. The International Committee is thus embarrassed by the rich harvest of its planting rather than discouraged by indifference. This zeal might easily devour the ideal. It is useless to ignore human nature, personal or collective, least of all that patriotism which is self-seeking, or the passions within national limits which breed disruption of control and dissensions of varied interests. In the past a certain form of such discontent has been eager to make the International Committee a court of appeal, to demand from it definitions and decisions, to force upon it a representative character, and exact from it final legislation.

This rôle of law-giver and dictator it has wisely and persistently refused, being a purely voluntary association of disinterested men, who consider themselves the keepers of the Olympic Idea, nothing more, but nothing less. Precisely for this reason the national delegations in it, in most cases, but not as yet in all, enjoy the complete confidence of the athletic associations in their respective countries. Under stress of work its meetings have become annual, and they have an average attendance of more than half of the members in sessions prolonged from day to day for a week. As a self-perpetuating body, selecting its own members and filling its own vacancies, the cost in time, money, and interest is borne by the members themselves purely for the love of the enterprise. Its members regard themselves as plenipotentiaries of the international at the seats of the respective national Olym-

pic committees. These have uncontrolled and full power in organizing national representation at the successive Olympiads.

How far the Olympic Idea may go is not yet determined. Its definition for present uses is sufficiently fixed on the lines of its first appearance: first, to create and strengthen bonds of friendship, such as ought to exist among all civilized nations, by frequent, peaceful intercourse; secondly, to purify sport, abolish selfish and underhand methods in the struggle for athletic supremacy, secure fair play for all, even the weakest, and, as far as possible, make the *contest* and not the *victory* the joy of the young. Incidentally the Olympic Idea in this form is steadily and beneficently permeating the physical training of most nations to-day. That is an enormous gain; but there is more to be hoped for. To realize these hopes, athletic habits must be common to all. Thus far, whichever nation has been our host for the four-year period has naturally exercised a high measure of control in preparing the program, fixing the rules, and selecting the judges. The system has worked fairly well, and it would be rather utopian to suppose that a people taxing itself to the extent of half a million dollars for building a stadium, creating an administration, entertaining its guests, and for all incidentals besides, should forego any advantage for its own contestants by the complete surrender of itself and its athletic ways into the hands of such an international body as has been described. Yet such a surrender to a competent athletic senate would be a superb tribute on the altar of international friendship, and there is a way to secure it, a method already suggested earlier in this article, a plan still inchoate, but in process of careful study; namely, the summoning of a representative, federal, athletic congress of all nations, composed of delegates formally elected by the different national federations of sports, and granted full power to legislate.

It would be the duty of this congress, probably meeting at long intervals, first, to fix a type program; secondly, to promulgate rules; and thirdly, to create a body of impartial, international judges and juries, possibly even a final court of appeal for the adjustment of unforeseen difficulties—a body which would be continuous and easily summoned at short notice. It is almost certain that such a congress will meet in Paris during 1914. All depends on how widely it is desired. Its success would mean the fixing of the Olympic Idea and its perpetuation. All nations proposing to hold the Olympic games would thus be cognizant of the conditions beforehand, and graceful acquiescence in them would be as far-reaching an influence as that of The Hague Tribunal, and an example of priceless value to the rising generations.

Another extension of the Olympic Idea is already in progress; that is the inclusion of other sports in the period of the Olympiad. The Stockholm program includes tennis, horsemanship, yachting, cycling, shooting, swimming, gymnastics, and a modern pentathlon, to test the ability of those who do several things well, and are not expert in one to the exclusion of everything else.

The state of mind known as democracy tends to exclude from participation in modern life all who have hitherto been assigned to the "upper class," the opulent, the patrician, the official, and the military classes. According to this creed, wisdom is to be found only in the plain folk of the world, the peasant, the artisan, the tradesman, the ignorant, and the contentedly inefficient. The Olympic Idea does full justice to all men, for national generosity has made it possible for any athlete who proves his fitness to compete without cost to himself except his time. True democracy finds place for all who are true men, and the coming Olympiad will see those in competition who cultivate as true sportsmen the various sports which are costly. Moreover, although mechanical vehicles have taken the place of the horse in many of his former spheres of activity, they cannot displace him from warfare or supplant him in the affections of those who since Biblical times have rejoiced in his strength and beauty. All exhibitions of his supreme animal intelligence in connection with his rider must properly have a place in international contests, and these in time will promote the acquaintance, intercourse, and good-will in those classes which are at least as influential in forming national policies as are the people at large. Indeed, in the present day what are known as the upper classes in Europe

vie in democratic spirit with any others. Seamanship and horsemanship have always been powerful levelers of social rank, and they always will be.

The third expansion of the Olympic Idea is still inchoate and embryonic, but its nature seems likely to find the necessary nurture; namely, the recurrence of artistic competition in various forms of both the fine and applied arts. In this age we are almost literally dancing and singing through life. We bask in esthetic joys of the slumberous, sensuous, and Oriental variety. All Western nations are more or less under this spell, and as the correspondence of intellectual movement in all of these has been noteworthy for nearly two centuries, increasing with the advance in swift and cheap transportation, so the return of the Western peoples to their real nature, which is before them inevitably, will be hastened by competition. The difficulties are of course enormous, but they are not insuperable. In proportion as these difficulties are overcome, so will there be a peaceful, harmonious forgathering among those who both interpret and guide the mind of the nations and of civilization everywhere, that creative class, the writers and the artists, the makers as well as the doers.

At present the interest of the hour is centered in the successful exploration of earth and air, mountain-climbing and adventure generally. The rudimentary form which it has taken is the "entering" of the achievements of the most worthy contestants by the various national societies. An international jury awards the palms. A similar movement has been undertaken in every form of literature and art. Competition between nations along these lines has already been instituted by the offering of the Nobel prizes; but this jury is a national one, and its decisions might naturally be biased. Moreover, the prizes are tremendous, and are paid in ringing coin, a thing which is not contemplated in the Olympic Idea, which places honor above material reward. Such a concept alone can arouse and stimulate the inborn fire, energy, and sturdy ambition of the Western spirit, and thereby redeem it from the bondage of an elusive, overpowering, and stealthy Orient. For this reason the congress of 1906 at Paris resolved that five competitions ought to be and should be added: to wit, in architecture, painting, music, sculpture, and literature.

In ancient Greece there was only one Olympia to which at first all the little nationalities, and eventually the greater ones, repaired without question, and during the contests there was a general truce in order that all might be safe in their going and coming. The modern Olympiads so far have been favored by peace, but should there be war between the nations, the idea of rotation in meeting-places would have of necessity to be abandoned, at least temporarily. What then? The struggle for balance of power between the free and the slave State systems of America, between the Northern and Southern countries of Europe, has wrought havoc in the past by setting one nation against another, fanning ambition into selfish rivalry and rivalry into bloodshed, conquest, and expansion, the end of which has been empire. But it has had one beneficent result—the neutralizing of the small states of Europe—states which are models to the world in showing what peace and security can enable men to accomplish for the general welfare. Of these states the most central is Switzerland, which has been called the railway turn-table of Europe. Wherever and whenever war-dogs may be unchained, it is at peace.

Sentimentally, of course, Athens would be the natural refuge for a peace movement based on international competition under the Olympic Idea. Its superb stadium, restored by the generosity of Averof, further emphasizes its fitness. The Greeks were so impressed with this conviction that after the first successful meeting they and their friends set on foot a movement to secure all future Olympic meetings for their city. Other nations, through their representatives, protested, with the very sound argument that general interest must be secured and intensified by a long period of rotation. Then was evolved the plan of interim meetings, alternating every two years with the others. But a single trial sufficed to show plainly that there could be only one series of Olympiads, and the interim meetings were abandoned.

Athens is as remote from European centers as America, and, notwithstanding the luxuries of ocean greyhounds, ten days

THE WINNER OF THE FIRST MARATHON RACE (1896) ARRIVING AT THE GOAL IN THE ATHENS STADIUM

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

of travel is still a troublesome barrier. Perhaps in the future the main Olympia will be in Switzerland, with a subsidiary one in America. Of course these are only visions. Meanwhile other visions have become realities, and these realities have brought about other international contests for which the name Olympic is earnestly desired. This cannot be fairly or honestly granted, although to all such contests the International Committee is friendly. It has pledged its hearty cooperation with the Panama games at San Francisco in 1915, and has offered an Olympic medal for excellence in the modern pentathlon. But one must protest and cry aloud, appealing to the general sense of fairness, against calling even such an important international contest "Olympic." That designation should be reserved primarily for the quadrennial contests of athletes, but likewise for those contests of other generous rivals in sport and the arts which occur in rotation at the great capitals of the world under the auspices not of one nation, but of all.

Other possible extensions of the Olympic Idea will occur to every reader of this sketch, but confusion must be avoided in a momentous enterprise which is still in its infancy. With the suggestions here given there is plenty of work for the International Committee for years to come. Its membership will change, but not the remembrance of its initial work, which has profoundly impressed both lovers of sport and of mankind. The Olympic Idea has proved a living germ from which already a vast organization has sprung and which has enthusiastic workers and recruits in every civilized country to-day. It has members in the new Japan and in the still newer Turkey, and it is confidently expected that before long the movement will have a representative from the new China.

The record of American athletics at the four Olympiads is brilliant in two ways: first, that interested friends have been so liberal in raising funds sufficient to send on long journeys the many selected to represent the country, and, second, in the success of the contestants. Our victors have taken as many first prizes, twice over, as those of all other lands combined; and of three Marathon races they have won two. It has been largely due to American enthusiasm and interest that other lands have come to exhibit the same qualities. Four of the original founders remain at their posts beside the president and the writer: Colonel Balck of Sweden, M. Collot of France, and the famous Bohemian novelist, Dr. Jiri Guth. These, with many who are dead, and more who are still alive, have maintained the cause against many discouragements, until now it is triumphant. But the lifelong devotion of M. de Coubertin, his tact, his ingenuity, his self-sacrifice in time and money, in short, the qualities of faith and merit, have been the chief reason for the solid establishment of the enterprise.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'OH, TELL ME, LITTLE BALL, IS IT TA-TA OR GOOD-BY?'"

EVEN THREES

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "Stover at Yale," "The Varmint," "In the Name of Liberty," etc.

I

EVER since the historic day when a visiting clergyman accomplished the feat of pulling a ball from the tenth tee at an angle of two hundred and twenty-five degrees into the river that is the rightful receptacle for the eighth tee, the Stockbridge golf-course has had seventeen out of eighteen holes that are punctuated with water hazards. The charming course itself lies in the flat of the sunken meadows which the Housatonic, in the few thousand years which are necessary for the proper preparation of a golf-course, has obligingly eaten out of the high, accompanying bluffs. The river, which goes wriggling on its way as though convulsed with merriment, is garnished with luxurious elms and willows, which occasionally deflect to the difficult putting-greens the random slices of certain notorious amateurs.

From the spectacular bluffs of the educated village of Stockbridge nothing can be imagined more charming than the panorama that the course presents on a busy day. Across the soft, green stretches, diminutive caddies may be seen scampering with long buckling-nets, while from the river-banks numerous recklessly exposed legs wave in the air as the more socially presentable portions hang frantically over the swirling current. Occasionally an enthusiastic golfer, driving from the eighth or ninth tees, may be seen to start immediately in headlong pursuit of a diverted ball, the swing of the club and the intuitive leap of the legs forward forming so continuous a movement that the main purpose of the game often becomes obscured to the mere spectator. Nearer, in the numerous languid swales that nature

has generously provided to protect the interests of the manufacturers, or in the rippling patches of unmown grass, that in the later hours will be populated by enthusiastic caddies, desperate groups linger in botanizing attitudes.

Every morning lawyers who are neglecting their clients, doctors who have forgotten their patients, business men who have sacrificed their affairs, even ministers of the gospel who have forsaken their churches, gather in the noisy dressing-room and listen with servile attention while some unscrubbed boy who goes around under eighty imparts a little of his miraculous knowledge.

Two hours later, for every ten that have gone out so blithely, two return crushed and despondent, denouncing and renouncing the game, once and for all, absolutely and finally, until the afternoon, when they return like thieves in the night and venture out in a desperate hope; two more come stamping back in even more offensive enthusiasm; and the remainder straggle home moody and disillusioned, reviving their sunken spirits by impossible tales of past accomplishments.

There is something about these twilight gatherings that suggests the degeneracy of a rugged race; nor is the contamination of merely local significance. There are those who lie consciously, with a certain frank, commendable, whole-hearted plunge into iniquity. Such men return to their worldly callings with intellectual vigor unimpaired and a natural reaction toward the decalogue. Others of more casuistical temperament, unable all at once to throw over the traditions of a New England conscience to the exigencies of the game, do not at once burst into falsehood, but by a confusing process weaken their memories and corrupt their imaginations. They never lie of the events of the day. Rather they return to some jumbled happening of the week before and delude themselves with only a lingering qualm, until from habit they can create what is really a form of paranoia, the delusion of greatness, or the exaggerated ego. Such men, inoculated with self-deception, return to the outer world, to deceive others, lower the standards of business morality, contaminate politics, and threaten the vigor of the republic.

R. N. Booverman, the Treasurer, and Theobald Pickings, the unenvied Secretary of an unenvied board, arrived at the first tee at precisely ten o'clock on a certain favorable morning in early August to begin the thirty-six holes which six times a week, six months of the year, they played together as sympathetic and well-matched adversaries. Their intimacy had arisen primarily from the fact that Pickings was the only man willing to listen to Booverman's restless dissertations on the malignant fates which seemed to pursue him even to the neglect of their international duties, while Booverman, in fair exchange, suffered Pickings to enlarge ad libitum on his theory of the rolling versus the flat putting-greens.

Pickings was one of those correctly fashioned and punctilious golfers whose stance was modeled on classic lines, whose drive, though it averaged only twenty-five yards over the hundred, was always a well-oiled and graceful exhibition of the Royal St. Andrew's swing, the left sole thrown up, the eyeballs bulging with the last muscular tension, the club carried back until the whole body was contorted into the first position of the traditional hoop-snake preparing to descend a hill. He used the interlocking grip, carried a bag with a spoon driver, an aluminium cleek, had three abnormal putters, and wore one chamois glove with air-holes on the back. He never accomplished the course in less than eighty-five and never exceeded ninety-four, but, having aimed to set a correct example rather than to strive vulgarly for professional records, was always in a state of offensive optimism due to a complete sartorial satisfaction.

Booverman, on the contrary, had been hailed in his first years as a coming champion. With three holes eliminated, he could turn in a card distinguished for its fours and threes; but unfortunately these sad lapses inevitably occurred. As Booverman himself admitted, his appearance on the golf-links was the signal for the capricious imps of chance who stir up politicians to indiscreet truths and keep the Balkan pot of discord bubbling, to forsake immediately these prime duties, and enjoy a little relaxation at his expense.

Now, for the first three years Booverman responded in a manner to delight imp and devil. When, standing thirty-four for

the first six holes, he sliced into the jungle, and, after twenty minutes of frantic beating of the bush, was forced to acknowledge a lost ball and no score, he promptly sat down, tore large clutches of grass from the sod, and expressed himself to the admiring delight of the caddies, who favorably compared his flow of impulsive expletives to the choice moments of their own home life. At other times he would take an offending club firmly in his big hands and break it into four pieces, which he would drive into the ground, hurling the head itself, with a last diabolical gesture, into the Housatonic River, which, as may be repeated, wriggled its way through the course as though convulsed with merriment.

There were certain trees into which he inevitably drove, certain waggish bends of the river where, no matter how he might face, he was sure to arrive. There was a space of exactly ten inches under the clubhouse where his balls alone could disappear. He never ran down a long put, but always hung on the rim of the cup. It was his adversary who executed phenomenal shots, approaches of eighty yards that dribbled home, sliced drives that hit a fence and bounded back to the course. Nothing of this agreeable sort had ever happened or could ever happen to him. Finally the conviction of a certain predestined damnation settled upon him. He no longer struggled; his once rollicking spirits settled into a moody despair. Nothing encouraged him or could trick him into a display of hope. If he achieved a four and two twos on the first holes, he would say vindictively:

"What 's the use? I 'll lose my ball on the fifth."

And when this happened, he no longer swore, but said gloomily with even a sense of satisfaction: "You can't get me excited. Did n't I know it would happen?"

Once in a while he had broken out,

"If ever my luck changes, if it comes all at once—"

But he never ended the sentence, ashamed, as it were, to have indulged in such a childish fancy. Yet, as Providence moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, it was just this invincible pessimism that alone could have permitted Booverman to accomplish the incredible experience that befell him.

II

Topics of engrossing mental interest are bad form on the golf-links, since they leave a disturbing memory in the mind to divert it from that absolute intellectual concentration which the game demands. Therefore Pickings and Booverman, as they started toward the crowded first tee, remarked *de rigueur:*

"Good weather."

"A bit of a breeze."

"Not strong enough to effect the drives."

"The greens have baked out."

"Fast as I 've seen them."

"Well, it won't help me."

"How do you know?" said Pickings, politely, for the hundredth time. "Perhaps this is the day you 'll get your score."

Booverman ignored the remark, laying his ball on the rack, where two predecessors were waiting, and settled beside Pickings at the foot of the elm which later, he knew, would rob him of a four on the home green.

Wessels and Pollock, literary representatives, were preparing to drive. They were converts of the summer, each sacrificing their season's output in a frantic effort to surpass the other. Pickings, the purist, did not approve of them in the least. They brought to the royal and ancient game a spirit of Bohemian irreverence and banter that offended his serious enthusiasm.

When Wessels made a convulsive stab at his ball and luckily achieved good distance, Pollock remarked behind his hand, "A good shot, damn it!"

Wessels stationed himself in a hopefully deprecatory attitude and watched Pollock build a monument of sand, balance his ball, and whistling nervously through his teeth, lunge successfully down. Whereupon, in defiance of etiquette, he swore with equal fervor, and they started off.

Pickings glanced at Booverman in a superior and critical way, but at this moment a thin, dyspeptic man with undisciplined whiskers broke in serenely without waiting for the answers to the questions he propounded:

"Ideal weather, eh? Came over from Norfolk this morning; ran over at fifty miles an hour. Some going, eh? They tell me you 've quite a course here; record around seventy-one, is n't it? Good deal of water to keep out of? You gentle-

men some of the cracks? Course pretty fast with all this dry weather? What do you think of the one-piece driver? My friend, Judge Weatherup. My name 's Yancy—Cyrus P."

A ponderous person who looked as though he had been pumped up for the journey gravely saluted, while his feverish companion rolled on:

"Your course 's rather short, is n't it? Imagine it 's rather easy for a straight driver. What 's your record? Seventy-one amateur? Rather high, is n't it? Do you get many cracks around here? Caddies seem scarce. Did either of you gentlemen ever reflect how surprising it is that better scores are n't made at this game? Now, take seventy-one; that 's only one under fours, and I venture to say at least six of your holes are possible twos, and all the rest, sometime or other, have been made in three. Yet you never hear of phenomenal scores, do you, like a run of luck at roulette or poker? You get my idea?"

"I believe it is your turn, sir," said Pickings, both crushing and parliamentary. "There are several waiting."

Judge Weatherup drove a perfect ball into the long grass, where successful searches averaged ten minutes, while his voluble companion, with an immense expenditure of force, foozled into the swale to the left, which was both damp and retentive.

"Shall we play through?" said Pickings, with formal preciseness. He teed his ball, took exactly eight full practice swings, and drove one hundred and fifty yards as usual directly in the middle of the course.

"Well, it 's straight; that 's all can be said for it," he said, as he would say at the next seventeen tees.

Booverman rarely employed that slogan. That straight and narrow path was not in his religious practice. He drove a long ball, and he drove a great many that did not return in his bag. He glanced resentfully to the right, where Judge Weatherup was straddling the fence, and to the left, where Yancy was annoying the bullfrogs.

"Darn them!" he said to himself. "Of course now I 'll follow suit."

But whether or not the malignant force of suggestion was neutralized by the attraction in opposite directions, his drive went straight and far, a beautiful two hundred and forty yards.

"Fine shot, Mr. Booverman," said Frank, the professional, nodding his head, "free and easy, plenty of follow-through."

"You 're on your drive to-day," said Pickings, cheerfully.

"Sure! When I get a good drive off the first tee," said Booverman, discouraged, "I mess up all the rest. You 'll see."

"Oh, come now," said Pickings, as a matter of form. He played his shot, which came methodically to the edge of the green.

Booverman took his mashy for the short running-up stroke to the pin, which seemed so near.

"I suppose I 've tried this shot a thousand times," he said savagely. "Any one else would get a three once in five times—any one but Jonah's favorite brother."

He swung carelessly, and watched with a tolerant interest the white ball roll on to the green straight for the flag. All at once Wessels and Pollock, who were ahead, sprang into the air and began agitating their hats.

"By George! it 's in!" said Pickings. "You 've run it down. First hole in two! Well, what do you think of that?"

Booverman, unconvinced, approached the hole with suspicion, gingerly removing the pin. At the bottom, sure enough, lay his ball for a phenomenal two.

"That 's the first bit of luck that has ever happened to me," he said furiously; "absolutely the first time in my whole career."

"I say, old man," said Pickings, in remonstrance, "you 're not angry about it, are you?"

"Well, I don't know whether I am or not," said Booverman, obstinately. In fact, he felt rather defrauded. The integrity of his record was attacked. "See here, I play thirty-six holes a day, two hundred and sixteen a week, a thousand a month, six thousand a year; ten years, sixty thousand holes; and this is the first time a bit of luck has ever happened to me—once in sixty thousand times."

Pickings drew out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"It may come all at once," he said faintly.

This mild hope only infuriated Booverman. He had already teed his ball for the second hole, which was poised on a rolling

hill one hundred and thirty-five yards away. It is considered rather easy as golf-holes go. The only dangers are a matted wilderness of long grass in front of the tee, the certainty of landing out of bounds on the slightest slice, and of rolling down hill into a soggy substance on a pull. Also there is a tree to be hit and a sand-pit to be sampled.

"Now watch my little friend the apple-tree," said Booverman. "I 'm going to play for it, because, if I slice, I lose my ball, and that knocks my whole game higher than a kite." He added between his teeth: "All I ask is to get around to the eighth hole before I lose my ball. I know I 'll lose it there."

Due to the fact that his two on the first brought him not the slightest thrill of nervous joy, he made a perfect shot, the ball carrying the green straight and true.

"This is your day all right," said Pickings, stepping to the tee.

"Oh, there 's never been anything the matter with my irons," said Booverman, darkly. "Just wait till we strike the fourth and fifth holes."

When they climbed the hill, Booverman's ball lay within three feet of the cup, which he easily putted out.

"Two down," said Pickings, inaudibly. "By George! what a glorious start!"

"Once in sixty thousand times," said Booverman to himself. The third hole lay two hundred and five yards below, backed by the road and trapped by ditches, where at that moment Pollock, true to his traditions as a war correspondent, was laboring in the trenches, to the unrestrained delight of Wessels, who had passed beyond.

"Theobald," said Booverman, selecting his cleek and speaking with inspired conviction, "I will tell you exactly what is going to happen. I will smite this little homeopathic pill, and it will land just where I want it. I will probably put out for another two. Three holes in twos would probably excite any other human being on the face of this globe. It does n't excite me. I know too well what will follow on the fourth or fifth watch."

"Straight to the pin," said Pickings in a loud whisper. "You 've got a dead line on every shot to-day. Marvelous! When you get one of your streaks, there 's certainly no use in my playing."

"Streak 's the word," said Booverman, with a short, barking laugh. "Thank heaven, though, Pickings, I know it! Five years ago I 'd have been shaking like a leaf. Now it only disgusts me. I 've been fooled too often; I don't bite again."

In this same profoundly melancholy mood he approached his ball, which lay on the green, hole high, and put down a difficult put, a good three yards for his third two.

Pickings, despite all his classic conservatism, was so overcome with excitement that he twice putted over the hole for a shameful five.

Booverman's face as he walked to the fourth tee was as joyless as a London fog. He placed his ball carelessly, selected his driver, and turned on the fidgety Pickings with the gloomy solemnity of a father about to indulge in corporal punishment.

"Once in sixty thousand times, Picky. Do you realize what a start like this—three twos—would mean to a professional like Frank or even an amateur that had n't offended every busy little fate and fury in the whole hoodooing business? Why, the blooming record would be knocked into the middle of next week."

"You 'll do it," said Pickings in a loud whisper. "Play carefully."

Booverman glanced down the four-hundred-yard straightaway and murmured to himself:

"I wonder, little ball, whither will you fly?
I wonder, little ball, have I bid you good-by?
Will it be 'mid the prairies in the regions to the west?
Will it be in the marshes where the polly-wogs nest?
Oh, tell me, little ball, is it ta-ta or good-by?"

He pronounced the last word with a settled conviction, and drove another long, straight drive. Pickings, thrilled at the possibility of another miracle, sliced badly.

"This is one of the most truly delightful holes of a picturesque course," said Booverman, taking out an approaching cleek for his second shot. "Nothing is more artistic than the tiny little patch of putting-green under the shaggy branches of the willows. The receptive graveyard to the right gives a certain pathos to it, a splendid, quiet note in contrast to the feeling of the swift, hungry river to the left, which will now receive and carry from my

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"WILD-EYED AND HILARIOUS, THEY DESCENDED ON THE CLUB-HOUSE WITH THE MIRACULOUS NEWS"

outstretched hand this little white floater that will float away from me. No matter; I say again the fourth green is a thing of ravishing beauty."

His second shot, low and long, rolled up in the same unvarying line.

"On the green," said Pickings.

"Short," said Booverman, who found, to his satisfaction, that he was right by a yard.

"Take your time," said Pickings, biting his nails.

"Rats! I 'll play it for a five," said Booverman.

His approach ran up on the line, caught the rim of the cup, hesitated, and passed on a couple of feet.

"A four, anyway," said Pickings, with relief.

"I should have had a three," said Booverman, doggedly. "Any one else would have had a three, straight on the cup. You 'd have had a three, Picky; you know you would."

Pickings did not answer. He was slowly going to pieces, forgetting the invincible stoicism that is the pride of the true golfer.

"I say, take your time, old chap," he said, his voice no longer under control. "Go slow! go slow!"

"Picky, for the first four years I played this course," said Booverman, angrily, "I never got better than a six on this simple three-hundred-and-fifty-yard hole. I lost my ball five times out of seven. There is something irresistibly alluring to me in the mosquito patches to my right. I think it is the fond hope that when I lose this nice new ball I may step inadvertently on one of its hundred brothers, which I may then bring home and give decent burial."

Pickings, who felt a mad and ungolfish desire to entreat him to caution, walked away to fight down his emotion.

"Well?" he said, after the click of the club had sounded.

"Well," said Booverman, without joy, "that ball is lying about two hundred and forty yards straight up the course, and by this time it has come quietly to a little cozy home in a nice, deep hoof track, just as I found it yesterday afternoon. Then I will have the exquisite pleasure of taking my niblick, and whanging it out for the loss of a stroke. That 'll infuriate me, and I 'll slice or pull. The best thing to do, I suppose, would be to play for a conservative six."

When, after four butchered shots, Pickings had advanced to where Booverman had driven, the ball lay in clear position just beyond the bumps and rills that ordinarily welcome a long shot. Booverman played a perfect mashy, which dropped clear on the green, and ran down a moderate put for a three.

They then crossed the road and arrived by a planked walk at a dirt mound in the midst of a swamp. Before them the cozy marsh lay stagnant ahead and then sloped to the right in the figure of a boomerang, making for those who fancied a slice a delightful little carry of one hundred and fifty yards. To the left was a procession of trees, while beyond, on the course, for those who drove a long ball, a giant willow had fallen the year before in order to add a new perplexity and foster the enthusiasm for luxury that was beginning among the caddies.

"I have a feeling," said Booverman, as though puzzled but not duped by what had happened—"I have a strange feeling that I 'm not going to get into trouble here. That would be too obvious. It 's at the seventh or eighth holes that something is lurking around for me. Well, I won't waste time."

He slapped down his ball, took a full swing, and carried the far-off bank with a low, shooting drive that continued bounding on.

"That ought to roll forever," said Pickings, red with excitement.

"The course is fast—dry as a rock," said Booverman, deprecatingly.

Pickings put three balls precisely into the bubbling water, and drew alongside on his eighth shot. Booverman's drive had skimmed over the dried plain for a fair two hundred and seventy-five yards. His second shot, a full brassy, rolled directly on the green.

"If he makes a four here," said Pickings to himself, "he 'll be playing five under four—no, by thunder! seven under four!" Suddenly he stopped, overwhelmed. "Why, he 's actually around threes—two under three now. Heavens! if he ever suspects it, he 'll go into a thousand pieces."

As a result, he missed his own ball completely, and then topped it for a bare fifty yards.

"I 've never seen you play so badly," said Booverman in a grumbling tone. "You 'll end up by throwing me off."

When they arrived at the green, Booverman's ball lay about thirty feet from the flag.

"It 's a four, a sure four," said Pickings under his breath.

Suddenly Booverman burst into an exclamation,

"Picky, come here. Look—look at that!"

The tone was furious. Pickings approached.

"Do you see that?" said Booverman, pointing to a freshly laid circle of sod ten inches from his ball. "That, my boy, was where the cup was yesterday. If they had n't moved the flag two hours ago, I 'd have had a three. Now, what do you think of that for rotten luck?"

"Lay it dead," said Pickings, anxiously, shaking his head sympathetically. "The green 's a bit fast."

The put ran slowly up to the hole, and stopped four inches short.

"By heavens! why did n't I put over it!" said Booverman, brandishing his putter. "A thirty-foot put that stops an inch short—did you ever see anything like it? By everything that 's just and fair I should have had a three. You 'd have had it, Picky. Lord! if I only could put!"

"One under three," said Pickings to his fluttering inner self. "He can't realize it. If I can only keep his mind off the score!"

The seventh tee is reached by a carefully planned, fatiguing flight of steps to the top of a bluff, where three churches at the back beckon so many recording angels to swell the purgatory lists. As you advance to the abrupt edge, everything is spread before you; nothing is concealed. In the first plane, the entangling branches of a score of apple-trees are ready to trap a topped ball and bury it under impossible piles of dry leaves. Beyond, the wired tennis-courts give forth a musical, tinny note when attacked. In the middle distance a glorious sycamore draws you to the left, and a file of elms beckon the sliced way to a marsh, a wilderness of grass and an overgrown gully whence no balls return. In front, one hundred and twenty yards away, is a formidable bunker, running up to which is a tract of long grass, which two or three times a year is barbered by charitable enterprise. The seventh hole itself lies two hundred and sixty yards away in a hollow guarded by a sunken ditch, a sure three or—a sure six.

Booverman was still too indignant at the trick fate had played him on the last green to yield to any other emotion. He forgot that a dozen good scores had ended abruptly in the swale to the right. He was only irritated. He plumped down his ball, dug his toes in the ground, and sent off another long, satisfactory drive, which added more fuel to his anger.

"Any one else would have had a three on the sixth," he muttered as he left the tee. "It 's too ridiculous."

He had a short approach and an easy put, plucked his ball from the cup, and said in an injured tone:

"Picky, I feel bad about that sixth hole, and the fourth, too. I 've lost a stroke on each of them. I 'm playing two strokes more than I ought to be. Hang it all! that sixth was n't right! You told me the green was fast."

"I 'm sorry," said Pickings, feeling his fingers grow cold and clammy on the grip.

The eighth hole has many easy opportunities. It is five hundred and twenty yards long, and things may happen at every stroke. You may begin in front of the tee by burying your ball in the waving grass, which is always permitted a sort of poetical license. There are the traps to the seventh hole to be crossed, and to the right the paralleling river can be reached by a short stab or a long, curling slice, which the prevailing wind obligingly assists to a splashing descent.

"And now we have come to the eighth hole," said Booverman, raising his hat in profound salutation. "Whenever I arrive here with a good score I take from eight to eighteen, I lose one to three balls. On the contrary, when I have an average of six, I always get a five and often a four. How this hole has changed my entire life!" He raised his ball and addressed it tenderly: "And now, little ball, we must part, you and I. It seems a shame; you 're the nicest little ball I ever have known. You 've stuck to me an awful long while. It 's a shame."

He teed up, and drove his best drive, and followed it with a brassy that laid him twenty yards off the green, where a good approach brought the desired four.

"Even threes," said Pickings to him-

self, as though he had seen a ghost. Now he was only a golfer of one generation; there was nothing in his inheritance to steady him in such a crisis. He began slowly to disintegrate morally, to revert to type. He contained himself until Booverman had driven free of the river, which flanks the entire green passage to the ninth hole, and then barely controlling the impulse to catch Booverman by the knees and implore him to discretion, he burst out:

"I say, dear boy, do you know what your score is?"

"Something well under four," said Booverman, scratching his head.

"Under four, nothing; even threes!"

"What?"

"Even threes."

They stopped, and tabulated the holes.

"So it is," said Booverman, amazed. "What an infernal pity!"

"Pity?"

"Yes, pity. If only some one else could play it out!"

He studied the hundred and fifty yards that were needed to reach the green that was set in the crescent of surrounding trees, changed his brassy for his cleek, and his cleek for his midiron.

"I wish you had n't told me," he said nervously.

Pickings on the instant comprehended his blunder. For the first time Booverman's shot went wide of the mark, straight into the trees that bordered the river to the left.

"I 'm sorry," said Pickings with a feeble groan.

"My dear Picky, it had to come," said Booverman, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The ball is now lost, and all the score goes into the air, the most miraculous score any one ever heard of is nothing but a crushed egg!"

"It may have bounded back on the course," said Pickings, desperately.

"No, no, Picky; not that. In all the sixty thousand times I have hit trees, barns, car-tracks, caddies, fences,—"

"There it is!" cried Pickings, with a shout of joy.

Fair on the course, at the edge of the green itself, lay the ball, which soon was sunk for a four. Pickings felt a strange, unaccountable desire to leap upon Booverman like a fluffy, enthusiastic dog; but he fought it back with the new sense of responsibility that came to him. So he said artfully:

"By George! old man, if you had n't missed on the fourth or the sixth, you 'd have done even threes!"

"You know what I ought to do now—I ought to stop," said Booverman, in profound despair—"quit golf and never lift another club. It 's a crime to go on; it 's a crime to spoil such a record. Twenty-eight for nine holes, only forty-two needed for the next nine to break the record, and I have done it in thirty-three—and in fifty-three! I ought not to try; it 's wrong."

He teed his ball for the two-hundred-yard flight to the easy tenth, and took his cleek.

"I know just what 'll happen now; I know it well."

But this time there was no varying in the flight; the drive went true to the green, straight on the flag, where a good but not difficult put brought a two.

"Even threes again," said Pickings, but to himself. "It can't go on. It must turn."

"Now, Pickings, this is going to stop," said Booverman, angrily. "I 'm not going to make a fool of myself. I 'm going right up to the tee, and I 'm going to drive my ball right smack into the woods and end it. And I don't care."

"What!"

"No, I don't care. Here goes."

Again his drive continued true, the mashy pitch for the second was accurate, and his put, after circling the rim of the cup, went down for a three.

The twelfth hole is another dip into the long grass that might serve as an elephant's bed, and then across the Housatonic River, a carry of one hundred and twenty yards to the green at the foot of an intruding tree.

"Oh, I suppose I 'll make another three here, too," said Booverman, moodily. "That 'll only make it worse."

He drove with his midiron high in the air and full on the flag.

"I 'll play my put carefully for a three," he said, nodding his head. Instead, it ran straight and down for a two.

He walked silently to the dreaded thirteenth tee, which, with the returning fourteenth, forms the malignant Scylla and Charybdis of the course. There is nothing to describe the thirteenth hole. It is not really a golf-hole; it is a long, narrow

breathing spot, squeezed by the railroad tracks on one side and by the river on the other. Resolute and fearless golfers often cut them out entirely, nor are ashamed to acknowledge their terror. As you stand at the thirteenth tee, everything is blurred to the eye. Near by are rushes and water, woods to the left and right; the river and the railroad and the dry land a hundred yards away look tiny and distant, like a rock amid floods.

A long drive that varies a degree is doomed to go out of bounds or to take the penalty of the river.

"Don't risk it. Take an iron—play it carefully," said Pickings in a voice that sounded to his own ears unrecognizable.

Booverman followed his advice and landed by the fence to the left, almost off the fair. A midiron for his second put him in position for another four, and again brought his score to even threes.

When the daring golfer has passed quaking up the narrow way and still survives, he immediately falls a victim to the fourteenth, which is a bend hole, with all the agonies of the preceding thirteenth, augmented by a second shot over a long, mushy pond. If you play a careful iron to keep from the railroad, now on the right, or to dodge the river on your left, you are forced to approach the edge of the swamp with a cautious fifty-yard-running-up stroke before facing the terrors of the carry. A drive with a wooden club is almost sure to carry into the swamp, and only a careful cleek shot is safe.

"I wish I were playing this for the first time," said Booverman, blackly. "I wish I could forget—rid myself of memories. I have seen class A amateurs take twelve, and professionals eight. This is the end of all things, Picky, the saddest spot on earth. I won't waste time. Here goes."

To Pickings's horror, the drive began slowly to slice out of bounds, toward the railroad tracks.

"I knew it," said Booverman, calmly, "and the next will go there, too; then I 'll put one in the river, two in the swamp, slice into—"

All at once he stopped, thunderstruck. The ball, hitting tire or rail, bounded high in the air, forward, back upon the course, lying in perfect position.

Pickings said something in a purely reverent spirit.

"Twice in sixty thousand times," said Booverman, unrelenting. "That only evens up the sixth hole. Twice in sixty thousand times!"

From where the ball lay an easy brassy brought it near enough to the green to negotiate another four. Pickings, trembling like a toy dog in zero weather, reached the green in ten strokes, and took three more puts.

The fifteenth, a short pitch over the river, eighty yards to a slanting green entirely surrounded by more long grass, which gave it the appearance of a chin spot on a full face of whiskers, was Booverman's favorite hole. While Pickings held his eyes to the ground and tried to breathe in regular breaths, Booverman placed his ball, drove with the requisite back spin, and landed dead to the hole. Another two resulted.

"Even threes—fifteen holes in even threes," said Pickings to himself, his head beginning to throb. He wanted to sit down and take his temples in his hands, but for the sake of history he struggled on.

"Damn it!" said Booverman all at once.

"What 's the matter?" said Pickings, observing his face black with fury.

"Do you realize, Pickings, what it means to me to have lost those two strokes on the fourth and sixth greens, and through no fault of mine, either? Even threes for the whole course—that 's what I could do if I had those two strokes—the greatest thing that 's ever been seen on a golf-course. It may be a hundred years before any human being on the face of this earth will get such a chance. And to think I might have done it with a little luck!"

Pickings felt his heart begin to pump, but he was able to say with some degree of calm:

"You may get a three here."

"Never. Four, three and four is what I 'll end."

"Well, good heavens! what do you want?"

"There 's no joy in it, though," said Booverman, gloomily. "If I had those two strokes back, I 'd go down in history, I 'd be immortal. And you, too, Picky, because you went around with me. The fourth hole was bad enough, but the sixth was heartbreaking."

His drive cleared another swamp and rolled well down the farther plateau. A long cleek laid his ball off the green, a good approach stopped a little short of the hole, and the put went down.

"Well, that ends it," said Booverman, gloomily. "I 've got to make a two or three to do it. The two is quite possible; the three absurd."

The seventeenth hole returns to the swamp that enlivens the sixth. It is a full cleek, with about six mental hazards distributed in Indian ambush, and in five of them a ball may lie until the day of judgment before rising again.

Pickings turned his back, unable to endure the agony of watching. The click of the club was sharp and true. He turned to see the ball in full flight arrive unerringly hole high on the green.

"A chance for a two," he said under his breath. He sent two balls into the lost land to the left and one into the rough to the right.

"Never mind me," he said, slashing away in reckless fashion.

Booverman with a little care studied the ten-foot route to the hole and putted down.

"Even threes!" said Pickings, leaning against a tree.

"Blast that sixth hole!" said Booverman, exploding. "Think of what it might be, Picky—what it ought to be!"

Pickings retired hurriedly before the shaking approach of Booverman's frantic club. Incapable of speech, he waved him feebly to drive. He began incredulously to count up again, as though doubting his senses.

"One under three, even threes, one over, even, one under—"

"What the deuce are you doing?" said Booverman, angrily. "Trying to throw me off?"

"I did n't say anything," said Pickings.

"You did n't—muttering to yourself."

"I must make him angry, keep his mind off the score," said Pickings, feebly to himself. He added aloud, "Stop kicking about your old sixth hole! You 've had the darndest luck I ever saw, and yet you grumble."

Booverman swore under his breath, hastily approached his ball, drove perfectly, and turned in a rage.

"Luck?" he cried furiously. "Pickings, I 've a mind to wring your neck. Every shot I 've played has been dead on the pin, now, has n't it?"

"How about the ninth hole—hitting a tree?"

"Whose fault was that? You had no right to tell me my score, and, besides, I only got an ordinary four there, anyway."

"How about the railroad track?"

"One shot out of bounds. Yes, I 'll admit that. That evens up for the fourth."

"How about your first hole in two?"

"Perfectly played; no fluke about it at all—once in sixty thousand times. Well, any more sneers? Anything else to criticize?"

"Let it go at that."

Booverman, in this heckled mood, turned irritably to his ball, played a long midiron, just cleared the crescent bank of the last swale, and ran up on the green.

"Damn that sixth hole!" said Booverman, flinging down his club and glaring at Pickings. "One stroke back, and I could have done it."

Pickings tried to address his ball, but the moment he swung his club, his legs began to tremble. He shook his head, took a long breath, and picked up his ball.

They approached the green on a drunken run in the wild hope that a short put was possible. Unfortunately the ball lay thirty feet away, and the path to the hole was bumpy and riddled with worm-casts. Still, there was a chance, desperate as it was.

Pickings let his bag slip to the ground and sat down, covering his eyes while Booverman with his putter tried to brush away the ridges.

"Stand up!"

Pickings rose convulsively.

"For heaven's sake, Picky, stand up! Try to be a man!" said Booverman, hoarsely. "Do you think I 've any nerve when I see you with chills and fever. Brace up!"

"All right."

Booverman sighted the hole, and then took his stance; but the cleek in his hand shook like an aspen. He straightened up and walked away.

"Picky," he said, mopping his face, "I can't do it. I can't put it."

"You must,"

"I 've got buck fever. I 'll never be able to put it—never."

At the last, no longer calmed by an invincible pessimism, Booverman had gone to pieces. He stood shaking from head to foot.

"Look at that," he said, extending a fluttering hand. "I can't do it; I can never do it."

"Old fellow, you must," said Pickings; "you 've got to. Bring yourself together. Here!"

He slapped him on the back, pinched his arms, and chafed his fingers. Then he led him back to the ball, braced him into position, and put the putter in his hands.

"Buck fever," said Booverman in a whisper. "Can't see a thing."

Pickings, holding the flag in the cup, said savagely:

"Shoot!"

The ball advanced in a zigzag path, running from worm-cast to worm-cast, wobbling and rocking, and at the last, as though preordained, fell plump into the cup!

At the same moment, Pickings and Booverman, as though carried off by the same cannon-ball, flattened on the green.

III

FIVE minutes later, wild-eyed and hilarious, they descended on the club-house with the miraculous news. For an hour the assembled golfers roared with laughter as the two stormed, expostulated, and swore to the truth of the tale.

They journeyed from house to house in a vain attempt to find some convert to their claim. For a day they passed as consummate comedians, and the more they yielded to their rage, the more consummate was their art declared. Then a change took place. From laughing the educated town of Stockbridge turned to resentment, then to irritation, and finally to suspicion. Booverman and Pickings began to lose caste, to be regarded as unbalanced, if not positively dangerous. Unknown to them, a committee carefully examined the books of the club. At the next election another treasurer and another secretary were elected.

Since then, month in and month out, day after day, in patient hope, the two discredited members of the educated community of Stockbridge may be seen, *accompanied by caddies,* toiling around the links in a desperate belief that the miracle that would restore them to standing may be repeated. Each time as they arrive nervously at the first tee and prepare to swing, something between a chuckle and a grin runs through the assemblage, while the left eyes contract waggishly, and a murmuring may be heard,

"Even threes."

THE Stockbridge golf-links is a course of ravishing beauty and the Housatonic River, as has been said, goes wriggling around it as though convulsed with merriment.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"A COMMITTEE CAREFULLY EXAMINED THE BOOKS OF THE CLUB"

A VENEZUELAN GAVROCHE

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CASTRO

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

IT was shortly after the early morning coffee that I met Juan Napoleon Batista—that delightful hour when the early morning hunger has been appeased, and, with a cigar, scrupulously selected by Julio, the mind is bathed in the perfect peace of a virtuous and unruffled contentment. It is in such an hour that the whole universe flows beneficently, when one looks with kindly eyes upon the shortcomings of his brother-man, forgiving him the buffets of the past, and almost—almost—prepared to forgive those that are preparing for the future. Placid, benign, and saturated with contentment, I drifted amiably out from the grand *comedor* of the Gran Hotel Klindt, passing the little groups of the Caraqueñians still at the tables bubbling and babbling politics, who in forty minutes over a pint of sweet champagne were quite equal to the task of hatching two revolutions and a counterplot, and passed on into the lobby beyond. There I returned punctiliously the salute of a lean Dutch pearl-dealer from the island of Margarita, who still cherished the futile hope that in the course of time he would sell me a pearl at one half—or more likely double—its value; in my best Spanish manner I waved aside the bowing gentleman who presented a perfumed and apparently urgent note, for repeated experience had shown that the tender message invariably ran, "Please lend the bearer forty cents," written by the bearer himself. I agreed on the magnificent weather with the frayed Don Quixote whose immediate necessities were sixty cents, but who would give me half an hour's practice in polite Spanish, and then scale it down to ten, and then passed on, mingling with the irregular peddlers of household gods of those houses that had fallen on evil days. For the latter days of Castro were days of desperate poverty, and here were spread out old hand-tooled volumes, ancient Spanish platters, embroidered mantillas, pinchbeck jewelry, old emerald brooches, and a family of brand-new, fuzzy little puppies. Outside, in the street itself, were the beggars of no caste, the warped, the mangled, and the wretched, squabbling with the shrill boot-blacks, and all kept beyond the doors by the peevish vigilance of Francisco.

But in the shadow of the sacred precincts of the lobby there was one lone gamin with a ruffled parrot perched on his extended forefinger. "He says that he is here to deliver the parrot to a señor who has purchased it," grumpily explained Francisco.

"Señor," said the soft voice, "he is a bird of much intelligence and sympathy, *muy precioso*—and, Señor, very, very cheap."

"But you have sold it, Francisco says."

"I have not yet been paid; and if I sell it to you, you are the señor to whom it was sold. Also it was not true; it was said that I might stand here inside."

The frayed Don Quixote came close to my ear. "If the señor really wishes to purchase a parrot," he said, crackling with scorn at the very idea, "I have a friend, a

worthy friend, with a magnificent bird of culture, who at my request will part with it for a mere nothing. I am at your service."

The little feathers at the parrot's throat rippled, the eyes half closed, and softly from the throat there came the hymn of praise to a new-laid egg—a perfect cackle.

"He repeats what the ancient one has but just spoken," said the even voice of the boy, while his soft, brown throat contracted with scorn. "Señor, I said that he was intelligent and *muy simpatico.*"

"I trust that when the señor makes business it will be with a gentleman," said the frayed one, hoarsely, "and not with a rat of the gutter—a *Gavroche.* Ha, yes, that is it—a *Gavroche.* You know him, Señor, a character out of a book by Vee'tor-r 'Oogo, who wrote about the miserable people, and is famous in France. *Gavroche* was a—w'at you call 'eem, eh—ha—yes, a scum."

"My parrot can learn no more; all cackles are alike," said the boy. He returned again to business. "Señor, the cost is only four bolivars; it is cheap. It is a bird of—"

But I succumbed to that cackle in the little throat.

"Well, Gavroche, I will—"

"My name, Señor, is Juan Napoleon Batista." He spoke mildly, merely as one conveying neglected information.

"Well, Juan Napoleon, I will take the parrot—"

"At four bolivars—a wonderful bird."

"At four bolivars—a wonderful bird," I agreed, rapidly computing the four bolivars into eighty cents of our American gold. This failure to bargain was, I knew, scandalously against the commercial precedents of that country; for by judicious finesse sixty cents, or even fifty, would have ultimately sufficed.

Juan Napoleon unwound a tattered scarf from about his middle, thereby for the moment grievously jeopardizing the security of his trousers, which, with a coat, constituted his sole attire, and placed the four bolivars within its folds. The parrot continued contentedly to squeeze my fingers with alternating feet, preening his feathers and intermittently indulging in a repetition of the cackle. The transaction with Juan Napoleon was complete.

But he was troubled over something, and a moment later the difficulty came to the surface. As I had not caviled over the price, I evidently possessed a measure of beneficence that might make approach possible in another matter.

"Señor, what is a gavroche?"

"A gavroche—a what?" I asked absently, absorbed in cultivating my new possession.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

FRANCISCO

"*Si,* Señor, a gavroche, that which the ancient monkey of charity said."

"Oh, Gavroche. Well, *chico,* if you take it that way, I should judge a gavroche was really a respectable thing, only has not the clothes to prove it."

"But the old one did not mean it that way, Señor," he objected.

"No, hardly; but if he did not know of what he was talking, what difference what he says?"

"*Bueno.*" The eyes of Juan Napoleon glistened shrewdly. "Then he may have clothes like this,—" with a gesture he included his two-piece wordrobe,—"and yet, *por Dios!* be a *caballero* of a kind?"

"*Por Dios!* yes," I replied.

"*Gracias,* Señor. To you, if you like, as you called me, I will be a gavroche."

What idea lodged in his primitive mind Heaven knows, but from the subsequent intimacy I fancy that perhaps a gavroche appealed to him as combining the functions of valet, guide, and general retainer at large. So Juan Napoleon Batista bowed graciously after the manner he had evidently hurriedly absorbed from the "ancient monkey of charity," then, bristling with contempt, minced haughtily passed him and on out into the Plaza Bolivar beyond. Thus it was that shortly after the morning coffee I met a gavroche.

The next morning, inspired by such

coffee as is served only in a coffee-growing country, and soothed by a cigar of Julio's selection, I encountered my small friend of the parrot beyond the lobby. But now he sported a boot-blacking outfit and was smoking a brand-new paper cigarette,—luxury,—and with a grin he thrust toward me a little bunch of blue lottery-tickets for the day's drawing. Juan Napoleon, it was easy to perceive, had been set up in the world of commerce by the parrot. On the instant I indicated my desire for a shine half a dozen boxes clattered at my feet, and as many shrill proprietors squabbled on jostling knees for the job, and it was only with care that I succeeded in appointing Juan Napoleon out of the wriggling mass. Then we adjourned to the benches in the Plaza Bolivar, where, in the cool shade opposite my window, I could enjoy the regular daily eulogy of Castro in "El Constitucional," the only daily paper that was still permitted to survive in Caracas.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

THE GAVROCHE

As Juan Napoleon looked up at the parrot on the railing, busily engaged on its morning toilet, his eyes lighted up.

"Ah, *el chico*—the little one! And how do you like him, Señor?"

He stuck his cigarette back of his ear, and gave a harsh call through his fingers. Instantly the parrot stopped the preening, and fluffed up his neck feathers.

"He knows me," said Juan Napoleon. "May I call him down for just the one little *momentito?* I myself will return him to the room; he shall not be hurt. With the permission of Señor?"

The parrot waddled along the iron grill and flapped heavily down, a rumpled bunch of green feathers, into the waiting arms of the boy. It clawed its way over the tattered coat, and nestled under the chin, from where it reached out with affectionate nibblings at the brown cheek, its throat swelling with blissful little cluckings of content over the reunion.

"Why did you sell him, Juan Napoleon?"

He drew himself up to the full dignity of his possible ten years.

"A man must live, Señor, and what else could I sell?"

As I looked over Juan Napoleon's scant outfit, it seemed obvious that the parrot was the last of the family possessions.

It was almost at this instant that the trouble started. Perhaps in his blacking operations Juan Napoleon had accidentally jostled, or the parrot had taken a small nip at, one of those surly youths, whose counterpart may be found up here in the North hanging about the corner grocery, and the youth turned and smote Juan Napoleon in the ribs with his foot.

"Monkey, pig, goat!" hissed Juan Napoleon as he tossed the parrot at me and dived straight into battle. And, lo! a wondrous thing occurred, for Juan Napoleon fought not as one of his race, with wide-open, flailing arms, screaming defiances, but, instead, even as the anointed in the Northern latitudes of the *gringo*. He had the straight-arm blow that starts from the shoulder, and as he used it there was much tumult. Thus we became a spectacle and a breach of the peace. The police came, stubby, brown little men with Mauser carbines slung over their shoulders, and with fat bulges under their blouses that indicated full cartridge-belts, for these latter days of Castro among that hair-trigger populace were delicate times. There-

fore presently we, the parrot, the lanky youth, Juan Napoleon, and I, found ourselves in the patio of the Barracks of the Twenty-third of May.

As we filed along, well attended by the populace, I pictured myself with a mild glow of excitement as the star witness for the defense, and it was not until we were gathered before the *jefe de policia* that I found that I had been cast for the star part. The injured youth, with a shrewd eye for blackmail and the profits of compounding a felony, charged me with assault, and pointed to his swelling nose and a pair of obvious contusions on his lip and jaw in support of his claim. He diagramed other invisible injuries, probably fatal, as he assured the jefe, and desired to strip and offer them in the record also. With each item he produced a fine sample of the agony it was causing him, and then, for good measure, he detailed how in the end I had held him while Juan Napoleon beat him again.

The jefe de policia did not look with favor on the charge against me aside from the fact that the complainant might be lying. The arrest of a foreigner is a matter to be well considered. It is too apt to lead to annoying international difficulties; so that if it could be made a matter merely between two natives, it would simplify the incident.

"So," said the jefe to Juan Napoleon, "you struck him, and the señor only held him?"

"The señor did not hold him. I alone struck him," said Juan Napoleon, with pride. "He kicked me first when I was shining the shoes of the señor *patron.*"

"He lies, this outcast of the streets; it was the gringo who beat me. Him"—the youth pointed in reckless scorn at Juan Napoleon—"him could I crush with my hands like this."

Juan Napoleon grinned maliciously.

"Señor policia, I alone beat him," he said. "Look, if he can crush me, let him try here in the patio, and we will fight again. He is big, but I use the *boxe* Inglaterra, and"—he planted a pompous hand on the naked little bosom—"every one knows who knows the boxe knows that with it two such as this goat would be easy." His beady little eyes grew hard as they focused on the "goat." "With the permission of the jefe I will prove it."

A policeman thrust the butt of a carbine in front of Juan Napoleon just as the youth stumbled back into the arms of another, where he prudently stayed.

"*Caramba!* What a little devil!" remarked the jefe, but there was no hostility in his voice. "How brutal it is, this boxe, that it inspires a goat with terror of a mouse!" Deferentially the little policemen grunted their laughter.

"It is of the gringo I am afraid, not of him," said the youth, sullenly. The jefe clicked his teeth contemptuously and turned to me.

"Señor, did you strike this *estupido* or hold him when the mouse beat him?"

I explained that I had no part in the battered achievement before him; that it was solely the praiseworthy performance of Juan Napoleon, and that the aforesaid battery had my warmest and most cordial approbation.

"Did this insect really beat him—he is so small—even with the boxe Inglaterra?"

"He did just that," I confirmed gravely, "and solely in the support of law and order. The other was about to raise a disturbance in your public plaza by again kicking the small one in the ribs, and the small one promptly suppressed the attempt. Your excellency can appreciate the value of peace even by force, and the boxe Inglaterra is very efficient."

The jefe de policia bowed with becoming gravity,—at least it looked like gravity,—but the gay background of gilt officers seemed, perhaps, to take on a gayer tinge. It was only the little policemen and the complainant who seemed a trifle overcome at this interpretation of the laws and decrees.

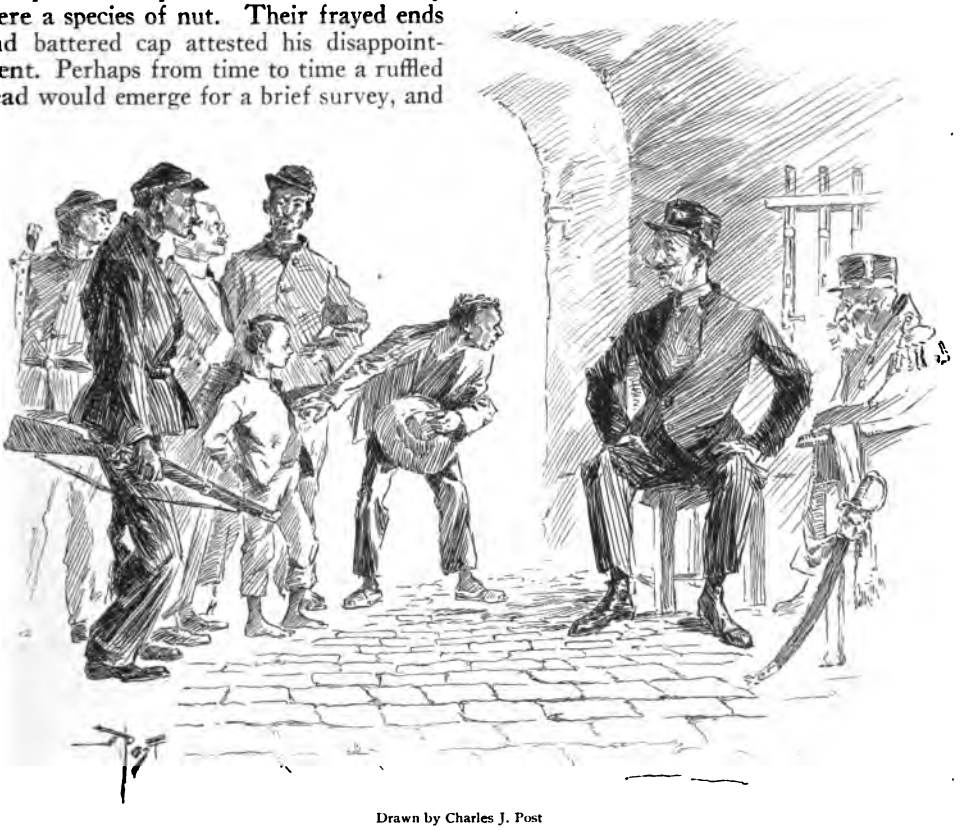
"Señor," said the jefe, rising and bowing with suave finality, "the words have made plain the truth. Go!" he barked at Juan Napoleon and the youth.

"I offer my apologies that you should have been troubled with so trivial a matter," I said, and executed a bow that would have made *Mr. Turveydrop* tremble for his laurels.

"It is of importance nothing. I and my house are at your service." His flowing gesture swept the iron-barred apartments that lined the patio, and he grinned. And so, what, under more thrifty and farseeing management, might have been an

international incident, with a pleasant indemnity later, was buried in the debris of broken Spanish compliment.

During the proceedings the parrot had remained complacently in my inside coat pocket, where I had hastily thrust him for better security. At first implicitly recognizing seclusion as the part of prudence, he had devoted himself to my lead-pencils and pen in the persistent belief that they were a species of nut. Their frayed ends and battered cap attested his disappointment. Perhaps from time to time a ruffled head would emerge for a brief survey, and religion had been drained for comparisons to the Castro effulgence. The parrot renewed his tour over the tattered jacket, stopping now and again to nibble affectionately at the brown skin through some rent. Apparently he had keenly enjoyed the events of the morning, which, I strongly suspected, he himself had started. Over against the railing of the plaza the



Drawn by Charles J. Post

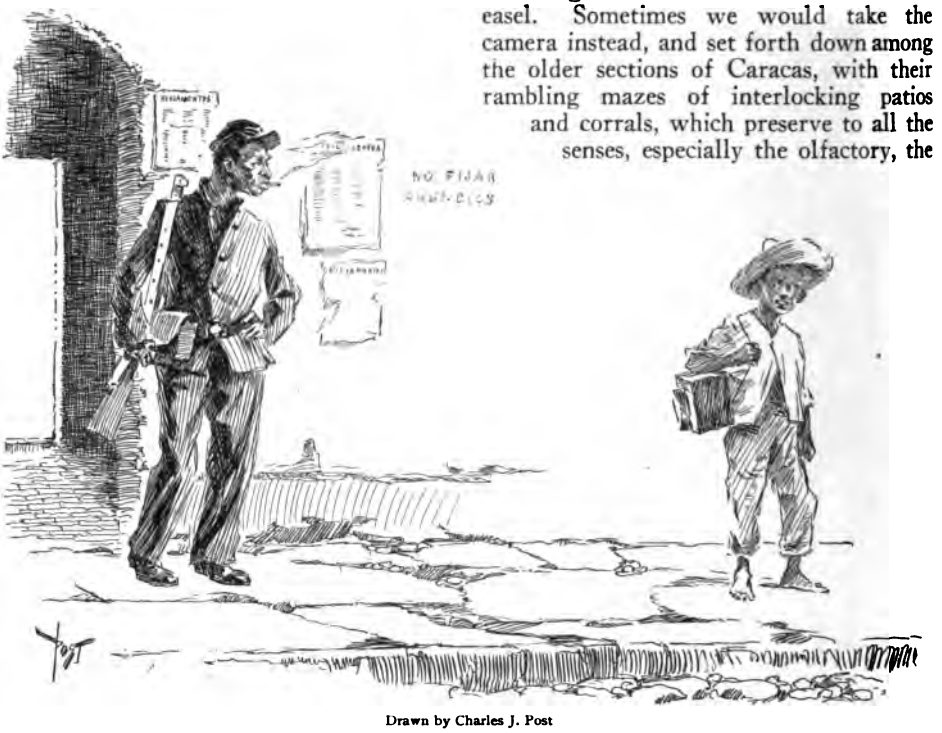
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE *JEFE DE POLICIA*

retire, and then, after the manner of some accomplished ventriloquist, my bosom would give forth a series of low-pitched cackles and cluckings, quite obviously intended to reassure me that complete reliance might be placed in his discretion.

Outside I found Juan Napoleon waiting for me just beyond carbine-poking distance of the stubby policeman on guard, and together we returned to the Plaza Bolivar, where he completed my shine in peace, and I absorbed the "Constitucional," in which history, mythology, and gangling one lingered, exhibiting to the small Caraqueñians his contusions and making dolorous excuses, thereby laying himself open to nothing more comforting than their biting jeers. Their keener interest centered in Juan Napoleon. He had suddenly become an entity, a unit, and was no longer a submerged fraction in the submerged tenth.

He had fought naked-handed and won, he had been arrested—released, it is true—in company with his white patron; but he *had* a white patron, and therefore a

pull. In fact, he was in a fair way of being a chief among the littler ones, according to the raw standards of the gamin barbarism, or perhaps even according to those standards not so often considered raw or barbaric. Later I overheard him laying down the law to a group of his small duplicates, who had been urging him, in their own behalf, to further efforts of the boxe Inglaterra against some juvenile oppressors.



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"JUAN NAPOLEON WAITING FOR ME JUST BEYOND CARBINE-POKING DISTANCE OF THE STUBBY POLICEMAN"

"I will fight when I will fight. And that will be when any one but me shines the shoes of the patron; also"—and I observed that the beady eyes had noted the fact that I was within earshot—"when the patron has friends whose shoes I know he would wish me to attend to. Also it will be the same when I offer him first the numbers of the lottery." Thus it was that I became a natural product, monopolized and withdrawn by decree from the troubled currents of competitive trade.

Thereafter Juan Napoleon was a fixture about the doorway of the Gran Hotel Klindt. He was useful, too, for if I had a spasm of industry, he was there to carry my paint-box and stretchers on his head, while under one arm would be stowed the clumsy, native-made easel, and under the other my sketching-umbrella. On these little excursions the parrot would always accompany us, firmly clutching the end of the umbrella or easel. Sometimes we would take the camera instead, and set forth down among the older sections of Caracas, with their rambling mazes of interlocking patios and corrals, which preserve to all the senses, especially the olfactory, the antique Spanish flavor, which is slowly being improved out of existence.

In these straggling, shabby outskirts one may still trace the necessities of the strenuous days when a man's house had literally to be his castle, and no mere legal theory could protect it against the lack of physical invulnerability. One may still see the disheveled angles of defense, the entrants and reëntrants, sometimes a notched wall, and occasionally an overhanging machicolation, through the floor of which hot oil, water, or molten lead could be trickled on the heads of the invaders. Often there are loopholes, now plastered up with sunbaked mud, while

here and there the faded, stained walls show the gouging spatter of some bullet, the souvenir of a stray revolution or perhaps merely the remnant of some brief but conflicting love-affair. The once gay red-tiled roofs are blackened and askew with age, and wisps of desiccated verdure sprout from between the cracks; ranks of shabby, rusty-black buzzards gather on the walls, scrutinizing in solemn vigilance the clattering slatterns about the patio well-curb, nursing their charcoal fires or beating clothes, while their plump and naked babies shuffle together contentedly in the dirt. It is the tenement-house district, the Whitechapel of Caracas.

Through them all Juan Napoleon would lead me with adept and familiar steps. He would round up some scuttling, grimy infant or hold one of the shrill slatterns clacking in an exchange of derisive invective until I had a chance at a snap-shot full of action and suggestion. He spread before me all the dull poverty and squalor of that city, and its picturesqueness, and I learned the city.

Sometimes we would go on out beyond the limits and down the valley over impossible roads that wandered between the waving walls of sugar-cane rustling in their soft, fresh greens. Once, lured by a prospector, I throttled a long aversion toward climbing, and went up to look at a little hole scratched on the mountain-top that might contain copper. But the view repaid. Seven thousand feet we stood above a limitless ocean, which began in a long, slow fringe of surf fairly at the mountain's foot. There was no horizon, it was lost in the shadowy blues of the great distance, which blended in the low, concave sweep of the vault above; the universe became a hollow, shimmering azure sphere, while we, shriveled pygmies at the center, grew dizzy in the very vastness. Then in returning we lost ourselves by a short cut in a jungle of morning-glory vines, from which we burrowed, like rats from a pile of fish-nets, late in the sunset, fairly exhausted.

In these times Juan Napoleon prospered. To emerge from a condition of nothing, you have merely to possess something: Juan Napoleon now had a straw hat on his head and a pair of *alpagatas* on his feet, and was able to keep himself liberally supplied with cigarettes. But the original two-piece wardrobe with its expanse of naked, brown torso still remained. I had given him a scarlet tie that filled his barbaric little soul with joy, and this at first he wore in the conventional way, with the ends fluttering against his bare ribs. Later it became a hat-band, and rendered him prominent in any throng. But Juan Napoleon mingled little with others; he was indifferent to the deference of the smaller ones, and the larger ones, boylike, scorned him for his size.

Occasionally we would run across the gangling one, and Juan Napoleon would fling over his shoulder a contemptuous "Goat!" and follow it with one of the gestures of insult that Spanish countries provide in abundance.

Instinctively he seemed to be equipped with every wary precaution, as though we were still living in the turbulent days of the past. After dark he would insist that we keep to the middle of the street. He had absorbed the idea as a precaution; it was simply *"Mas seguro,* Senor." That was his only explanation. Also he gravely objected to my reckless custom of walking square up to the door of a house and raising the iron knocker.

"This is the way it should be done, Señor," he would explain; "what you do is *muy peligroso."* And then he would flatten his small body back to the wall, reach across with extended arm,—often assisted in length by my stick,—and lift the knocker. I had observed that this was the general method; it is a custom crystallized in those days when a caller, either friendly or hostile, was sure to be out of range of any charge of slugs crashing through the door from the musket of some suspicious or nervous householder. Also to the challenge from within he would answer promptly, "People of peace," and not until then step over before the door.

It was on only one other occasion that I saw him exercise the boxe Inglaterra, and that was when I was attempting to take a photograph in the street. The usual little crowd had collected, good-natured, curious, and hopeful of getting in the negative, when a surly rat of a man, a lottery-vendor or what-not, placed his face square in the eye of the lens.

"Do me the favor," I remarked politely; "a little moment."

"The street is not yours," he returned, "and I desire my portrait as a souvenir for you."

At this Juan Napoleon shot past me and flung himself at him. Absurd though it might seem that a mere boy could best a man, small though the man might be, yet the suddenness and the blow on the side of the chin, together with the impact of the tense body back of it, spun the man off his feet, and he would have fallen had not the crowd acted as a buffer. Before he could recover, the scarlet-banded hat was dashed over his eyes with one hand,—a pleasant Spanish trick borrowed from knife-fighting,—while the other fist landed in his wind. It all passed like the flash from a picture-machine, and the discomfited portrait-seeker was jeered into the background.

"You seem to be something of a fighter, Juan Napoleon," I said that evening. "You are a 'bad man,' yes?"

He grinned.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"I OVERHEARD HIM LAYING DOWN THE LAW TO A GROUP OF HIS SMALL DUPLICATES"

"No, I am not, Señor Patron. Do they never fight also, your *paisanos,* in your country? Here, *caramba,* these people cannot fight without a club or a knife. My father he showed me to fight with the arm out from the shoulder, so, not like the leader of a band in the plaza on music nights, waving them sidewise. My father he was a Chileno, Señor."

"Do the Chilenos fight with the fist, Juan?"

"*Si,* Señor Patron. My father—he was a sailor once—has fought with the iron glove—so,"—he indicated the use of brass knuckles,—"but that he told me was bad, for then he must change his name and stop away from Chile ever since. I was very little, but he showed me much."

"So your name is not really Juan Napoleon Batista?" I asked.

"*Si,* Señor Patron; it is Juan Napoleon, but I think the other was MacGrau." He pronounced it Moc Grawoo. "My father was a *rubio,*—with the red hair, you know,—and also very pale, almost like a gringo, Señor. My mother was very brown—more like me." I recalled Chilean families, Cameron, McCampbell, McBrown, Roberts, Cook, gringo names, but whose owners spoke no word of English, and who were generations away from their drifting forebears. To-day they are entirely Spanish in instinct and sometimes in appearance.

"My father he was killed in the fighting against General Matos," continued Juan Napoleon; "he was a volunteer with President Castro. It took five soldiers and the *teniente* before he was a volunteer, and then they fought all over the patio, and my mother was very much frightened." He spoke with pride and

without irony; the word had no ironic suggestion for him. "Then they held him with ropes and tied him to the other volunteers outside, and so he went away. It was at night when he was asleep. I was very little and hid in the *olla,* and the water in it was very cold. My mother hid, too; it is best for a woman to hide in those times, Señor," he added.

"How was he killed, then, trying to escape?"

"No, Señor; he became a *teniente,* and then they made him a *capitan,* and he was killed at La Victoria when Castro won. My father was a good soldier.

"Then my mother," he went on, "she would make cigarettes, and I would help sell them. Then President Castro stopped her. He said that all cigarettes must be made in his big factory by the machines; no one could make cigarettes but him. Also we could not even buy the tobacco or the little papers; Castro only could do that, too. At first she tried, and then they put her in jail, and took all the cigarettes; but the President Castro let her out because my father had been a *capitan* in the volunteers—but they kept the cigarettes. She cried, and we were very hungry; also there were many people like us."

"How did you live then?" I asked.

"*Quien sabe*—who knows?" he said simply. "My father's watch, and then the silk mantilla for the *fiestas,* like those in there." He pointed to the peddlers of the household treasures in the lobby of the hotel. "Then my mother died of the cough last carnival, and now I wait for the moment when El Mocho shall strike." He had named one of the popular revolutionaries, crooked, treacherous, greedy, and unstable, but who in some way held the lower strata of Venezuela in a blind and deluded faith. Like the rest of the seething country at that moment, Juan Napoleon was a revolutionist, waiting, with hard, set eyes, for the moment of Castro's departure to break out into the open of revolt.

Slowly the days passed. Then one morning long lines of the stubby, sandaled soldiers lined the streets from the Casa Amarillo to the railroad station, mounted orderlies galloped through the streets giving the final instructions, and Castro and his variegated family went clattering between the saluting ranks. A sullen, eager, curious throng was massed back of the troops at the station. Now and again some cabinet official or *politico* pressed through with his huge bouquet of flowers as a final tribute to the departing chief. Here and there a cheer for Castro was started, which, in its sullen tenseness, had, in the cool morning air, the mocking suggestion of derision and defiance. A battery, placed where it could be instantly turned to control the throng, began booming in slow salute, and then, with a shrill scream from the diminutive locomotive, Castro steamed away into exile.

The little brown troops scattered to their barracks, and Caracas began to hum with the first low gusts of the certain storm. Even as the hated gold-embroidered cap disappeared from the car window in the distance there arose cries of "Abajo Castro!" "Viva Revolucion!" and inarticulate yells of pure rage from the crowds, which would be at once scattered by the clubbed carbines of the police. Somewhere leaders were already conferring, it was known, but when they would strike and where were matters of flying rumor.

More troops were crowded into the city and camped in the patios of the barracks. Little groups in the streets were broken up, and arrests were made until the fetid cells of the prisons were overflowing. A half-drunken fool threw a stone at a cheap lithograph of Castro in a room of a barracks, and the guard shot him dead. At night the clubs and cafés were deserted, and the streets were empty except for the police and soldiers. The whole city was a mob, incoherent, unorganized, and headless, but quivering with an eager fury that was held in leash only by uncertainty.

"If the señor has never seen a revolution, he will have an opportunity soon; it is best to stray not too far from here," remarked Francisco as I observed him busily oiling the hinges of the great iron-studded doors of the Gran Hotel Klindt and laying convenient the heavy mahogany beam that would bolt them.

In these days I saw less of Juan Napoleon. Every morning he would still be at the door to shine my shoes, and sometimes he would come up to my room and play with the parrot for a while. His beady

little eyes shone with excitement, and he was full of the suppressed quiver and expectancy that was in the air. For the rest of the day he would be off, just plain boy, following the weasel of rumor to its shifting lair. A tobacco shop was attacked, two men were killed and half a dozen wounded and beaten with carbine butts; then Juan Napoleon appeared at the hotel trailing a Castro lithograph in the mud, and his ragged coat tied over a bulging collection of cigarettes from the hated national factory. He had been under fire, and was bulging to an even greater extent with pride.

I caught him attempting to teach the parrot "Abajo Castro!" and "Viva El Mocho!" and as promptly stopped him. It might have been rather awkward to possess a violently revolutionary parrot, whose discretion was not under my control.

Then came the Sunday when the storm broke. Early in the afternoon the Plaza Bolivar before the hotel, usually deserted at that hour, began to fill. Half a dozen orators sprang up, and in as many seconds as many groups. The students from the university seized the statue of Bolivar and from its pedestal their orators flung their fiery eloquence; about them rapidly gathered the scattered groups. On the fatuous theory that the populace would exhaust itself in talk, the Government had withdrawn the police under cover, and before they caught their breath the plaza was filled with a mob, a compact and dangerous unit under the sway, nominally at least, of the students.

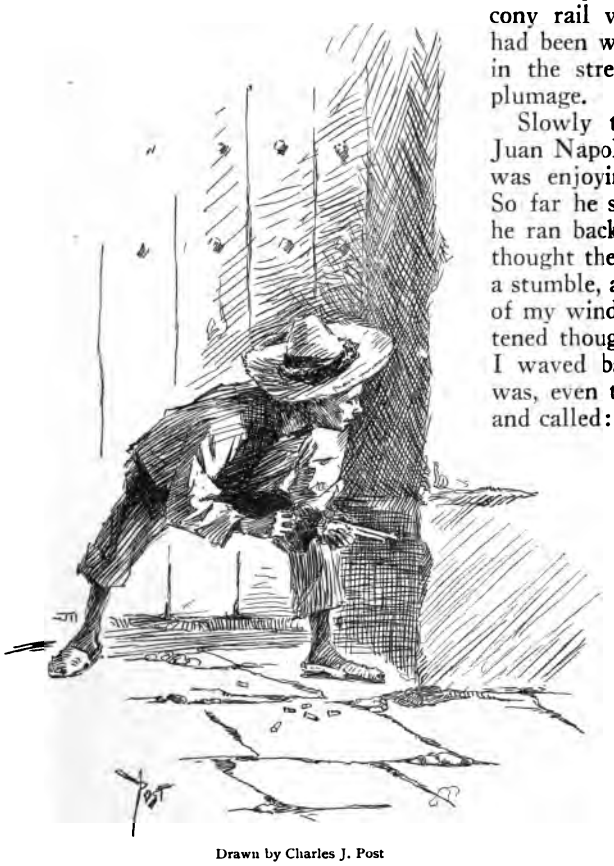
It swarmed out of the plaza and into the street where "El Constitucional" was issued daily from the government presses. The paper was nothing but a symbol of the hated Castro, and survived as the sole daily by reason of its bombastic adulation of that departed chief. But a mob rarely concerns itself with more than symbols. From my overhanging balcony I could see perfectly; the "Constitucional" was scarcely a short New York block away. Below me I could hear Francisco throw the hotel doors into place, and then the bang of the heavy bolt as it fell into place. The parrot clawed his way up the grill of the railing to my side. He cackled an instant, and then laid his head on one side, and spoke his first word. "Abajo?" he said thickly and inquiringly. And it seemed likely that in a few minutes there would be very much and plenty of that turbulent principle.

Behind the overhanging, iron-barred windows of the "Constitucional" I saw the heavy shutters swing into place, and I heard the crash as the main doors of the portal were closed. It would have taken artillery to make a breach. Scarcely were they bolted when the mob jammed before them in the narrow street; there was a roar of hatred, and then the electric globes and glass bulletin board shivered under a volley of canes. A few stones followed, but bounded harmlessly off the orange-colored walls, and bruised the packed forefront of the mob; then the shutters were thrown open, and long, wicked jets of flame barked in a ragged volley into the faces of the surging crowd. Dazed by the suddenness, for a brief instant there was a following silence, out of which rose the hoarse screams of the wounded, only to be drowned in the bellow of rage from the unhurt. The crowd broke, but it was only the unarmed that struggled out of the narrow street. The others backed out of range at the sides or took shelter behind the lamp-posts and in the doorways. Through the blue haze of smoke that instantly formed and that hung in a low, softening mist, thin, streaked flashes from revolvers cracked back at the heavier reports of the large calibered Mausers. Little figures darted through the haze and past the windows, emptying their revolvers as they ran; once in a while one would stumble and lie still or perhaps roll drunkenly in the gutter.

One of these, in the final gasp, stumbled into the doorway of the building itself, and as it fell I saw a little form dart along the wall close in the protection of the building under the windows and fumble for a moment over the fallen one. As it straightened up, I caught the scarlet of the hat-band; then I saw Juan Napoleon thrust the man's revolver full through the grated window, and fire as he darted into the fog of smoke up the street. Almost at once the scarlet hat-band reappeared, sprinting past the deadly windows and firing back as he ran. At my end of the gantlet I could see him plainly as he dodged into a doorway and squatted to reload; and once I heard the shrill treble

that carried through an interval in the uproar: "Vamos! Abajo Castro! Viva El Mocho!"

Through the trees across the Plaza Bolivar I caught a glimpse of a couple of the brown little policemen running for their lives, a mounted figure flicked into view on a mad gallop up a side alley,



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"I COULD SEE HIM PLAINLY AS HE DODGED INTO A DOORWAY AND SQUATTED TO RELOAD"

somewhere there seemed to be the cool, clear notes of bugles, and then from far up the street past the office of "El Constitucional" there burst the heavier reports of the government rifles. Then their flashes spit through the heavy pall of smoke not in volleys, but in scattering shots that were rapidly growing in volume. At first the upward streak of the spitting flash showed that the troops were firing in the air. Over my head, high in the air, I could hear the droning whine of the bullets. Then the mob made a stand, and the streaked flashes no longer spurted upward, but burst head on. A piece of the lintel of my window chipped off, leaving a spatter of lead in its place. In the same second a piece of stucco splintered above my head, I heard the parrot squawk, and very prudently I lay down flat and peeked cautiously over. The balcony rail was vacant; where the parrot had been was a dab of stucco, and below in the street a rumpled spot of bloody plumage.

Slowly the mob was giving ground. Juan Napoleon, with his scarlet hat-band, was enjoying himself on the firing-line. So far he seemed to be unscratched. As he ran back to reload he stumbled, and I thought they had hit him; but it was only a stumble, and as he turned he caught sight of my window, and perhaps saw me, flattened though I was, for he waved his hand. I waved back,—he would know who it was, even though he could not see me,—and called: "It 's no use. Run, you little devil—run!" Then, his mouth open in a grin and his hand still gaily in the air, I saw him whirled round like a chip in an eddy, and drop a crumpled little mass of damp, inert clothes. One of the heavy caliber government Mausers had found him out. They are large bullets, and Juan Napoleon was really only a very little boy.

Later in the afternoon the Gran Hotel Klindt opened its barricaded doors, and gossip and rumor busied itself with the next move. As Francisco oiled the hinges he condoled with me over the parrot.

"It is a pity," he concluded, "that you should have suffered the loss of even a parrot in one of these wretched disturbances."

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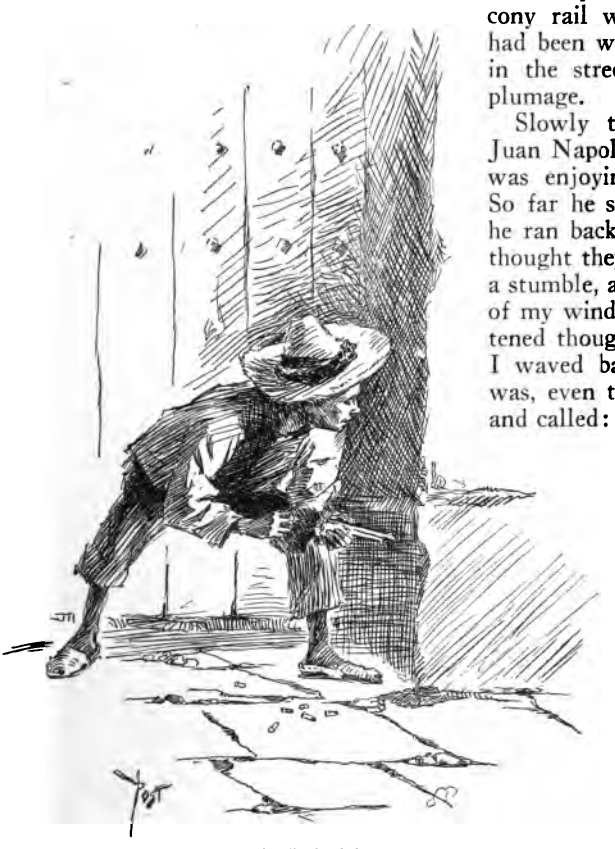

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FIFTEEN

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

HOW close must be the city air
To make your young head droop so soon,
Ere ever May's wild-flying hair
Be cinctured with the gold of June!

Faded! Before the bloom, the blight!
Unshamed, but faded! Where are gone
Those tremulous glories, eager, bright,
Like roses waiting for the dawn?

O flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes!
Was it for this, that perfect mirth?
For this the love, the sacrifice,
The patience, and the pangs of birth?

Faded! And now the long decay;
Years, and the hungering look behind.
November on the heels of May!
A crumpled leaf, the whirling wind!

Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CAVEMAN AS ARTIST

BY GEORGE GRANT MAC CURDY

Assistant Professor of Archæology and Curator of the Anthropological Collections, Yale University

HISTORY is a diary of the human race. It covers a relatively short period in a comparatively thorough manner. Prehistory covers that long period of racial infancy during which written records and systems of measuring time were unknown. The historic record, notwithstanding its seeming advantages, is often liable to error in point of fact. On the other hand, by means of the prehistoric record, dependent wholly on fortuitous elements, it has been found possible to arrive at facts as well established as many that are generally accepted in history. In sketching the human period, the old way was to place the vanishing-point at the dawn of history. This resulted in a false perspective. The researches of the archæologist have made it possible to correct the error by shifting the vanishing-point to the prehistoric horizon.

During the last hundred years much has been done toward an approximate measurement of the prehistoric period, especially in Europe. In the working-out of this picture-puzzle of man's greater antiquity, we have at last reached a stage where the relation of the various parts begins to foreshadow a completed whole. Unconsciously though it may have been, our remote ancestors have left a consistent record of themselves and their struggle for more light.

The turn of the tide came when man first learned to make permanent thought symbols. The oldest symbols of this kind that have been preserved to us are the paleolithic cave-drawings of Europe. For the most part these represent animal forms in more or less realistic fashion. Many are so skilfully executed as to be of genuine merit, stamping the caveman as something more than mere artisan, his goal as something beyond the merely utilitarian.

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One of these, in the final gasp, stumbled into the doorway of the building itself, and as it fell I saw a little form dart along the wall close in the protection of the building under the windows and fumble for a moment over the fallen one. As it straightened up, I caught the scarlet of the hat-band; then I saw Juan Napoleon thrust the man's revolver full through the grated window, and fire as he darted into the fog of smoke up the street. Almost at once the scarlet hat-band reappeared, sprinting past the deadly windows and firing back as he ran. At my end of the gantlet I could see him plainly as he dodged into a doorway and squatted to reload; and once I heard the shrill treble

THE CAVEMAN AS ARTIST

BY GEORGE GRANT MAC CURDY

Assistant Professor of Archæology and Curator of the Anthropological Collections, Yale University

HISTORY is a diary of the human race. It covers a relatively short period in a comparatively thorough manner. Prehistory covers that long period of racial infancy during which written records and systems of measuring time were unknown. The historic record, notwithstanding its seeming advantages, is often liable to error in point of fact. On the other hand, by means of the prehistoric record, dependent wholly on fortuitous elements, it has been found possible to arrive at facts as well established as many that are generally accepted in history. In sketching the human period, the old way was to place the vanishing-point at the dawn of history. This resulted in a false perspective. The researches of the archæologist have made it possible to correct the error by shifting the vanishing-point to the prehistoric horizon.

During the last hundred years much has been done toward an approximate measurement of the prehistoric period, especially in Europe. In the working-out of this picture-puzzle of man's greater antiquity, we have at last reached a stage where the relation of the various parts begins to foreshadow a completed whole. Unconsciously though it may have been, our remote ancestors have left a consistent record of themselves and their struggle for more light.

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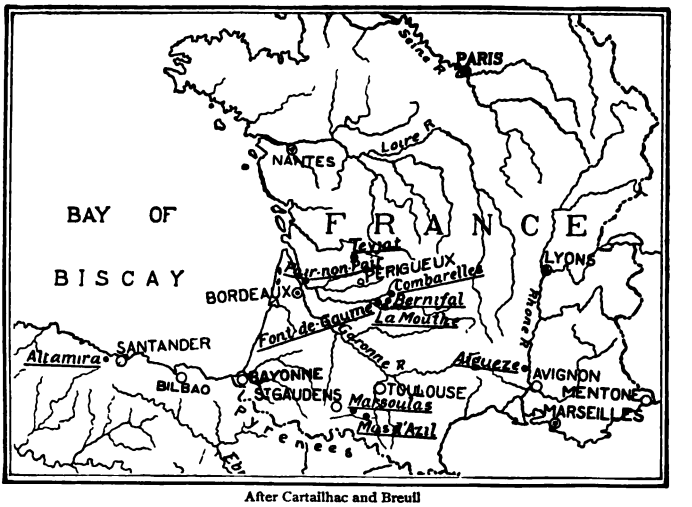


After Cartailhac and Breuil

MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF PREHISTORIC CAVES, ALL OF THEM ORNAMENTED BY PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

The names of the caves are here shown in italics, underlined.

the rarest flowers of present-day civilization.

But man was artisan before he became artist, and as such served a long apprenticeship, a period representing the first chapter in the industrial history of the race. Prehistory is not measured by dynasties, but by synchronizing industrial epochs and fauna with geologic periods and with glacial and interglacial epochs. The stone age is commonly divided into three great periods, eolithic, paleolithic, and neolithic. (See diagram, page 441.) Each of these is subdivided into various epochs. The neolithic is wholly recent or post-Quaternary. The paleolithic belongs to the middle and upper Quaternary. The range of the eolithic in the chronologic scale is still a debatable question, and will probably continue so to be for an indefinite time, owing to the difficulties in the way of drawing a hard-and-fast line between that which is natural and that which is artificial or intentional.

Attention has recently been called anew to eolithic industries in England by the discoveries at Ipswich and Dewlish. Eoliths, no matter from what geologic horizon they come, are alike in that they represent a common culture level. They are natural flakes, chips, or nodules of flint that bear traces of utilization and of having been fitted to the hand; they are often retouched also, in order to increase utility or lengthen its period. At Ipswich the chipped flints rest on the London clay, and are covered by the red crag, which represents the middle pliocene. The Dewlish eoliths, associated with *Elephas meridionalis,* are referable to the upper pliocene.

From the point of view of technology, the various epochs of the paleolithic period compose two rather distinct groups, the lower paleolithic and the upper paleolithic. The lower is characterized by the gradual evolution of the amygdaloid, or almond-shaped, type of implement, unknown in eolithic horizons and rare in the upper paleolithic. This is the typical river-drift implement known since the discoveries of Boucher de Perthes at Abbeville.

There are four lower paleolithic horizons based on stratigraphy as well as on the evolution of the amygdaloid type. The Strépyan is at the base of the middle Quaternary. With it appears for the first time the method of shaping implements according to a preconceived pattern. The principal forms are the rudimentary *coup-de-poing* and the poniard. In the Chellean epoch, the almond-shaped implement, or classical coup-de-poing, is well defined, although the scars left by chipping the two faces are still large and somewhat irregular, and a portion of the nodular crust is visible at the base. That which distinguishes the Acheulian from the Chellean is the regularity and fineness of the chipping, which is so skilfully done as virtually to eliminate the zigzag nature of the edge formed by the meeting of the two chipped faces. The presence of nodular crust at the base of the implement is rare in the Acheulian.

The industrial and faunal remains of the upper paleolithic belong to two categories, those from valley deposits and those from caverns and rock-shelters. Each class of finds confirms and supplements the

other, although there is no direct stratigraphic relation between the superimposed cavern deposits and those of the river valleys. The upper paleolithic series embraces four recognized epochs, Mousterian, Aurignacian, Solutréan, and Magdalenian. Technically, it is composed largely of flint-flakes that are chipped on one side only. The group is characterized also by the appearance of bone implements and the beginnings of the arts of sculpture, engraving, and painting. In this as well as in the older group there is everywhere orderly development, marked either by refinement of preëxisting forms or the appearance of new ones. The result is that a given combination of cultural phenomena has its definite stratigraphic position. The two kinds of evidence are therefore in harmony. A composite section combining the features of two or three selected gravel-pits would give the stratigraphic position of all the paleolithic culture horizons, as well as their relation to the eolithic series.

Paleolithic caverns and rock-shelters seem to have been employed as habitations before the close of the Acheulian epoch, and continued to be so used thereafter throughout the paleolithic. A study of their floor deposits reveals a succession of culture levels corresponding to those found in valley deposits and classed as upper paleolithic. The oldest of these deposits contains a Mousterian industry the chief features of which are two types of stone implement: the broad flake, one lateral margin of which is employed as a scraper, and the pointed flake; also the first traces of an industry in bone.

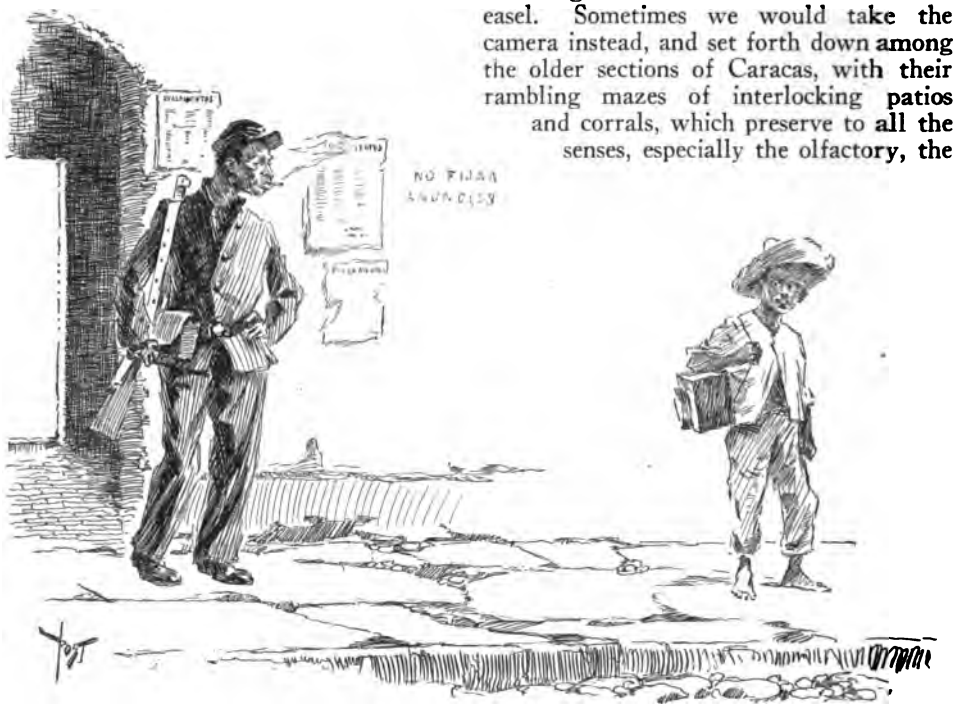
Physically the race that first peopled the caves was of a somewhat lower type than the artist race which followed, as can easily be seen by a comparative study of skeletal remains. In fact, some writers have pictured him as hairy and uncouth. On the other hand, his brain was large, although lacking the superior organization that characterizes the cerebral structure of modern man. Another item to his credit is the discovery that he was not ignorant of certain refinements of so-called civilized

MAMMALS CONTEMPORARY WITH MAN AT HIS SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF ADVANCEMENT.	NAMES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AT THESE STAGES	NAMES AND GRAPHICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE DEPOSITS, OR STRATA, FORMED AT THESE TIMES, IN WHICH IMPLEMENTS AND FOSSIL BONES HAVE BEEN FOUND.	NAMES OF THE CULTURE LEVELS WHICH INDICATE MAN'S CONDITION BY THE CHARACTER OF HIS STONE AND OTHER IMPLEMENTS.	NAMES OF THE PERIODS OR STAGES IN MAN'S ADVANCEMENT IN CULTURE AND SKILL	AGE OF THE LATEST, OR PLEISTOCENE PERIOD OF THE EARTH; ACCORDING TO PROF. A. PENCK.
MAMMOTH HORSE OF THE CAVE PERIOD REINDEER CAVE BEAR. SPOTTED HYENA. WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.	Upper Quaternary.	Brick Earth → Ergeron → Eolian (wind) Deposits →	NEOLITHIC: or Age of Polished Stone Implements. LOWER MAGDALENIAN. SOLUTREAN. AURIGNACIAN.	UPPER PALÆOLITHIC: or Age of Rough Stone and Bone Implements, Cave Frescoes, Carvings on Bone etc of the CAVE MAN. *Homo aurignacensis.* NEANDERTHAL MAN and relatives, Krapina and Spy.	MODERN AND NEOLITHIC, 8,000 Years 16,000 Years. 40,000 Years.
MAMMOTH	Middle Quaternary.	Gray Clay → Laminated Clay → Gray Clay → Potters' Earth → Fluvial Sands → Fluvial Sands → Flinty Layer →	MOUSTERIAN. UPPER ACHEULIAN. LOWER ACHEULIAN. CHELLEAN. STRÉPYAN.	LOWER PALÆOLITHIC: or Age of Rude Stone Implements of the RIVER MAN.	100,000 Years. 400,000 Years.
EARLY MAMMOTH. ETRUSCAN RHINOCEROS.	Lower Quaternary.	Sand and Potter's Earth Flinty Layer →	MESVINIAN MAFFLEAN	EOLITHIC PERIOD or Age of Primitive Stone Implements. *Homo Heidelbergensis.*	
PRIMITIVE ELEPHANT.	Tertiary.			*Pithecanthropus erectus.*	750,000 Years.

Drawn by C. B. Davis

DIAGRAM OF RELATIVE AGE OF HUMAN REMAINS AND THE QUATERNARY DEPOSITS IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN FOUND. ADAPTED FROM MACCURDY AND RULET

pull. In fact, he was in a fair way of being a chief among the littler ones, according to the raw standards of the gamin barbarism, or perhaps even according to those standards not so often considered raw or barbaric. Later I overheard him laying down the law to a group of his small duplicates, who had been urging him, in their own behalf, to further efforts of the boxe Inglaterra against some juvenile oppressors.



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"JUAN NAPOLEON WAITING FOR ME JUST BEYOND CARBINE-POKING DISTANCE OF THE STUBBY POLICEMAN"

"I will fight when I will fight. And that will be when any one but me shines the shoes of the patron; also"—and I observed that the beady eyes had noted the fact that I was within earshot—"when the patron has friends whose shoes I know he would wish me to attend to. Also it will be the same when I offer him first the numbers of the lottery." Thus it was that I became a natural product, monopolized and withdrawn by decree from the troubled currents of competitive trade.

Thereafter Juan Napoleon was a fixture about the doorway of the Gran Hotel Klindt. He was useful, too, for if I had a spasm of industry, he was there to carry my paint-box and stretchers on his head, while under one arm would be stowed the clumsy, native-made easel, and under the other my sketching-umbrella. On these little excursions the parrot would always accompany us, firmly clutching the end of the umbrella or easel. Sometimes we would take the camera instead, and set forth down among the older sections of Caracas, with their rambling mazes of interlocking patios and corrals, which preserve to all the senses, especially the olfactory, the antique Spanish flavor, which is slowly being improved out of existence.

In these straggling, shabby outskirts one may still trace the necessities of the strenuous days when a man's house had literally to be his castle, and no mere legal theory could protect it against the lack of physical invulnerability. One may still see the disheveled angles of defense, the entrants and reëntrants, sometimes a notched wall, and occasionally an overhanging machicolation, through the floor of which hot oil, water, or molten lead could be trickled on the heads of the invaders. Often there are loopholes, now plastered up with sunbaked mud, while

hand, the art of chipping flint, highly developed by the Solutréans, seems to have suffered an eclipse. The flint industry is largely confined to slender, blade-like flakes, some retouched at one end to form a duck-bill scraper, others beveled at the end and destined for graving-tools.

Of special moment is the oldest indisputable evidence bearing on the use of clothing which is afforded by the presence of bone needles in Magdalenian horizons. These are of delicate workmanship, and are provided with small eyes. The use of such needles presupposes a proficiency that comes only with an age-long custom. Whether there is a genetic relationship between this custom and that of cavern habitation is a question full of speculative interest. It brings up the whole subject of the origin of dress, one too complicated to be disposed of within the limits of a magazine article.

An interesting feature in the development of our knowledge of cavern life is that pertaining to paleolithic mural decorations. These were first discovered in the cavern of Altamira, province of Santander, Spain. Discoveries of this class in Spain, as well as in southern France, are now to be numbered by the dozen. Some of the frescos reproduced here are from Altamira, a cavern occupied in the Solutréan and lower Magdalenian epochs. Cavern painting passed through four developmental phases. In the first stage the drawings are simply outlines done with a black or red crayon. The paintings of the second phase evince the first attempts at modeling by shading, in which the artist arrives at a monochrome silhouette, usually in black. The contours are often heightened by engraving. The third phase is characterized by an excessive use of color, thus weakening the effect of modeling. The drawing also is poor. In the fourth stage paleolithic painting reached its zenith, some of the frescos being remarkable for vigor, realism, and the command of colors—red, brown, black, and yellow—which mix and grade into numerous tints. The surface to be included in the field of the projected figure was washed and scraped. A black line was traced, fixing the contours. In some cases one sees divers touches of the brush, each marking a tuft of the mane, the dewlap, or the long hairs distributed uniformly over the tail, for in this respect the paleolithic bison differs from the American bison. The tail of the latter is smooth, with long hairs only at the end, forming a tuft. The colors employed for filling in were graduated by washing or gouache. Spots for the figures were often chosen that give the effect of colored bas-relief.

Paleolithic rock-shelters with mural decorations have been found in the valley of the Ebro, the more important stations being Cretas, Cogul near Lérida, and Albarracin. At Las Batuecas (Estremadura) Breuil reports the discovery of eleven rock-shelters with frescoed walls. In one of these—Las Cabras Pintadas—are representations, in brown, red, and white, of the wild goat, fish, a bird, and a hunting-scene where stags are facing two men with bows and arrows.

The explorations of French caverns have kept pace with those in Spain. Those of the Dordogne are perhaps the most im-

After Capitan and Breuil

RED DRAWING OF RHINOCEROS TICHORHINUS, FROM FONT-DE-GAUME
(SEE MAP PAGE 440)

"Do me the favor," I remarked politely; "a little moment."

"The street is not yours," he returned, "and I desire my portrait as a souvenir for you."

At this Juan Napoleon shot past me and flung himself at him. Absurd though it might seem that a mere boy could best a man, small though the man might be, yet the suddenness and the blow on the side of the chin, together with the impact of the tense body back of it, spun the man off his feet, and he would have fallen had not the crowd acted as a buffer. Before he could recover, the scarlet-banded hat was dashed over his eyes with one hand,—a pleasant Spanish trick borrowed from knife-fighting,—while the other fist landed in his wind. It all passed like the flash from a picture-machine, and the discomfited portrait-seeker was jeered into the background.

"You seem to be something of a fighter, Juan Napoleon," I said that evening. "You are a 'bad man,' yes?"

He grinned.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"I OVERHEARD HIM LAYING DOWN THE LAW TO A GROUP OF HIS SMALL DUPLICATES"

"No, I am not, Señor Patron. Do they never fight also, your *paisanos,* in your country? Here, *caramba,* these people cannot fight without a club or a knife. My father he showed me to fight with the arm out from the shoulder, so, not like the leader of a band in the plaza on music nights, waving them sidewise. My father he was a Chileno, Señor."

"Do the Chilenos fight with the fist, Juan?"

"*Si,* Señor Patron. My father—he was a sailor once—has fought with the iron glove—so,"—he indicated the use of brass knuckles,—"but that he told me was bad, for then he must change his name and stop away from Chile ever since. I was very little, but he showed me much."

"So your name is not really Juan Napoleon Batista?" I asked.

"*Si,* Señor Patron; it is Juan Napoleon, but I think the other was MacGrau." He pronounced it Moc Grawoo. "My father was a *rubio,*—with the red hair, you know,—and also very pale, almost like a gringo, Señor. My mother was very brown—more like me." I recalled Chilean families, Cameron, McCampbell, McBrown, Roberts, Cook, gringo names, but whose owners spoke no word of English, and who were generations away from their drifting forebears. To-day they are entirely Spanish in instinct and sometimes in appearance.

"My father he was killed in the fighting against General Matos," continued Juan Napoleon; "he was a volunteer with President Castro. It took five soldiers and the *teniente* before he was a volunteer, and then they fought all over the patio, and my mother was very much frightened." He spoke with pride and

the permanence of the images. The figures were produced in a simple manner; the hand was applied to the humid surface of the rock, the fingers more or less separated; about it was thrown the color in the form of a fine powder; the silhouette was obtained by removing the hand. Left hands are the most numerous, which fact testifies to the prevailing right-handedness of the people, assuming of course that the artist used one of his own hands as a model. Similar negative imprints of the human hand exist at Font-de-Gaume (Dordogne), and at the cavern of Altamira in Spain.

The excellent preservation of parietal works of art is due in many cases to the accidental sealing up of caverns toward the close of the Quaternary. This was the case not only at Altamira, but also at Marsoulas (Haute-Garonne) and Teyjat. That frescos and engravings are not found on the walls near entrances that were never sealed, but do occur at safe distances from the cavern mouths, is at least negative proof of their antiquity. For the first sixty meters at Font-de-Gaume, one finds no mural art, and the anterior barren stretch is still greater at Les Combarelles, La Mouthe, and Niaux. The number of mural engravings and frescos that have been lost through exposure to the elements will never be known. It must be great, for in shallow caves and rock-shelters the artist could work without the aid of artificial light. Such aid was absolutely necessary when executing the figures far removed from the cavern entrances. Stone lamps not unlike those in use to-day among the Eskimo have been found in at least four caverns.

The idea of paleolithic wall engravings and frescos was so novel that their authenticity was questioned for many years. The cumulative evidence in their favor is now overwhelming. Briefly it is this: the animals represented belong to species either extinct or no longer to be found in those regions. The floor deposits are known to be of paleolithic age, and these contain engravings of the same kind as those on the walls. Some of the mural decorations

After Cartailhac and Breuil

A PART OF THE HALL OF THE FRESCOS IN THE CAVERN OF ALTAMIRA

The frescos (see pages 446 and 447) are distributed over the surface of the ceiling, in the upper foreground of the picture. On the right is the opening to remoter parts of the cavern.

little eyes shone with excitement, and he was full of the suppressed quiver and expectancy that was in the air. For the rest of the day he would be off, just plain boy, following the weasel of rumor to its shifting lair. A tobacco shop was attacked, two men were killed and half a dozen wounded and beaten with carbine butts; then Juan Napoleon appeared at the hotel trailing a Castro lithograph in the mud, and his ragged coat tied over a bulging collection of cigarettes from the hated national factory. He had been under fire, and was bulging to an even greater extent with pride.

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Then came the Sunday when the storm broke. Early in the afternoon the Plaza Bolivar before the hotel, usually deserted at that hour, began to fill. Half a dozen orators sprang up, and in as many seconds as many groups. The students from the university seized the statue of Bolivar and from its pedestal their orators flung their fiery eloquence; about them rapidly gathered the scattered groups. On the fatuous theory that the populace would exhaust itself in talk, the Government had withdrawn the police under cover, and before they caught their breath the plaza was filled with a mob, a compact and dangerous unit under the sway, nominally at least, of the students.

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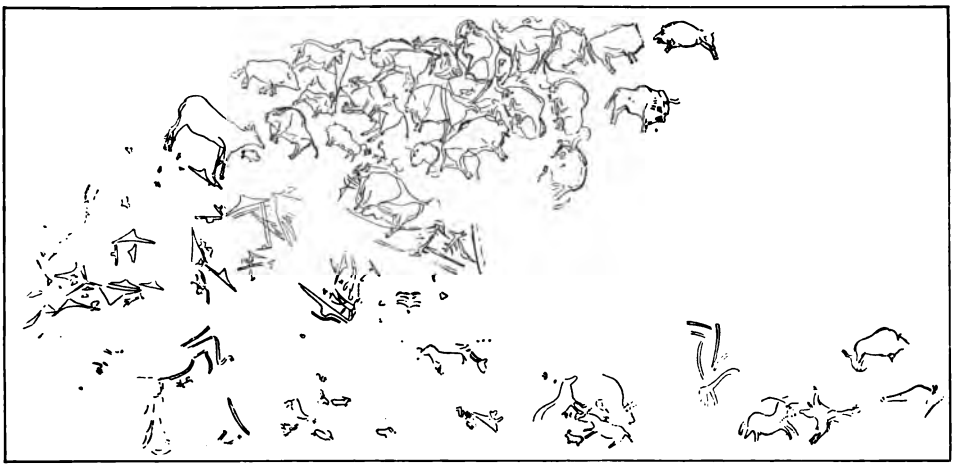
Behind the overhanging, iron-barred windows of the "Constitucional" I saw the heavy shutters swing into place, and I heard the crash as the main doors of the portal were closed. It would have taken artillery to make a breach. Scarcely were they bolted when the mob jammed before them in the narrow street; there was a roar of hatred, and then the electric globes and glass bulletin board shivered under a volley of canes. A few stones followed, but bounded harmlessly off the orange-colored walls, and bruised the packed forefront of the mob; then the shutters were thrown open, and long, wicked jets of flame barked in a ragged volley into the faces of the surging crowd. Dazed by the suddenness, for a brief instant there was a following silence, out of which rose the hoarse screams of the wounded, only to be drowned in the bellow of rage from the unhurt. The crowd broke, but it was only the unarmed that struggled out of the narrow street. The others backed out of range at the sides or took shelter behind the lamp-posts and in the doorways. Through the blue haze of smoke that instantly formed and that hung in a low, softening mist, thin, streaked flashes from revolvers cracked back at the heavier reports of the large calibered Mausers. Little figures darted through the haze and past the windows, emptying their revolvers as they ran; once in a while one would stumble and lie still or perhaps roll drunkenly in the gutter.

One of these, in the final gasp, stumbled into the doorway of the building itself, and as it fell I saw a little form dart along the wall close in the protection of the building under the windows and fumble for a moment over the fallen one. As it straightened up, I caught the scarlet of the hat-band; then I saw Juan Napoleon thrust the man's revolver full through the grated window, and fire as he darted into the fog of smoke up the street. Almost at once the scarlet hat-band reappeared, sprinting past the deadly windows and firing back as he ran. At my end of the gantlet I could see him plainly as he dodged into a doorway and squatted to reload; and once I heard the shrill treble



After Cartailhac and Breuil

MINIATURE DIAGRAM OF THE FRESCOS ON THE LARGE CEILING OF THE CAVERN OF ALTAMIRA

spects the simpler, his opportunity of success greater. Not confined to a single aspect of his model, he has as many chances of succeeding as there are angles from which to view his work. The engraver or painter, on the other hand, must seize the likeness at the first attempt or else fail. His model was almost always an animal form, generally a quadruped. The most striking, as well as the most complete, single aspect of a quadruped is its profile. This happens to be the view that can be most easily represented on a plane surface.

In dealing with the human form, however, the problem is more complex. So far as the head is concerned, the profile presents fewer difficulties, and at the same time is quite as characteristic as the front view. With the body it is just the re-

From a reproduction by the Abbé Breuil of the original wall painting in colors

A CHARGING BOAR (SEE UPPER RIGHT-HAND FIGURE IN DIAGRAM ABOVE)

The colors are a rather warm sepia made still warmer with a reddish chalk.

FIFTEEN

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

HOW close must be the city air
To make your young head droop so soon,
Ere ever May's wild-flying hair
Be cinctured with the gold of June!

Faded! Before the bloom, the blight!
Unshamed, but faded! Where are gone
Those tremulous glories, eager, bright,
Like roses waiting for the dawn?

O flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes!
Was it for this, that perfect mirth?
For this the love, the sacrifice,
The patience, and the pangs of birth?

Faded! And now the long decay;
Years, and the hungering look behind.
November on the heels of May!
A crumpled leaf, the whirling wind!

Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CAVEMAN AS ARTIST

BY GEORGE GRANT MAC CURDY

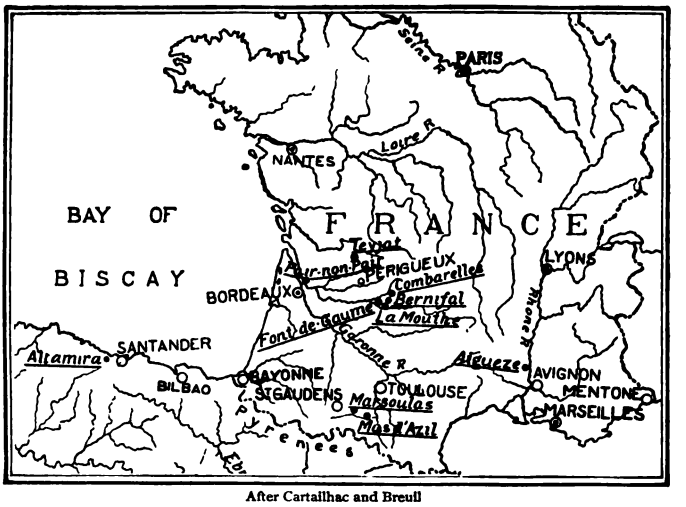
Assistant Professor of Archæology and Curator of the Anthropological Collections, Yale University

HISTORY is a diary of the human race. It covers a relatively short period in a comparatively thorough manner. Prehistory covers that long period of racial infancy during which written records and systems of measuring time were unknown. The historic record, notwithstanding its seeming advantages, is often liable to error in point of fact. On the other hand, by means of the prehistoric record, dependent wholly on fortuitous elements, it has been found possible to arrive at facts as well established as many that are generally accepted in history. In sketching the human period, the old way was to place the vanishing-point at the dawn of history. This resulted in a false perspective. The researches of the archæologist have made it possible to correct the error by shifting the vanishing-point to the prehistoric horizon.

During the last hundred years much has been done toward an approximate measurement of the prehistoric period, especially in Europe. In the working-out of this picture-puzzle of man's greater antiquity, we have at last reached a stage where the relation of the various parts begins to foreshadow a completed whole. Unconsciously though it may have been, our remote ancestors have left a consistent record of themselves and their struggle for more light.

The turn of the tide came when man first learned to make permanent thought symbols. The oldest symbols of this kind that have been preserved to us are the paleolithic cave-drawings of Europe. For the most part these represent animal forms in more or less realistic fashion. Many are so skilfully executed as to be of genuine merit, stamping the caveman as something more than mere artisan, his goal as something beyond the merely utilitarian.

The caveman's lot was in many respects an ideal one for those times, and far superior to that of his nomad brother of the plains. In the shelter and safety of rocky fastnesses sedentary habits were developed. Cavern regions, rare even in Europe, became the first centers of culture. There the population was denser than elsewhere, and other things being equal, cultural advance is greatest where ideas have freest course. The population of the Vézère Valley in France, for example, was probably so dense as to render the products of hunting and fishing inadequate as a food supply; and yet there is little, if any, direct evidence of agricultural pursuits. Be this as it may, the faunal element in the caveman's environment was the one that reacted most profoundly on his imagination. Frequently taxed to procure food and clothing, as well as protect himself against creatures more powerful than himself, what wonder that he sought aid from supernatural sources. To him the cavern was perhaps not only a place of safety, but also a sacred spot the walls of which he covered with picture-written prayers for success in his struggle with contending forces. The freedom of the hands due to the erect posture, and the ability to clothe ideas with perpetuity and give their meaning currency, are the fulcrum and lever that have lifted man higher from the common animal plane than all things else combined. From pictograph to alphabet is not a long step. Pictorial representation of ideas has been popular ever since the cave period, and finds its chief modern expression in museums of art. Its derivative, the alphabet, is the leaven of an ever-increasing literary output that fills libraries as fast as they can be built. Thus did our stone-age forebears sow the seeds of what we are accustomed to consider



After Cartailhac and Breuil

MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF PREHISTORIC CAVES, ALL OF THEM ORNAMENTED BY PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

The names of the caves are here shown in italics, underlined.

the rarest flowers of present-day civilization.

But man was artisan before he became artist, and as such served a long apprenticeship, a period representing the first chapter in the industrial history of the race. Prehistory is not measured by dynasties, but by synchronizing industrial epochs and fauna with geologic periods and with glacial and interglacial epochs. The stone age is commonly divided into three great periods, eolithic, paleolithic, and neolithic. (See diagram, page 441.) Each of these is subdivided into various epochs. The neolithic is wholly recent or post-Quaternary. The paleolithic belongs to the middle and upper Quaternary. The range of the eolithic in the chronologic scale is still a debatable question, and will probably continue so to be for an indefinite time, owing to the difficulties in the way of drawing a hard-and-fast line between that which is natural and that which is artificial or intentional.

Attention has recently been called anew to eolithic industries in England by the discoveries at Ipswich and Dewlish. Eoliths, no matter from what geologic horizon they come, are alike in that they represent a common culture level. They are natural flakes, chips, or nodules of flint that bear traces of utilization and of having been fitted to the hand; they are often retouched also, in order to increase utility or lengthen its period. At Ipswich the chipped flints rest on the London clay, and are covered by the red crag, which represents the middle pliocene. The Dewlish eoliths, associated with *Elephas meridionalis,* are referable to the upper pliocene.

From the point of view of technology, the various epochs of the paleolithic period compose two rather distinct groups, the lower paleolithic and the upper paleolithic. The lower is characterized by the gradual evolution of the amygdaloid, or almond-shaped, type of implement, unknown in eolithic horizons and rare in the upper paleolithic. This is the typical river-drift implement known since the discoveries of Boucher de Perthes at Abbeville.

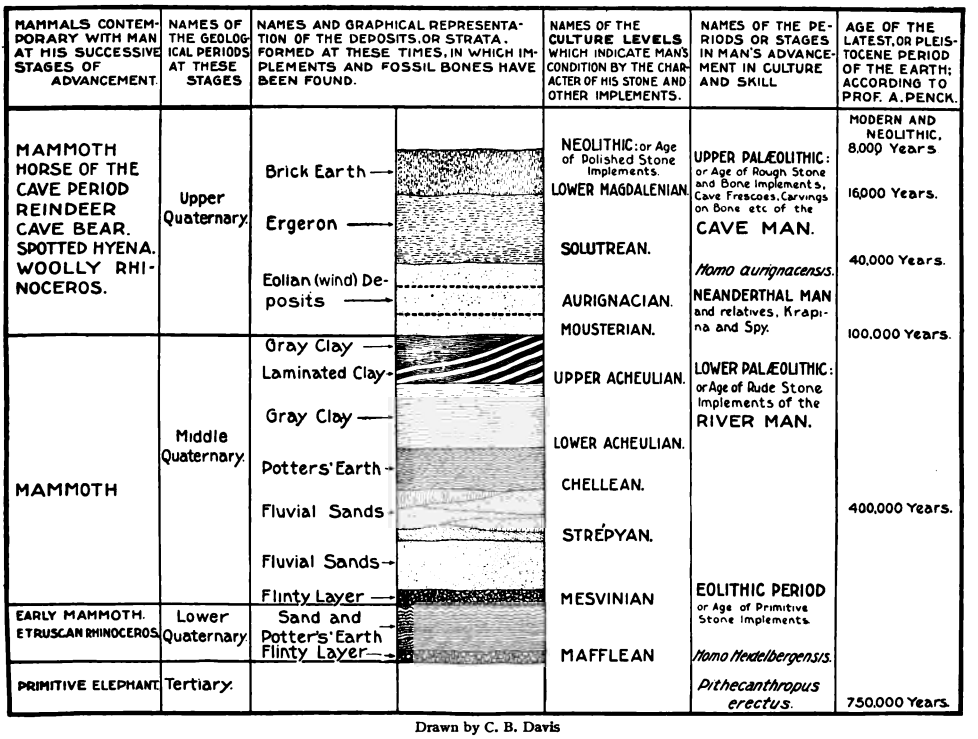
There are four lower paleolithic horizons based on stratigraphy as well as on the evolution of the amygdaloid type. The Strépyan is at the base of the middle Quaternary. With it appears for the first time the method of shaping implements according to a preconceived pattern. The principal forms are the rudimentary *coup-de-poing* and the poniard. In the Chellean epoch, the almond-shaped implement, or classical coup-de-poing, is well defined, although the scars left by chipping the two faces are still large and somewhat irregular, and a portion of the nodular crust is visible at the base. That which distinguishes the Acheulian from the Chellean is the regularity and fineness of the chipping, which is so skilfully done as virtually to eliminate the zigzag nature of the edge formed by the meeting of the two chipped faces. The presence of nodular crust at the base of the implement is rare in the Acheulian.

The industrial and faunal remains of the upper paleolithic belong to two categories, those from valley deposits and those from caverns and rock-shelters. Each class of finds confirms and supplements the

other, although there is no direct stratigraphic relation between the superimposed cavern deposits and those of the river valleys. The upper paleolithic series embraces four recognized epochs, Mousterian, Aurignacian, Solutréan, and Magdalenian. Technically, it is composed largely of flint-flakes that are chipped on one side only. The group is characterized also by the appearance of bone implements and the beginnings of the arts of sculpture, engraving, and painting. In this as well as in the older group there is everywhere orderly development, marked either by refinement of preëxisting forms or the appearance of new ones. The result is that a given combination of cultural phenomena has its definite stratigraphic position. The two kinds of evidence are therefore in harmony. A composite section combining the features of two or three selected gravel-pits would give the stratigraphic position of all the paleolithic culture horizons, as well as their relation to the eolithic series.

Paleolithic caverns and rock-shelters seem to have been employed as habitations before the close of the Acheulian epoch, and continued to be so used thereafter throughout the paleolithic. A study of their floor deposits reveals a succession of culture levels corresponding to those found in valley deposits and classed as upper paleolithic. The oldest of these deposits contains a Mousterian industry the chief features of which are two types of stone implement: the broad flake, one lateral margin of which is employed as a scraper, and the pointed flake; also the first traces of an industry in bone.

Physically the race that first peopled the caves was of a somewhat lower type than the artist race which followed, as can easily be seen by a comparative study of skeletal remains. In fact, some writers have pictured him as hairy and uncouth. On the other hand, his brain was large, although lacking the superior organization that characterizes the cerebral structure of modern man. Another item to his credit is the discovery that he was not ignorant of certain refinements of so-called civilized


MAMMALS CONTEMPORARY WITH MAN AT HIS SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF ADVANCEMENT.
NAMES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AT THESE STAGES
NAMES AND GRAPHICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE DEPOSITS OR STRATA, FORMED AT THESE TIMES, IN WHICH IMPLEMENTS AND FOSSIL BONES HAVE BEEN FOUND.
NAMES OF THE CULTURE LEVELS WHICH INDICATE MAN'S CONDITION BY THE CHARACTER OF HIS STONE AND OTHER IMPLEMENTS.
NAMES OF THE PERIODS OR STAGES IN MAN'S ADVANCEMENT IN CULTURE AND SKILL
AGE OF THE LATEST, OR PLEISTOCENE PERIOD OF THE EARTH; ACCORDING TO PROF. A. PENCK.
MAMMOTH
HORSE OF THE CAVE PERIOD
REINDEER
CAVE BEAR.
SPOTTED HYENA.
WOOLLY RHINOCEROS.
Upper Quaternary.
Brick Earth
Ergeron
Eolian (wind) Deposits
NEOLITHIC: or Age of Polished Stone Implements.
LOWER MAGDALENIAN.
SOLUTREAN.
AURIGNACIAN.
MOUSTERIAN.
UPPER PALÆOLITHIC: or Age of Rough Stone and Bone Implements, Cave Frescoes, Carvings on Bone etc of the CAVE MAN.
Homo aurignacensis.
NEANDERTHAL MAN and relatives, Krapina and Spy.
MODERN AND NEOLITHIC, 8,000 Years
16,000 Years.
40,000 Years.
100,000 Years.
MAMMOTH
Middle Quaternary.
Gray Clay
Laminated Clay
Gray Clay
Potters' Earth
Fluvial Sands
Fluvial Sands
Flinty Layer
UPPER ACHEULIAN.
LOWER ACHEULIAN.
CHELLEAN.
STREPYAN.
LOWER PALÆOLITHIC: or Age of Rude Stone Implements of the RIVER MAN.
400,000 Years.
EARLY MAMMOTH.
ETRUSCAN RHINOCEROS.
Lower Quaternary.
Sand and Potter's Earth
Flinty Layer
MESVINIAN
MAFFLEAN
EOLITHIC PERIOD or Age of Primitive Stone Implements.
Homo Heidelbergensis.
PRIMITIVE ELEPHANT.
Tertiary.
Pithecanthropus erectus.
750,000 Years.

Drawn by C. B. Davis

DIAGRAM OF RELATIVE AGE OF HUMAN REMAINS AND THE QUATERNARY DEPOSITS IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN FOUND. ADAPTED FROM MACCURDY AND RULET

After Lalanne and Breuil

FIGURE OF A HORSE CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF IN THE ROCK-SHELTER OF LAUSSEL NEAR THE CAVERN OF COMBARELLES

man. That he made use of that baton of dental equilibrium and harmony, the toothpick, is attested by no less an authority than the director of the Ecole Odontotechnique in Paris, who has just reported on his examination of the teeth of *Homo mousteriensis* found last autumn at the rock-shelter of La Quina (Charente). This is certainly a respectable antiquity for a custom not yet wholly out of favor, for the man of La Quina lived about 100,000 years ago.

These figures look large; on the contrary, they are moderate in view of the most recent estimates by Boltwood of 1,600,000,000 years for the age of the earth, based on the rate of radium disintegration. The latest researches of Schuchert into the combined thickness of sedimentary formations also tend to show that the earlier estimates of the earth's age based on stratigraphy were much too small. The time seems to have come, therefore, for a readjustment of our already more than once disturbed mental attitude toward man's antiquity; in other words, for measuring the human period in terms of hundreds of thousands and perhaps even millions of years.

Long as the human period may be, it is insignificant when compared with the length of time that has elapsed since the first appearance of lowly forms of life on the earth. Fossils are found in the Algonkian (pre-Paleozoic), but not in sufficient quantities for stratigraphic determinations. By estimating the time that has elapsed since the beginning of the Paleozoic as 60,000,000 years, and plotting the same on the face of a clock, the circuit of which is covered by the minute-hand in one hour, we arrive at the convenient time scale of 1,000,000 years to a minute. Applying the geological time ratio, we find that the Paleozoic requires thirty-six of the sixty minutes, the Mesozoic eighteen, and the Tertiary five minutes, leaving only one minute for Quaternary and recent times. The 6000 years since the dawn of history in Egypt thus correspond to less than half a second, a segment so infinitesimal that it could not be seen on the face of the clock.

Aurignacian industry is characterized by blade-like flint flakes, with one end chipped obliquely and the back worked down for its entire length; flakes chipped along both margins, and producing in some instances hour-glass forms; the appearance of two types of bone implements; and the beginnings of sculpture, engraving, and painting.

Two new forms typify the Solutréan stone industry. These are the lance-point in the shape of a laurel-leaf, exemplifying much skill in the art of chipping; and the arrow-point, compared in shape to a willow leaf, with a lateral notch at the base.

Bone, ivory, and reindeer horn are dominant factors in the industrial and artistic life of the Magdalenian races, which invented the barbed harpoon of reindeer horn and the spear-thrower of the same material. The latter often bears in relief the figure of a horse or goat. The arts of engraving and fresco, beginning in the Aurignacian, reached their apogee in the Magdalenian. On the other

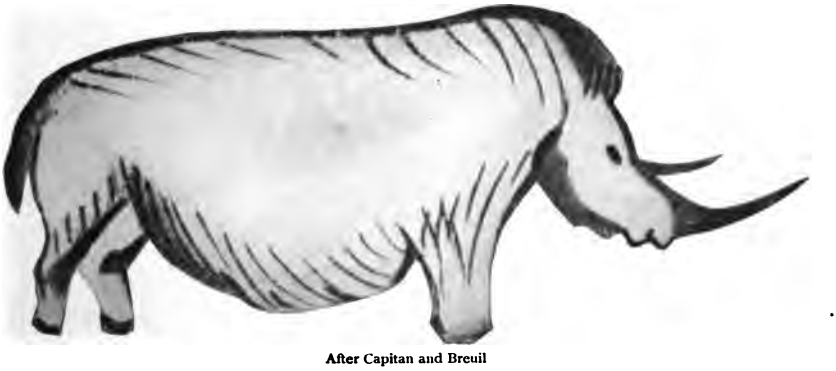
hand, the art of chipping flint, highly developed by the Solutréans, seems to have suffered an eclipse. The flint industry is largely confined to slender, blade-like flakes, some retouched at one end to form a duck-bill scraper, others beveled at the end and destined for graving-tools.

Of special moment is the oldest indisputable evidence bearing on the use of clothing which is afforded by the presence of bone needles in Magdalenian horizons. These are of delicate workmanship, and are provided with small eyes. The use of such needles presupposes a proficiency that comes only with an age-long custom. Whether there is a genetic relationship between this custom and that of cavern habitation is a question full of speculative interest. It brings up the whole subject of the origin of dress, one too complicated to be disposed of within the limits of a magazine article.

An interesting feature in the development of our knowledge of cavern life is that pertaining to paleolithic mural decorations. These were first discovered in the cavern of Altamira, province of Santander, Spain. Discoveries of this class in Spain, as well as in southern France, are now to be numbered by the dozen. Some of the frescos reproduced here are from Altamira, a cavern occupied in the Solutréan and lower Magdalenian epochs. Cavern painting passed through four developmental phases. In the first stage the drawings are simply outlines done with a black or red crayon. The paintings of the second phase evince the first attempts at modeling by shading, in which the artist arrives at a monochrome silhouette, usually in black. The contours are often heightened by engraving. The third phase is characterized by an excessive use of color, thus weakening the effect of modeling. The drawing also is poor. In the fourth stage paleolithic painting reached its zenith, some of the frescos being remarkable for vigor, realism, and the command of colors—red, brown, black, and yellow—which mix and grade into numerous tints. The surface to be included in the field of the projected figure was washed and scraped. A black line was traced, fixing the contours. In some cases one sees divers touches of the brush, each marking a tuft of the mane, the dewlap, or the long hairs distributed uniformly over the tail, for in this respect the paleolithic bison differs from the American bison. The tail of the latter is smooth, with long hairs only at the end, forming a tuft. The colors employed for filling in were graduated by washing or gouache. Spots for the figures were often chosen that give the effect of colored bas-relief.

Paleolithic rock-shelters with mural decorations have been found in the valley of the Ebro, the more important stations being Cretas, Cogul near Lérida, and Albarracin. At Las Batuecas (Estremadura) Breuil reports the discovery of eleven rock-shelters with frescoed walls. In one of these—Las Cabras Pintadas—are representations, in brown, red, and white, of the wild goat, fish, a bird, and a hunting-scene where stags are facing two men with bows and arrows.

The explorations of French caverns have kept pace with those in Spain. Those of the Dordogne are perhaps the most im-



After Capitan and Breuil

RED DRAWING OF RHINOCEROS TICHORHINUS, FROM FONT-DE-GAUME
(SEE MAP PAGE 440)

After Cartailhac and Breuil

ENTRANCE TO THE CAVERN OF ALTAMIRA, IN NORTHERN SPAIN
(SEE MAP PAGE 440)

The entrance to this extensive cavern was for ages concealed by debris and vegetation.

portant; the largest group is in the Vézère Valley. The rock-shelter of Laussel, near the château of that name, six kilometers east of Les Eyzies, is being excavated by Dr. Lalanne. The section reveals a succession of superimposed layers, including Acheulian, Mousterian, Aurignacian, Solutréan, and Magdalenian, alternating with sterile deposits. The two Aurignacian horizons are especially productive and typical. A bas-relief from the lower Solutréan horizon that has just come to light is of unusual interest, as it tends to fix a paleolithic female type already represented by the Venus of Brassempouy (Landes) and the Venus of Willendorff (Austria). A fine series of mural figures in high relief protected for untold ages by talus and floor deposits at Laussel have been uncovered. For the most part these are almost life-sized figures of the horse.

Font-de-Gaume, also near Les Eyzies, and in the midst of numerous paleolithic cave settlements, is of special interest because it was not used as a place of habitation; yet its walls are decorated with frescos rivaling those at Altamira. It might have been a shrine or the meeting-place of some esoteric society or a picture-gallery. At all events, it points to a more or less complex societal organization. The artists themselves might have belonged to gilds where only the initiated held sway, and these might also have practised priestcraft or have been intimately associated with those who did. Without organization of some kind it would be difficult to account for the phenomenon and unity of paleolithic art.

Within the last few years, Cartailhac and Breuil have made discoveries in the cavern of Gargas (Hautes-Pyrénées), which place it in the front rank among caverns with decorated walls. Gargas, near Montrejean, well known to tourists who frequent Bagnères-de-Luchon or visit the celebrated cathedral of St.-Bertrand de Comminges, is one of the classic excursions for all scientific congresses held at Toulouse. Here, in 1906, were discovered representations of the human hand. Others have since been found in various parts from near the entrance to the remotest points. They are in various stages of conservation; many near the entrance have disappeared completely; some have been covered by calcareous deposits which have generally fixed the color and assured

the permanence of the images. The figures were produced in a simple manner; the hand was applied to the humid surface of the rock, the fingers more or less separated; about it was thrown the color in the form of a fine powder; the silhouette was obtained by removing the hand. Left hands are the most numerous, which fact testifies to the prevailing right-handedness of the people, assuming of course that the artist used one of his own hands as a model. Similar negative imprints of the human hand exist at Font-de-Gaume (Dordogne), and at the cavern of Altamira in Spain.

The excellent preservation of parietal works of art is due in many cases to the accidental sealing up of caverns toward the close of the Quaternary. This was the case not only at Altamira, but also at Marsoulas (Haute-Garonne) and Teyjat. That frescos and engravings are not found on the walls near entrances that were never sealed, but do occur at safe distances from the cavern mouths, is at least negative proof of their antiquity. For the first sixty meters at Font-de-Gaume, one finds no mural art, and the anterior barren stretch is still greater at Les Combarelles, La Mouthe, and Niaux. The number of mural engravings and frescos that have been lost through exposure to the elements will never be known. It must be great, for in shallow caves and rock-shelters the artist could work without the aid of artificial light. Such aid was absolutely necessary when executing the figures far removed from the cavern entrances. Stone lamps not unlike those in use to-day among the Eskimo have been found in at least four caverns.

The idea of paleolithic wall engravings and frescos was so novel that their authenticity was questioned for many years. The cumulative evidence in their favor is now overwhelming. Briefly it is this: the animals represented belong to species either extinct or no longer to be found in those regions. The floor deposits are known to be of paleolithic age, and these contain engravings of the same kind as those on the walls. Some of the mural decorations

After Cartailhac and Breuil

A PART OF THE HALL OF THE FRESCOS IN THE CAVERN OF ALTAMIRA

The frescos (see pages 446 and 447) are distributed over the surface of the ceiling, in the upper foreground of the picture. On the right is the opening to remoter parts of the cavern.

From a reproduction by the Abbé Breuil of the original drawing in colors

A BISON AT BAY (SEE FIGURE SECOND ROW AT EXTREME RIGHT, DIAGRAM NEXT PAGE)

The colors are a warm sepia with bright burnt Sienna running into the sepia and becoming darker.

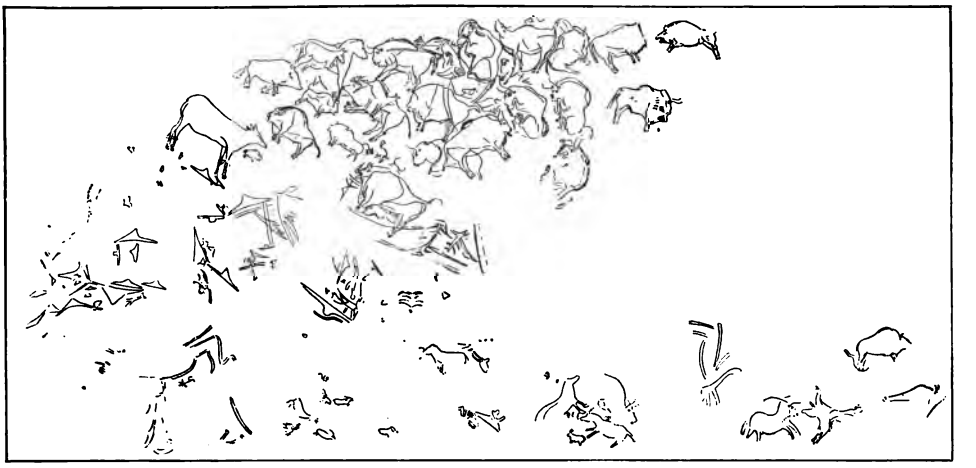
were actually covered by accumulated floor deposits. Caverns that were accidentally sealed at the close of the Quaternary by falls of earth or rock masses, when opened, are found to contain these parietal works of art.

One of the striking features about paléolithic art is its realism. This is specially true of the phases leading to the period of its highest development. Sculpture appeared in the lower Aurignacian, and continued without interruption through the Solutréan and to the middle of the Magdalenian. Although beginning but little earlier than engraving, sculpture came to full fruition first. Engraving, on the other hand, developed more slowly, not reaching its zenith till the middle Magdalenian, when it supplanted sculpture.

The sculptor's problem is in many re-

From the plate published by De Sautuola in 1880

DETAIL OF THE FRESCOS ON THE LARGE CEILING IN THE CAVERN OF ALTAMIRA



After Cartailhac and Breuil

MINIATURE DIAGRAM OF THE FRESCOS ON THE LARGE CEILING OF THE CAVERN OF ALTAMIRA

spects the simpler, his opportunity of success greater. Not confined to a single aspect of his model, he has as many chances of succeeding as there are angles from which to view his work. The engraver or painter, on the other hand, must seize the likeness at the first attempt or else fail. His model was almost always an animal form, generally a quadruped. The most striking, as well as the most complete, single aspect of a quadruped is its profile. This happens to be the view that can be most easily represented on a plane surface.

In dealing with the human form, however, the problem is more complex. So far as the head is concerned, the profile presents fewer difficulties, and at the same time is quite as characteristic as the front view. With the body it is just the re-

From a reproduction by the Abbé Breuil of the original wall painting in colors

A CHARGING BOAR (SEE UPPER RIGHT-HAND FIGURE IN DIAGRAM ABOVE)

The colors are a rather warm sepia made still warmer with a reddish chalk.

verse, the view from the front being the most complete and characteristic as well as the easiest to manage. This element of complexity in a given aspect of the human form must have confused the primeval engraver and painter not a little, although it was not of such a nature as to disturb the sculptor. Herein may lie the reasons why the latter chose as models man and four-footed animals indifferently, while the former's predilections for quadrupedal forms were pronounced. At any rate, the fact is that a large majority of paleolithic engravings and virtually all the paintings are animal profiles.

Some of the processes that lead to conventionalism are simply short cuts to the artist's goal, the goal being to convey a given impression or to keep alive a symbolic meaning. This can often be done better by evading difficulties than by meeting them. The paleolithic artist soon found this to be true, especially of the front and dorsal views. Even his favorite profiles did not escape the general tendency, particularly when they dealt with groupings or herds of animals. An excellent example was recently discovered in the cavern of La Mairie at Teyjat (Dordogne). It represents a herd of reindeer. The three in the lead are fairly well differentiated, as is also one at the rear. The space between is filled in by cross-hatching similar to that on the bodies of the leaders, representing, therefore, the undifferentiated bodies of those in the middle of the herd. Above rises a forest of horns. These, being the most characteristic feature of the animal, are exaggerated, as though to make up for the artist's sacrifice of detail with respect to body and limbs. The entire group is delicately incised on the radius of an eagle that was found in the upper Magdalenian layer of the cavern floor.

Cave art is the most pronounced achievement of paleolithic man. It was born in the security of nature's own rocky fortresses, and there it grew to maturity. Since the close of the paleolithic period, for some reason not yet wholly evident, caverns, except in rare instances, have lost in favor as places of human abode. When they were abandoned, paleolithic art, left without a permanent repository, ceased to be so far as posterity was concerned. It does not seem to have influenced neolithic Europe; but in crossing over into Africa, one finds the case somewhat different.

South African petroglyphs and rock paintings of Solutréan age are widely distributed. The pecked or incised figures are mostly found on boulder-like outcrops of rock either among kopjes or in the open veldt, while the frescos are chiefly met with at the back of rock-shelters. Some of these bear a remarkable resemblance to paleolithic frescos recently found near Cogul (Catalonia). In a vast majority of rock paintings the outline is filled in with a uniform tint, either red or black; red predominating. In eastern Orangia and in the region south of the Orange River, polychrome paintings occur. The eland, a great favorite with the Solutréans, is depicted in two or more colors, white ventrally and golden yellow, red, or dark brown dorsally. The figures of animals often show real merit; those of men are always grotesque.

Not many generations ago the Bushman was still an adept at polychrome painting, his work rivaling in general excellence, and resembling in some cases, the French and Spanish paleolithic frescos, especially those from the Ebro Valley. Even phalangeal amputation, practised by the Aurignacians at Gargas, has its counterpart among the Bushmen. Some Aurignacian figurines and at least one bas-relief reflect in a measure certain anatomical peculiarities of that African race. Thus new significance is given to the two negroid paleolithic skeletons found near Mentone on which Verneau bases his so-called *race de Grimaldi*. The Bushman is a migrant in South Africa; his earlier home was in the north, where he may have inherited and kept alive paleolithic art traditions.

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THE JOY OF EFFORT

FROM A BAS-RELIEF BY R. TAIT McKENZIE

THE JOY OF EFFORT

ON A RELIEF MEDAL OF THREE HURDLERS BY R. TAIT McKENZIE

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

EAGER as fire, impetuous as the wind,
They spurn the ground and lightly clear the bar.
Three racers? Nay, three strong wills unconfined,
Three glad, contending swiftnesses they are;
Three dolphins that with simultaneous leap
Breast the high breaker of a tropic surge,
As, flashing silvery from the purple deep
And scattering foam, their curving backs emerge;
Three agile swallows skimming near the ground
That give their bodies to the buoyant air;
Three roebucks fleet that through the forest bound.
Yet how can even such with these compare?
For men 't is not enough to be alive;
The noblest joy of being is to strive.

A GROUP OF DANISH AMERICANS PICNICING IN THE DANISH-AMERICAN NATIONAL PARK

CHILDREN OF THE DANISH HEATH

APROPOS OF THE FOUNDING OF THE DANISH-AMERICAN NATIONAL PARK

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

ONE of the articles of our national faith to which we held most firmly when I was a boy in Denmark was that our flag, the "Dannebrog," fell from heaven to King Waldemar and his men in the hour of their greatest need. When we grew up, to be told that in fact it was hurled from the hilltop by the Christian priests when the battle with the pagan Esthlanders was all but lost, only changed the manner of the wonder, not the fact. It came from on high and brought victory to the cross—that was right; the details were unimportant. I was a big boy when I first saw in the harbor of Copenhagen the one other flag that gripped my imagination in the same way. It blew straight out from the peak of an American ship, and it seemed to me, if anything, more beautiful. It was not only the stars on the heavenly blue field; I can see now that it was as much the name of Abraham Lincoln, then just dead, whom my father had taught us to look upon as one of God's own, chosen to set His children free, that threw such a halo around the flag of his country. So I came, long years before I could have dreamed that it was also to be mine, to set the two flags, the old and the new, side by side in my affection. And I think very likely that is the attitude of Danish-born citizens our country over; at

least that is true of some of those of my own years. I know it is, for they have told me so.

And now the boys of the new generation are to see them fly side by side on Danish soil not for this day or the next, but for all time to come, and with equal right. The starry banner has made another conquest, this time an altogether peaceful and prosperous one. The messages of friendship and good-will that will pass between King and President when the flags are unfurled will be cordial and sincere, and in Denmark there will be real rejoicing. They will be celebrating in early August not only the opening of a Danish-American national park, but the making real a fond dream—the rescue of a most characteristic piece of Danish landscape in all its natural beauty, while yet it is time, and by their countrymen who have found a home in the New World, and have taken this way to show their abiding love for the mother-land.

The words "while yet it is time" tell a story which partly explains. It is one of which no nation need be ashamed. Fifty years ago one third of the entire Danish peninsula was a barren moor where lean sheep browsed among the heather and the lonely shepherd watched them from his cairn, knitting on his endless stocking. Other sign of life one might not meet in a day's journey. The silence of centuries dead and gone brooded over the desert; for desert it was, and had been since the stone age, when forests grew upon the heath and sheltered a people who built mean huts for the living and mighty houses for their dead. Their burial-mounds rise on every hand, clearly marking their highways and the sites of their villages. Fires ravaged the land, and rival tribes strove for it. Other days came, with tools and weapons of iron. There is ore under the sand, poor as the heath itself, but the time demanded swords and spears, and the last of the forests went to the smelting-ovens. Their shelter gone, the sand flight from the western sea overwhelmed the husbandman's few acres. In the Middle Ages the black death stalked through the land and left it desolate.

Down into our own day the heath was alone with its dead. Then came a change. In 1864, at the close of the Schleswig-Holstein War, Denmark was laid low by her foe of a thousand years when Germany took one third of the kingdom. The blow stunned her people, but they rose again, and, with the cry, "What was lost without must be gained within," set about reclaiming the heath. Forests grew once more, and the plow ran its furrows through the heather. Irrigation brought meadows and crops and cattle. Sheep-raising, from a poor makeshift, became an industry, and prosperous towns sprang up in the desert. The lost has almost been regained. But there is no gain without sacrifice. The heath had a character. Its silent solitudes had helped fashion in the people the very strength that made it rise above crushing defeat; its wild beauty had inspired some of the sweetest songs in the Danish tongue. It was part of the temperament of the nation. Something was being lost that gave pain in the parting. The cry arose, "Let enough be kept to show our children what the Denmark of their fathers was like."

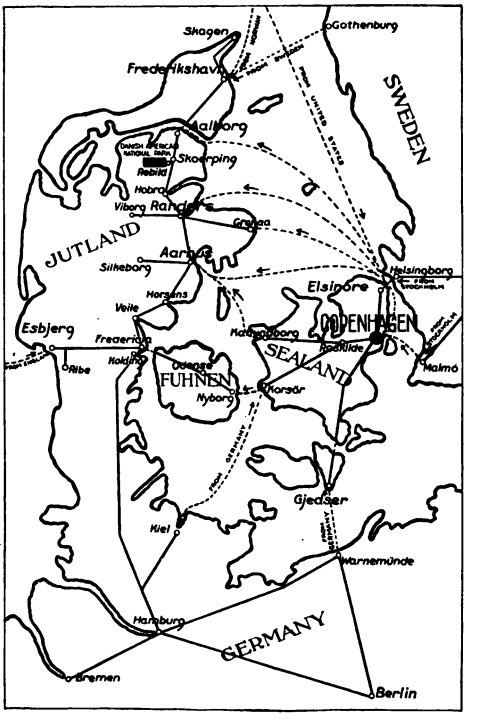
The cry was heard across the Atlantic. For years there had been a movement on foot among the Danish-born citizens of America to draw nearer to the country and kindred they had left behind. "Bridge-builders" they styled themselves. They were men and women who believed that a faithful son makes a better husband for being that, and whose hearts had room for the old memories beside the new joys and duties. They did not know it, but the fatherland had given in them to the new home some of the best it had, and they had found something here which they were anxious to share with those they had left. In one way or another they had tried to bring about this exchange of ideals, and now here was their opportunity. Some of them were born and bred in sight of the great heath, and they loved it; for it is to such natures that it makes its appeal. They were glad that brain and brawn had wrought together to make the land yield a living, and they understood the cry of the soul.

They made out that the cry was to them, and being Americans, their answer took a practical shape. Every summer hundreds, and at every approaching Yule-tide other hundreds, of their people go back over the sea to find old friends. They have over there a famous system of people's high schools, scattered all through the

ABOVE AND BELOW: VIEWS IN THE DANISH-AMERICAN NATIONAL PARK

THE GRAVLEV CHURCH, THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD, NEAR THE PARK ENTRANCE

country districts, where one meets the real Denmark of our day. In summer great open-air meetings are held now at this one, now at that one, of these schools, and to them comes every one who has any vital contribution to make to the discussion of whatever is uppermost in the national consciousness. Here was the very forum which the bridge-builders had been seeking. They resolved to kill two birds with one stone by securing a stretch of heath big enough and beautiful enough to serve the purpose of a national park, and there establishing a permanent meeting-ground for the brothers whom the ocean divided—all this to be their gift to their fatherland. This is what has now been done.



MAP OF DENMARK SHOWING LOCATION OF THE DANISH-AMERICAN NATIONAL PARK AT REBILD

On the third of August the city of Copenhagen will give to the American committee a dinner in the city hall, and King Christian will accept the deed of gift from the chairman of the committee, Dr. Max Henius of Chicago, and express the thanks of the nation to the givers. President Taft, who gladly accepted the honorary chairmanship of the committee, will send his greetings, and America will have her day at a great outpouring of the people in Tivoli, Copenhagen's famous pleasure-garden, where "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "King Christian" will be sung with all the honors. Two days later the flags will be hoisted over the Danish-American National Park, which is in another part of the country, and its formal opening will take place. There will be music and rejoicing, and speeches will be made by Maurice Francis Egan, the American Minister to Denmark, and by Count Moltke, who represents the Danish Government in Washington. Then will come the heart-to-heart talks between reunited kinsfolk that will spin strand upon strand in the bridge cables which these builders are weaving to span the gap between the old and the new, even though the Atlantic surge between. If their expectations are fulfilled, Denmark will have seen nothing like this "old home week." For months the steamers going east have been filled with many returning emigrants on their way to the great "Stävne," as it is called in Danish.

These visitors will see the heath at its best, for in August the bloom is on the heather, and then there are few spots on earth more beautiful to those who love nature untouched by man, in its somber as well as in its smiling moods. The park embraces a stretch of four hundred acres on a plateau two or three hundred feet high. If the reader will take a map of Denmark and trace the eastern half of the Jutland peninsula down from the "finger" of the Skaw, he will come upon the city of Aalborg by the great fiord that cuts across the country from the Cattegat to the North Sea, and thirty miles due south of it he will find the ancient town of Hobro. Midway between them are the Rebild hills, and here is the park. The traveler who has come by steamer from Copenhagen to Aalborg or Randers, or up from the south by land, can reach the

park by railroad on its east side, in which case he will leave the train at Skörping station and walk a mile or two. His way will take him past the village church once famed throughout the land. To the spring that bubbled in the churchyard came on Midsummer Night the sick and suffering from all the countryside. Old men still tell of the hundreds of teams that stood hitched to the churchyard fence through the long June twilight, while the sunset glow melted slowly into the breaking day. Whoever drank of the waters of the spring in that night with full faith in the cross whose sign overshadowed it was healed. Now on Midsummer Night the elves have the spring to themselves. The lame and the halt trouble them no more, but the staffs and crutches they left behind are still in the church, mute reproaches to our day of little faith.

Or the traveler may elect to take the causeway that skirts the park on the west and drive between towering banks of heather, broom, and blueberry right up to the highland where the two flags flapping in the soft summer wind tell that he is on international ground. A park in our Eastern sense of that word it is not; but if he has come from the Rocky Mountains, or ever has camped or hunted there, he will recognize at sight the fitness of the term —an open, rolling country, shut in by hills and dark forests, where in autumn the hunter's horn and the baying of hounds wake the slow echoes; deep in their bosom the glint of silver lakes; shady groves upon the plain inviting to a noonday nap; and thickets of scrub-oak. The drowsy hum of the honey-bee is in the purple broom, and over it all the witchery of the heath, which, once it has wrought its spell upon a human soul, lures it ever after. The children of the heath must return, however far they wander; it is fate. I who say it know: it is my own.

If in the party there be one from the neighborhood, he will point out historic landmarks without end. Yonder green knoll marks the site of an old robbers' nest that was wiped out by Queen Margaret, who five centuries ago gathered the crowns of the three Scandinavian kingdoms upon her masterful head, and during her lifetime was their "dread mistress and husband," as her writ of election reads. From the swell close by, which the peasants still call Margaret's Hill, she saw to it herself that her orders were carried out and the bandits properly dealt with. She was not a person to trifle with lawbreakers. In the edge of the great Rold Forest the gray walls of a mansion peep out that began as badly, but in the end had a different story to tell. The masterful queen had long been under the sod when the owner of the ruined castle went wooing the beautiful but imperious Ellen Marsvin. The legend has it that she drew a costly ring from her finger and flung it into a bog-hole in the woods as she answered, "Build where it fell a manse with tower so high that from its peak I can see St. Budolphi Church in Aalborg, and I will marry you; else I stay single." The lover was game. It took him sixteen years to do it, but he won his bride. Their daughter became the wife "to the left hand" of King Christian, who "stood by the lofty mast." She was as proud and wayward as her mother, and together they plagued the king until he got tired of them, and packed them off to live in the forest, if they chose—anywhere so that they troubled him no more.

The guide drones on. The mellow sunshine, the sweet smell of the heather, and the peace of the wilderness steal over your senses until his voice sounds as far off as the things of which he is telling. And presently he and his prattle are no more. Your eye rests upon a hundred heathery hillocks looming purple in the landscape. They are the graves of the mound-builders who lived their lives here before history began in the Western world. They were old when the Cimbri went forth to meet the legions of Marius and lay their bones on the plains of Lombardy. Long ages after, the vikings set sail from the fiords and bays of these coasts in quest of riches and adventure. They steered their frail barks across the stormy main, knowing no fear, and brought word of a land of plenty and of naked savages far in the west. The skjalds sang of their deeds, and then the fame of them died. The few who stayed in the new land were slain, and the secret of the sunset seas lay hidden for centuries. And here now come the sons of the old Northmen, having conquered in their day, to lay a wreath of filial love on the graves of their sires. The children of the heath have returned.

A LEE SHORE OFF SOAP-AN'-WATER

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," "The Regenerate," etc.

SOAP-AN'-WATER HARBOR, of the Newfoundland north coast, derives its singular appellation neither from an extraordinarily determined habit of thoroughgoing ablution on the part of its pious inhabitants nor from the lack of any propriety of that sort, as might reasonably be inferred, but directly, with grave significance, from a devil-may-care scattering of black reefs off the narrows to the shelter of its hills. A mean patch of out-port water this, all sudsy with broken waves in northeasterly gales, resembling nothing, indeed, as viewed from the gray smother of the open, so nearly as a gigantic basin of mightily agitated lather; and, in consequence, it is maintained by the trading clerks and skippers of those parts that Soap-an'-Water Harbor is no fit place for folk to dwell who must have dealings with the world beyond. From Candlestick Cove to Soap-an'-Water, however, there was need of haste at the time of this happening. Nobody aboard the *Blue Streak* gainsaid it, not even ol' Pots-an'-Pans, involved in the forecastle litter. Jot-it-Down Jones, the clerk of the trader, urged a fury of haste, if she sank with all hands, says he; and as for the behavior of Skipper William Twitter in the thick of it—that selfsame behavior brought the gentle fellow's life all in a flash to a lee shore with never an anchor holding. As for the reefs off Soap-an'-Water, and as for the wind that blew, and as for the foggy night, implacably settling then upon the coast, and as for the soapy seas, they had no interest in the thing whatsoever, but pursued their own large notions with accustomed indifference.

Tumm of the *Quick as Wink* can tell the tale well enough; and, moreover, it is Tumm's own tale.

"JOT-IT-DOWN JONES was clerk o' the *Blue Streak* for ol' Sam Wall o' Chain Harbor," said the clerk of the *Quick as Wink,* "an' a clerk o' the ol' school, too. I sailed my first tradin' v'y'ge along o' he an' Bill Twitter in the *Blue Streak* t' master the tricks o' the shore, which I got by rote, t' be sure, false scales on the deck t' false entries in the accounts, schooled by Jot-it-Down Jones. Whatever an' all about that, Jot-it-Down Jones was so lean an' so small that he was hard put to it t' keep his feet in a breeze o' wind: a weazened little runt of a man, with spindle shanks bowed like a hoop, as though he 'd sot on a cask overmuch in his youth, his tongue goin' at a clatter an' his little eyes twinklin' when trade was brisk, but ill at ease an' downcast in dull times. An' he was restless as a jumpin'-jack good season or bad, an' must drive north, whatever the wind, or run south, or beat t' the Labrador. 'More fish beyond,' says he all the time—'more fish beyond!'

"An' he come by his name well enough, I 'll be bound.

" 'Ha, ye addle-pated dunderhead!' says he, when complaint o' the reckonin' was made, 'is n't had no sweetness, eh? Have n't no right t' be in the bill, eh? 'T is well I jotted it down at the time, or poor ol' Sam Wall would be out o' pocket.' An' there 't would be on the books, sure enough.

"With the *Blue Streak* lyin' at Poor Luck Tickle for shelter in a sou'easterly wind, bound south t' Chain Harbor, after

leavin' supplies on the coast, an' in a pother t' get there, Jot-it-Down Jones come on deck t' squint at the weather. 'T was moderate enough, thinks I, for a skipper o' good heart—the tail of a gale, no more, with wisps o' wind abroad in harbor, an' the sea beyond turned from white t' gray, an' fallin' flat an' black under the rain.

" 'A-h-h-a, Tumm,' says he, rubbin' his hands, 'the wind 's flopped! For'ard, there, Skipper Bill, ol' cock!' he sung out, in good humor.

"Skipper Bill come aft.

" 'Leave us get t' sea out o' this,' says Jot-it-Down Jones. 'Call the hands.'

" 'Gale o' wind,' says the skipper.

"Jot-it-Down Jones flashed about on Bill Twitter, an' the poor little runt's face was all scrunched up with worry an' disgust. 'Hist!' says he, in gray fear. 'They'll hear you for'ard an you don't look out.'

" 'Well,' says the skipper, 'I—I—I got the lives o' my crew on my conscience.'

" 'Will you put t' sea?'

" 'I 'm 'lowin' t' wait for a change o' wind, is n't I?'

"Ol' Pots-an'-Pans, peelin' potatoes in the galley door amidships, laughed, an' Jot-it-Down Jones scuttled back in a rage upon un.

" 'What you laughin' at?' says he.

" 'Nothin',' says the cook.

" 'Nothin', ye dunderhead!' says Jot-it-Down Jones.

" 'Jus' nothin'.'

" 'There 's on'y one thing a man can laugh at aboard this here schooner,' says Jot-it-Down Jones, 'an' that 's *me*.'

" 'I was n't laughin' at nothin',' says the cook.

"Skipper Bill looked out t' sea—an' squirmed; an' I 'lowed he 'd fair *have* t' put out t' save hisself the misery o' bidin' in.

" 'Won't you put t' sea, Bill?' says the clerk t' the skipper.

" 'Well, no,' says the skipper. 'I 'low I won't. Too much wind out there t' risk it.'

"Jot-it-Down Jones dived down t' the cabin in a rage he could master no longer —an' in disgust, too, an' in pity. An' Skipper Bill flinched, an' felt a curdle o' soul, I 've no doubt; but he tweaked his beard in a very wise way an' sighed an' went for'ard, with his head down. An' then I knowed that Skipper Bill was a coward, an' that he knowed he was a coward, an' that he knowed that we knowed he was a coward, but that he hoped all the time that we did n't know he knowed. 'T is a pitiful thing t' see a big man swallow his shame—gulp it without a wry face—an' go off in meek make-believe o' no knowledge that his soul 's read like a book.

"In the cabin that night when Skipper Bill had gone for'ard t' turn in, sheer worry got the better o' poor Jot-it-Down Jones. 'I 'm fair' losin' my wits an' seven senses along o' Bill Twitter,' says he, 'an' God knows my health 's leakin' like a basket. Bill Twitter turned timid, ecod!'

" 'Have he always been—timid?'

" 'A driver in his youth.'

" 'Have he been cast away?' says I.

" ' 'T is n't that, Tumm.'

" 'What in thunderation,' says I, '*is* the matter with un?'

" 'What 's the matter with Bill Twitter?' says Jot-it-Down Jones. 'Why, Bill Twitter got married!'

"Well, well, there 's the truth o' Bill Twitter, an' the cat 's out o' the bag now, for better or worse. An' 't is the truth, more or less, o' many a man, born here or born elsewhere, when he takes a maid in a world without mercy. 'T is said that when Bill Twitter courted the maid o' Neck-o-Land Bight, she bein' contrary for the minute, he 'd no sense o' peril at all, but took the *Blue Streak* t' sea in a rush o' fall wind that kep' Yankee halibut-men in harbor, an' jus' laughed an' said, 'Oh, well, nothin' don't matter no more,' when the crew complained o' the risk. An' after that the coast used t' say, 'I 'low Bill Twitter will have Davy Jones for father-in-law afore the end o' the season.' But with a maid t' fend for, an' the poorhouse no fit place for a good man's widow, he growed cautious.

" 'Is n't no *sense* in takin' all them foolish risks,' says he. 'What 's a name, anyhow? What 's the *use* of it?'

"An' nobody warned him o' what everybody seed, but jus' stood by helpless an' watched a blithe man yield t' anxious wisdom an' be overcome. An' then his lad was born, an' then his wife died, an' then he turned by slow stages through the years into the shamed skipper that would

n't put t' sea in a moderate spurt o' weather t' save his pride from the cackle of a cook. An', thinks we, that 's the end o' Bill Twitter.

"Us made Chain Harbor in due season, an' there loaded the *Blue Streak* with goods t' barter for the fish we 'd bargained for. Jot-it-Down Jones swallowed his worry an' said nothin' t' ol' Sam Wall o' the skipper's peculiar behavior at Poor Luck Tickle, an' Bill Twitter was in a blithesome mood for sure when the *Blue Streak* kicked the waters o' Chain Harbor behind her for the last time that summer an' pointed up for Candlestick Cove, bound thence t' Soap-an'-Water.

" 'Goin' t' have my lad aboard, this cruise,' says he; 'he 've been cravin' harsh sailin' an' a sight o' the north coast, an' I 'low I 'm the b'y t' give un his fill o' *that.*'

" 'Aye, sure,' says I. 'He 'll enjoy it.'

" 'A chirky lad, my young one,' says he, 'an' bound t' see strange places, come what will. I 'low he 'll be a comfort on the cruise.'

"A lad o' parts an' spirit? ' 'T would make shame an' trouble for Skipper Bill,' thinks I, 't' have the lad aboard, if evil weather once cotched us in sore need o' gettin' along'; an' I wished in my heart that Skipper Bill had let the lad bide at home, for I 'm no hand t' look upon shame an' ride easy. 'T was a mornin' o' gray weather when us put into Candlestick Cove t' pick the lad up. The wind was comin' down from the nor'east with naughty intention, a black-an'-white sea jumpin' up, an' a drizzle o' rain, too, an' no comfort in the glass; an' I was glad enough when Jot-it-Down Jones 'lowed t' hang the *Blue Streak* down overnight. But 't was less the weather that troubled Jot-it-Down Jones than the sight o' the *Dollar for Dollar* lyin' snug in the cove —a cutthroat cash-trader from the west coast, clerked by Long Jim Cook, a man without conscience in respect t' the fish. An' Jot-it-Down Jones jumped when he seed that craft, an' went sheer overboard in his temper, an' cursed Jim Cook for a wrecker o' trade an' a thievin' cut-price an' pirate, gone too long in decent company an' too long out o' jail; an' then he 'lowed that he 'd pass the day ashore in search o' news, with a bottle t' loosen tongues, while Skipper Bill made over the neck o' land t' the bight with what haste he could manage an' fetched back his lad.

"Skipper Bill come aboard afore noon, leavin' Jot-it-Down Jones still ashore, wieldin' his bottle in pursuit o' the news o' fish an' the intentions o' Long Jim Cook. I heared the punt scrape alongside, an' Skipper Bill's voice then, all anxious an' gentle, motherin' his lad over the rail in a way t' shame a lad o' spirit. 'Give me your hand, lad,' says he. 'Easy, easy! You 'll manage. There! An' now you 're aboard your father's vessel. Is you wore out?' 'T was no lusty youngster he 'd fetched aboard from Neck-o'-Land Bight, but a wan little chap with a withered leg, a brown head, an' big brown eyes, ailin' sorely, white-faced, an' pinched, an' all tired out with comin' over the road —jus' a doomed little mite, used t' limpin' about, an' t' tender care.

" 'Your lad, Skipper Bill?' says I.

" 'Aye,' says he; 'he 've not very good health, Tumm, but the cruise will do un good.' An' then off he went for'ard, leavin' the lad in my charge.

" 'What 's *your* name?' says I.

" 'Twitter, sir.'

" 'Aye, but your first name.'

" 'Jack.'

" 'After Cape John?' says I, t' tease un.

" 'No, sir; after Jack the Giant-Killer.'

" 'Jack-the-Giant-Killer Twitter!' says I. ' 'T is a brave name.'

" 'My father loves brave men.'

" 'Was it for that he give you the name?'

" 'Aye, sir; t' live up to.'

" 'Is you doin' it?'

" 'I is.'

" 'T was blowin' high outside, a nor'easter, too, workin' up t' the pitch of a gale, with three days o' spiteful conduct t' run; a white sea beyond the narrows, with a gray, drivin' sky overhead, an' a mist o' rain in the wind; an' 't was no pleasant sight, believe me, from the deck o' the *Blue Streak*—not with the white-horses gallopin' past the narrows. But Bill Twitter's lad stood lookin' at it with a grim little grin, as though 't were nothin' more than a sight t' rouse the spirit of a man an' make un wish for conflict.

" 'I 'd like t' be out in *that!*' says he.

" 'Well,' says I, 'you 'll not be.'

" 'Anyhow,' says he, 'I wished I was. I—I—I 'd *like* it. An' my father 'd take me, too.'

" 'So?' says I.

" '*That* would n't be nothin' t' *he.*'

" 'Who tol' you so?'

" 'My father tol' me so. He 've no fear o' nothin'. An' he 've tol' me—many things about parlous times he 've been through.'

" 'Aye?'

" 'Oh, sure; winter nights ashore.'

"An' now for sure the folly o' Timid Bill Twitter had brewed a gale o' shame for he. 'T was comin' down, too. An' it might break with the gray gale o' that day. Who could foresee? 'T was near at hand, whatever, an' bound t' fall soon or late, with no harbor t' run to that any man could see. 'T was easy enough t' see what poor Bill had been up to. Winter nights ashore? Tales, t' be sure! An' tales o' crackin' on, an' lee shores, an' drivin', an' all sail set, an' be damned t' the consequence, an' Bill Twitter at the wheel every time! 'T was easy enough t' understand that Bill Twitter, in from the sneers an' cocked glances o' the coast an' the cackle o' the cook an' the whimpers o' Jot-it-Down Jones, craved admiration, an' would yarn without fear an' t' good purpose, sea an' wind far off in the months t' come. But he 'd no call t' raise false faith in hisself like that. 'T was a heartless thing t' do, an' 't was a vast folly. An' in my heart I called un a dunderhead for it, an' twice a dunderhead for fetchin' the lad where the great lie was sure t' be found out with the first spurt o' bad weather that cotched us out o' harbor.

" 'By gee!' says the lad, *'Dollar for Dollar* 's bound out!'

" 'I 'low not,' says I, jumpin' around. 'Not in this.'

" 'They 're makin' sail.'

"An' they was, an' scurryin' about the deck with vast laughter, too, an' saucy glances our way.

" 'Us 'll go out,' says the giant-killer.

" 'Well, no,' says I. *'Us*—won't.'

"The lad grinned. 'My father 'll take her out,' says he. 'He 's a wonderful hand t' drive a schooner when he 've any good excuse. You jus' wait an' see.'

"Jot-it-Down Jones come aboard then, his face all screwed with worry. 'Long Jim Cook 's bound over t' Soap-an'-Water t' get my fish,' says he, spoutin' his news as he come down the deck. 'A run at Soap-an'-Water, d' ye hear? An' a spurt o' sunshine, an' the fish all dry in the stages.'

"By this time poor Jot-it-Down Jones had the skipper by the coat, his voice gone to a whimper, an' was lookin' the skipper fair in the eyes, while the skipper peered back through little slits, with his head drawed away.

" 'Bill, ol' friend,' says the clerk, 'this here gale 's good for three days, once she sets in. She 'll bottle us up an' we don't get across. An' Long Jim Cook vows t' get over afore she closes down for good. An' he 'll do it, too, the drunken fool, an' get my fish. You knows well as I does that there is n't a man o' Soap-an'-Water will with'old my fish once Long Jim Cook shows his bargains an' says I 'm nowheres near.'

" 'Well, well,' says Skipper Bill, ' 't is no fit time t' put t' sea.'

" 'Good Lord!' says Jot-it-Down Jones, with a gulp o' disgust, an' he turned away. An' then he flashed about on Skipper Bill, with his teeth bared. 'Know what Long Jim Cook says about me?' says he.

" 'Well, no,' says the skipper; 'I does n't.'

" 'Says I is n't got the nerve t' go out.'

" 'Well, well,' says the skipper, 'do he, now?'

"Jot-it-Down Jones begun t' dance with rage an' hopelessness. 'Know what he says about *you?*' says he.

" 'M-m?' says the skipper, with a little jerk.

" 'He says you 're too big a coward t' put t' sea in half the wind that blows.'

" 'Well, well!'

" 'An' now,' says the clerk, 'what *you* got t' say?'

" 'All I got t' says is,' says Skipper Bill, 'that he 's a liar. An' us is n't got much time t' lose,' says he, 'if we 're t' make Soap-an'-Water afore the night falls down.'

"With all sail on but the tops'l, an' no reefs t' beg for grace, us got the *Blue Streak* out o' Candlestick Cove in the wake o' the *Dollar for Dollar,* which carried such sail as we t' the inch. An' then the schooner lay over t' the slap o' the

gale, the wind abeam, her head up for Soap-an'-Water as near as Skipper Bill could reckon in the rain, an' nosin' along through the big, white seas as if she liked the taste an' smell o' salt spray. It done Skipper Bill a world o' good t' be out in the thick of it instead o' skulkin' in harbor, t' have his hands on the wheel an' t' stand braced like a man against the tumble of his own vessel. The giant-killer hisself went below by-an'-by when his withered leg complained an' when the wind had begun t' bite through his reefer, an' he 'd chuckled hisself out o' laughter, an' he 'd had his fill o' the lurch o' the schooner an' the sight o' the white-horses comin' over the bows; but he left the companion-hatch wide open, an' stretched out on Jot-it-Down Jones's counter, with a bolt o' calico for pillow, where he 'd still a glimpse o' Skipper Bill at the wheel, an' lay there at rest an' happy, one tale o' the sea, at least, come true for he. From time t' time he 'd crawl up t' take a squint at the *Dollar for Dollar* tossin' along through the smother t' win'ard, neck an' neck with the ol' *Blue Streak;* an' then he 'd look Skipper Bill over, glee in his eyes, an' chuckle an' go below to his counter an' calico.

" 'T was blowin' high enough for comfort by this time, the wind risin' up an' up with every squall, an' the bigger seas fair' smotherin' the schooner as they run past t' go t' thunderin' smash on the coast in the drizzle o' rain t' le'ward. I 'lowed Skipper Bill would n't hang on t' the end. When I cotched little Jot-it-Down Jones, gloomin' amidships in the rain, with his face scrunched up, I said so. An' Jot-it-Down Jones was sure in a bad way with rage an' worry an' fear o' that selfsame thing.

" 'Small time,' says I, 't' make Soap-an'-Water afore dark sets in.' I was jus' a mite timid, I 'll grant.

"Jot-it-Down Jones looked aloft an' scowled. 'Time enough with that tops'l spread,' says he.

"An' then I laughed. Tops'l? An' Skipper Bill Twitter master! 'No comfort in that,' says I; 'that rag will stay dry, an' you knows it.' An' why not? They 'd no tops'l spread on the *Dollar for Dollar.*

" 'We 'll make Soap-an'-Water Harbor this night,' says Jot-it-Down Jones, with his teeth bared, 'or she 'll sink—an' be damned to her!'

" 'Skipper Bill will have a word t' say.'

" 'Skipper Bill,' says he, 'is n't got *nothin'* t' say on this passage.'

"It looked t' me as if Skipper Bill might run t' Neighborly Cove for shelter very soon. There was signs. A man gets t' know un at sea. He was peerin' all around, t' win'ard, where the *Dollar for Dollar* was makin' desperate weather of it, an' far ahead t' the misty line o' shore where Soap-an'-Water lay, an' t' le'ward, where Neighborly Cove was waitin' with arms out t' harbor us in snug water. His face was all twisted with worry; but he 'd grip his courage when the wee little giant-killer crawled up t' see how she was doin'. I could fair see un take a new hold. An' after that for a bit he 'd hang on with more comfort. 'T was the sight o' the *Dollar for Dollar* that put his courage overside at last. She was makin' sad labor o' the sea. An' by an' by he could stand it no longer, but give in to his fears, an' called me aft.

" 'Call the clerk,' says he.

"I took one look, an' seed quite enough, an' I went amidships for Jot-it-Down Jones. He come aft in the devil's own temper.

" 'Well?' says he, with a snap, t' poor Bill Twitter.

" 'I 'm 'lowin' t' run for Neighborly Cove.'

" 'I don't see Jim Cook turnin' tail.'

" 'He 'll be cast away.'

"Jot-it-Down Jones made sure then that Skipper Bill would hear un. He got t' win'ard an' went close. 'You 're goin' right on t' Soap-an'-Water,' says he, 'an' be damned t' you!'

" 'What you goin' t' do,' says the skipper, 'when I bears away for Neighborly Cove?'

" 'I 'll call the crew,' says Jot-it-Down Jones, 'an' take you from the wheel.'

" 'You know what that means?'

" 'I don't give a whoop what it means. Long Jim Cook is n't goin' t' get my fish. You change the course o' this here schooner so long as Jim Cook holds on, an' I 'll show you quick enough what I 'll do.'

" 'Anyhow,' says the skipper, 'I 'll bear away t' Neighborly Cove for harbor.'

"An' he was jus' about t' do it, too,

an' Jot-it-Down Jones was jus' about t' start for'ard t' get the crew for this dogs' affair, an' I was jus' about t' jump on Jot-it-Down Jones an' beg un for God's sake not t' shame a man afore his own young son, when the giant-killer poked his head out o' the cabin-hatch an' crawled on deck t' see how the *Dollar for Dollar* was doin'. She was doin' well; she 'd drawed ahead, an' she was buckled down to her labor with a good heart for a hard task. An' the giant-killer turned on his father. In wonder, aye, an' in grief. In shame, in doubt, it may be, an' in question, anyhow. Skipper Bill's lie was down at last. Tales ashore is n't deeds at sea. The lad clenched his hands an' gritted his teeth an' stared straight into his father's eyes in a passion t' match the rage o' Jot-it-Down Jones hisself.

" 'Crack on!' says the lad. 'Is you goin' t' get beat?'

"Skipper Bill's jaw dropped; he gurgled in a dry throat, an' stood froze t' the wheel.

" 'What 's the matter 'ith you, Pop? *Crack on!*'

"Skipper Bill laughed—with pride in his lad, maybe, or with sheer joy in his comical rage. I don't know. He laughed, anyhow, an' 't was a vast guffaw. An' laughter is medicine for the nerves of a man.

" 'For'ard, there, you!' he bawled. Up went his head. The watch jumped t' hear the new ring in his voice. 'Shake out that damned tops'l,' he sung out, 'an' we 'll see what this ol' basket has t' say about gettin' t' Soap-an'-Water afore the night falls down.'

"WELL, well, the ol' *Blue Streak* jumped as if she 'd been whipped. Off she slid on her beam for Soap-an'-Water, fair jumpin' from sea t' sea an' forever in a smother o' spray. An' the *Dollar for Dollar* broke her heart. No tops'l there. She fell away from the course, an' turned off with the wind for Neighborly Cove. The *Blue Streak* hauled down the soapy reefs off the narrows t' Soap-an'-Water in a gather o' dusk, with fog creepin' round Ghost's Head o' the cape. But the skipper took her in, an' down come the sails, an' down went the anchor, an' Skipper Bill laughed again when he took his hands from the wheel. Grand times in the for'c's'le that night! A warm fire in the bogey-stove; a grand scoff o' food, an' a kettle o' the best tea in Jot-it-Down's store. An' talk o' fish an' sailin', an' a ballad or two, an' a tale or more, an' roars o' foolish laughter. I 'm not sure that poor Jot-it-Down Jones did n't shed tears by times; but I does know that he could n't come near Bill Twitter without puttin' a hand on his shoulder, an' I 'll bet a whale to a squid that Skipper Bill had n't no objections t' that. An' by-an'-by Skipper Bill gathered up his crippled lad,—all tired out, that lad, but wonderful happy,—an' took un aft t' stow un away. Master giant-killer had said never a word in praise o' Bill Twitter except with his big, brown eyes; but now what he said come down the for'c's'le hatch from the black deck.

" 'Gee, Pop!' says he. 'You—you—you 's a driver when you 've any excuse!'

"An' Skipper Bill had been, an' was, an' is."

SAFETY AT SEA[1]

IN THE LIGHT OF THE *TITANIC* DISASTER

BY REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

IN the practice of navigation, risks are inevitable. Some are undertaken voluntarily, but the acceptance of others is forced. Stated broadly, there should be the promise of commensurate gain in every critical risk that is assumed. Ethically, as between human life and private gain, the latter should give way, though frequently we see this order reversed. Apparently we have a glaring example in the loss of the *Titanic* on the night of April 14 last.

From my naval experience, I will give one case of a risk voluntarily undertaken by myself, and another of a risk forced upon me. In the spring of 1897, when I took command of the *Maine,* which was afterward blown up at Havana, no battle-ship had ever made the passage of Hell Gate. The management of a battle-ship and also of twin-screws being new to me, I longed for a test of management which would be in the nature of a climax. So, without a pilot, I took the *Maine* through Hell Gate from Long Island Sound. I met other vessels, one an unwieldy float, at the most dangerous turning of that tideway of violent cross currents. After critical moments, the *Maine* effected the passage without damage. My commander-in-chief strongly disapproved my choice of route, and at once issued General Order No. 16, forbidding other vessels of his command to attempt the same feat. I accepted the order as an open rebuke of myself. Although no life was risked, and my experience in piloting was uncommonly large, I now think I ventured too much in piloting a five-million-dollar battle-ship through Hell Gate, where I had no local knowledge and was compelled to depend upon the chart alone.

Later, when in the East River with the *Maine,* between the navy-yard and Brooklyn Bridge and proceeding to Staten Island, I was confronted with a very difficult situation. A strong ebb-tide was running. The river was congested with vessels, some of which were under questionable management in that locality of strong eddies. Finally, an excursion-steamer, loaded down with women and children and coming fast, opened out to view close aboard and nearly ahead. She gave a whistle signal to the *Maine* which, had I accepted it, would surely have resulted in sinking the frail steamer and drowning most of her people. I therefore reversed her signal by counter-signal —gave her the right of way and steered the *Maine* into pier No. 36 on the New York side of the river. Lying at the pier was a huge float carrying ten freight-cars. The *Maine* struck one corner of the float, which sank, carrying with it the cars; then, head on, the battle-ship ate into the pier as if it were cheese, but backing hard on her engines, and with water-tight doors closed and collision-mat already over the side—splendidly quick work. A naval board investigated and reported. The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Acting-Secretary of

[1] See also "Compulsory Lane Routes of the North Atlantic" proposed by Captain Horatio McKay, in THE CENTURY for November, 1881; and "Safety at Sea" by L. Frank Tooker, in THE CENTURY for July, 1909, which described new and old devices for navigating in fog and darkness.—THE EDITOR.

the Navy, then wrote me a letter in flattering terms, highly commending my action in risking the *Maine* to save the lives on board the excursion-steamer. I had believed that I would damage the *Maine* to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but by strange good fortune and by taking the wharf head on, she suffered no damage beyond the power of her own men to repair. There was a gratifying sequel. When my commander-in-chief read Mr. Roosevelt's letter, he promptly issued General Order No. 17, revoking General Order No. 16. Also my action was lauded by the press and my brother-officers of the navy.

Having thus borne testimony for and against my own risks, perhaps I may venture to discuss the risks taken by the *Titanic*. She carried more than two thousand people, and was forewarned of ice ahead; yet she continued at night on the prescribed "ocean lane" with undiminished speed—that is to say, about twenty-one and a half knots an hour. Her water-line length was eight hundred and fifty-two feet. By stopping her engines and immediately reversing them full speed, she could not have come to a dead-stand short of six times that length, or until she had passed over a distance of eight tenths of a sea mile, or knot—nearly one statute mile. This is a conservative estimate. Her third engine was turbine, and of low efficiency for backing. Evidently she chose to depend on a quick change of compass course to avoid danger sighted dead ahead. Had she struck when going ahead even at half-speed, probably she would have ripped open her bilges quite the same by the less forceful blow; but, on the other hand, she would have made the vision of her look-outs more effective, and would have shortened her head-reaching against full backing power.

Seemingly the advantage in view by venturing high speed was business prestige. Had the ice-field been fifteen miles wide on the line of the *Titanic's* course, and had she succeeded in passing through at half-speed, she would thereby have delayed her arrival at New York only forty-two minutes. But we now know that passage through was impossible. At noon on the day of the *Titanic's* collision, the *Mesaba* of the Atlantic Transport Line sighted the pack and was obliged to go many miles south in order to round it. Her captain reported by letter to the Naval Hydrographic Office at Washington, according to Captain John J. Knapp, the chief hydrographer, that the ice was a solid pack about fifteen feet high and extending on each hand as far as the eye could reach. Successive reports indicate that it was a solid mass of pack-ice and bergs about five miles wide from east to west and forty-one miles long from north to south. A French steamer also had to change her course and pass around far to the southward of her intended route. The actual conditions could not have been known to Captain Smith, who would not have essayed the impossible.

The *Titanic* was due in New York shortly after midday, several days ahead, therefore a brief delay did not involve an arrival at night. While giving no important advantage to her passengers, she was risking their lives. We may infer that her passengers, in their choice of vessel, had paid not only for a quick passage with the acme of comfort and luxury, but above all for a safe one. We now know that the exploitation of the *Titanic's* supposed unsinkable quality was not justified, and that the carrying capacity of her boats was inadequate. Had a high sea been running, it is probable that none of her passengers would have been saved from those ice-cold waters. Though we may question Captain Smith's judgment of the moment, we must assume that so eminent a seaman was above professional ignorance. For his example of manhood in accepting the ethics of the sea, in their uttermost requirement, his memory will glorify tradition, for he went to his death nobly.

The natural peril of the sea is everlasting. It comes in many forms and far more frequently than passengers conceive. The details and scope of special judgment, even "speculative judgment," that must be exercised to meet recurring perils successfully are probably not imagined by the average passenger, else many nervous persons would not go to sea at all. On the other hand, it may be said that, through long experience, a seaman by the time he reaches command afloat has become very resourceful. In fact, when seemingly unconcerned in view of the passengers, his mind may be working in

many channels for their safety. None can tell what expedients were in the mind of Captain Smith, even though they failed him. I myself have directed the management of two vessels, dissimilar in size and qualities, through a whole storm-area of hurricane force without leaving my cabin except for a casual look above the hatch once or twice. I did it by reports from the deck and by studying the fluctuations of the barometer in my cabin. The direct management of each vessel was left to her own captain, but, through frequent reports, I knew precisely how each vessel was faring. For the advantage of the smaller vessel, I decided to cross the forefront of the storm-center, expecting to pass the center close—and succeeded. Afterward it proved that my judgment was right in every phase of the storm. In its further onward movement that storm did great damage in the open sea and on the coast of England. Probably few people on board my flag-ship realized that I remained below the better to serve my own method of working.

To discuss in detail the perils of the sea and the recourse of the seaman in avoiding them would fill a volume, but they may be touched on here. Among the natural perils are storms, currents, fog, ice, shoals, outlying islands and headlands, deep water,—that is to say, "no soundings" close to shore,—and overcast sky, which shuts out the heavenly bodies that are used for obtaining the ship's geographical position. Among what may be styled the artificial perils are vessels and floating derelicts. Of the perils inherent in the ship herself are under-manning; poor training and discipline; faulty construction; unseaworthiness due to long usage; low freeboard; old boilers and engines; bad stowage; the oscillation of free water in damaged compartments as effecting stability; fire, perhaps from spontaneous combustion in the coal-bunkers; heavy weights fetching adrift in storms, etc.

Let me discuss a few points as I may. Oceanic storms have lost much of their former terror for mariners through our better knowledge of atmospheric circulation in storms, a knowledge which extends back hardly more than seventy-five years. The records show that in the "olden days" sailing-ships and even whole fleets went to certain destruction through mismanagement in the storm-area. With the knowledge now possessed by every competent captain, most storms, when the vessel has plenty of sea-room and is stanch, may be reduced in their effect to discomforting hindrances; but where the management is bad, the vessel may still be endangered. Smashing injury sometimes occurs when the great liner, in the pride of her power, plunges recklessly through the enormous storm-wave for a quick passage. It is then that we read about the "tidal wave," a phenomenon of the Atlantic steam routes frequently reported, but which I have never encountered in all my travels over the surface of the waters.

The great oceanic current streams are now well charted. Outside of these, the surface currents commonly flow with the wind. To the vessel under way there is always difficulty in estimating the strength and direction of a current when the objects whereby she fixes her geographic position from time to time are obscured, whether these objects be of the heavens above or the earth beneath. No instrument has been invented that will give by direct measurement the strength and direction of a current to a vessel which is under way. Fog brings danger of collision and grounding. The audibility of fog-signals is very erratic, and depends largely on the direction of the wind relatively to the signal and the vessel. A powerful whistle may be heard at a distance of ten miles, and yet not at a distance of one mile or even less. There are instruments, however, of more or less dependence, to indicate approximately the direction of a fog-signal from a vessel. I have known seven battle-ships, compelled to steam at eleven knots at a distance apart of four hundred yards, to maintain good distance in column for many hours together in fog so thick that no vessel in the column ever saw another vessel of the squadron, and when the weather was such that no vessel could hear the constantly recurring whistle-blasts that were passed down the column except those of the vessel next ahead and next astern of her. Under such conditions I have known the fog to lift suddenly and disclose to view a merchant vessel sailing through the column.

Under my command the division of four war-vessels of the John Paul Jones Expedition had a trying experience in a

thick fog which continued for eighteen hours immediately preceding the arrival of the division at Cherbourg. The vessels were steaming in column at eleven knots along the rock-bound coast of France in the varying currents of that locality. In all those eighteen hours no land was sighted nor any shore signals heard or seen. Very rarely did any vessel sight any other vessel in the column. Wireless signals failed us, and toward the end our position was somewhat in doubt. Necessarily the navigation was all by dead reckoning. The course was changed several times by whistle signals, but with difficulty, and once or twice the column was stopped by gun signals to make sure of accurate soundings. At all times it was less hazardous to keep on than to stop except momentarily in those strong currents. I stood in for the land when supposedly off the entrance, intending to anchor at sea, if need be; but to approach that coast in a fog with four vessels was venturesome navigation. Suddenly the fog cleared a little, and from my flag-ship, the *Brooklyn,* the entrance to Cherbourg harbor was sighted dead ahead and about three quarters of a mile distant. One after another my vessels emerged from the fog-bank, still in column, but opened out a little. In thick weather, close proximity to icebergs and land is sometimes disclosed by timing the echo of ships' steam-whistles. Vessels have been saved from destruction by this recourse.

Fortunately ice is encountered only in certain regions. The ice of the *Titanic's* pack was swept south by the Labrador Current setting over the Great Bank of Newfoundland. Its extensive area this year is probably due to the heavy storms which swept the coast of Labrador last winter and broke contact in the ice-field.

Routes in common, styled ocean lanes, have been established between the English Channel and New York by general agreement of the Atlantic steamship lines. The object is to confine all westbound passages to one route and all eastbound passages to a similar route somewhat farther south, and this to minimize the danger of collision consistently with the best practicable advantage for quick passages, and to provide for help in case of accident. From January 15 to August 14 the standard lanes lead south of the Great Bank of Newfoundland to avoid ice. From August 15 to January 14 they cross that bank as far north as latitude 46 degrees. The *Titanic* struck at 10:30 P.M. on April 14 in latitude 41° 44′ north, longitude 50° 14′ west, while pursuing her regular route. She sank at 2:20 A.M. the same night. Immediately the hydrographic office set to work to establish temporary lanes more to the southward of the Great Bank, in order to clear the ice-field. After clever work by Lieutenant John Grady, U. S. N., in charge of the branch hydrographic office at New York, all transatlantic steamship lines agreed, and on April 19 the change was made; but the drift of the ice was so rapid that another change of lane to the southward was made through the hydrographic office on May 11, and still another on May 19. By May 13 ice had reached as far south as latitude 38° 50′. Doubtless in good time the former lanes will be reëstablished.

Floating derelicts are dangers the drift and position of which it is difficult to predict. Some drift a year or more before breaking up; others are destroyed by government vessels. I need hardly discuss at length the dangers or perils inherent in the vessel herself. Most of these can be met successfully in their incipiency. Spontaneous combustion of coal may occur in oily waste or rags, or in coal-dust which has been stowed for a long time in hot bunkers. During the Spanish War I commanded the Atlantic liner *St. Paul,* which had been transformed into an armed scout cruiser. Once we were endangered by the spontaneous combustion of coal in a full bunker which contained two hundred and fifty tons.

In the event of accident like that of the *Titanic,* the first intention is to keep the vessel afloat and retain her people aboard. The last resort is to abandon her. It is attempted, therefore, to make vessels nonsinkable from ordinary damage, by subdividing them into water-tight compartments, whereby the inroad of water may be restricted to one or more compartments only, leaving the vessel sufficient buoyancy to remain afloat. The *Titanic* had fifteen water-tight compartments, in addition to those of her double bottom, which extended only to the upward turn of her bilge. Since she was constructed to carry much cargo or freight, her space

below decks was conserved as much as possible in order to return a good investment on the money expended in her construction and operations. With her water-tight structure thus limited, she should have carried more boats.

Water-tight subdivision is carried to its extreme in battle-ships, which are liable to be torpedoed and rammed or to be injured by gun-fire in many parts. The United States battle-ship *Delaware,* of 20,000 tons displacement, has 427 water-tight compartments. Some of these are closed by removable plates, but she has 292 water-tight doors. In a battle-ship the double bottoms extend virtually the whole length of the vessel and up her sides to the water-tight, protective deck that overspreads boilers, engines, magazines, bunkers, and storerooms. Both transverse and longitudinal bulkheads are everywhere. The coal-bunkers are winged, or built in along the side of the vessel, as are also certain other compartments. It is clearly recognized, however, that a close parallel cannot be drawn between a battle-ship and an ocean-liner. Nevertheless, some ocean-liners have winged coal-bunkers. With added compartments, inspection and caretaking becomes increasingly burdensome. The frequent inspections of a battle-ship's compartments and doors by many responsible people are carefully recorded.

At night all water-tight doors and plates on board our war-vessels are kept shut except those necessary for passageway. Certain water-tight doors can be operated from the decks above. Collision drills are frequent. Recently the cruiser *Maryland* was accidentally perforated by a torpedo head in the wake of a coal-bunker, but the inroad of water was confined to that bunker, and the damage was easily repaired temporarily. The United States torpedo-destroyer *Warrington* had her whole stern cut off by collision, but remained afloat.

In the design of every merchant vessel of great size there are many compromises which tax her designer severely. Notwithstanding the limitations forced on the designer, I venture to predict an extended use of winged coal-bunkers and of double bottoms. It is also conceivable that passenger service and freight service afloat will be by separate conveyance, following in that respect the railroad practice on shore. Indeed, there is already an approach to this change by the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania,* which are mail- and passenger-carriers. They never take more than a thousand tons of freight,—commonly only from four hundred to six hundred tons,—and have winged coal-bunkers.

American war-vessels carry enough boats to accommodate only from forty to sixty per cent. of their people. The object is to have enough for general transit purposes and to land armed parties of men. In the event of grounding, several trips would be necessary to land all hands. Commonly battle-ships cruise in company, and are mutually helpful in the event of accident. Naval men are trained oarsmen, and are also taught swimming. The racing crew of the battle-ship *Kentucky* won the Drexel Cup for three years successively. The crew was composed of men from the engineer force. I understand they were trained for two years at least by the chief engineer. The boats contain tools and materials for repairs, drinking water, and enough concentrated "emergency rations" to serve their full complement of passengers with three meals for three or four days. "Abandoning ship" is a drill which is frequently practised. Life-rafts have been discarded, but there is a full supply of cork jackets. During the war with Spain, the American war-vessels off Santiago retained only two pulling boats and their two steam-launches, the latter for picket service.

It is critical work to lower a boat from its davits in a heavy sea. The higher the free-board of the vessel, the more difficult the undertaking. Hanging from her tackles, the boat constitutes a heavy pendulum, swinging out from the ship on one roll, and striking against the side of the ship with tremendous and disconcerting force on the reverse roll. When near the water she may be struck by a sea, and thrown against the ship with great violence. To detach her from her tackles, bow and stern simultaneously, when near the water, a lever in the boat is pulled, and she drops bodily. Were one end dropped first, the upward heave of the vessel might send the free end under water. Many lives have been lost in accidents of this kind. The *Titanic's* boat-deck was seventy feet above the water.

To lower her boats in a heavy sea would have been a trying operation to the best of seamen. I find it difficult to conceive how the officers of ocean-liners can command the situation under the stress of an emergency like that of the *Titanic*. Undisciplined bodies of people, whether soldiers, sailors, or civilians, are likely to be impetuous and clamorous in sudden emergency. Even many who volunteer help are likely to be "all fingers and thumbs" in the mechanics of the moment. In the main, the conduct aboard the *Titanic* appears to have been amazingly fine, and reflects great credit on Captain Smith, his officers, and many of the passengers.

The difficulty in providing enough boats to accommodate all hands, even for a great vessel like the *Titanic,* is not insuperable. They could be arranged on the boat-deck in rows or tiers, but might have to be lowered in succession from a few davits. When one boat has been lowered, another cannot be lowered from the same davits until the falls or tackles are rounded-up and the preceding boat is clear of the ship's side. Again, if the vessel herself be listed much, all boats might have to be lowered from one side only.

Atlantic liners are in port so little that I cannot see at this moment how oarsmanship can be accomplished unless the men are required to give certificate of qualification on joining the vessel. Perhaps qualified men might be given a little additional pay.

No quality of structure or equipment can be given a vessel without bringing forward the serious question of added weight. The logical aim of development is unsinkability of the vessel herself. I have it from an expert source that after moderate subdivision below the water-line, a liner could be so constructed as to have, above the water-line, a great subdivided structure which would be, in effect, an enormous habitable pontoon of sufficient buoyancy to float the vessel even after great flooding below. The pontoon would be without air-ports, but lighted and ventilated by artificial means, such as we find in the navy at the present time. There would be water-tight doors or hatches. I have heard experts surmise that when the *Titanic's* forward compartments were injured she inclined by the head so much as to bring their bursted ceiling-decks below the water-line, and that the water then flowed aft and down the hatches of other protective compartments. Detachable deck-houses, bulwarks, and other parts of the upper works have been proposed. These are intended to be passenger-carrying, and to float independently when the vessel sinks, but they have never met with favor. They are dangerous and cumbrous weights to be set adrift at a time of supreme peril and difficulty, perhaps in a heavy sea or from a vessel inclined from the normal. In fact, they might not be detachable at all in a great swirl of waters. The use of compressed air forced into the compartments of the vessel has also been proposed, simulating the principle of diving-armor. The mechanism would lie dormant during the lifetime of most vessels in which it was used, and yet would require the constant care needed for all air-tight apparatus. Seemingly the suggestion represents a principle of more value for deliberate use, such as wrecking, than for sudden emergency. At least it has more promise than most expedients which have been proposed. Compressed air is already used for expelling water from the diving-tanks of submarines. I pass by the many other expedients for supplementing boats in the event of abandoning ship. All are makeshifts, requiring manual or mechanical effort at critical times. If launched into the water indiscriminately, they would be likely to impede the lowering of life-boats. Confusion should not be invited.

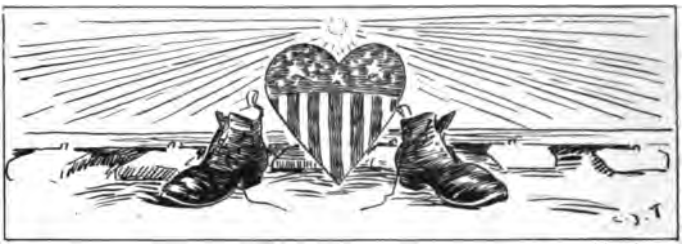
Wireless is a great recourse, as was found in the case of the *Titanic,* but provision should be made for constant attendance by operators. It was only by a hair that the *Carpathia* caught the message of the *Titanic*. The *Carpathia's* operator was on the point of turning in. Interference by irresponsible amateurs can, and should, be stopped. It is greatly to be condemned that the amenity of the sea should suffer through the assertion of one patent-right over another, by one company against another company. At the very root of the grant of patent monopolies by governments is the recognition of public benefit through invention. Wireless is steadily developing. We may hope much from it.

It is safe to predict that search-lights

will be imperatively prescribed for high-powered ocean-liners. Many of the small steamers of our inland waters now carry them. In July, 1898, the *St. Paul,* under my command, was at New York and under urgent orders to take a regiment and supplies to the relief of General Shafter at Santiago. President McKinley himself urged expedition. I decided to put to sea at night. The *St. Paul* was then down to twenty-nine feet draft. Heavy projectiles for the navy had been stowed in the hold, setting her compasses awry—about two whole compass points, as we found later. She would be obliged to pass obliquely to the usual channel routes through two sets of mines. The range-lights of the channels were obscured, and so were the lights of the gas-buoys at the narrow outer entrance off Sandy Hook. A draft as deep as twenty-nine feet had never been taken out of New York at night under any circumstances. The first pilot who presented himself refused to attempt the pilotage. I demanded another pilot, and accepted all responsibility. The second pilot was heartily willing to pilot the vessel. We started with only one engine operative; the other engine was under temporary repairs. Off Staten Island the second engine was put in operation. Each successive channel-buoy was picked up by our search-lights, and not one was passed until I myself had read the number painted upon it. The passage was made without mishap. Thus a great public service was performed which would have been impossible without the use of search-lights.

Navy search-lights illuminate objects at a distance of from two to five miles. The night lookout of the *Titanic* was stationed aloft, probably a hundred feet above the water. In that position he saw distant objects projected against the dark water instead of against the lighter sky. In the masted ships in the old navy the masthead lookout was called down at sundown and the deck lookouts were stationed. I submit that night lookouts should be stationed as low down as practicable on board ocean-liners. A search-light near the water throws a beam along the water. From a position high up it throws a brilliant elliptical spot, but makes the operation of "sweeping" for an object more difficult. On clear nights the proximity of vessels is made known by their "running lights," white, green, and red. Since immovable objects are dangerous only when ahead, in the line of the vessel's course, the zone to be "swept" for such dangers is narrowly limited. In thick fog search-lights and lookouts have little or no efficiency. It is then that whistle, lead, log, engine counter, hearing, and caution are at their highest value. For the management of ships at sea, relatively to one another, we have the mandatory, international "rules of the road" as revised by an international maritime congress assembled in Washington some years ago. Decisions of courts rest on these rules. A similar congress is soon to meet in London. The rules for wireless transmission, like the "rules of the road," should not be left to the judgment of private companies. Wireless having become general, its guiding rules should be established with the stability that can be obtained only through international agreement and control.

American war-vessels, in their varied cruising, receive aboard all classes of good people, from the plainest citizens up through the highest aristocracies, including royalty itself. Their apartments are comfortable and attractive, but are not burdened with useless ornamentation and appointments of the kind which has been qualified by a foreign writer as "brutal luxury." The Pullman Company has done away, in its coaches, with much senseless embellishment in favor of steel construction and dustless simplicity. Our great ocean-liners might well draw a lesson from this improvement, and put the money saved thereby into useful features of construction and safety, as well as into the comfort of crew and emigrants. The environment of passengers aboard these vessels covers less than one week, yet in all the world there can hardly be found, within a small environment, a more offensive contrast between the upper world and the underworld than exists in these liners between the upper decks and the lower decks. Strange to say, the uttermost, senseless extreme of luxury is reached when the ocean service caters to democratic America. I am not a Socialist, nor do I need be, in order to take note of such unwise differentiation. The expenditure should be distributed rationally.

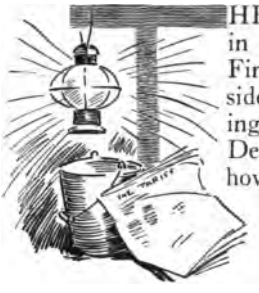


FINERTY ON PRESIDENTS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," "Finerty Holds the Meeting for the Candidate," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. TAYLOR



THERE was so much talk in the sand-house that Finerty was having considerable difficulty in reading his evening paper. Despite the conversation, however, he persevered in his attention to an article on the tariff. The fireman of No. 16 was leading a discussion upon that favorite topic, the mistakes of the President. Finally there came a lull.

"Well, Michael, what 's your opinion?" broached the fireman.

"Th' mishtakes av th' Prisidint! I have no opinion at all. I have been in politics iver since I carri'd th' torch f'r Hancock, and I have seen all th' good times and all th' bad times that Prisidints have made. An' I have noticed that 't is th' able Prisidint that gets through widout makin' a drouth in th' counthry or bringin' on an attack av th' sivinteen-year locust. I have no opinion at all; but d' ye know what ye all raymind me av? Ye all raymind me av Mrs. Bauer th' time ould man Bauer got th' job out in San Fr'nshishco. She had niver seen an earthquake in her life. She niver suspicted wan. Well, wan day whin she was gettin' supper she sint littlc Carl Bauer up in th' attic to bring down a new link av th' dried sausage. They had all kinds av shmoked things up there an' shelves full av jugs an' jars. 'An' see,' says she, 'if I can daypind on ye to do it right now.' So little Carl wint up to th' attic an' shtood careful on his toes an' reached f'r th' link av sausage. An' just whin he was gettin' hold av it his feet shlipped, an' th' house shook, an' a piece av th' chimney kem off an' broke through th' roof an' fell wid an awful clatther on th' attic flure. Whin th' chimney slammed on th' flure, Mrs. Bauer wint to th' fut av th' shtairs an' called up, *'Now* what is it ye have knocked over? Come down here at wanst an' I will thry an' teach you something.' So Carl kem down clingin' to th' link av sausage like 't was a life-preserver, f'r he knew that this time he had gone an' done it. 'You Carl,' says she, 'can I niver teach ye to kape yer mind on annything? Will ye niver learn to have anny care wid yer hands an' feet? Bedad!' says she, shpakin' in German, 'I niver saw th' likes av ye.' So she reached f'r th' shtick an' she laid Carl acrost her lap, an' she whipped him good an' hard. F'r makin' th' earthquake. I have no opinion at all, an' I want to rade me paper; but I have noticed that whin a man is put into th' high position, he has got to be raysponsible f'r all that happens above, or down in th' coal-mines. F'r ye are all a boonch av Indians, an' ye think that iverything is done be th' Great White Father."

Finerty turned his attention again to the newspaper and finally got his finger planted on the place in the tariff article where he had left off. But he had no

more than gathered his mind on the trend of the argument when he lowered the paper again and took the pipe from his mouth. Evidently he had not expressed himself to his full satisfaction.

"On th' *other* hand," he continued, "whin they get in wan av these amateur Prisidints, he is likely to take it into his head that he r'ally *is* th' Great White Father. An' he is th' power behind th' counthry. An' whin he dooes, it rayminds me av wan day whin I was playin' marbles. Whin I was a bye 't was me fav'rite amusemint to play marbles on th' railroad thracks. There was no grass growin' there, an' 't was nice an' smooth on th' cinders. Well wan day I was playin' in th' cool shade at th' ind av a freight-car, an' th' other boy c'u'd bate me at it ivery time; so I thought I w'u'd show mesilf how *sthrong* I was. I w'u'd see if mabby I c'u'd push th' freight-car. I put me shoulder to it an' shoved; an', bedad! afther a while I got it to movin'. Wid that I pushed ha-a-rder than iver an' done me bist; an' then I had it ra'lly goin'. Whin 't was goin' to suit me I gev it wan more push an' shtepped out to see it go. An' d' ye know I was rale disapp'inted to find that there was a locomotive on th' other ind av th' thrain? An' I have seen th' like av that in politics."

"Then who do you think is going to be elected?" inquired the fireman.

"It makes little diff'rence *what* I 'd be thinkin'. F'r my way av thinkin' has gone out av shtyle. What w'u'd Jackson think if he was asked t' shtate his position on rayformed shpellin'? What w'u'd Jifferson think if he had to shtop his locomotive at a hitchin'-post out in Arizony to make a tin-minute spache on th' subject av wather? What w'u'd Washington think if he had to shtand on his ricord on conservation? Bedad, they w'u'd have him bate on th' cherry-tree shcandal. Ye nade not ixpict me to talk to ye at all, f'r I want to rade me pa-aper."

Michael again hunted up his place in the tariff article and returned the pipe to his mouth as he settled down to read. Meanwhile his wishes were respected to the extent that the company confined their remarks to one another. Suddenly, however, he broke his own silence.

"How d' ye shpell that word?" he inquired, showing the newspaper to the fireman of No. 16, and holding his finger on the place.

"Why, it 's spelled just as it is there. That 's c-a-o-u-t-c-h-o-u-c."

"How d' ye pranounce it?"

"Well, I don't know exactly how they do pronounce it. It 's cachook."

"Ca-*chook*. 'T is like Bill Devine's switch-engine whin 't is shtartin' up wid a load. I bet if ye 'd give th' throttle a pull ould No. 27 c'u'd pranounce it. Ca-*chook*. Kape shtill whilst I look at it. Th' letthers av it do not make sinse."

Finerty relapsed into quiet and knit his brow in close study.

"Afther ye take a good look at it ye can see 't is right. F'r whin ye have wanst seen it ye c'u'd defy anny wan t' pass it off on me f'r anny other word. At first I thought 't was a printher's accidint."

"That 's why they are going to have reform spelling," observed the fireman.

"*Rayform* shpellin'! How w'u'd a rayform shpeller shpell that now?"

"I would n't be able to say," answered the fireman. "I only know the word by sight."

"What more w'u'd anny wan nade to know? Ye can shpell it as it is an' pranounce it inja-rubber. But what I am thryin' to find out is if they have raised th' *juty* on it."

This time Finerty seemed to have got his mind finally settled upon the newspaper. But suddenly he put it down again and looked up.

"*Rayform!*" he enunciated. "'T is nothin' but rayform this an' rayform that. There is only two ways to shpell—right an' wrong. An' I am goin' to shtick to thim. Bedad! 't is gettin' worse ivery day. There is people that think ye ought to live on nuts; an' there 's some that think th' worruld is a hollow place, an' we are all livin' on th' inside. An' politics is just as bad. I dunno phwhat things are comin' to."

"What do you think of Roosevelt?" insisted the pertinacious fireman.

"*Rooshvelt!* I think," said Finerty, "that he has been havin' an awful hard time thryin' to shtep into his own shoes again. An' I have had th' like exper'ence mesilf. I dunno did I iver tell ye about me weddin' thrip? If ye want to be listenin' to me I will tell it to ye."

"Go ahead," said the fireman, rising from his upturned bucket and taking a more restful position against the sand-pile.

"Whin I got marri'd th' company prisinted me wid a pass. 'T was a pass f'r me an' Marg'ret to take our weddin' thrip to Chicago. In thim days I did not care a cint f'r money, an' whin I got marri'd I bought iverything av th' bist. I had a fine diagonal suit wid a silk tie an' a pair av patent leather shoes wid fancy socks. An' if they had had shtove-pipe hats wid elbows

"Well, whin we sthruck th' beginnin's av Chicago I shtooped over to get mesilf ready, an' Marg'ret spread her shkirt out to shut out th' view. An', bedad! me shoes w'u'd not go on. 'Bad cess t' ye!' thinks I, 'ye have *got* to go on,' an' I wint at it wid all me strin'th. But 't was no use. Me feet had shwelled. Ayther I had to sthretch th' shoes or shqueeze down th' size av me feet; an' nayther av thim w'u'd give in. Befure I shtopped I pulled wan av th' sthraps out be th' roots;

Drawn by C. J. Taylor

"'I ROWLED UP TH' BOTTOM AV ME PANTS AN' WE WADED RIGHT OUT INTO CHICAGO'"

in thim I suppose they c'u'd 'a' sold me wan av thim, too; f'r I had no more sinse. Afther th' ceremony was over an' we had our photygrafts taken, we wint down to th' daypo an' took th' thrain. An' we had a fine thrip till we came to what I am goin' to tell ye about. Th' shoes got to hurtin', an' about a hoondred miles this side av Indi'napolis they were shqueezin' th' life out av me. They shtarted hurtin' down in Kentucky, an' they kept gettin' worse; so along in Indiana Marg'ret daycided I had betther take thim off. I c'u'd hide me feet undther th' other man's seat, an' she w'u'd not mind it at all. So she sat on th' side nixt to th' aisle, an' I took thim off unbeknownst to anny wan.

an' whin I sthraightened up an' wiped th' shweat off me face th' thrain was rowlin' right into th' main part av th' city.

" 'But, Michael dear,' says Marg'ret to me, 'ye have *got* to get thim on.'

" 'They will not *go* on,' says I.

" 'But,' says she, 'they were on ye befure. An' so they will go on ye again.'

" 'I do not want to get into an argymint wid ye,' says I. 'I have thried t' get thim on, an' I know whin I am bate.'

" 'But,' says she, 'ye know ye had thim on befure.'

" 'Marg'ret,' says I, 'will ye thry an' undthershtand me. I *did* have thim on befure. An' whin I had thim on befure

me feet were noomber eight. An' now me feet are noomber tin.'

" 'Then thry thim wid yer socks off,' says she.

" 'I *have* me socks off,' says I, holdin' thim up to satisfy her. 'An' there is no use thryin' to *talk* thim shoes on.' An' wid that th' brakeman put his head in at th' dure an' called out, 'Chica-a-a-a-ago —as fa-a-ar as we go.'

"F'r a little while th' nayther av us said annything, f'r we were thinkin'. An' then I turned to Marg'ret, f'r I had med up me mind to it.

" 'Whin we get off av th' thrain,' says I, 'ye can walk tin or twinty shteps behind me, an' no wan will iver know ye are marri'd to me.'

" 'I will not do annything av th' kind,' says she; 'f'r wher'iver ye go I am goin' right along wid ye.'

" 'All right,' says I, puttin' th' socks into me pocket. 'We will soon have to be gettin' off.'

" 'Are ye not goin' t' wear yer nice socks?' says she. 'Don't ye think ye w'u'd look betther wid thim on?'

" 'I am not,' says I. 'F'r there *is* such a thing as goin' barefutted. But there is *no* such a thing as goin' up th' sthreet wid green socks on.'

" 'T was then Marg'ret give up, ixcipt that she wanted me to shtart out whin th' crowd was goin' up th' aisle, f'r then none av thim c'u'd see.

" 'I intind to do nothin' av th' kind,' says I, 'f'r I will have no wan shteppin' on me feet.'

"Wid that th' air-brakes turned loose, an' I put on me hat an' sthraightened me tie; an' whin they were all out, I rowled up th' bottom av me pants an' we waded right out into Chicago.

" 'T was on th' lake front, an' afther a little we kem to a shtop on wan side av Michigan Avenue that has no buildin's on it, f'r there is a kind av a front yard to Chicago. Th' people were sthrollin' up an' down, an' we had not daycided what shtep to take nixt. 'T is not that I am ashamed av me feet at all; but, ye see, th' dignity av me clothes did not ha-a-armonize wid me barefuttedness. Off to our right was th' Art Inschichoot. In th' front av us was th' Auditorium Hotel. An' off to our lift was th' statue av Gineral Logan. An' there we shtood."

Two long blasts and two short ones announced the oncoming of a locomotive.

"No. 10!" exclaimed Finerty as he bolted out of the sand-house and slammed the door behind him.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"BUSHIDO" FOR AMERICA

A LAY SERMON FOR "THE FOURTH"

"ABOUT this time," as the old almanacs would say, look out for the flatterers of the people. Every four years politicians of a certain mold and of one party or another travel up and down the land to tell the dear public how good and wise and brave it is. We shall have much of this class of cheap flattery on the Fourth of July. One would think, to hear these prophets of complacency, that we were the only nation really worth the consideration of an overruling Providence, and it becomes a source of wonder how, well-nigh infallible as we are, we could ever have gotten into the snarls and dangers from which these same politicians profess to be able to extricate us by this or that reform or law or constitutional amendment. And yet there is not one of these perils that might not have been avoided if in the past the people had been as good and wise and brave as these promoters of illusion represent them to be.

The fact is, as anybody not living in a fool's paradise knows, and in his candid moments admits, the people, being not an undivided entity, but an aggregation of

good, bad, and indifferent elements,—alas! too often indifferent, in another sense,—are led, whether for good or for evil, by the minority, and the problem of government is how to give the freest play and the largest power to the best and wisest—as against the base and ignorant—and how to get the most service from them. Unless we are to relinquish representative government for the town-meeting plan and submit every law to the whole people,—and who can prove that this would give us better results?—we must concentrate upon the education of the individual citizen, so that the people may choose not only good measures, but good men to originate and execute them. In other words, dependence must be on improvement from within, by raising the standards of honesty, honor, and patriotism, rather than by providing new political machinery:

> For forms of government let fools contest
> What 's best administered is best.

Where political affairs have become deplorable, as in city government, it has been because of the ignorance, incompetence, indifference, or cowardice of a majority. Where they have been remedied, it has been due to the willingness of the aroused majority to follow the lead of a few intelligent, competent, incorruptible, and courageous men. Let us put away cant, and recognize that the trouble is with the average man, and when challenged, "Do you not believe in the people?" let us reply, "Yes, when they rise to their highest standards," "Yes, when their passing impulses are sobered by reflection." Emerson puts it trenchantly when he says that "wise men are not wise at all hours, and will speak five times from their taste or their humor, to once from their reason." How much more deliberation is needed by the more impulsive!

Now, how is the individual voter to be prepared for his responsibilities? Manifestly, by the inculcation in home and school of right principles,—first, through manners, which are merely the formal expression of respect for the rights of others; second, through self-control, the main problem of life; and third, through altruism, which is at the bottom of all real success. A man who has been properly disciplined in these regards cannot fail to be a patriot. When we are careful of the rights of others, our own rights are more sure to be preserved.

President Taft, in one of his speeches two years ago, remarked upon a tendency of some Americans to look down upon foreigners and to speak slightingly of their social codes, which he thought entitled to our study and respect. He had in mind, perhaps, the courtesy of the Spaniard, perhaps the less stately, but not less charming politeness of the Japanese—qualities which a bustling world is likely to underestimate as forces of civilization. In the Japanese code of conduct, known as "bushido," the training of manners is fundamental, being the basis of the other qualities of rectitude, courage, benevolence, veracity, honor, and loyalty. Before a child is fifteen years of age he has had instilled into his consciousness his relationship not merely to the family, but to the state, and has become a patriot in embryo. With that practical eagerness to adopt what is best which is a marvelous trait of the Japanese, the harsher features of the code, those of suicide and revenge, derived from the samurai or aristocracy, have been given up or are rapidly disappearing, leaving only the *noblesse oblige* of the days of knighthood, the altruism which is the animating principle of Christianity and other religions and of true democracy.

It is not that our people are at heart inferior to others or more lacking in goodwill to men. In a great emergency like the *Titanic* disaster the innate chivalry and self-sacrifice of the American come to the front, and palpably raise the outward standard of heroism of the nation. What is desirable is that this altruism—this willingness to serve others—should become a vital and pervading force in the humdrum and routine of government and politics. How to bring this about is a problem that may well employ the thoughts of educators, sociologists, and Christian workers, such as those who are giving force and vitality to the "Men and Religion Forward Movement"; but we shall begin too late if we overlook the agency of manners as taught to children. To teach a child not to enter a private room without knocking; not to take things belonging to others; to rise to its elders and to defer to them; to welcome and master hard tasks, and be

ashamed of doing bad work; to scorn all forms of meanness; to be just as well as chivalrous to the weak and poor; to be fair in fight and brave in the defense of right—such injunctions are, in their varying degrees of importance, lessons in good citizenship and patriotism. The future of America lies in a keener perception of the solidarity of the nation and this can be promoted by the greater ideality and devotion of parents. Instead of yielding to the quadrennial absorption in factional hatreds and divisions, it is better to keep in mind that the heritage of freedom can best be guarded by learning and teaching how to live nobly in every relation of life.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY ON RECORD AGAINST LAWLESSNESS

ALTHOUGH from time to time there has been a natural, and in many respects wholesome, drift of public opinion toward an extension of the functions of government in the direction of paternalism, we can see no basis for thinking either wise or practicable the main tenet of Socialism,—the wholesale substitution of governmental proprietorship and cooperation in productive effort for individual ownership and initiative. It will not suffice to stir up discontent with wrong conditions; a political party or candidate should propose definite policies of a constructive nature. But the economic field offers much debatable ground and it would be folly to affix a stigma to any class of men who simply differ in opinion as to the best way of curing public evils. It is when discontent leaves the fields of discussion and political action for that of violence that it arouses the protest of all who believe in the supremacy of freedom through law.

It is a pleasure to make record of the fact that in the national convention of the Socialist Party, held at Indianapolis, May 17, counsels of violence were emphatically rejected, despite the opposition of the ideas of the Industrial Workers of the World (known in England as the "I Won't Works"), whose apparent purpose is to possess themselves by violence of the control of one industry after another. The convention adopted a new section of its constitution to read thus:

> Any member of the party who opposes political action, or advocates crime, sabotage, or other methods of violence as a weapon of the working-class, to aid in its emancipation, shall be expelled from membership in the party. Political action shall be construed to mean participation in elections for public office and practical legislative and administrative work along the lines of the Socialist Party platform.

The only fact that would seem to discredit the sincerity of this action lies in the convention's nomination for the Presidency of Eugene V. Debs, who in the past has not "roared you as gently as any sucking dove," and who, were he to repeat the offense of resistance to authority for which he was imprisoned, might now incur the additional penalty of disavowal and dismissal by his party. Nevertheless, accepting the Socialist statement at its face-value, it is a great gain for true conservatism. At a time of vague and wide-spread industrial unrest the forces of law and order should welcome this downright and patriotic action from the Socialists, who have much to gain by strict adhesion to this declaration and everything to lose by failure to adhere to it. At last they have given us a statement both definite and admirable.

LARGE FORTUNES AND THE IMAGINATION

IT is told of Charles Sumner that during a visit to England, pleading with a distinguished jurist for the abolition of primogeniture, and being asked: "What would you do in America if a millionaire having several children should leave all his fortune to his eldest son?" he replied in a flash, "Do? Why, we 'd break the will on the ground of insanity."

Mr. Carnegie's saying that the time will come when it will be considered a disgrace to die rich has a counterpart in the feeling that the time has already come when it is accounted a disgrace that a man of very large wealth should leave his whole fortune, or even the bulk of it, to his personal heirs. This is attested by the shock with which the public learned the terms of the will of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, by which, out of an estimated total of an estate of

$150,000,000, apparently, if we except $30,000 to a private school, not one cent is left to the service of humanity! It is unbelievable that the sense of family pride which dictated the purpose of holding together this colossal fortune by a sort of primogeniture should not have operated to claim for a family not without liberality in the past an honorable share, with others of great fortune, in the future upbuilding of the city and the country with which that family has been identified. This is all the more remarkable because this particular fortune has owed its increase in an unusual degree to the "unearned increment" due to the advance of real-estate values caused by the general progress of the city.

To be sure, no small part of this great sum will go automatically into the public coffers as an inheritance tax; but this fact does not remove the stigma that rightfully rests upon one who has thus conspicuously counted himself out of the list of the great benefactors of his race and time.

By contrast, this incident suggests the extraordinary contributions which are being made to the progress of the country from the resources of rich men living or dead. The great benefactions which bear the names of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Sage, Girard, Peabody, Cornell, Hopkins, Stanford, Pearson, Janes, Kennedy, Burt, Magee, Speyer, Widener, Phipps, and Harriman, and thousands of other foundations have given an impulsion to progress in America which fifty years ago would have been thought the wild imagining of a dream. In scientific research, in the fight against disease, in higher education, in the spread of knowledge, in remedial effort, in the furtherance of peace, in social uplift, in the study of social problems—is there any one so blind as not to see the vitality which has been given to such work by the resources of wealth? Again, a score of men are creating galleries of art which will some time attract visitors to America as now we go to see the London National Gallery, The Louvre, or the Uffizi. It is idle to call these purchases extravagant. These treasures will some day all be at the service of that "leisure" of the working-man for which he naturally desires shorter hours of labor. Many of them are already as much the property of the public as though the most socialistic theory were in force. And in the years to come, when our renaissance shall arrive, the chance of the artisan will be all the more fortunate because our museums will supply him with models of beauty in a hundred articles of handicraft—models which now are often regarded as useless curiosities. In general, in one generation a new standard, a new mind, has obtained among our rich men. Call their motive for these benefactions what you will,—and it may run from penance to patriotism,—they are operating to make the New World a vastly better one to live in.

It is remarkable that in all this wise and far-sighted generosity no one has yet seen the desirability of largely endowing the cultivation of the creative imagination, by adequately promoting not the history, but the practice of the arts—literature, painting, sculpture, music, and the drama. It is on this side that we are lagging behind our "possible," as the French say. The creative imagination among us was probably never at so low an ebb, and yet it is the need and glory of the race, and has marked all the great epochs of civilization. "Where there is no vision the people perish." To expect genuine national progress without a high degree of cultivation of the imagination is like trying to lift one's self by his boot-straps. Moreover, no mental quality is more practical: for example, to the lack of imagination more than to any other factor are ascribed the falling-off in our export trade and the still shameful conditions of municipal government. The people often seem to be unable to imagine a better state of affairs, and plod on in a hand-to-mouth acceptance of things as they are. So long as the means of life are exalted above its proper ends, utilitarianism will keep on devouring its own children.

An example of indifference to intellectual things was given by the recent banquet in New York to the distinguished French visitors who came as a guard of honor to the bust of "France" by Rodin, the generous gift of their countrymen in memory of Champlain. One would expect to find among those who were invited to greet this chosen delegation of French savants, writers, and publicists, some representative men of letters, sculptors, painters, and scholars of our own country.

With the exception of two college presidents, there was only a single one, and he, in order to testify his respect, had requested the privilege of subscribing. But let M. Rodin be content. His exquisite work of art, though not welcomed at the pier by a committee of our best sculptors, had the compliment of being cordially ignored at the banquet by a large number of beautiful ladies of fashionable society!

If creative intellectual work is to prosper and increase in America, it must be treated with recognition and respect, and, in the absence of the governmental support which elsewhere prevails, and which no one here desires, private beneficence should be encouraged to add to the influence of the arts the dignity and the opportunities which come from large financial resources.

OPEN LETTERS

ON A SABBATICAL YEAR IN AUTHORSHIP

To a Friend in the Last Stages of Acute Literary Indigestion

My dear Jeremiah:

I have thought much over our late talk. Your despairing question, "How can any one hope to keep up with all that is written?" stirs me mightily.

Alas! the case is well-nigh hopeless. To none of us is it given ever to keep up. You are only one of uncounted millions worsted in the desperate struggle with literature. From times lost in antiquity, men's ears have sickened at the same anguished lament as yours, beginning with that of weary old Solomon, "Of making many books there is no end." That wise and venerable monarch, after a few daily words with each of his numerous connubial partners, may well have felt appalled at the limited time left him in which to acquaint himself with current literature. The painful fact, however, remains—that of making many books there was even then no end. The sympathy of a sorrowfully enlightened world is with the sage in his complaint.

But what do you think would have been the burden of his lament were he living now? For though his glorious kingdom has long since passed from the face of the globe, though empires and dynasties with their myriad splendors have become as dreams in the night, their greatest cities fields of scattered stones, their mightiest monuments beach-strewn wrecks, their proudest tombs but violated caves, their books—ah, their puny little books still live! And silently down through the ages, imperishable leaves fallen from the vast tree of life along the highways of the world, these have remorselessly gathered and gathered. Not even the omnipotent hand of Time has had power to sweep them from our path. Already we flounder waist-deep in literature. Yet inexorably, overwhelmingly, still the books gather and gather and gather. If you have sufficient wit to cipher out the proportion in which their increase advances upon that of population, you may readily determine at what near date we shall lie smothered under our accumulated wealth, like Tarpeia beneath the piled-up shields of the Sabines.

The most paralyzing feature connected with this ceaseless avalanche of literature is of course that all these books have to be read. Aye, Jeremiah, there 's the rub! For what merely human creature of us, though he were to outnumber the years of a Thomas Parr, nay, of that polycentenarian, Methuselah, could hope to keep up in any degree with this fierce output of print, even were he a hydra-headed, Argus-eyed monster, with each spectacled orb intent on the perusal of the volumes as they issued pell-mell from the press?

Reflect, my dear friend, for one ghastly moment upon what is demanded of every man of ordinary culture.

He must be conversant, in translations, if not in the originals, with the entire present-day literature of every country, taking a mental snap-shot of every individual writer, good, bad, or indifferent, who dawns upon the literary horizon, if only to know whom to laud and whom to execrate. This feat is naturally impossible. It is expected of him none the less.

Nor is this all, or half.

He must, besides, have at least a speaking acquaintance with every dead author since the year 1 whose works have been crowned as classics by that unerring academy of the centuries yclept "the verdict of posterity." This feat likewise is plainly impossible. No less is this also expected of him.

And withal—oh, Herculean task, in comparison with which the twelve labors sink into insignificance!—he must keep in close touch with the deluge of monthlies, weeklies, and dailies that flood the world in successive tidal waves of immeasurable magnitude. This is the crowning impossibility. And this is not only expected of him, but is exacted of him. Truly, it is no longer the writer, but the well-read man, who deserves the Nobel prize for literature.

Now, as you and I know only too well, all that any of us asks for is time—time simply to catch up with the old before embarking upon the new. But this is the one thing denied us. And of these many imperative obligations, the one that irks the most and that forever prevents our overtaking the acknowledged best of the past, is this terrible necessity of keeping up with the literature of the present—with the newly printed chance book or article that "every one is talking about." It is useless to take down the neglected essay or overlooked ode of a great one. Just as we have it in our hungry hands, lo! Bergson springs a new philosophy upon us, or Bennett produces a Five Towns' sequel, or, worse yet, Shaw writes a preface, and the illuminating classic has to be returned forthwith to the dust whence it was taken. No, there is no hope of our ever catching up. There are no winners to the goal. Every reader is left hopelessly behind in the race.

If this is the lamentable state of affairs in our time, fancy what it will be five centuries from now! Yourself aside, think of that wretched reader of the future, with five hundred additional years of book production to catch up with! His mental status is inconceivable even by the most wildly imaginative. Naturally, before then clearing-houses of literature will be instituted, and in bonfires beside which Savonarola's pales, all of the classics save only the absolute must-be-reads will have become ashes. Indubitably, too, before then some ingenious wearable book-rack will have been devised, so that men may read as they run, and thus lose the minimum of time while going about their business. Perhaps, too, the fashion of palimpsests may be revived, with their beneficent obliteration of past records before the imposition upon the world of new messages, since what could be more appropriate for countless modern-day publications, including Presidential addresses with their imposing promises, than so kindly an instrument of future effacement?

Of course, though, no palliative measures will suffice. You will agree with me that some drastic remedy is essential to meet the intolerable situation. But, thank Heaven! such a one lies immediately within reach. It is a miracle that it has not sooner been resorted to. The matter needs only to be brought to the International Court of Arbitration, with delegates from every existing nation. Before this assembly the world's writers will plead their case against that of the long-oppressed, book-ridden public. And the court will decree the establishment of a sabbatical year in authorship—one holy, happy, heavenly year in every seven in which no writer may put pen to paper, and no publisher may foist upon us any new book whatsoever.

O Jeremiah, think of the instantaneous and incalculable benefit to mankind from so simple a measure as this! What the seventh day of rest is to our worn-out, week-day workers, this sabbatical year will be to a harassed and jaded universe of readers. Twelve glorious months in which authors shall cease from troubling and critics shall be at rest! A whole blessed year in which to catch up! What a reprieve for the publishers! What a holiday for the editors! What a lightening of manuscript-congested mails! What a gain for the libraries, free to reserve their shelves for masterpieces! What a respite from the bloated, blatant newspaper, the world's happenings decently compressed into one small, clean sheet of ungarbled, undiscredited, uninflated information!

And what an inestimable boon to the writers themselves! While the ink dries in the well and the paper lies unsullied upon the desk, their ideas, germinating in the quiet, and nourished through long months of meditation, will mature into full leaf and flower before that deferred springtime of publication, which now too often has imposed upon it the bare stalks and stems of the depleted harvests of genius.

Picture the liberated reader, turning triumphantly to the old and inspiring! Picture him, no longer hounded by the demon of haste, comfortably exploring the vast

fields of the unread, refurbishing rusty memories, re-reading (yea, verily, re-reading!) what he will, shrinking before no length of theme or bulk of volume, even—who knows?—even perhaps venturing upon all of "Jean Christophe," in fearless anticipation of the final instalment!

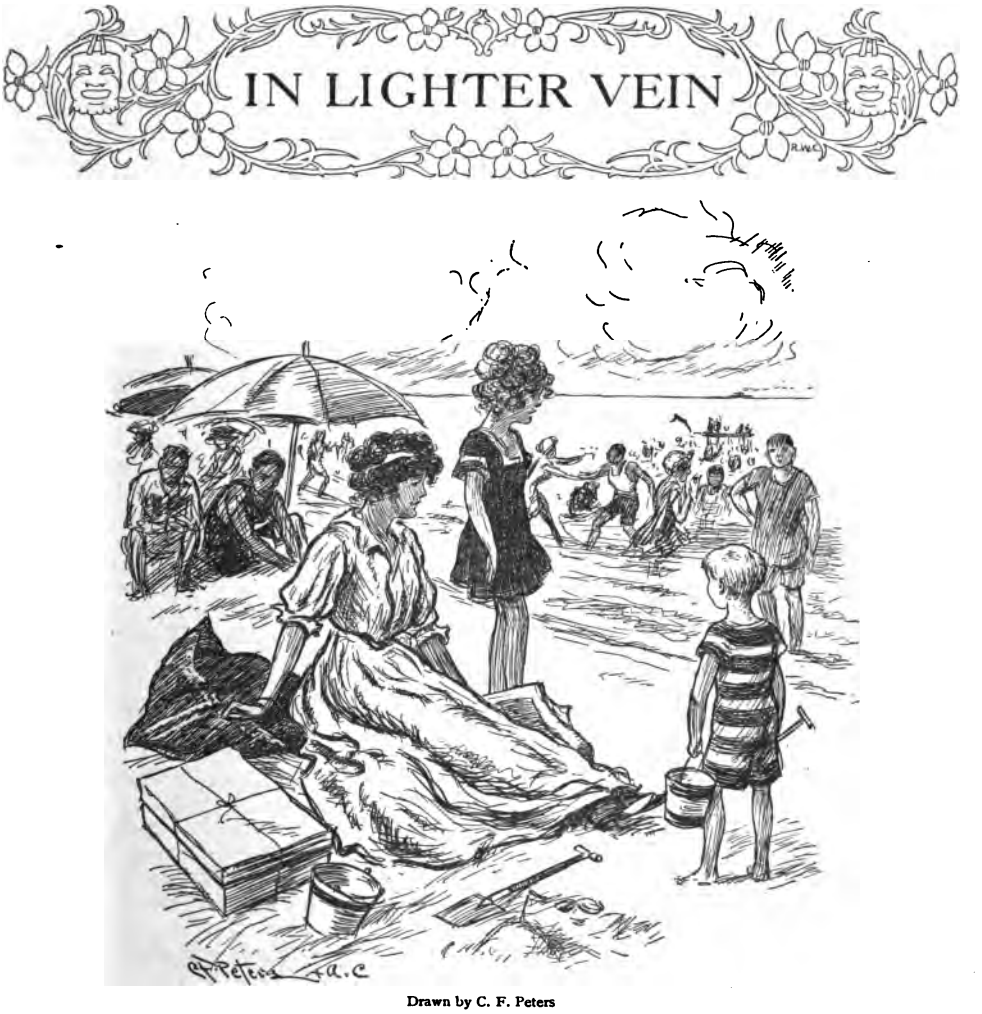
So, in that twelvemonth's blessed millennium, we may come at last into our due inheritance of culture, as the voices of the past speak again with fuller meaning to an audience at leisure to listen and to learn. Then shall the laid-by pen of the master truly prove itself mightier than the sword. For all over the land war will suddenly cease. The world will be sitting still in its arm-chair reading, absorbed body and soul in catching up, and the idle weapons of offense and defense will hang tarnished and forgotten upon the arsenal walls.

Oh, a crown, a triple crown, for the hero, be it Carnegie or another, who, if only in the interest of universal peace, shall bring the petition for a sabbatical year in authorship before that immortal congress! His name, passed from mouth to mouth through all the generations of readers yet to come, shall live forever and forever in the hearts of a rescued and grateful universe.

Cheer up, then, my dear Jeremiah, for, after all, there is hope. So pluck up heart, and endure as you can till the relief comes that is surely at hand, not for you only, but for us all. In the meantime, I remain

Your deeply sympathetic fellow-sufferer,

Grace Denio Litchfield.



Drawn by C. F. Peters

BATHING-BEACH ETIQUETTE

"May we go in now, Mother, or do we have to wait till those people have finished with the ocean?"

BALLADE OF THE HOUSEHOLD PAGE

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

GRAVE critics sigh at what they see,
And make their moan with deep regret,
For lovely woman, doomed to be
The pedant or the suffragette.
On lofty art her mind is set,
Or business cares her thoughts engage.
These darkling fears we 'd fain forget—
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!

"How shall I give a Purple Tea?"
"Wear bandeaux, with a pink aigrette";
"Green stockings are the *dernier cri*";
"Paquin confirms the touch of jet."
"Would you advise chiffon or net?"
"Discreet massage may hide your age."
This point of view may still be met—
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!

"Will crullers hurt a child of three?"
"Your toque demands a tulle rosette."
"Do, please, explain 'R. S. V. P.'"
"Serve artichokes with omelet";
"Smart blankets for the canine pet";
"*Crêpe* lingerie is now the rage."
A slant like this you 're sure to get—
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!

ENVOI

Prince, let us then no longer fret,
Lest woman grow too sternly sage;
Some frills and foibles linger yet—
Peruse, I pray, the Household Page!

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A FELLOW-FEELING

"Did your mama give you your rubber boots?"

WHEN TROUBLE COMES ROUND

BY JOE CONE

WHEN Trouble knocks hard on my kitchen door,
I don't git up an' answer no more;
I set right still till his han's git sore.

Years ago when I was young an' thin,
I uster git up an' ask him in,
An' listen to all the yarns he 'd spin.

An' I 'd think all day, an' I 'd dream all night,
Till I did n't hev no appetite,
An' I could n't work an' I could n't fight.

Then I woke one day with an awful start,
With a change of head an' a change of heart,
An' I laid fer Trouble to play my part.

When he come along an' he saw my eye,
He turned 'way out fer to pass me by;
An' I held my head up bold an' high.

So now when he knocks at my kitchen door,
I git my club an' I cross the floor;
But Trouble don't hang aroun' no more.

OLD DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MC ENERY STUART

THE BAT

BRER BAT flaps out in de gloomin' dark,
An' even ef he 's boun' for a harmless lark,
He favors de devil an' he keeps sech hours
Dat he seems in cahoot wid de evil powers.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE PARROT

SIS' TIN-CAGE POLLY wid de roamin' nose
Dat roams f'om 'er eyes tel it p'ints to 'er toes,
She keeps up a rattlin' talkin' pace
To turn off attention f'om de shape of 'er face.
An' you ain't by yo'self, Sis' Polly, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat!

THE WEATHER-PROPHET

BRER RAIN-CROW sho kin prophesy,
Caze he reads his wisdom f'om de page on high;
His mind ain't clogged wid secon'-hand facts
But de moon an' de skies is his almanacs.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

IX—THE COCKATOO

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Cockatoo,
"Whatever on earth shall I do?
Bright colors to-day
Have gone out, and they say
High head-dresses now are taboo."

Drawn by Oliver Herford

X—THE DELSARTIAN EEL

An eel who had studied Delsarte,
The alphabet thus could impart
To a small school of fish,
Who said 't was their wish
To learn without using a chart.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

bulent hills on the horizon. Another creature in livery tripped down the steps and held the door for him. He passed perplexed into the hall, which was fresh with the breeze that swept through open French windows.

"Mr. Herkimer, is n't it?"

He turned to find a woman of man-

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"RANTOUL, . . . DECORATING HIS ANKLES WITH LAVENDER AND BLACK"

nered assurance holding out her hand correctly to him, and under the panama that topped the pleasant effect of her white polo-coat he looked into the eyes of Tessie Glover, who once had caught his rough hand in her little ones and said timidly:

"You 'll always be my friend, my best, just as you are Clyde's, won't you? And I may call you Britt or Old Boy or Old Top, just as Clyde does?"

He looked at her amazed. She was prettier, undeniably so. She had learned the art of being a woman, and she gave him her hand as though she had granted a favor.

"Yes," he said shortly, freezing all at once. "Where 's Clyde?"

"He had to play in a polo-match. He 's just home taking a tub," she said easily. "Will you go to your room first? I did n't ask any one in for dinner. I supposed you would rather chat together of old times. You have become a tremendous celebrity, have n't you? Clyde is so proud of you."

"I 'll go to my room now," he said shortly.

The valet had preceded him, opening his valise and smoothing out his evening clothes on the lace bedspread.

"I 'll attend to that," he said curtly. "You may go."

He stood at the window, in the long evening hour of the June day, frowning to himself. "By George! I 've a mind to clear out," he said, thoroughly angry.

At this moment there came a vigorous rap, and Rantoul in slippers and lilac dressing-gown broke in, with hair still wet from his shower.

"The same as ever, bless the Old Top!" he cried, catching him up in one of the old-time bear-hugs. "I say, don't think me inhospitable. Had to play a confounded match. We beat 'em, too; lost six pounds doing it, though. Jove! but you look natural! I say, that was a stunning thing you did for Philadelphia —the audacity of it. How do you like my place? I 've got four children, too. What do you think of that? Nothing finer. Well, tell me what you 're doing."

Herkimer relented before the familiar rush of enthusiasm and questions, and the conversation began on a natural footing. He looked at Rantoul, aware of the social change that had taken place in him. The old aggressiveness, the look of the wolf, had gone; about him was an enthusiastic urbanity. He seemed clean cut, virile, overflowing with vitality, only it was a different vitality, the snap and decision of a man-of-affairs, not the untamed outrush of the artist.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MURDER IN ANY DEGREE

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "The Varmint," "Stover at Yale," "In the Name of Liberty," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

I

ONE Sunday in March they had been marooned at the club, Steingall the painter and Quinny the illustrator, and, having lunched late, had bored themselves separately to their limits over the periodicals until, preferring to bore each other, they had gravitated together in easy arm-chairs before the big Renaissance fireplace.

Steingall, sunk in his collar, from behind the black-rimmed spectacles, which, with their trailing ribbon of black, gave a touch of Continental elegance to his cropped beard and colonel's mustaches, watched without enthusiasm the three mammoth logs, where occasional tiny flames gave forth an illusion of heat.

Quinny, as gaunt as a militant friar of the Middle Ages, aware of Steingall's protective reverie, spoke in desultory periods, addressing himself questions and supplying the answers, reserving his epigrams for a larger audience.

At three o'clock De Gollyer entered from a heavy social performance, raising his eyebrows in salute as others raise their hats, and slightly dragging one leg behind. He was an American critic who was busily engaged in discovering the talents of unrecognized geniuses of the European provinces. When reproached with his migratory enthusiasm, he would reply, with that quick, stiffening military click with which he always delivered his *bons mots:*

"My boy, I never criticize American art. I can't afford to. I have too many charming friends."

At four o'clock, which is the hour for the entrée of those who escape from their homes to fling themselves on the sanctuary of the club, Rankin, the architect, arrived with Stibo, the fashionable painter of fashionable women, who brought with him the atmosphere of pleasant soap and an exclusive, smiling languor. A moment later a voice was heard from the anteroom, saying:

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"If any one telephones, I 'm not in the club—any one at all. Do you hear?"

Then Towsey, the decorator, appeared at the letter-boxes in spats, militant checks, high collar, and a choker tie, which, yearning toward his ears, gave him the appearance of one who had floundered up out of his clothes for the third and last time. He came forward, frowned at the group, scowled at the negative distractions of the reading-room, and finally dragged over his chair just as Quinny was saying:

"Queer thing—ever notice it?—two artists sit down together, each begins talking of what he 's doing—to avoid complimenting the other, naturally. As soon as the third arrives they begin carving up another; only thing they can agree on, see? Soon as you get four or more of the species together, conversation always comes around to marriage. Ever notice that, eh?"

"My dear fellow," said De Gollyer, from the intolerant point of view of a bachelor, "that is because marriage is your one common affliction. Artists, musicians, all the lower order of the intellect, marry. They must. They can't help it. It 's the one thing you can't resist. You begin it when you 're poor to save expense of a servant, and you keep it up when you succeed to have some one over you to make you work. You belong psychologically to the intellectually dependent classes, the clinging-vine family, the masculine parasites; and as you can't help being married, you are always damning it, holding it responsible for all your failures."

At this characteristic speech, the five artists shifted slightly, and looked at De Gollyer over their mustaches with a lingering appetite, much as a group of terriers respect the family cat.

"My dear chaps, speaking as a critic," continued De Gollyer, pleasantly aware of the antagonism he had exploded, "you remain children afraid of the dark—afraid of being alone. Solitude frightens you. You lack the quality of self-sufficiency that is the characteristic of the higher critical faculties. You marry because you need a nurse."

He ceased, thoroughly satisfied with the prospect of having brought on a quarrel. He raised his thumb and first finger in a gingerly loop, ordered a dash of sherry, and winked across the group to Tommers, who was listening around his paper from the reading-room.

"De Gollyer, you are only a 'Who 's Who' of art," said Quinny, with, however, a hungry gratitude for a topic of such possibilities. "You understand no-

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"FROM HIS TONE THE GROUP PERCEIVED THAT THE HAZARDS HAD BROUGHT TO HIM SOME ABRUPT COINCIDENCES"

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'*MA BELLE*, WHEN I AM FAMOUS, I WILL BUY YOU A SILK GOWN'"

thing of psychology. An artist is a multiple personality; with each picture he paints he seeks a new inspiration. What is inspiration?"

"Ah, that 's the point—inspiration," said Steingall, waking up.

"Inspiration," said Quinny, eliminating Steingall from his preserves with the gesture of brushing away a fly—"inspiration is only a form of hypnosis, under the spell of which a man is capable of rising outside of and beyond himself, as a horse, under extraordinary stress, exerts a muscular force far beyond his accredited strength. The race of geniuses, little and big, are constantly seeking this outward force to hypnotize them into a supreme intellectual effort. Talent does not understand such a process; it is mechanical, unvarying, chop-chop, day in and day out. Now, what you call inspiration may be communicated in many ways—by the spectacle of a mob, by a panorama of nature, by sudden and violent contrasts of points of view; but, above all, as a continual stimulus, it comes from that state of mental madness which is produced by love."

"Hanh?" said Stibo.

"Anything that produces a mental obsession, *une idée fixe,* is a form of madness," said Quinny, rapidly. "A person in love sees only one face, hears only one voice; at the base of the brain only one thought is constantly drumming. Physically such a condition is a narcotic; mentally it is a form of madness that in the beneficent state is powerfully hypnotic."

At this deft disentanglement of a complicated idea, Rankin, who, like the professional juryman, wagged his head in agreement with each speaker and was convinced by the most violent, gazed upon Quinny with absolute adoration.

"We were speaking of woman," said Towsey, gruffly, who pronounced the sex with a peculiar staccato sound.

"This little A B C introduction," said Quinny, pleasantly, "is necessary to understand the relation a woman plays to the artist. It is not the woman he seeks, but the hypnotic influence which the woman can exert on his faculties if she is able to inspire him with a passion."

"But that is precisely why he marries," said De Gollyer.

"Precisely," said Quinny, who, having

seized the argument by chance, was pleasantly surprised to find that he was going to convince himself. "But here the great distinction. To be an inspiration, a woman should always represent to the artist a form of the unattainable: it is the search for something beyond him that makes him challenge the stars, and all that sort of rot, you know."

"The tragedy of life," said Rankin, sententiously, "is that one woman cannot mean all things to one man all the time."

It was a phrase which he had heard the night before, and which he flung off casually with an air of spontaneity, twisting the old Spanish ring on his bony, white fingers, which he held invariably in front of his long, sliding nose.

"I said that about the year 1907," said Quinny, while Steingall gasped and nudged Towsey. "That is the tragedy of life, not the tragedy of art, two very different things. An artist has need of ten, fifteen, twenty women, according to the multiplicity of his ideas. He should be always violently in love or violently reacting."

"And the wife?" said De Gollyer. "Has she any influence?"

"My dear fellow, the greatest. Without a wife, an artist falls a prey to the inspiration of the moment—condemned to it; and as he is not an analyst, he ends by imagining he is really in love. Take portrait-painting. A charming lady sits for her portrait, painter takes up his brushes, arranges his palette, seeks inspiration, what is below the surface—something intangible to divine, seize, and affix to his canvas. He seeks to know the soul; he seeks how? As a man in love seeks, naturally. The more he imagines himself in love, the more completely does the idea obsess him from morning to night—plain as the nose on your face. Only there are other portraits to paint. Enter the wife."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'IF WE COULD ONLY BURN THE GALLERIES, WE SHOULD BE FORCED TO RETURN TO LIFE'"

"Charming," said Stibo, who had not ceased twining his mustaches in his pink fingers.

"Ah, that 's the point. What of the wife?" said Steingall, violently.

"The wife—the ideal wife, mind you—is then the weapon, the refuge. To escape from the entanglement of his momentary inspiration, the artist becomes a man: my wife and *bonjour*. He returns home, takes off the duster of his illusion, cleans the palette of old memories, washes away his vows, protestations, and all that rot, you know, lies down on the sofa, and gives his head to his wife to be rubbed. Curtain. The comedy is over."

"But that 's what they don't understand," said Steingall, with enthusiasm. "That 's what they will *never* understand."

"Such miracles exist," said Towsey with a short, disagreeable laugh.

"I know the wife of an artist," said Quinny, "whom I consider the most remarkable woman I know—who sits and knits and smiles. She is one who understands. Her husband adores her, and he is in love with a woman a month. When he gets in too deep, she calls up the lady on the telephone and asks her to stop annoying her husband."

"Marvelous!" said Steingall, dropping his glasses.

"No, really?" said Rankin.

"Has she a sister?" said Towsey.

Stibo raised his eyes slowly to Quinny's, but veiled as was the look, De Gollyer perceived it, and smilingly registered the knowledge on the ledger of his social experiences.

"That 's it, by George! that *is* it," said Steingall, who hurled the enthusiasm of a reformer into his pessimism. "It 's all so simple; but they won't understand. And why—do you know why? Because a woman is jealous. It is n't simply of other women. No, no, that 's not it; it 's worse than that, ten thousand times worse. She 's jealous of your art. That 's it. There you have it. She 's jealous because she can't understand it, because it takes you away from her, because she can't share it. That 's what 's terrible about marriage—no liberty, no individualism, no seclusion, having to account every night for your actions, for your thoughts, for the things you dream—ah, the dreams! The Chinese are right, the Japanese are right. It 's we Westerners who are all wrong. It 's the creative only that counts. The woman should be subordinated, should be kept down, taught the voluptuousness of obedience. By Jove! that 's it. We don't assert ourselves. It 's this confounded Anglo-Saxon sentimentality that 's choking art—that 's what it is."

At the familiar phrases of Steingall's outburst, Rankin wagged his head in unequivocal assent, Stibo smiled so as to show his fine upper teeth, and Towsey flung away his cigar, saying:

"Words, words."

At the moment when Quinny, who had digested Steingall's argument, was preparing to devour the whole topic, Britt Herkimer, the sculptor, joined them. He was a guest, just in from Paris, where he had been established twenty years, one of five men in art whom one counted on the fingers when the word genius was pronounced. Mentally and physically a German, he spoke English with a French accent. His hair was cropped *en brosse*, and in his brown Japanese face only the eyes, staccato, furtive, and drunk with curiosity, could be seen. He was direct, opinionated, bristling with energy, one of those tireless workers who disdain their youth and treat it as a disease. His entry into the group of his more socially domesticated confrères was like the return of a wolf-hound among the house-dogs.

"Still smashing idols?" he said, slapping the shoulder of Steingall, with whom and Quinny he had passed his student days. "Well, what 's the row?"

"My dear Britt, we are reforming matrimony. Steingall is for the importation of Mongolian wives," said De Gollyer, who had written two favorable articles on Herkimer, "while Quinny is for founding a school for wives on most novel and interesting lines."

"That 's odd," said Herkimer, with a slight frown.

"On the contrary, no," said De Gollyer; "we always abolish matrimony from four to six."

"You did n't understand me," said Herkimer, with the sharpness he used in his classes.

From his tone the group perceived that the hazards had brought to him some abrupt coincidences. They waited with an involuntary respect of silence, which was a rare tribute.

"Remember Rantoul?" said Herkimer, rolling a cigarette and using a jerky diction.

"Clyde Rantoul?" said Stibo.

"Don Furioso Barebones Rantoul, who was in the Quarter with us?" said Quinny.

"Don Furioso, yes," said Rankin. "Ever see him?"

"Never."

"He 's married," said Quinny, "dropped out."

"Yes, he married," said Herkimer, lighting his cigarette. "Well, I 've just seen him."

"He 's a plutocrat or something," said Towsey, reflectively.

"He 's rich—ended," said Steingall as he slapped the table. "By Jove! I remember now."

"Wait," said Quinny, interposing.

"I went up to see him yesterday—just back now," said Herkimer. "Rantoul was the biggest man of us all. It 's a funny tale. You 're discussing matrimony; here it is."

II

In the early nineties, when Quinny, Steingall, Herkimer, little Bennett, who afterward roamed down into the Transvaal and fell in with the Foreign Legion, Jacobus and Chatterton, the architects, were living through that fine, rebellious state of overweening youth, Rantoul was the undisputed leader, the arch-rebel, the master-demolisher of the group.

Every afternoon at five his Gargantuan figure came threshing through the crowds of the boulevard, as an omnibus on its way scatters the fragile fiacres. He arrived, radiating electricity, tirades on his tongue, to his chair among the table-pounders of the Café des Lilacs, and his first words were like the fanfare of trumpets. He had been christened, in the felicitous language of the Quarter, Don Furioso Barebones Rantoul, and for cause. He shared a garret with his chum, Britt Herkimer, in the Rue de l'Ombre, a sort of manhole lit by the stars, when there were any stars, and he never failed to come springing up the six rickety flights with a song on his lips.

An old woman who kept a fruit store gave him implicit credit; a much younger member of the sex at the corner creamery trusted him for eggs and fresh milk, and leaned toward him over the counter, laughing into his eyes as he exclaimed:

"*Ma belle,* when I am famous, I will buy you a silk gown, and a pair of earrings that will reach to your shoulders, and it won't be long. You 'll see."

He adored being poor. When his canvas gave out, he painted his ankles to caricature the violent creations that were the pride of Chatterton, who was a nabob. When his credit at one restaurant expired, he strode confidently up to another proprietor, and announced with the air of one bestowing a favor:

"I am Rantoul, the portrait-painter. In five years my portraits will sell for five thousand francs, in ten for twenty thousand. I will eat one meal a day at your distinguished establishment, and paint your portrait to make your walls famous. At the end of the month I will immortalize your wife; on the same terms, your sister, your father, your mother, and all the little children. Besides, every Saturday night I will bring here a band of my comrades who pay in good hard silver. Remember that if you had bought a Corot for twenty francs in 1870, you could have sold it for five thousand francs in 1880, fifty thousand in 1890. Does the idea appeal to you?"

But as most keepers of restaurants are practical and unimaginative, and withal close bargainers, at the end of a week Rantoul generally was forced to seek a new sitter.

"What a privilege it is to be poor!" he would then exclaim enthusiastically to Herkimer. "It awakens all the perceptions; hunger makes the eye keener. I can see colors to-day that I never saw before. And to think that if Sherman had never gotten it in his head to march to the sea I should never have experienced this inspiration! But, old fellow, we have so short a time to be poor. We must exhibit nothing yet. We are lucky. We are poor. We can feel."

On the subject of traditions he was at his best.

"Shakspere is the curse of the English

drama," he would declare, with a descending gesture which caused all the little glasses to rattle their alarm. "Nothing will ever come out of England until his influence is discounted. He was a primitive, a Preraphaelite. He understood nothing of form, of composition. He was a poet who wandered into the drama as a sheep strays into the pasture of the bulls, a colorist who imagines he can be a sculptor. The influence of Victoria sentimentalized the whole artistic movement in England, made it bourgeois, and flavored it with mint sauce. Modern portraiture has turned the galleries into an exhibition of wax works. What is wrong with painting to-day—do you know?"

"*Allons,* tell us!" cried two or three, while others, availing themselves of the breathing space, filled the air with their orders:

"Paul, another bock."

"A sandwich."

"Two hard-boiled eggs."

"And pretzels; don't forget the pretzels."

"The trouble with painting to-day is that it has no point of view," cried Rantoul, swallowing an egg in the anaconda fashion. "We are interpreting life in the manner of the Middle Ages. We forget art should be historical. We forget that we are now in our century. Ugliness, not beauty, is the note of our century; turbulence, strife, materialism, the mob, machinery, masses, not units. Why paint a captain of industry against a François I tapestry? Paint him at his desk. The desk is a throne; interpret it. We are ruled by mobs. Who paints mobs? What is wrong is this, that art is in the bondage of literature—sentimentality. We must record what we experience. Ugliness has its utility, its magnetism; the ugliness of abject misery moves you to think, to readjust ideas. We must be rebels, we young men. Ah, if we could only burn the galleries, we should be forced to return to life."

"Bravo, Rantoul!" "You are right, old chap," would come the chorus.

"Smash the statues!"

"Burn the galleries!"

"Down with tradition!"

"Eggs and more bock!"

But where Rantoul differed from the revolutionary regiment was that he was not simply a painter who delivered orations; he could paint. His tirades were not a furore of denunciation so much as they were the impulsive chafing of the creative energy within him. In the school he was already a marked man to set the prophets prophesying. He had a style of his own, biting, incisive, overloaded, and excessive, but with something to say. He was after something. He was original.

"Rebel! Let us rebel!" he would cry to Herkimer from his agitated bedquilt in the last hour of discussion. "The artist must always rebel—accept nothing, question everything, denounce conventions and traditions."

"Above all, work," said Herkimer in his laconic way.

"What? Don't I work?"

"Work more."

Rantoul, however, was not vulnerable on that score. He was not, it is true, the drag-horse that Herkimer was, who lived like a recluse, shunning the cafés and the dance-halls, eating up the last gray hours of the day over his statues and his clays. But Rantoul, while living life to its fullest, haunting the wharves and the markets with avid eyes, roaming the woods and trudging the banks of the Seine, mingling in the crowds that flashed under the flare of arc-lights, with a thousand mysteries of mass and movement, never relaxed a moment the savage attack his leaping nature made upon the drudgeries and routine of technic.

With the coveted admittance into the Salon, recognition came speedily to the two chums. They made a triumphal entry into a real studio in the Montparnasse Quarter, clients came, and the room became a station of honor among the young and enthusiastic of the Quarter.

Rantoul began to appear in society, besieged with the invitations that his Southern aristocracy and the romance of his success procured him.

"You go out too much," said Herkimer to him, with a fearful growl. "What the deuce do you want with society, anyhow? Keep away from it. You 've nothing to do with it."

"What do I do? I go out once a week," said Rantoul, whistling pleasantly.

"Once is too often. What do you want to become, a parlor celebrity?

Society *c'est l'ennemie*. You ought to hate it."

"I do."

"Humph!" said Herkimer, eying him across his sputtering clay pipe. "Get this idea of people out of your head. Shut yourself up in a hole, work. What 's society, anyhow? A lot of bored people who want you to amuse them. I don't approve. Better marry that pretty girl in the creamery. She 'll worship you as a god, make you comfortable. That 's all you need from the world."

"Marry her yourself; she 'll sew and cook for you," said Rantoul, with perfect good humor.

"I 'm in no danger," said Herkimer, curtly; "you are."

"What!"

"You 'll see."

"Listen, you old grumbler," said Rantoul, seriously. "If I go into society, it is to see the hollowness of it all—"

"Yes, yes."

"To know what I rebel against—"

"Of course."

"To appreciate the freedom of the life I have—"

"Faker!"

"To have the benefit of contrasts, light and shade. You think I am not a rebel. My dear boy, I am ten times as big a rebel as I was. Do you know what I 'd do with society?"

He began a tirade in the famous muscular Rantoul style, overturning creeds and castes, reorganizing republics and empires, while Herkimer, grumbling to himself, began to scold the model, who sleepily received the brunt of his ill humor.

In the second year of his success Rantoul, quite by accident, met a girl in her teens named Tessie Glover, only daughter of Cyrus Glover, a man of millions, self-made. The first time their eyes met and lingered, by the mysterious chemistry of the passions Rantoul fell desperately in love with this little slip of a girl, who scarcely reached to his shoulder; who, on her part, instantly made up her mind that she had found the husband she intended to have. Two weeks later they were engaged.

She was seventeen, scarcely more than a child, with clear, blue eyes that seemed too large for her body, very timid and appealing. It is true she seldom expressed an opinion, but she listened to every one with a flattering smile, and the reputations of brilliant talkers have been built on less. She had a way of passing her two arms about Rantoul's great one and clinging to him in a weak, dependent way that was quite charming.

When Cyrus Glover was informed that his daughter intended to marry a dauber in paints, he started for Paris on ten hours' notice. But Mrs. Glover, who was just as resolved on social conquests as Glover was in controlling the plate-glass field, went down to meet him at the boat, and by the time the train entered the St. Lazare Station he had been completely disciplined and brought to understand that a painter was one thing and that a Rantoul, who happened to paint, was quite another. When he had known Rantoul a week, and listened open-mouthed to his eloquent schemes for reordering the universe, and the arts in particular, he was willing to swear that he was one of the geniuses of the world.

The wedding took place shortly, and Cyrus Glover gave the bridegroom a check for $100,000, "so that he would n't have to be bothering his wife for pocket-money." Herkimer was the best man, and the Quarter attended in force, with much outward enthusiasm. The bride and groom departed for a two-year's trip around the world, that Rantoul might inspire himself with the treasures of Italy, Greece, India, and Japan.

Every one, even Herkimer, agreed that Rantoul was the luckiest man in Paris; that he had found just the wife that was suited to him, whose fortune would open to him every opportunity for his genius to develop.

"In the first place," said Bennett, when the group had returned to Herkimer's studio to continue the celebration, "let me remark that in general I don't approve of marriage for an artist."

"Nor I," cried Chatterton, and the chorus answered, "Nor I."

"I shall never marry," continued Bennett.

"Never," cried Chatterton, who beat a tattoo on the piano with his heel to accompany the chorus of assent.

"But—I add but—in this case my opinion is that Rantoul has found a pure diamond."

"True!"

"In the first place, she knows nothing at all about art, which is an enormous advantage."

"Bravo!"

"In the second place, she knows nothing about anything else, which is better still."

"Cynic! You hate clever women," cried Jacobus.

"There 's a reason."

"All the same, Bennett 's right. The wife of an artist should be a creature of impulses and not ideas."

"True."

"In the third place," continued Bennett, "she believes Rantoul is a demigod. Everything he will do will be the most wonderful thing in the world, and to have a little person you are madly in love with think that is enormous."

"All of which is not very complimentary to the bride," said Herkimer.

"Find me one like her," cried Bennett.

"Ditto," said Chatterton and Jacobus with enthusiasm.

"There is only one thing that worries me," said Bennett, seriously. "Is n't there too much money?"

"Not for Rantoul."

"He 's a rebel."

"You 'll see; he 'll stir up the world with it."

Herkimer himself had approved of the marriage in a whole-hearted way. The childlike ways of Tessie Glover had convinced him, and as he was concerned only with the future of his friend, he agreed with the rest that nothing luckier could have happened.

Three years passed, during which he received occasional letters from his old chum, not quite so spontaneous as he had expected, but filled with the wonder of the ancient worlds. Then the intervals became longer, and he received no more letters.

He learned in a vague way that the Rantouls had settled in the East somewhere near New York, but he waited in vain for the news of the stir in the world of art that Rantoul's first exhibitions should produce.

His friends who visited in America returned without news of Rantoul; there was a rumor that he had gone with his father-in-law into the organization of some new railroad or trust. But even this report was vague, and as he could not understand what could have happened, it remained for a long time to him a mystery. Then he forgot it.

TEN years after Rantoul's marriage to little Tessie Glover, Herkimer returned to America. The last years had placed him in the foreground of the sculptors of the world. He had that strangely excited consciousness that he was a figure in the public eye. Reporters rushed to meet him on his arrival, societies organized dinners to him, magazines sought the details of his life's struggle. Withal, however, he felt a strange loneliness, and an aloofness from the clamoring world about him. He remembered the old friendship in the starlit garret of the Rue de l'Ombre, and, learning Rantoul's address, wrote him. Three days later he received the following answer:

Dear Old Boy:

I 'm delighted to find that you have remembered me in your fame. Run up this Saturday for a week at least. I 'll show you some fine scenery, and we 'll recall the days of the Café des Lilacs together. My wife sends her greeting also.

CLYDE.

This letter made Herkimer wonder. There was nothing on which he could lay his finger, and yet there was something that was not there. With some misgivings he packed his bag and took the train, calling up again to his mind the picture of Rantoul, with his shabby trousers pulled up, decorating his ankles with lavender and black, roaring all the while with his rumbling laughter.

At the station only the chauffeur was down to meet him. A correct footman, moving on springs, took his bag, placed him in the back seat, and spread a duster for him. They turned through a pillared gateway, Renaissance style, passed a gardener's lodge, with hothouses flashing in the reclining sun, and fled noiselessly along the macadam road that twined through a formal grove. All at once they were before the house, red brick and marble, with wide-flung porte-cochère and verandas, beyond which could be seen a foreground of immaculate lawns, the sluggish gray of a river that crawled down from the tur-

bulent hills on the horizon. Another creature in livery tripped down the steps and held the door for him. He passed perplexed into the hall, which was fresh with the breeze that swept through open French windows.

"Mr. Herkimer, is n't it?"

He turned to find a woman of man-

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"RANTOUL, . . . DECORATING HIS ANKLES WITH LAVENDER AND BLACK"

nered assurance holding out her hand correctly to him, and under the panama that topped the pleasant effect of her white polo-coat he looked into the eyes of Tessie Glover, who once had caught his rough hand in her little ones and said timidly:

"You 'll always be my friend, my best, just as you are Clyde's, won't you? And I may call you Britt or Old Boy or Old Top, just as Clyde does?"

He looked at her amazed. She was prettier, undeniably so. She had learned the art of being a woman, and she gave him her hand as though she had granted a favor.

"Yes," he said shortly, freezing all at once. "Where 's Clyde?"

"He had to play in a polo-match. He 's just home taking a tub," she said easily. "Will you go to your room first? I did n't ask any one in for dinner. I supposed you would rather chat together of old times. You have become a tremendous celebrity, have n't you? Clyde is so proud of you."

"I 'll go to my room now," he said shortly.

The valet had preceded him, opening his valise and smoothing out his evening clothes on the lace bedspread.

"I 'll attend to that," he said curtly. "You may go."

He stood at the window, in the long evening hour of the June day, frowning to himself. "By George! I 've a mind to clear out," he said, thoroughly angry.

At this moment there came a vigorous rap, and Rantoul in slippers and lilac dressing-gown broke in, with hair still wet from his shower.

"The same as ever, bless the Old Top!" he cried, catching him up in one of the old-time bear-hugs. "I say, don't think me inhospitable. Had to play a confounded match. We beat 'em, too; lost six pounds doing it, though. Jove! but you look natural! I say, that was a stunning thing you did for Philadelphia —the audacity of it. How do you like my place? I 've got four children, too. What do you think of that? Nothing finer. Well, tell me what you 're doing."

Herkimer relented before the familiar rush of enthusiasm and questions, and the conversation began on a natural footing. He looked at Rantoul, aware of the social change that had taken place in him. The old aggressiveness, the look of the wolf, had gone; about him was an enthusiastic urbanity. He seemed clean cut, virile, overflowing with vitality, only it was a different vitality, the snap and decision of a man-of-affairs, not the untamed outrush of the artist.

They had spoken scarcely a short five minutes when a knock came on the door and a footman's voice said:

"Mrs. Rantoul wishes you not to be late for dinner, sir."

"Very well, very well," said Rantoul, with a little impatience. "I always forget the time. Jove! it 's good to see you again; you 'll give us a week at least. Meet you down-stairs."

When Herkimer had dressed and gone down, his host and hostess were still upstairs. He moved through the rooms, curiously noting the contents of the walls. There were several paintings of value, a series of drawings by Boucher, a replica or two of his own work; but he sought without success for something from the brush of Clyde Rantoul. At dinner he was aware of a sudden uneasiness. Mrs. Rantoul, always with the flattering smile that recalled Tessie Glover, pressed him with innumerable questions, which he answered with constraint, always aware of the dull simulation of interest in her eyes.

Twice during the meal Rantoul was called to the telephone for a conversation at long distance.

"Clyde is becoming quite a power in Wall Street," said Mrs. Rantoul, with an approving smile. "Father says he 's the strength of the younger men. He has really a genius for organization."

"It 's a wonderful time, Britt," said Rantoul, resuming his place. "There 's nothing like it anywhere on the face of the globe—the possibilities of concentration and simplification here in business. It 's a great game, too, matching your wits against another's. We 're building empires of trade, order out of chaos. I 'm making an awful lot of money."

Herkimer remained obstinately silent during the rest of the dinner. Everything seemed to fetter him—the constraint of dining before the silent, flitting butler, servants who whisked his plate away before he knew it, the succession of unrecognizable dishes, the constant jargon of social eavesdroppings that Mrs. Rantoul pressed into action the moment her husband's recollections exiled her from the conversation; but above all, the indefinable enmity that seemed to well out from his hostess, and which he seemed to divine occasionally when the ready smile left her lips and she was forced to listen to things she did not understand.

When they rose from the table, Rantoul passed his arm about his wife and said something in her ear, at which she smiled and patted his hand.

"I am very proud of my husband, Mr. Herkimer," she said with a little bob of her head in which was a sense of proprietorship. "You 'll see."

"Suppose we stroll out for a little smoke in the garden," said Rantoul.

"What, you 're going to leave me?" she said instantly, with a shade of vague uneasiness that Herkimer perceived.

"We sha'n't be long, dear," said Rantoul, pinching her ear. "Our chatter won't interest you. Send the coffee out into the rose cupola."

They passed out into the open porch, but Herkimer was aware of the little woman standing irresolutely tapping with her thin finger on the table, and he said to himself: "She 's a little ogress of jealousy. What the deuce is she afraid I 'll say to him?"

They rambled through sweet-scented paths, under the high-flung network of stars, hearing only the crushing of little pebbles under feet.

"You 've given up painting?" said Herkimer all at once.

"Yes, though that does n't count," said Rantoul, abruptly; but there was in his voice a different note, something of the restlessness of the old Don Furioso. "Talk to me of the Quarter. Who 's at the Café des Lilacs now? They tell me that little Ragin we used to torment so has made some great decorations. What became of that pretty girl in the creamery of the Rue de l'Ombre who used to help us over the lean days?"

"Whom you christened Our Lady of the Sparrows?"

"Yes, yes. You know I sent her the silk dress and the earrings I promised her."

Herkimer began to speak of one thing and another, of Bennett, who had gone dramatically to the Transvaal; of Le Gage, who was now in the forefront of the younger group of landscapists; of the old types that still came faithfully to the Café des Lilacs,—the old chess-players, the fat proprietor, with his fat wife and three fat children who dined them regularly every Sunday,—of the new revolu-

tionary ideas among the younger men that were beginning to assert themselves.

"Let 's sit down," said Rantoul, as though suffocating.

They placed themselves in wicker easy-chairs, under the heavy-scented rose cupola, disdaining the coffee that waited on a table. From where they were a red-tiled walk, with flower beds nodding in enchanted sleep, ran to the veranda. The porch windows were open, and in the golden lamplight Herkimer saw the figure of Tessie Glover bent intently over an embroidery, drawing her needle with uneven stitches, her head seeming inclined to catch the faintest sound. The waiting, nervous pose, the slender figure on guard, brought to him a strange, almost uncanny sensation of mystery, and feeling the sudden change in the mood of the man at his side, he gazed at the figure of the wife and said to himself:

"I 'd give a good deal to know what 's passing through that little head. What is she afraid of?"

"You 're surprised to find me as I am," said Rantoul, abruptly breaking the silence.

"Yes."

"You can't understand it?"

"When did you give up painting?" said Herkimer, shortly, with a sure feeling that the hour of confidences had come.

"Seven years ago."

"Why in God's name did you do it?" said Herkimer, flinging away his cigar angrily. "You were n't just any one—Tom, Dick, or Harry. You had something to say, man. Listen. I know what I 'm talking about,—I 've seen the whole procession in the last ten years,—you were one in a thousand. You were a creator. You had ideas; you were meant to be a leader, to head a movement. You had more downright savage power, undeveloped, but tugging at the chain, than any man I 've known. Why did you do it?"

"I had almost forgotten," said Rantoul, slowly. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure?" said Herkimer, furiously. "I say what I mean; you know it."

"Yes, that 's true," said Rantoul. He stretched out his hand and drank his coffee, but without knowing what he did. "Well, that 's all of the past—what might have been."

"But why?"

"Britt, old fellow," said Rantoul at last, speaking as though to himself, "did you ever have a moment when you suddenly got out of yourself, looked at yourself and at your life as a spectator?—saw the strange strings that had pulled you this way and that, and realized what might have been had you turned one corner at a certain day of your life instead of another?"

"No, I 've gone where I wanted to go," said Herkimer, obstinately.

"You think so. Well, to-night I can see myself for the first time," said Rantoul. Then he added meditatively, "I have done not one single thing I wanted to."

"But why—why?"

"You have brought it all back to me," said Rantoul, ignoring this question. "It hurts. I suppose to-morrow I shall resent it, but to-night I feel too deeply. There is nothing free about us in this world, Britt. I profoundly believe that. Everything we do from morning to night is dictated by the thought of those about us. An enemy, some one in the open, we can combat and resist; but it is those that are nearest to us who disarm us because they love us, that change us most, that thwart our desires, and make over our lives. Nothing in this world is so inexorable, so terribly, terribly irresistible as a woman without strength, without logic, without vision, who only loves."

"He is going to say things he will regret," thought Herkimer, and yet he did not object. Instead, he glanced down the dimly flushed path to the house where Mrs. Rantoul was sitting, her embroidery on her lap, her head raised as though listening. Suddenly he said:

"Look here, Clyde, do you want to tell me this?"

"Yes, I do; it 's life. Why not? We are at the age when we 've got to face things."

"Still—"

"Let me go on," said Rantoul, stopping him. He reached out absent-mindedly, and drank the second cup. "Let me say now, Britt, for fear you 'll misunderstand, there has never been the slightest quarrel between my wife and me. She loves me absolutely; nothing else in this world exists for her. It has always been so; she cannot bear even to have me out of her sight. I am very happy. Only there is in such a love something of the tiger—a fierce animal jealousy of every one and everything that might even for a

moment take my thoughts away. At this moment she is probably suffering untold pangs because she thinks I am regretting the days in which she was not in my life."

"And because she could not understand your art, she hated it," said Herkimer, with a growing anger.

"No, it was n't that. It was something more subtle, more instinctive, impossible to combat," said Rantoul, shaking his head. "Do you know what is the great essential to the artist—to whoever creates? The sense of privacy, the power to isolate his own genius from everything in the world, to be absolutely concentrated. To create we must be alone, have strange, unuttered thoughts, just as in the realms of the soul every human being must have moments of complete isolation—thoughts, reveries, moods, that cannot be shared with even those we love best. You don't understand that."

"Yes, I do."

"At the bottom we human beings come and depart absolutely alone. Friendship, love, all that we instinctively seek to rid ourselves of, this awful solitude of the soul, avail nothing. Well, what others shrink from, the artist must seek."

"But you could not make her understand that?"

"I was dealing with a child," said Rantoul. "I loved that child, and I could not bear even to see a frown of unhappiness cloud her face. Then she adored me. What can be answered to that?"

"That 's true."

"At first it was not so difficult. We passed around the world—Greece, India, Japan. She came and sat by my side when I took my easel; every stroke of my brush seemed like a miracle. A hundred times she would cry out her delight. Naturally that amused me. From time to time I would suspend the sittings and reward my patient little audience—"

"And the sketches?"

"They were not what I wanted," said Rantoul with a little laugh; "but they were not bad. When I returned here and opened my studio, it began to be difficult. She could not understand that

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'I 'LL COME HERE, I 'LL BE YOUR MODEL, I 'LL SIT FOR YOU BY THE HOUR'"

I wanted to work eighteen hours a day. She begged for my afternoons. I gave in. She embraced me frantically and said: 'Oh, how good you are! Now I won't be jealous any more, and every morning I will come with you and inspire you.' "

"Every morning," said Herkimer, softly.

"Yes," said Rantoul, with a little hesitation, "every morning. She fluttered about the studio like a pink-and-white butterfly, sending me a kiss from her dainty fingers whenever I looked her way. She watched over my shoulder every stroke, and when I did something that pleased her, I felt her lips on my neck, behind my ear, and heard her say, 'That is your reward.' "

"Every day?" said Herkimer.

"Every day."

"And when you had a model?"

"Oh, then it was worse. She treated the models as though they were convicts, watching them out of the corners of her eyes. Her demonstration of affection redoubled, her caresses never stopped, as though she wished to impress upon them her proprietorship. Those days she was really jealous."

"But how could you stand it?" said Herkimer, violently.

"To be frank, the more she bothered me as an artist, the more she pleased me as a man. To be loved so absolutely, especially if you are sensitive to such things, has an intoxication of its own, and she fascinated me more and more."

"Extraordinary."

"One day I tried to make her understand that I had need to be alone. She listened to me solemnly, with only a little quiver of her lips, and let me go. When I returned, I found her eyes swollen with weeping and her heart bursting."

"And you took her in your arms and promised never to send her away again."

"Naturally. Then I began to go out into society to please her. Then something very interesting came up, and I neglected my studio for a morning. The same thing happened again and again. I had a period of wild revolt, of bitter anger, in which I resolved to be firm, to insist on my privacy, to make the fight."

"And you never did?"

"When her arms were about me, when I saw her eyes, full of adoration and passion, raised to my own, I forgot all my irritation in my happiness as a man. I said to myself, 'Life is short; it is better to be loved than to wait for glory.' One afternoon, under the pretext of examining the grove, I stole away to the studio, and pulled out some of the old things that I had done in Paris—and sat and gazed at them. My throat began to fill, and I felt the tears coming to my eyes, when I looked around and saw her standing wide-eyed at the door.

" 'What are you doing?' she said.

" 'Looking at some of the old things.'

" 'You regret those days?'

" 'Of course not.'

" 'Then why do you steal away from me, make a pretext to come here? Is n't my love great enough for you? Do you want to put me out of your life altogether? You used to tell me that I inspired you. If you want, we 'll give up the afternoons. I 'll come here, I 'll be your model, I 'll sit for you by the hour—only don't shut the door on me!'

"She began to cry. I took her in my arms, said everything that she wished me to say, and the next day I shut the door of the studio not on her, but on myself.

"For months I did nothing. I was miserable. She saw it at last, and said to me:

" 'You ought to work. You are n't happy doing nothing. I 've arranged something for you.'

"I raised my head in amazement, and she said, clapping her hands with delight:

" 'I 've talked it all over with papa. You 'll go into his office. You 'll do big things. He 's quite enthusiastic, and I promised for you.'

"I went. I became interested. I stayed, and now I am like any other man, domesticated, conservative, living my life, and she has not the slightest idea of what she has killed."

"Let us go in," said Herkimer, rising.

"And you say I could have left a name?" said Rantoul, bitterly.

"You were wrong to tell me all this," said Herkimer.

"I owed you the explanation. What could I do?"

"Lie."

"Why?"

"Because, after such a confidence, it is impossible for you ever to see me again. You know it."

"Nonsense. I—"

"Let 's go back."

Full of dull anger and revolt, Herkimer led the way. Rantoul, after a few steps, caught him by the sleeve.

"Don't take it too seriously, Britt. I don't revolt any more. I 'm no longer the Rantoul you knew."

"That 's just the trouble," said Herkimer, cruelly.

When their steps sounded near, Mrs. Rantoul rose hastily, spilling her silk and needles on the floor. She gave her husband a swift, searching look, and said with her flattering smile:

"Mr. Herkimer, you must be a very interesting talker. I am quite jealous."

"I am rather tired," he answered, bowing. "If you 'll excuse me, I 'll go off to bed."

"Really?" she said, raising her eyes. She extended her hand, and he took it with almost the physical repulsion with which one would touch the hand of a criminal. The next morning he left.

III

WHEN Herkimer had finished, he shrugged his shoulders, gave a short laugh, and, glancing at the clock, went off in his curt, purposeful manner.

"Well, by Jove!" said Steingall, recovering first from the spell of the story, "does n't that prove exactly what I said? They 're jealous, they 're all jealous, I tell you, of everything you do. All they want you to do is to adore them. By Jove! Herkimer 's right. Rantoul was the biggest of us all. She murdered him just as much as though she had put a knife in him."

"She did it on purpose," said De Gollyer. "There was nothing childlike about her, too. On the contrary, I consider her a clever, a remarkably clever woman."

"Of course she did. They 're all clever, damn them!" said Steingall, explosively. "Now, what do you say, Quinny? I say that an artist who marries might just as well tie a rope around his neck and present it to his wife and have it over."

"On the contrary," said Quinny, with a sudden inspiration, "every artist should marry. The only danger is that he marries happily."

"What?" cried Steingall. "But you said—"

"My dear boy, I have germinated some new ideas," said Quinny, unconcerned. "The story has a moral,—I detest morals,—but this has one. An artist should always marry unhappily, and do you know why? Purely a question of chemistry. Towsey, when do you work the best?"

"How do you mean?" said Towsey, rousing himself.

"I 've heard you say that you worked best when your nerves were all on edge—night out, cucumbers, thunder-storm, or a touch of fever."

"Yes, that 's so."

"Can any one work well when everything is calm?" continued Quinny, triumphantly, to the amazement of Rankin and Steingall. "Can you work on a clear spring day, when nothing bothers you and the first of the month is two weeks off, eh? Of course you can't. Happiness is the enemy of the artist. It puts to sleep the faculties. Contentment is a drug. My dear men, an artist should always be unhappy. Perpetual state of fermentation sets the nerves throbbing, sensitive to impressions. Exaltation and remorse, anger and inspiration, all hodgepodge. Chemical actions and reactions, all this we are blessed with when we are unhappily married. Domestic infelicity drives us to our art; happiness makes us neglect it. Shall I tell you what I do when everything is smooth, no nerves, no inspiration, fat, puffy Sunday-dinner-feeling, too happy, can't work? I go home and start a quarrel with my wife."

"And then you go back and work," cried Steingall, roaring with laughter.

"Never better," said Quinny, who appeared like a prophet.

The four artists, who had listened to Herkimer's story in that gradual thickening depression which the subject of matrimony always let down over them, suddenly brightened visibly. On their faces appeared the look of inward speculation, and then a ray of light.

Little Towsey, who from his arrival had sulked, fretted, and fumed, jumped up energetically and flung away his third cigar.

"Here, where are you going?" said Rankin in protest.

"I 'm going to drop in at the studio," said Towsey, innocently. "I want to see if I can do a little work."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCH

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Mothering on Perilous," etc.

THE story of the falling in love of Philip Floyd at the Settlement School on Perilous Creek soon after his thirteenth birthday, and of the transforming effects of the tender passion upon his person and character, has already been related.[1] Under the exacting requirements of little Dilsey Warrick, his ear-washings, head-combings, tooth-brushings, and clothes-mendings, not to speak of his violent attacks of manners and generosity, were such as to make Miss Loring wish that each and every one of her twelve boys might quickly experience a like metamorphosis.

When the school-term closed in early May and the boys and girls went home to hoe corn for three months, Philip, who was to remain in the school to work during the summer, asked for a week's holiday, that he might go and visit Nucky Marrs. Nucky lived on Trigger Branch of Powderhorn, and Dilsey on Powderhorn itself, not four miles distant. As the group of children from that neighborhood set off from the school on their twenty-odd-mile walk, Philip, with the light of bliss in his dark eyes, strode manfully along at the head of the other boys, while on the far side of the road Dilsey, accompanied by Rosabel and Narcissa, walked along with her usual dignity and propriety. Philip would not have dreamed of such a liberty as walking beside her; but he could at least hear her voice, see the golden braids that swung below her sunbonnet, and, when she turned her head far enough, catch a glimpse of the austere blue eyes that were his heaven.

That matters progressed favorably with him during the summer was evident from his letters to Miss Loring: "Dear Freind: I am well hopeing these few lines will find you the Same I payed a visit to Dilsey whilst I was over on Trigger and holp her and her famaly ho corn three days her pa says I am rite smart of a good worker gee he aught to see me Carpenter annyboddy can ho corn. Your Truly Friend Philip Floyd." "Dear Frend: this leaves me injoying health I hope it finds you the same it is loansome here at the school with Dilsey and you gone I wisht it was next school I bought her a fine brest Pin off Geordie Yonts we are working on the new hospittal I make sixty cents a day it would very near support a famaly. Yours Respectably Philip Floyd." "Dear Freiend: I now rite you these few lines to inform you I am Well and hope you are the Same I would of rote before but it keeps me Buizzey riting to Dilsey what spair time I got I bought her a Silk Hankerchef with Blossoms all imbroyded in the corner off G. Yonts theres few girls gets the money spent on them she does. Your Best Frieind Philip Floyd."

When school reopened in August, it was the general expectation that the love, or, rather, the privilege of loving, so expensively purchased by Philip, would continue his. But, alas! for the instability of the feminine heart! Within a week there was a deep line between Philip's brows and a return to some of his original bruskness of speech and manner. These were accounted for one morning when Hen Salyer, resting on his shovel from his labors of cleaning the stable, held forth to Miss Loring as follows:

"You ricollect me a-telling you last spring about 'Lige Munn a-passing on his

[1] See "The Tender Passion," in THE CENTURY for May, 1911.

paw's nag one day whilst Philip and Dilsey was talking on the front porch, and taking off his hat so polite to Dilse, and her a-telling Philip she *liked* manners? Well, Philip he turnt in and scratched him up enough manners after that to satisfy ten women; but some females hain't never suited, dag gone 'em, and when 'Lige started in a-bowing and a-scraping to Dilse the first day of this new school, what did Dilse do but bow and scrape back at him as bigoty as ever you seed. Then 'Lige he ups and brings her a fine apple next day, and five sticks of peppermint the next, and a poke of liquorice-draps the next. And if that 'ere girl did n't take and eat 'em right spang under Philip's eyes, with four or five presents from him there in her desk, too! I wished I may never see the beat! And a girl of her raising, too! But th' ain't no depending on females." Here Hen shook his head and pondered awhile before resuming: "Of course 'Lige being fifteen and a head taller and a town boy, and his paw keeping store, all goes ag'in' Philip. Women they like size and style and presents, the scurvy little jades!"

"But Dilsey is n't that kind at all," said Miss Loring. "She is an unusually nice and sensible little girl."

"She were *last* year," admitted Hen; "but that hain't *this*. You got a heap to learn about women if you think you can tell one year what they liable to do the next. That 'ere Dilse is next to the prettiest girl in school this year,—th' ain't nobody can outlook her but Poppet,—and lemme tell you this: not one in a hunderd of 'em is able to stand it; they git their heads turnt every time." Hen spoke from the accumulated wisdom of his ten years, as well as from special recent experience. During the previous term he had been the youngest of Poppet Beverley's admirers (they ranged all the way from twenty-nine to ten) and an observant student of her methods. Neither his knowledge of these, however, nor his three-months' absence from her had had power to lessen his loyalty, and on the evening of his return to the school he had sat at the supper-table with food untouched for at least five minutes, feasting his eyes on Poppet across the room, before exclaiming, with unquenchable gallantry, "Dag gone! I could butt stumps for that woman!"

Miss Loring hoped that Hen's acute mind had drawn mistaken conclusions in regard to Dilsey; but signs of their correctness multiplied. There was first a vivid outbreak of neckties on Philip—pink, yellow, green, heliotrope, a fresh kind each day. But, as Hen said, 'Lige, having his paw's whole store behind him, could outdo Philip in that. Then, on Sunday, Miss Loring was pained and shocked to see Philip walk into church late, in a hideous "store suit," with an ill-shaped, wrinkly coat and baggy, long trousers, in which he looked like a shriveled little old man, instead of the beautiful boy he was in the belted coat and knickerbockers he usually wore on Sundays. Miss Loring also saw Dilsey's fastidious eyes shrink from him and turn with relief to 'Lige's slender, well-fitted figure.

"Where did you get that dreadful suit?" Miss Loring inquired later.

"Off of Geordie. It 's a brand-new one he bought in Virginia this summer."

"What did he charge you for it?"

"Four dollars and forty-five cents."

"That suit," said Miss Loring, "was probably bought by Geordie at second-hand for not more than a dollar. And now you have let him palm it off on you, though you know him as well as I do. Oh, if you could only see yourself in it!"

Philip burst out savagely: "Yes, you and Dilsey and 'Lige and all of you think I hain't enough of a man to wear long breeches, just like Geordie said. But I 'll show you. I 'm more of a man than 'Lige Munn ever was or ever will be, and he 'll live to feel it. And don't you think you can ever get me back into short pants no more; I 'd ruther be dead."

In the matter of clothes 'Lige had indeed a cruel advantage, and not on Sundays only, for all the week he could and now did wear his Sunday suit and pointed shoes to school, while Philip raged in the regulation gingham shirt and overalls of the cottage boys. And clothes were by no means the worst. A few months before, 'Lige had visited Frankfort with his father, who was a member of the legislature, and had not only "rid on the railroad, bought store clothes, and seed the world," but during his stay had also acquired all the polish and graces of a finished society man. Where is the woman or girl who is not dazzled by these, and

made blind to more serious faults than 'Lige's laziness and lack of ambition?

Not that Dilsey gave anybody active encouragement, her rôle being to tolerate and accept, never under any circumstances to give. She simply permitted herself to be the shrine before which gifts and accomplishments might be offered up, and seemed entirely willing to have two devotees. "She aims to keep 'em both," reported Hen, a few days later. "She had on two breastpins a-Monday, one of Philip's and one of 'Lige's; and at recess Philip he snatched 'Lige's off of her, and throwed it on the ground, and told her not to think ary girl of his could ever wear other boys' jewelries. And she stiffed up the grandest and chilliest ever you beheld, and told him how did he *dare* to claim the likes of her, and lay down the law on her! That she give him to understand she never took orders from *nobody,* and would be friendly with *ten* boys if she wanted. Now, did you ever hear such talk from a right-raised female? Gee! I don't know what the women are coming to. Then she picked up 'Lige's pin and fastened it on ag'in. I tell you that 'ere girl is a-treading dangerous paths, and if she don't look out, there 'll be war in these parts, sure as you set on that bench. If I was Philip, I don't know as I 'd go to the trouble, though. I 'd git the old charm-doctor over on Clinch to lay a charm on 'Lige; that would fix him the easiest. Th' ain't nothing he can't charm away. When Keats had the quinsy, he took 'n' stood him up ag'in' a tree, and cut a hole in it right over his head, and plugged a lock of his hair up in it, and said when he growed up to that plug he 'd be shet of the quinsy. And dag gone if he was n't! And when Monroe Teed took Dave Antigo's girl away from him, the charm-doctor he tied two leetle bitty sticks crossways with a horsehair, and told Dave to burn 'em in a burying-ground at midnight, and scatter the ashes on Monroe, unbeknownst, and, by Heck! if Monroe did n't git throwed from his nag at election-time, and broke up so bad he could n't go courting all winter, and by spring Dave had her married. I could tell you a dozen: all the young folks gits charms from him. But Philip says he 'd ruther charm 'Lige hisself."

The following week a strange, unwonted calm descended upon the cottage. During playtime Miss Loring would find the boys skulking about in whispering groups behind stable and corn-crib, or in fence corners; and although at her approach they would pick up bats or shinny-sticks, their efforts at play were evidently efforts.

Then one day at afternoon recess, when the pupils streamed from the school-house into the yard, out of a clear sky Philip sprang upon 'Lige Munn and felled him to the ground. 'Lige quickly regained his feet, and a battle began. The girls drew back and grouped themselves on the steps, Dilsey in the front row, while the boys, large and small, formed a thick ring about the fighters. They seemed well-matched, 'Lige's superior length being offset by Philip's solidity, skill, and fury. Interest was intense. Finally 'Lige wearied and wavered, and in a flash Philip had him face down on the ground, and sat upon him with a triumphant yell. During the combat a close observer might have noticed that the cottage boys had worked their way through the ring to the inner circle, of which they now formed a solid half, while the other half was composed of a number of Munns, Drakes, and Somerses, brothers and cousins of 'Lige. At the instant of the triumphant yell from Philip, a dozen of the latter charged in upon him, to be met more than half-way, however, by an impregnable wall of cottage boys: Taulbee and Absalom, dogged and fierce; Joab, quick and keen; Nucky and Killis, renowned, invincible heroes; the two Salyers, worthy sons of a fighting race; Hosea and Iry, gentle in peace, but terrible in war; Jason Wyatt, the youngest, but possibly the "fightingest," of all, Geordie Yonts alone being conspicuous by his absence. Over the humbled 'Lige the battle raged. The Munn side had the greater numbers, but the Floyd side the greater fighters. Now, indeed, the interest was breathless. When the bell rang for close of recess, not a boy or girl entered the school-house. When the teachers came forth to see what was the matter, they, too, stood rooted to the spot. The combatants met, grappled, fought tooth and nail. Blood flowed freely. Philip, Nucky, and Killis were glorious in battle; joyously they met the foe and flung aside the disabled. Little Jason Wyatt had sev-

eral small victims in a pile at his side. The cottage boys were covering themselves with glory and the enemy with blood. Miss Holmes, the principal, ordered the grown-up boys to stop the fight. They did not (possibly could not) budge. The situation was becoming serious when Miss Loring saw Darcy Peel, the young deputy sheriff, come riding down the road, and called frantically to him. Lightly taking the fence with his nag, he dashed into the fray, carelessly waving a revolver. The boys scattered like chaff before him and would have vanished, but he called them to a halt and gave them a severe talk on the heinousness of disturbing "the women's" peace. At first he threatened to take them all to jail, but, later, relented, and released them on their word of honor to fight no more in the school-grounds. Then gracefully waving them into the school-house with the careless revolver, he went on his way.

From Hen that night, after the others were in bed, Miss Loring had fuller light on the subject of the fight. "Gee-oh! hain't this here Floyd-Munn war aiming to be a sizable one!" he exclaimed delightedly, slipping into her room, and closing the door carefully behind him. "Did you ever see the equal of the fighting us Floyds done to-day? By Ned! own brothers hain't nothing to blood-brothers!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Miss Loring.

"Well, you see Philip he aimed to whoop-out 'Lige, and knowed he could do it easy enough, only then he 'd have all the Munns and Drakes and Somerses down on him in a twinkle, and maybe git kilt, 'Lige having so many kin, and him none in these parts. So he said them that broke bread and et salt together all the time ought to act the same as blood-kin, and if us cottage boys would stand by him, he knowed he could wipe out the whole Munn biling, and make Dilsey Warrick ashamed she ever bit into a Munn apple. And we told him we were his men, by grab! and then he took us out under the corn-crib, and cut his arm with his knife-p'int, and bled hisself into a bottle, and then he passed the knife and the bottle around. When it come to Geordie, he drawed back, the little runagate, and said he were n't able to stand the sight of blood. Philip said all right; we 'd tie a meal-poke over his head and do it for him. So we done it, and he hollered so we very near had to choke him to death. And then Philip said we was all blood-brothers now, and corked the bottle, and before he buried it, made us all swear on it to stand by him, thick or thin, blood or water, up or down, going or coming. Then he ricollected about Geordie having gone pardners with 'Lige on keeps all last spring, and he said any turncoat, straddle-pole, or tattle-tale was to git strung up on a meat-hook. And Geordie he give him his hand over and over to stand by him and tell no tales (of course he aims to keep in with Philip long as he can sell him anything), and Philip he believed him, which is more 'n I 'd 'a' done, not on a stack of Bibles tall as that sycamore. And, sure enough, when Geordie heared the fight was a-coming off to-day, he took a bad belly-ache and went to the hospital; and I hope by now he 's sick as a dog and all tied up in knots from that 'ere physic Miss Shippen allus gives us. And I 'll bound you that misbegotten little jackanapes don't strike nary lick through this whole war; and, what 's more, I 'll wager he give 'Lige some inkling what was a-coming to-day, or there 'd 'a' never been so many Munns and Drakes and Somerses in school at one time. We 'd 'a' kilt the last one if you had n't 'a' called Darcy in when you did. Philip says he 'll remember that ag'in' you to your dying day."

For the next day or two the cottage boys went about swelling visibly in more senses than one, the lectures and punishments they received failing to cast the slightest shadow upon their radiant satisfaction. But when Philip, with the perfect confidence of the conquering male in having the females flock to his standard, laid a fine pawpaw on the table where Dilsey was washing dishes, she promptly flung it out of the window, with the scornful and enigmatical remark, "Some folkses are smarter than they 're wise."

The forces set in motion could not have been stayed, however, had she capitulated then and there. The following Sunday, as the cottage boys, accompanied by Miss Loring, were on their way to church in the village, they were "laywayed" by a large Munn contingent as they rounded the post-office corner, and there, in full view of the church and congregation, another terrible battle raged until the deacons and

pillars sallied forth and, with much difficulty and some damage, broke it up.

This time, too, Geordie Yonts was not present, but was loudly singing hymns in the church. He had had an engagement to help sweep out the "church-house," and had been permitted to go down an hour early. This spasm of industry appeared somewhat strange at the time, and on fuller consideration Miss Loring was half inclined to agree with Hen's conclusion: "That 'ere mischievious little devil is a-standing in with them Munns, and holp 'em plan to layway us, I 'll bet my next winter's shoes. But of course nobody can't prove it on him. By Ned!" he added, "if it had n't 'a' been church-time, and all them men gathered, we 'd 'a' laid the Munns out of all remembrance! We had 'em very near finished, and there was six or seven extrys among 'em, too."

"It seemed to me just the other way—that you Floyds were getting decidedly the worst of it, and should have been most thankful for the interruption," declared Miss Loring. The best result of this fray was that Philip had his hideous long trousers and wrinkly coat torn into shreds, so that he could not possibly wear them again.

The next engagement in the "war" was on a Sunday afternoon shortly afterward, when, as usual, Miss Loring and her boys went for a walk. Some distance up Perilous, on a mountain-slope about fifty yards above the creek, was a clump of chestnut-trees thickly embowered in wild grape-vine. Neither chestnuts nor grapes were ripe, but they were at that stage when no living boy could pass without investigating. Miss Loring followed the boys up to the trees. On her arrival, somewhat to her surprise, Philip suggested that "all hands get up in the trees and set awhile and tell ha'nt stories." The day was warm, the rest welcome. The boys vied with one another in lifting and "boosting" her up, and in finding a good limb for her to sit on; and then Taulbee, the most gifted narrator, began in a low voice on the "ha'nts." Had she been out in the open, instead of sitting in the embowered coolness, with her back to the creek and road, she would have seen the girls of the school approaching along the road in charge of one of the teachers, and, at a respectful distance in their rear, the usual group of village boys. As it was, she understood things only after the event. The girls passed on along the road below, uninterested in chestnuts and " 'possum"-grapes; but the boys following them ('Lige and some of his supporters) ran up to have a look. Just as they got beneath, down from their ambush dropped the Floyds, with terrific yells and pockets full of chestnut-burs. The burs, when rubbed vigorously into face, neck, and eyes, make resistless weapons. Nothing can withstand them. In a few seconds the Munns were in full flight down the slope, past the astonished girls, pursued by burs, rocks, and execrations.

During the fight Geordie had never once left his safe retreat in the boughs beside Miss Loring; also, as the Munns approached unsuspectingly up the hill, he had accidentally (so he said) "fallen a piece," exposing beneath the cover a fat foot and leg. He was now accused of both cowardice and treachery. He protested: "I tell you, I 'm a man of peace, like the Bible says. I don't follow fighting. I 'd ruther love my enemies than to fight 'em any day." But it was useless, and he had his face rubbed with burs, and was mauled and pounded within an inch of his life before Miss Loring could rescue him.

Then the girls came trooping up to hear particulars and to congratulate the Floyds,—all of them except Dilsey, who remained, a scornful, solitary little figure, down in the road, and who remarked in a scathing voice when Philip and the other victors came triumphantly down, "Some boys would never eat nothing but fire, or drink nothing but blood, if they had their wishes." The next morning in school she passed a note to 'Lige over Philip's very head, and in full view of the entire room.

Then came the period of real darkness and despair to Philip. If devotion, if royal generosity, if bravery and prowess, fail to recapture straying affections, what is left to be done? Deep gloom settled upon him; he moped sullenly about, absorbed in his own cogitations; he ceased to wash his ears, or to brush his hair and teeth; permitted his clothes to fall into raggedness; his manners to drop from him like a garment, his generosity like a hot cake. As to the "war," he merely kept his forces on the defensive. But no further attack came, for 'Lige was not of heroic stuff. War was not his meat and drink. For him defeat in battle was easily swallowed up by

victory in love. He walked about with a satisfied smile, paying more and more daring attentions to Dilsey.

It was at this psychological moment that, in the evenings and other leisure moments at the cottage, Geordie Yonts began to sing and pick a song that he had not hitherto attempted, and the words of which were as follows:

As I were rambling out one day,
I met up with Wild Bill Jones,
A-walking and a-talking with my dovey little gal,
And I warned him to leave her alone.

He looked me up, he looked me down,
And he smiled one scornful smile,
Said, "Lady, will you take this arm of mine,
And walk another while?"

I am the age of twenty-one,
Too old for to be controlled;
I drawed my revolver from my side,
And destroyed that poor man's soul.

Who can estimate the power of suggestion, though possibly it may not have been needed in this case, or who could dream that in Geordie's famous locked box, among the treasures which surely beguiled the last cent from every cottage and day-school boy, at that moment lay two ancient pistols, picked up goodness knows when or where, and crying out to be advantageously disposed of? In all human probability, the "Wild Bill Jones" song, which could as readily be made to convey warning to 'Lige as incentive to Philip, did double duty to this end. Certain it is that when all was over, these were found to be the pistols that figured in the final catastrophe. It was an ill wind that blew Geordie no good. For once, however, he overreached himself, for his beloved box, with all its contents, was thereafter confiscated by "the women," and the "born trader" was further discouraged by the promise of expulsion at the next sale or deal of any description.

One day in mid-October, Aunt Lucinda Tollett rode in on her nag and invited the school women and all the children, and, before she was through with it, the entire village and neighborhood, to the "stir-off" at her home up Right Fork two evenings later. Great was the excitement in the school as the hour approached. Supper was hurried through, all hands helped with the dishes, and by half-past six everybody set forth on the three-mile walk, village and neighborhood young folks falling into line all along the way. The procession was a gay and anticipative one, "stir-offs" being important social events in the mountains.

Dilsey started out flanked by her usual guards, Narcissa and Rosabel; but, with unparalleled audacity, 'Lige Munn politely shouldered Narcissa away and walked jauntily along at Dilsey's side, under the very eyes of the heads and teachers. A shock ran through the entire company of girls. The cottage boys stopped in their tracks and looked toward Philip. He walked sternly along, however, and made no sign.

The crescent moon and pale stars brightened in the sky as the procession straggled along the wild and beautiful banks of Right Fork. Then in the distance appeared the red glow of the fire where the sorghum was being boiled down, and soon the Tollett house, with fields and orchard rising steeply behind, stood forth in the glare. Piles of cane, crushed out by the gin, lay about the yard, and in the midst of them, in the huge, shallow, ten-foot pan propped table-high over the fire, the juice itself bubbled and boiled and sent up delicious odors, and was stirred, skimmed, and assisted from compartment to compartment by Uncle Bolivar. The boiling had already proceeded for ten hours, and was about finished.

The eager crowd swarmed about the pan, with sticks of cane, which were dipped into the thickening sweetness and then rapturously sucked. People stood four or five deep, reaching over heads and shoulders. Needless to say, the cottage boys achieved places in the front row. Having won his, Philip had just dipped in his cane and conveyed it half-way to his mouth when his eyes were blasted, his sweet turned to bitter, by the sight of 'Lige and Dilsey immediately across the pan from him. Slowly passing the piece of cane to his left hand, he stood awaiting developments. There is a custom at "stir-offs" which is equivalent to a formal betrothal or the publishing of banns in other regions. When a pair of lovers use only one piece of cane to suck the sorghum from, it is well understood that nothing

but the marriage-ceremony is needed to seal the compact.

As Philip looked, he saw 'Lige dip in a piece of cane, lick it delicately, to test its hotness, and then, with an elegant flourish, pass it on to Dilsey, who calmly and thoroughly sucked off the remaining sorghum. During the whole of this proceeding, 'Lige kept the corner of an eye carefully fixed on Philip.

Then blind, titanic rage swept over Philip's soul. His hand flew to his hip-pocket. 'Lige's instantaneously followed suit. A shot rang out, and Philip crumpled down on the ground.

There was an instant of horrified silence, then tremendous excitement broke forth. With one accord the cottage boys rushed for 'Lige, who stood, dazed, pistol in hand, repeating over and over, "I never done it, I never had time to fire," and would have cast him bodily into the flames had not the deputy sheriff, Darcy Peel, stepped forward and laid a hand on his shoulder. Other young men, under Miss Shippen's direction, were lifting Philip to a pile of cane, and clearing space about him for air. Reviving in a moment, he looked angrily about and fumbled for his pocket.

"Where is that 'Lige?" he demanded. "Gimme another try at him! My dag-gone trigger caught in this here ragged pocket and shot me in the leg this time, but I 'll git him the next."

The offending weapon was quickly removed from his pocket, and Miss Shippen propped and bandaged the injured leg to stop the profuse bleeding, and ordered a stretcher made of bean-poles and wild grape-vine. After this was made comfortable with Aunt Lucinda's soft coverlets, Philip was lifted upon it, and the bearers started with him for the school, followed by a crowd of weeping and wailing girls and wildly excited boys, from whom 'Lige and Geordie found it best to seek protection by clinging to the arm of the law in the person of Darcy Peel.

Near the head of the procession, and immediately following the stretcher and its attendants, walked a beautiful, fair-haired little mourner, beating her breast, wringing her hands, refusing consolation and hope, all her pride and reserve for once broken down.

"Oh, my poor boy! my poor boy! I have gone and killed him that I liked better than anything on this green earth! I have broke' his heart for him, and been the death of him, by my ill behavior, and showing civilities to that contemptible 'Lige Munn, that I never, never cared nary grain about no way, and that never could hold no kind of a candle to Philip! No, Rosabel, he *hain't* a-going to get well, neither. He 's aiming to die,—I know that for certain,—he 's aiming to depart from this world that hain't fitten for him to tread on, and from me that treated him so scandalous and dog-mean! Oh, he was the prettiest and most manliest boy that ever I seed the likes of, Narcissa, and now they 're a-carrying him feet foremost! Oh, I 'll never speak to nary 'nother boy long as I live, much less eat candy and apples off of 'em, and dip sorghum with 'em!"

LATE in the night, when the school hospital had been reached, the bullet probed for and found, the wound dressed, and Philip lay weak from suffering, but once more at ease, a miserable, weary, tear-stained little Dilsey came haltingly into the small dispensary where Miss Shippen and Miss Loring still lingered.

"Miss Shippen," she began, with difficulty, "do you reckon it would hurt anything if you was to let me say just four words to Philip?"

"Can't I say them for you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it anything that will excite or trouble him? Because nothing must do that now on any account."

"No, ma'am," replied the little petitioner, humbly; "it is something that is liable to swage him down and pacify him a right-smart."

Miss Shippen and Miss Loring exchanged amused glances. "Very well," said Miss Shippen, gravely, "come on in." She led the way in to Philip's bedside. "Here is Dilsey wanting to speak to you," she said.

Philip turned away his head with a deep groan; but Dilsey laid a compelling hand on his shoulder, leaned down over him, and spoke these words distinctly, slowly, and forcibly into his ear:

"I despise 'Lige Munn!"

Philip opened his eyes, looked at her intently, and then gave a long, long sigh, as if incredible burdens were rolling from him.

"Gee!" he said feebly, "I wished I 'd 'a' got shot sooner!"

TOILERS IN THE TRACES

PICTURES · BY · PAUL · BRANSOM

PULLING OUT

WAITING TO BE HARNESSED

into their morning costumes. The elders, seated within the tent, moved aside to let the children seek the rear of the tent; one broidered muslins, were seen gravely hanging up the damp jerseys along the canvas walls. Who cared?

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

THE MORNING PARADE OF FASHION IN THE RUE DE PARIS

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Ideals of decorum differ in different countries as widely as do habits of frugality. These bourgeois hands which were not in the least ashamed to be seen wringing out towels and bathing-suits to save

"KEB—SIR?"

SLIPPERY STREETS

LUNCH TIME

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

A GAMING-TABLE AT ONE OF THE CASINOS AT TROUVILLE

THE COLOR OF LIFE AT TROUVILLE

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

WITH PICTURES BY BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL

THERE are two or three Normandies. There is the Normandy the Norman knows, the land he lives in, toils in, and grows rich in; the country he has so triumphantly transformed in the long centuries of his occupation that it has come to be known as the green garden of France. There is also the Normandy of the poet, the artist, and the writer. This is the region of cities filled with architectural masterpieces, rich in historic splendor, and of such unequaled picturesqueness that it seems to be perpetually sitting for its portrait. There is still another Normandy. This is the strip along the coast where lie the blond beaches, where the white cliffs rise, where villas and hotels crowd the low slopes above the sea and make little cities of their own. This Normandy is the country the tourist knows best—one that goes to sleep every autumn with the whirling away of the last automobile, and comes to sudden, resuscitated life only with the appearance of the early visitor.

Trouville may be said to belong to each and all of the above Normandies. There is the fisherman's Trouville, the one that has been here so many centuries that history fails to record its birth; there is the Trouville that leads one into an artist's paradise; and there is the Trouville all the world knows, to which sooner or later all the world comes.

In 1825 a wandering artist down from Paris began a stroll along the Calvados coast. From Honfleur he walked on and on, marveling as he walked. After passing along a coast road that wound its way in and out of shaded lanes, of towering hill-slopes, of orchards that ran down to the sea, and of farm-houses that seemed planted rather than built, so wondrously did their thatched roofs and vine-covered walls fuse and melt into the greens and browns of the woods and meadows, suddenly the artist's footsteps were arrested. Before him there stretched the magnificent expanse of the sea; below the hill on which he stood there rode out to meet the radiant waters an interminable length of beach, firm, even, beautiful in tone; and to the northeast the Havre coast, in hazy outlines, rose above the broad mouth of the Seine. All the nearer land was still the farmers'. A tiny fishermen's village, grouped above the River Touques, a little cluster of huts and cabins, alone disputed possession with wandering herds of sheep, with grazing cattle, and with mottled Percherons.

Charles Mozin, realizing how great

was his *trouvaille,* set up his easel, and Trouville sat for its first portrait. Perhaps even the artist was not entirely prepared for the effect his pictures were to produce. When Mozin's canvases were hung in the Salon the following year, their surprisingly picturesque qualities evoked that mingled delight and enthusiasm that proved the vitality of French response to beauty. Mozin's pictures were the talk of the town. That a country as rich in natural beauties, with such beaches, forests, and orchards, should be no farther away than the mouth of the Seine, gave Paris the agreeable flutter of experiencing a new and surprisingly pure sensation.

After Mozin, there followed other groups of artists, and also of writers, whose praises of the coast from Honfleur to Trouville and beyond were to spread the glories of this unique stretch of seacoast. Flaubert, who went to school at Honfleur, in his walks with his friends waxed eloquent over the extraordinary combination of farm-land, blond beaches, and verdant slopes. Artists began to crowd the little inn near Honfleur; the Mère Toutain's at St. Siméon was destined to house talent as famous as the renowned Barbison hostelry. To the "Mère" came Isabey, Daubigny, Français, Diaz, Courbet, and Eugène Boudin—all to take from this inexhaustible Norman country the features best suited to the talent of each. And thus, through the brush and the pen, was Normandy's incomparable variety of attractions made known.

Artists and missionaries may be said to make the wealth of savage or undiscovered countries. The missionary plants his cross, and the merchant follows. The artist plants his easel, his trained eye seeing in a land the beauty no one had hitherto discovered, and the world wakes up to the not overflattering revelation that something altogether wonderful lies the other side of its door-step.

Trouville suddenly became the fashion. All Paris rushed to her beaches to prove its artistic sense as highly developed as was that of the artists, whose names were now in every one's mouth, although their owners were hardly "in society." Above the stretches of the magnificent beach, the meadows and slopes which the primitive fishermen had not found as useful as the harbor of the River Touques rose to fabulous prices. Villas were built with a rapidity that would have done credit to an American frontier town. Many of those erected at that period still remain, as though to serve as a record of a period unique, perhaps, in examples of depraved architectural taste.

To attain its apogee of renown, Trouville, however, had to await the coming of those leaders of fashion whose prominence, and lavish expenditures in the matters of entertainment, gave éclat to the most brilliant period of the Second Empire. With the advent of the famous Duchesse de Sagan, and the appearance of the Duc de Morny on the Trouville beaches, all the world followed.

The Duc de Morny was the most romantic figure, as he was perhaps the most powerful person, at the Court of Napoleon III. The unacknowledged son of Queen Hortense, he had prepared the *coup d'état* that placed his half-brother on the throne. Later he became President of the Corps Legislatif, as he was also the prime leader of those social gaieties that made this reign synonymous with extravagant splendor.

The duke was not only an organizer in both the political and the social world, but he had also the adventurous spirit of the speculator. Ever with an eye to material advancement, when a certain clever Frenchman drew his attention to the advantages of pushing the tide of fashion farther along,—across the River Touques to the sand-dunes of Deauville,—Morny leaped at the suggestion. The sand-dunes of Deauville were, so to speak, virgin soil. Let the *beau monde* be led thither, and the fortunes reaped from the enormous prices paid for land in Trouville would be rivaled by those gained by buying up the dunes. Thus it was that Deauville became the more exclusive suburb of the more popular watering-place.

In that mid-nineteenth century festival of gaiety, Trouville-Deauville easily led as first among the French watering-places. It offered a new and picturesque background for the display of those effects which the great world delights in exhibiting. Through the narrow Trouville streets there flashed the pomp of the semi-royal daumont, with its liveried postilion and footmen. In such open vehicles, the

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

"DOWN ON THE BEACH . . . THE LITTLE CITY OF THE TENTS"

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

THE LADY CHOSE TO RIDE ASTRIDE

fair occupants were as exposed to view as though seated in the *fauteuils* of their own salons. The vast crinolines of the period made a frame for the undulating masses of lawns and painted muslins; and capes and shawls were worn with a lost grace—that grace we see reproduced in the prints and portraits of the day. The faces of the women of that past time were surely tenderer, less self-assertive; they possessed something of the suave and riant gaiety which the great Italian painters saw in their more frankly pagan sitters.

With the tragic ending of that pageant of frivolity and splendor, Trouville, in common with much that went down in the collapse of French grandeur, suffered its moment of eclipse. Like the tides that beat upon its beaches, it has experienced the rise and decline of fashion's favor. Last season fortune's wheel turned to a renewal of the brilliant life of half a century ago. There are those who will whisper to you that this revival is largely due to that curiously intimate law of cause and effect that rules every change made in the worlds of finance or sport. The inhibition of racing by the New York legislature is responsible, it appears, for much in this renascence of Trouville's gaieties. The Trouville-Deauville races are the magnet that have drawn certain American owners of fine racing-stables not only to export their winners, to buy valuable pastures in this rich Normandy land, the home of the horse, for the raising of stock, but also to seek country homes in some one of the innumerable châteaux in the lovely country that neighbors Trouville.

The life that pours into Trouville, in our day every summer will be found amazingly typical. In the last fifty-odd years the changes that have been brought about by the spread of democracy, the development of the spirit of equality, the right of all to all there is to be got out of

life, have changed Trouville from a society of intimates to a gigantic gathering of a dozen different worlds.

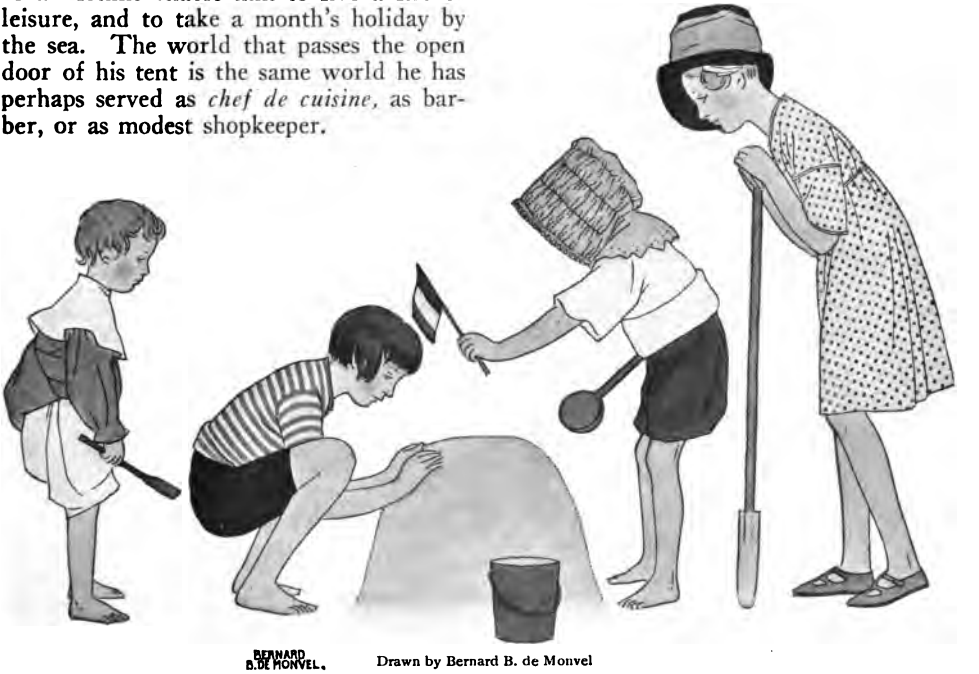
Modern Trouville is a brilliant, highly colored, spectacular presentment of that mixture of worlds that meet, but do not fuse, that come to take the *cure d'air* and a look about—worlds in which each holds its own place, content to take its pleasure each in its own preferred way.

Down on the beach you will find the people in possession. In the little city of the tents there are hundreds and hundreds of faces familiar enough to any dweller in Paris or to those who wander farther afield into the quieter, provincial streets of French towns. Under the striped canvases of the tents that crowd the great beach—tents in use only during the day—one sees the clever, animated countenances of the class that works, that originates, that invents, or that dreams of turning dreams into material profit—the faces, in a word, of those Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who keep France alive. There are any number of those who strike their tents on the Trouville sands in the spirit of the laborer who opens his palm to receive his pension; for here also comes the *petit rentier,* whose toil and whose savings of a lifetime enable him to live a life of leisure, and to take a month's holiday by the sea. The world that passes the open door of his tent is the same world he has perhaps served as *chef de cuisine,* as barber, or as modest shopkeeper.

There is also the well-to-do bourgeois, as there are the families of the journalist, the writer, the dramatist, and the merchant, crowding the all-too-narrow space of the tent which from early morn till sunset serves as salon, as a lounge, and as the rendezvous for nurses, children, and dogs.

Every one of these pleasure-seekers has brought along a provision of long-stored delight. On that strict principle of economy that governs every expenditure in France, these beaches have been carefully selected; for here more entertainment for one's outlay is promised than elsewhere. From their open tent doors or from the chairs up yonder, costing two *sous,* in which one can hear daily the concerts given by the casino orchestra or that can be moved to watch the "parade" in the rue de Paris—from any one of these posts of observation this crowded Trouville world can be viewed and commented upon.

In watching this merry crowd at play beside the sea, we colder, less easily amused Anglo-Saxons may learn a fresh lesson in that which adds to the gaiety of nations. This Gallic race has a genius for making itself at home in the open air.



BERNARD B. DE MONVEL. Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

CHILDREN PLAYING ON THE BEACH AT TROUVILLE

The people live their lives out in public with a freedom, above all, with a naturalness, that may well arouse the sweet envy of other less expansive nations. The Frenchman is never more himself than when aware of being an active unit of an active crowd; he is that most responsive of instruments in the human orchestra—at his best when being played upon. And on these sands by the sea, what an endless variety of gay notes and of joyous chords are struck!

There is tonic in watching the ease and freedom with which an entire family abandons itself to the joy of this life by the sea. Seated within the tent, one may see grandames bending over their embroidery-frames, while the younger women, with their strips of *broderie anglaise* over the finger, send their sweeping glance abroad, to lose nothing of the passing show. The children sprawling over the sands play with woolly dogs or live ones, while others are constructing walls and fortifications the erection of which awaited only the turning of their spade. And against the sky-line, close to the edge of the sea, other childish shapes, dancing, prancing, clad in flaming, scarlet jerseys, or with lace-edged skirts tucked about diminutive waists, sport with the dimpling waters, a living band of little Loves adding an indescribable grace and lightness to the scene.

Along the beach the woman of yesterday may be seen passing the woman of to-morrow. Nuns, in groups of twos or threes, in their somber habits and long, black veils, their waxen pallor proving the life of the cloistered sister, meet face to face the suffragette. One wonders, will the new woman, in a century or two, produce a type of woman whose face will reflect a more durable serenity, a more contented aspect of cheerful delight in fulfilling their more or less obvious mission in life, than those of the serene grandame, or the rosy-cheeked mother yonder, who bring the picture of their charming industry to add the home note to the scene?

In striking contrast to the above groups, I saw one day a certain well-known woman poet, given to eccentric apparel, who delighted the eyes of the curious by riding her horse down to the edge of the bathing-beach. Even the ladies bathing in the semi-nudity of a single garment were not so great a novelty as the slim, graceful shape that, with that unconquerable awkwardness of the unaccustomed rider, bestrode a mild-gaited steed.

"Oh, the little suffragette—how she gets herself up!" shrilled a girlish voice.

A young man's bass struck in: "Nothing de-poetizes a woman so quickly as for her to put on trousers. *Que diable* does a pretty creature like that want to make a guy of herself?"

The pretty creature did not appear to care a rap whether she looked a guy or not. She smiled with faint satisfaction; she had made her *coup,* she had forced the crowd to talk about her—and there was a new book shortly to be published, containing some of her most audacious verses.

A more enduring, persistent French type was doubtless that of a fascinating, arresting shape I remember to have seen one sunny morning. The lady had seated herself at the exact angle within her tent where the sunlight would render the more luminous her embroidered muslin gown, the scant folds of which had been drawn about the delicate form with full knowledge of what lines were best brought into relief. Head and shoulders were in shadow. The huge Leghorn hat, with its circlet of blue roses, had been placed at a perilous, but provocative slant—one that showed only a fraction of the rose-tinted cheek and the finish of a well-cut nose and chin. The long, slender hands were caressing a King Charles spaniel. This intuitive knowledge of the workings of human curiosity was rewarded. No masculine shape passed but stayed his step, and in several adjacent tents there suddenly sprang up an amazing number of admiring males. Even the budding poet, in the opposite tent, though reciting his own verses to an adoring family group—on two of whose faces one could read the naïve wonder of having unwittingly given birth to genius—even this poet of the Midi began to chant in broken cadences. His eyes were on the lady. Would she lift her orbs? Would she let him sniff the incense of her mute applause?

Meanwhile, in an adjacent tent, with that complete indifference to public opinion common in France when any motive of economy is involved, a group of boys and girls fresh from their bath, in dripping bathing-suits, were proceeding to change

into their morning costumes. The elders, seated within the tent, moved aside to let the children seek the rear of the tent; one broidered muslins, were seen gravely hanging up the damp jerseys along the canvas walls. Who cared?

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THE MORNING PARADE OF FASHION IN THE RUE DE PARIS

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Ideals of decorum differ in different countries as widely as do habits of frugality. These bourgeois hands which were not in the least ashamed to be seen wringing out towels and bathing-suits to save

the fee of the bath-house, would be lifted in scandalized horror were their young girls to indulge in the gay antics familiar enough to American eyes on our American beaches. For young people of opposite sex to spend half a forenoon together, clad in their bathing-suits; for such couples to bury themselves in sand-beds or to climb neighboring cliffs or openly to engage in the human form as completely revealed as the skin-tight jersey permits! In the crowd that gathers instantly to watch such, there are any number of the descendants of Thaïs, standing side by side with mothers who are speeding their daughters to take their morning dip. And no one is shocked. On the contrary, the acrobatic feats of the jersey-clad figures,

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

"NOWHERE PERHAPS IN ALL EUROPE CAN WOMEN AND HORSES HOPE TO BE SEEN TO BETTER ADVANTAGE"

harmless flirtations on friendly rocks—such practices would greatly delight the French journalist or novelist in search of American local color, and would only confirm foreign opinion in its rigid conviction of the undue license given to the American girl. Yet an American will experience in his turn the shock of a more or less mild surprise in noting certain aspects of life on this Trouville beach. He will see the "one-piece" bathers—those who wear the tight jersey—slipping off peignoirs, to give an exhibition of who swim out to the diving-raft, to perform wonderful curves between the leaving of the inclined plank and their headlong plunge into the sea, evoke hearty applause. And the last *cri* on the perfectly gowned shape of those whom Lecky calls "the priestesses of civilization," such dainty creations any French mother will freely discuss with her growing daughter. And we—are we really shocked at finding a French crowd composed of so many heterogeneous elements? Surely not, for we naturally look to France to throw off

the cloak of a certain reserve which we Anglo-Saxons somewhat hypocritically gather tight about us. There is, however, always the peep-hole through which we gaze, wide-eyed, secretly pleased, at what France does openly.

Away from the beach, there is still another world, another part of the Trouville comedy to be watched. During the crowded time of the so-called "parade," automobiles, smart carts, and carriages come to a halt on the streets converging on the rue de Paris. At certain of the morning hours the fashionable little thoroughfare is reserved for the saunterings of the groups that meet to melt away, only to form again elsewhere. At the end of the street, at the point where the gay little shops and the stone flaggings of the all-too-narrow sidewalk suddenly come to an abrupt end, dozens and dozens of chairs are set. Their possession will be as hotly contested as though they were *fauteuils d'orchestre* on the night of a *première;* and the little thoroughfare, with its quaint blending of pointed gables, of copies of old signs, and of painted façades, might easily, indeed, be mistaken for certain scenes set on the stage we call real. The open-air presentment of men and manners, of the customs and costumes of our day, as watched by the audience seated in those closely serried chairs, would be a point of view which the historian of the latter part of the twentieth century would doubtless give half a year of life to see.

There is, perhaps, in all Europe, no spectacle to compare with this chosen haunt of the *beau monde*. The Roman Corso during the carnival, or, in a larger frame, the world that lounges under the trees of Hyde Park in the season, alone can present the same brilliant scene. Yet this Trouville hour of parade differs from all others in attracting a great variety of types during the brief three weeks of the height of the racing season at Deauville. With that persistent magic that has drawn to Paris generations of men from all over the known world, that lured the "barbarians" from every corner of the antique world to Athens, does France still woo men—and many women—to test her perdurable fascination. Past that seated crowd of onlookers at the end of the rue de Paris there will defile a motley strangely mixed, yet arrestingly interesting world.

Again and again one confronts the American face to face. The girls and younger women prove the youth of their race by that exquisite freshness and debonair grace so peculiarly a racial characteristic. Beside them walks the paler, overworked father, with his questioning, recording eyes, or the younger husband or brother, whose vigorous stride and tanned skin prove the modern man of sport, of a greater leisure. There will follow the ruddy Englishman, staring out on the scene with the look of the man who has come to France determined to lose nothing of its wickedness; and beside him there will lounge, with the insolent grace of the high-born Englishwoman, the fair-faced wife or daughter, wearing a French gown and hat with a peculiar British indifference to the setting-off of fine apparel. A tragic Italian face will turn from gazing at a shop-window, filled with jewels whose fires seem dim in contrast with the living glow of the lustrous Italian orbs. And the Egyptian, with his long, sallow face,—the face of a scarab, but a scarab that is alive, one animated with eyes that nothing escapes, but eyes, also, that will tell you nothing, for behind them lies the soul of the East,—this man of the desert will glide along with the smooth step of one used to heelless foot-gear. Last season a maharaja and his suite might have been seen, the rich eastern stuffs and the exquisite blending of embroidered satins and delicate cashmeres of their attire making them a conspicuous group in the mêlée of the moving throng.

Polyglot as were the tongues one heard, the prevailing speech was that of the Frenchman. Although it is rather on the Deauville beaches one may nowadays see the world of fashion taking its *cure d'air* or its bath or continuing the flirtation begun in Paris salons, yet it is still the "thing" to be met in the rue de Paris at the right hour. These French groups enliven the scene with an unflagging gaiety, with that note, also, of a certain distinction in manners and bearing peculiar to their race. When French friends meet, the inevitable circle is immediately formed; something of the seclusion and the intimacy of the salon pervade the chance gathering, each little group being a world unto itself.

These various sets and coteries part to

meet again in the more exclusive circles of the Deauville villas or of its golf club, for the game itself or for the reunions at the fashionable hour of tea. Later, dinners will bring the world that has been called "the essence of Paris" together under vine-hung verandas, on moonlit terraces, or in sumptuous ballrooms for cotillions the brilliancy and *entrain* of which are the only serious rivals to the more hectic casino life. At both of the huge new casinos lately opened at Trouville and at Deauville the same spectacular scenes are presented that one may witness at any of the more famous European gambling resorts. Women of the best and worst worlds outrival one another in the display of jewels and apparel. In watching the painted, sharp-eyed faces of those whom we relegate to the half-world, clad in gossamer tulles and gauzes that reveal the form as did the clinging chitons of their Greek prototypes, the hetæræ, one involuntarily recalls certain pages of history—those that pictured the period of Alcibiades, the later Alexandrian days, or those of decadent Rome.

During the three weeks of the racing season at Deauville all these various worlds come to see the horses run. And nowhere perhaps in all Europe can women and horses hope to be seen to better advantage. The course is laid below the hill-slope along the crest of which there are still a few fishermen's houses fighting the encroachments of villas and parks, to prove where the original Deauville once had its busy little center. Below the hill there spreads the vast and marvelously green inclosure of the race-course.

In this open-air arena, where fashion furnishes moralists with strictures on the extravagance of our era; where women find the shade of great trees and vine-hung pergolas, and velvet greensward for the display of toilettes that are prophetic of the coming season's modes; where American horses carry off prizes that may well excite the envy of Frenchmen; here, above the brilliant scene, on the rise of the low hill, lies the old Deauville cemetery. Marble crosses catch the sunlight, and above the heads of the shouting thousands, whose "favorite" has won on the day of the "Grand Prix," these silent monitors shine forth as though with warning finger to mark "Time" for the living, yelling, triumphant world below.

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

"THE BUDDING POET"

THE MOUNTAIN THAT MOVED

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

OUT in the cove there still was sunshine, a thin, dispassionate sunlight it is true, merely a veneer, but very palpable as compared with the gray, autumnal shadow in which Path Valley lay.

Old Jacob Vanderberg sat in the shadow. Caspar, had he been there, might have said in his poet's voice that the situation thus was symbolized, and he might with truth have gone on to add that the evening shadow preceded a night without a morning and that the coming winter would have no spring for the house of Vanderberg. But Caspar was castle-building by the log fire indoors, and so, in the gathering dusk, his father sat alone on the lowest step of the porch and pulled long puffs at his unlit pipe as he gazed, wide-eyed and unseeing, out over his farm, which sloped gently down from where he sat to the low ridge across Path Valley's closed mouth. In his thoughts Path Valley was still his farm, as it had been for eighteen years. When he glanced, as he did now and then, toward the steep-rising mountain-side at his right, his expression was one of dazed bewilderment rather than that of a man viewing a newly acquired dwelling-place. For somewhere along the base of the sheer-rising mountain there ran an invisible, intangible line which even Angus MacWethy said was there; so of course it must be, and because of this mysterious line, and because of many things of which he understood as little, the law courts had said that he had never owned Path Valley and that he and Caspar must give up the old house and the old farm and live *north* of the line, though, as every one knew, that was a barren mountain-side, a waste of rocks and scrubby hemlock and chestnut-trees and laurel.

Angus had explained to him many times that, although he had bought the little valley and had lived in it all these years, he must now leave it—leave it because his deed had been burned and because the record in the big book in the court-house was wrong, though only in one little word, which might easily have been changed, he thought, even if Angus did say that that could not be done; and because Jonas Tidd, knowing all these things, had beguiled the widow of Avery Howth into selling Path Valley over again. Therefore he and Caspar must go. Angus had explained it all to him, and he had not understood; it had been explained to Caspar, and Caspar could not understand. And if a matter could not be comprehended by his boy Caspar! He shook his head. Then he took his dry pipe from his mouth, the better to stare at the darkening mountain-side past that incomprehensible line.

The chestnut-trees and the wild grapevines, which had glowed with radiant scarlets and golds in the earlier autumn sunshine, had tarnished in the dusk to a dismal, chilling gray. The old man put back his pipe, and, drawing his knees up to his chin, sat there silently rocking himself backward and forward on the bottom porch step. Out beyond the spur which closed Path Valley's mouth, and across the cove, and down behind the Alleghanies, the sun had set. The mountains had first become violet, then purple, then had vanished altogether in the blackness; innumerable stars came out crisply. It was very still; on the cove road, half a mile

away, he heard the tinkle of a cow-bell—one of Jonas Tidd's cows. The thought of Jonas Tidd brought no resentment yet, but only a puzzled wonder that any one should wrong him and Caspar so.

He had told the judge that Jonas was wrong, and then Angus had got up in court and had made a great speech—a great speech, which he and Caspar had applauded till the judge made them be still. But when Jarvis Fancher, the lawyer for Jonas Tidd, had spoken *his* speech, the judge had said that he and Caspar did not own Path Valley after all. Ah, well, it must be, as people said, that Jarvis Fancher was in league with the devil; by no other way could he have beaten that great speech of Angus. Poor old Angus! The tears had run down his face when he said that he had lost the case which a younger lawyer might have won.

"Y' auld fule!" rasped a twangling voice from the darkness, "get ye into the hoose oot o' the frost. Whaur were yer brains that ye dinna ken rheumatics rise as the sun sets?"

"Angus, ye scairt me!" cried Jacob, rising stiffly; and as the two old men toiled up the steep porch steps, he added apologetically, "I have only a few days left in Path Valley."

"Ye 'll ha' few thees side o' the Valley o' the Shadow foreby y' keep in oot o' the frost, mon," answered the old lawyer, tartly. As they flung open the door, Caspar, in the great stone chimney-corner, sprang up, startled, and peered toward them with his fire-dazzled eyes. He was very young in many ways for his twenty years, which seemed spread thin over his six feet of gawky lankness, and he was very nervous. His angular Adam's apple worked up and down rapidly, and the blinking of his blue eyes was incessant. Shyly, seeing who entered, he came forward, extending a much crinkled paper.

"I have written a sonnet," he said. His delighted father, with an eloquent gesture which said more proudly than words, "You see? My son," turned to Angus MacWethy.

"Weel, weel, Caspar," the lawyer said no less delightedly, "a sonnet! The great Burns—ye read his works frequent', Caspar?" he peered sharply under his bushy eyebrows.

"Oh, aye," the boy answered quickly.

"The great Burns ne'er favored sonnets o'ermuch; but I mind me ain—"

"After supper, Angus," interposed the elder Vanderberg, apprehensively, and the three joined in setting the table, as had been the Saturday night custom for more years than Caspar could recall.

The meal ended, Angus took a mighty pinch of snuff, and the dishes rattled at the consequent, furious sneezings; Jacob lighted his great clay pipe, and the shadows among the rafters lightened from Vandyke brown to pale-blue grays in the eddying smoke clouds; Caspar sat shyly expectant.

"Weel, laddie, the sonnet," said the old lawyer, mopping the tears from his eyes. Caspar flung another log on the fire, and the flames flared noisily; the two old men leaned forward in anticipation, and Caspar, in a thin, eager voice, read:

"Her hair 's like yellow corn-silk fine;
Her orb 's like a summer sky;
The nose of her is Greekian line;
Her cheeks like where blossoms lie.
She 's round and plump and full o' fun;
She is brave and has no fear;
And my! you ought to see her run—
She 's a graceful little dear."

He looked up swiftly, covertly, to see if they had caught his play of words, but they were placidly unaware. "That eighth line ain't right yet, but I had to have the rhyme," he mumbled; then, fearful that he had made it too apparent, he hurriedly read on:

"And tho' she is so young and fair,—
Her summers are nineteen,—
She 's graduated school, and there
Are none more learned, I ween.
All other girls she 's far above;
She 's the kind of girl that all must love."

"Weel done!" cried MacWethy, and, as though the father were the author, he caught his hand and wrung it fervently. Jacob was as happy as the boy; his troubles were forgotten and laid at rest: there was no line, no angel hovering with flaming sword at Path Valley's gateway.

"Burns—"

"Why is it a sonnet, Caspar?" Jacob said hastily.

"Because it has fourteen lines, Father," explained the flushed poet.

" 'Her hair 's like yellow corn-silk fine,' " Angus began reminiscently. " 'Her hair' —whose hair, Caspar? A-h-h, maun your owd frien' no ask ye that?" He shook with laughter. The boy was scarlet, and under the table he twisted his fingers together in an agony of bashfulness.

Jacob joined the laugh shrilly, then said in a loud stage-whisper:

"I 'll tell y', Angus; "'t is Melissy Tidd!"

Father and son froze at the anger in the old lawyer's stare. Then MacWethy crashed his fist down upon the table, and the glasses shivered into tinkling cascades to the floor.

"Ha' ye *no* shame!" he roared. "Sonnets! Love! An' her the daughter o' the black-hearted thief wha 's stripping the roof fra ower yer head, an' the farm-land fra under the feet o' yer ain owd feyther. Ye—"

Caspar cowered in his chair.

"Angus,"—old Jacob caught his arm, —"the boy does n't understand; I don't understand. Explain it all over again just the once, old friend," he pleaded.

MacWethy snorted and gasped with the excess of his anger, but presently he began to speak, and his harsh voice softened as he retold with great patience the story of the fraud.

The only county in Pennsylvania without a railroad was at last to have one, and the railroad would come up the cove. There would be no more fifteen-mile haul of winter wheat, the cove's chief product. Shrewd Jonas Tidd, learning of the railroad's coming, hastily sought to acquire more land before the news became generally known, and sheltered Path Valley, adjoining his own farm out in the cove, was his first aim. He had offered to buy; Jacob Vanderberg refused to sell. Here Jacob and Caspar nodded in unison; so far they understood perfectly.

"Mon, mon, an' why did y' tell him the deed was burned?" the old lawyer asked for the hundredth time.

"He asked t' see it, Angus; besides, every one knew I lost everything when m' house burned fifteen year' ago," Jacob answered humbly.

"He only suspected; Jarvis Fancher put him oop to making sure after they had diskeevered the flaw in the record of the title," MacWethy rasped.

Tidd had gone to Fancher to see if in any way old Vanderberg could be forced to sell. Together they had looked up the record of the deed and had found, by some incomprehensible fate, a graver flaw than they had dared to hope. The description of the land was vague at best; "That land for twenty chains north of aforementioned survey-line," read the error; Path Valley lay to the south of the one described line. By the record, Jacob Vanderberg owned the most barren spot in all the rocky waste of the Tuscarora Mountains. Avery Howth, from whom Path Valley had been purchased, was dead, and his widow, "the titterin', meedle-aged fule,"—MacWethy was apt,—had been easily persuaded by Fancher that her husband had never meant to sell Path Valley, and she willingly sold it to Jonas Tidd. Armed with the new deed, he had taken the case to court.

"I c'u'd ha' won the case wi' ease by the twenty-year law, Jacob, had ye lived on the land but twa year' longer," MacWethy ended bitterly. Jacob and Caspar shook their heads hopelessly.

"Ye dinna understand?"

"No, Angus."

"Yet, it must be. Ye ha' foor more days till the first o' November; foor more days i' Path Valley."

The smoldering logs fell apart for a momentary flare, then the shadows and the cold drew in yet closer to the silent group at the table. The ceiling beams cracked harshly from the frost, and Jacob raised his bowed head, fearful lest already his home was to be snatched away.

"Caspar lad, get the Book." It was the Scotsman who broke the long silence. The boy brought a huge Bible and laid it on the table; MacWethy put on his spectacles, then, before opening the Book, he asked the question that he had asked every Saturday night for the last quarter-century:

"Will ye unite wi' us, Jacob, in thees worship?"

The answer, like the question, never varied. "Not to-night, Angus."

The grim old Covenanter rose, and opened the Book at random; Caspar drew reverently closer, placing a candle. Huddled in his chair, Jacob sat smoking his pipe, silent and impassive, as he ever had been, to the one subject in which he would

not follow Angus MacWethy. In the stillness the lawyer's dry old voice fell like a holiness as he read solemnly on and on through the chapter:

"Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done.

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." . . .

When the soft thud of the Book's closing betokened the end, Jacob rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and motioned toward the candle. "Light the way, Caspar," he said. But when the others had begun to mount the creaking stairs, he lingered behind in pretense of barring the door. Instead, he opened it, and stood for a moment looking out to where, in the frost sheen, under the clear, cold stars, Path Valley stretched away into the night. Then he closed and barred the door, and, tear-blinded, stumblingly climbed the stairs.

INDIAN summer, like a benediction, had spread its handful of hoarded sunshine over Path Valley; the nude trees on the mountains were veiled in a soft, blue haze; on the light south wind there was the smell of corn-husks and of brown, bare fields; in the shadows, the feel of dispelled frost hovered like a reminder that such days were only a respite.

The sound of a jolting wagon invaded the sleepy hush of the late afternoon, and Angus MacWethy's white horse topped the crest of the low spur across Path Valley's narrow entrance; in the spring-wagon MacWethy sat driving, and amidst and upon the remnants of the Vanderberg auction sale, sat Caspar and Jacob. The wagon turned out of the lane into the cove road, and the white horse began to trot. Only Jacob stole a swift glance back; then he did not look again. Behind them a double wagon was turning into the lane. Perched high on the swaying load of household goods, rode Jonas Tidd, whistling a shrill and tuneless air; beside him sat his daughter Meliss'. Perhaps, although it *was* warmer there in Path Valley—perhaps it was mere malice, but Jonas had elected to move his family into the vacated farmhouse for the winter.

MacWethy heard the whistle, and recognized it without turning. His gnarled old face worked in sudden anger and sympathy, but he said nothing, and presently the white horse drew the spring-wagon around the bend in the road, and then talk sprang up between Angus and Caspar, as such talk will, of the weather and of the white horse and of the corn crop; but Jacob was very still.

Angus lived in solemn, bachelor state in a little white house, close by the roadside, a mile short of the town, and he drove the exiles home; and at his front gate he made them welcome in a little speech that ended, "An' maun yer years in thees, yer new hame, be as mony, Jacob, as ha' been the years o' oor acquaintance, owd frien'." He made the speech because he knew that Jacob thought *his* speeches oratory, and he knew it would please the old man; but when he looked he saw an expression on old Jacob Vanderberg's face that had never been there before. Jacob gruffly said, "Thankee, Angus," and brushed by him into the house, leaving troubled Caspar to follow with the clock and a roll of quilts.

That night the weather, already warm, turned warmer, and a gentle, steady rain began to fall. In the morning the cove was shrouded in mists that blotted out the mountains and seemed to weigh upon the little house like a pall. And for many mornings it was the same, until it seemed that the world was dissolving into liquid mud and mist and gloom.

Every morning Angus rode solemnly away upon the white horse, and at dusk came riding soberly home. He had a tiny law-office on the main street next the drug store, and six days a week saw him in his office from nine to five. While he was gone, Jacob and Caspar waited for him to return—just waited; and day by day, as Caspar dreamed by the fire, the old man grew more restless and more ill at ease, going oftener to stare out of the windows toward where his valley lay behind the mists and storm-clouds. He grew more silent, more brooding, and at night Angus and Caspar, behind his back, shook their heads more and more sorrowfully as they saw the kindly old face harden and grow gray and very old.

In the cove people still talk of the Forty Days of Rain. It seemed that the rain would never end; the lowlands became a vast bog, every hill seeped water in a thousand trickling rivulets, and in the mountain gullies the sound of the rushing torrents filled the cove with a voice that was never silent night or day. Then one noon the sun for a time showed his wet face, and old Jacob in his restless wanderings went out on the dripping front porch. The mists were lifting and blowing here and there, and as he looked, he saw for an instant Path Valley, like a purple scar on the distant mountain-side. At that moment a buggy, hub-deep in mud, came toiling slowly by, and its occupant leaned out. It was Jonas Tidd, with a leer on his yellow face.

"How, d' y' do, Jacob?" he called. Old Vanderberg gave a snarl like an animal, and went into the house and shut the door; but from behind the window curtain he watched the buggy disappear slowly toward Path Valley. Caspar, watching his father's face, trembled at what he saw. And soon the rain began again, as though it had never ceased, and never would.

That night, as with every night in the Scot's household, after the usual question and the invariable answer, Angus MacWethy opened the Book after his custom, —at random,—and began to read. Caspar, his crude poet's soul aflame with the mysticism of religion, held the candle, like some acolyte, his blinking eyes glinting in the candle-light. But Jacob sat stonily smoking his pipe in a mantle of silence, till on a sudden the precedent of twenty-five years was shattered. He interrupted worship.

"Read it again," he said. The old lawyer, startled, re-read:

". . . for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

He looked up at Jacob anxiously, and caught a strange gleam in the old man's eyes—a gleam of triumph that was gone on the instant; but Jacob said no word. MacWethy closed the book hastily.

"Light the way, Caspar lad," he said to the wondering boy, and Jacob followed silently to bed.

Hours passed in black, silent procession. Caspar awoke unaccountably and lay trembling. The loneliness of the dark bullied and intimidated him, and he pulled the blankets over his head. Then, at the sudden, fierce, white glare and the thunderous reverberations that seemed to shake his cot-bed, he sat up involuntarily; but it was very reassuring to learn by what he had been awakened, and, too, it was reassuring to hear from the next room Angus's familiar, dissonant snore, like an echo of the thunder.

The flash that followed was so blinding, so prolonged, that the boy covered his eyes with his palms, but not before every nook and corner of the long, narrow room had been fused into an imperishable impression. For an instant he was dazed, then he sprang to the floor and rushed to his father's bed at the other end of the room. The bed was empty, as he had seen it to be, but in the intensified blackness he groped over and over every foot of its surface, making queer noises in his throat the while, which never formed themselves into the "O Father, Father!" which he meant to call. He caught up his trousers, his shoes, and struggled into them, all the time making the queer, wordless sound like a whining. All his life long he had lived with his father alone, so now MacWethy was forgotten; all was forgotten except his father. The boy stumbled down the stairs and through the door out into the road, where he hesitated, not knowing which way to turn. Unconsciously he faced toward Path Valley, and he had taken a few uncertain steps when there was another blaze of lightning that seemed to run along the fences and to transform the night into a white, shadowless noon. Far up the straight road was a swift-moving fleck of white, and the boy floundered forward in pursuit. The road was a slough of mud and deep, cold water, so he turned out into the grassy roadside close to the fence, and stumbled, fell, and staggered up again, and then ran blindly on over the hummocks and the low-growing, tearing vines. By the intermittent flashes he had blinded glimpses of his father, now at this side of the road, now at that, but ever far in advance, and running swiftly toward the

mountain. And he ran on in silent, breathless pursuit.

The thunder died away. The flashes grew less frequent, grew paler, became mere flickers of light; the rain ceased. At the entrance to the lane that led into Path Valley the boy stopped and listened for a moment—listened to the wind, to the rushing water in some invisible gully. There was no other sound save the clashing of bare, wind-driven branches. He broke again into a lumbering, painful run, and splashed up the lane and over the ridge and down into Path Valley. There the lane skirted the base of the steep-rising mountain on his left; in front was the house—home. He strained his eyes into the dark for a light, for sight of his father, for anything; and because there was nothing, he stopped again, and, with knees trembling, clung to a sapling, and listened. Then from high up on the mountain-side a rock came bounding and clattering down, and splashed into the lane; a dead branch broke; there was a rattle of pebbles and small stones: his father was climbing above him in the dark. Caspar tried to call out; but his breath would come only in sobbing gulps that wrenched at his dry throat. For a moment he paused, then he climbed a steep, bare slope, and began dragging himself through wet bushes that whipped back and nearly flung him down; loose soil and soggy, fallen leaves slid out from under his feet; in the blackness he drove with stunning force into tree-trunks despite his groping arms. But the sound which he followed grew faint in the distance, became yet fainter, then inaudible. He climbed on. The diagonal course that he had taken up the precipitous mountain-side had brought him even with the head of the valley and directly above the old house, which he could see dim and shadowy below him. The night was growing threadbare, thinner, grayer; dawn was coming. A stone rolled under him, and the boy fell, and lay where he had fallen.

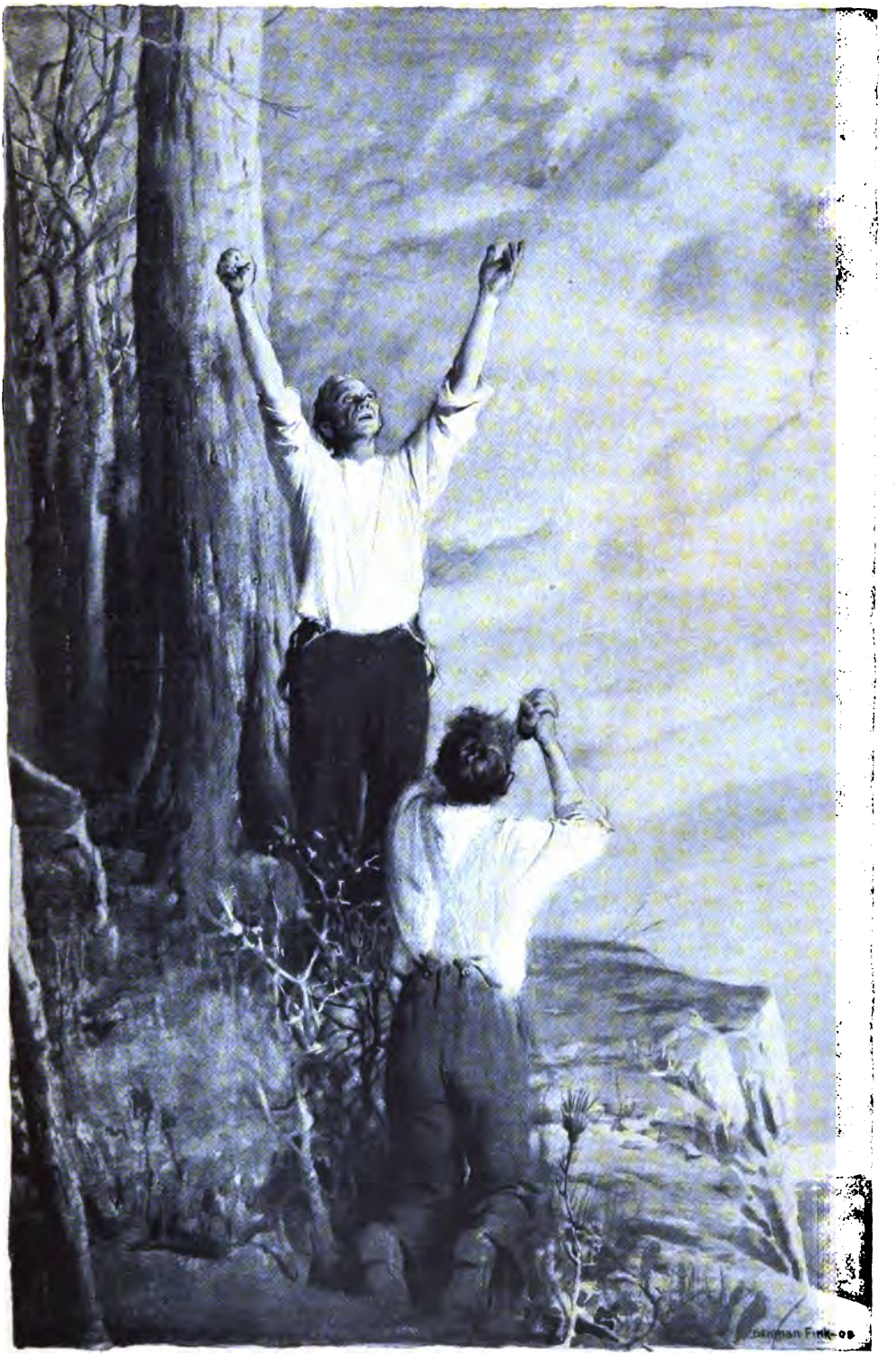
Then into the silence of the rain-washed trees and the sodden mountains there came a voice as deep and torrential as the mountain's own, but wilder, more solemn, more awe-compelling. Caspar dragged himself to his feet in terror. He was at the mountain-top, near a natural clearing, and at the clearing's edge, where it hung over the valley, stood his father praying. The cold, sullen light of dawn cast a greenish pallor on the old man's terrible face; his high-raised arms were quivering with fury as he prayed.

And Caspar, crouching in the bushes, heard, and for a moment bowed before such prayer as he had never conceived. He knew that God must hear and grant such prayer, and the mountain must fall. It would fall—and fall on Meliss'. He leaped into the clearing, and fell upon his knees. Such prayer as his father's would be carried straight to the throne. It was too late to stop his father now; he must stop God. Father and son faced each other in a duel of prayer. The voices rose and rose till the echo became one long, unwavering scream. The boy shrilled a wild torrent of broken sentences, fragments, stilted verses, in mad, fanatical beseechings that the mountain might be upheld. But old Jacob Vanderberg stamped his foot and shook his clenched fists and thundered, "Cast it down, God!"

And the mountain moved. Slowly, then faster, and the trees writhed and twisted and lashed together; faster, and great rocks tore loose and roared down into space; faster, and the clearing rushed away from beneath their feet. Caspar on the inner side leaped to safety, but old Jacob, at the outer edge, turned and faced his son with a shout of triumph, then went down with the mountain into his valley.

JONAS TIDD, his yellow face green with fear, Meliss', and behind them Mrs. Tidd, half-clad, with several whimpering children, stood on the porch steps and silently watched Angus MacWethy gallop furiously up the lane, and at the steps slide from the mud-spattered back of the white horse.

Over the spur came a dozen dancing lanterns, looking pale and sickly in the cold, before-sunrise light. The men who carried the lanterns were splashing at a run up the lane, and shouting to one another as they ran. Jonas gaped at MacWethy and stammered, "How—how 'd ye all know of it so quick?" But Angus was staring at the great tree which had crushed in one corner of the roof, and at the boulder-strewn ground, and staring most of all at the raw, gaping mountain-



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"FATHER AND SON FACED EACH OTHER IN A DUEL OF PRAYER"

side that sloped in a long, yellow incline up to the perpendicular cliff.

The men with the lanterns came up, and grouped themselves in a silent, awe-struck circle about the steps, staring in wonderment at the mighty land-slide. They were the neighbors whom Angus had aroused to search for Jacob when the little lawyer had finally missed his guests, after having been awakened by the wind-banging door.

"Now, Jonas Tidd, wheer 's the Vanderbergs?" queried the lawyer, his voice steely hard. Jonas's jaw dropped in surprise, and instinctively he glanced toward the land-slide.

"*I* ain't seen 'em," he quavered. "What made ye think they was here?"

"I kennt," said MacWethy, simply. Then for an instant the little man lost his self-control, and his lip quivered like a child's:

"Jacob! O Jacob!" he wailed. A small, distant voice piped, "This way, Angus." MacWethy and Tidd, side by side, raced up the soft, sliding acclivity, and together they found him, the old Jacob. He was caught under a great tree, and so flattened down into the soft clay as to be almost buried, and he was so slimy with mud that he could scarcely be recognized when they did find him; but his cheerful, kindly old voice assured them that by some miracle he was virtually unhurt.

It was the old Jacob come back. The strange brain affection which had changed him seemed to have culminated with his ride down the mountain; but how he came to be on the mountain at that time he does not know to this day, for they have never told him.

Old Angus MacWethy squatted in the clay so as to hold Jacob's head on his lap, and he crooned over him and called him queer Scotch names which no one understood, not even Jacob, and all the time a gang of men, led by Widow Howth's son, were sawing away the great tree and digging Jacob out from beneath. And as he sat there, MacWethy used his eyes, and what he saw made him open them wide with surprise; but he said nothing.

Jonas Tidd led the party that searched for Caspar; on the very edge of what was left of the mountain-top at the head of the slip they found him. He had fainted away, but they carried him down and put him to bed in the Tidds' best four-poster, and very shortly his father was put in with him.

Angus MacWethy disappeared. He came in presently, clay from head to foot, and put a big chunk of coal into Jacob's hand. Jacob stared at him in amazement.

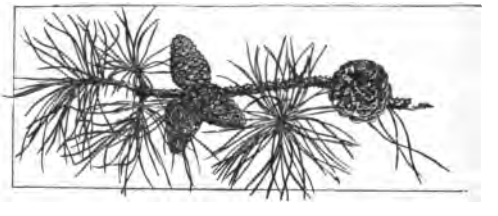
"It 's a piece o' yer new gold-mine, Jacob," he said. The others crowded about, gaping.

"I don't understand, Angus," Jacob said in bewilderment. MacWethy could contain himself no longer; he slapped his thighs, capered, and shouted in an ecstasy of delight.

"Ye owd limmer, Jacob! Ye 've slid yer own mountain off the prettiest coal-vein in Pennsylvany, an' wi' a railroad comin' right by the door! Ye owd limmer!" Then he added: "Dinna ye ken yet, mon? Ye 're rich!"

Jacob twisted his hands together to stay their eager trembling, and his eyes were wistful as he drew MacWethy down and whispered. Angus straightened up.

"Path Valley back?" he said with fine scorn. "Ye can buy the whole o' Fulton County."



Author of "The Patrician," "Strife," "The Pigeon," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

I LAY often that summer on a slope of sand and coarse grass, close to the Cornish sea, trying to catch thoughts; and I was trying very hard when I saw them coming hand in hand.

She was dressed in blue linen, with a little cloud of honey-colored hair; her small face had serious eyes the hue of the chicory flowers she was holding up to sniff at—a clean, sober little maid, with such a touching, upward look of trust! Her companion was a strong, active boy of perhaps fourteen, and he, too, was serious. His deep-set, black-lashed eyes looked down at her with a sort of protective wonder the while he explained, in a soft voice, broken-up between two ages, that exact process which bees adopt to draw honey out of flowers. Once or twice this hoarse but charming voice became quite fervent when she had evidently failed to follow. It was as if he would have been impatient, only he knew he must not, because she was a lady and younger than himself, and he loved her.

gan struggling to gain the edge. What grief and longing in her wild face then! But she did not wail, she did not try to pull him back: that elfish heart of dignity could reach out to what was coming; it could not drag at what was gone. Unmoving as the boughs and water, she watched him abandon her.

Slowly the struggling boy grasped land, and lay there breathless. And still that sound of lonely weeping came from over the hill.

Listening, and looking at those wild, mourning eyes that never moved from him, he lay. Once he turned back toward the water, but fire had died within him—his hands dropped nerveless; his poor young face was all bewilderment.

And the quiet darkness of the pool waited, and the trees, and those lost eyes of hers, and my heart. And ever from over the hill came the little fair maiden's lonely weeping.

Then slowly dragging his feet, stumbling, half-blinded, turning and turning to look back, the boy groped his way out through the trees toward that sound; and as he went that dark spirit elf, abandoned, clasping her own lithe body with her arms, never moved her gaze from him.

I, too, crept away, and when I was safe outside in the pale evening sunlight, peered back into the dell. There under the dark trees she was no longer, but round and round that cage of passion, fluttering and wailing through the leaves, over the black water, was the magpie, flighting on its twilight wings.

I turned, and ran and ran till I came over the hill, and saw the boy and the little fair, sober maiden sitting together once more on the open slope under the high blue heaven. She was nestling her tear-stained face against his shoulder, and speaking already of indifferent things. And he—he was holding her with his arm, and watching over her with eyes that seemed to see something else.

And so I lay, hearing their sober talk, and gazing at their sober little figures, till I awoke, and knew I had dreamed all that little allegory of sacred and profane love, and from it had returned to reason, knowing no more than ever which was which.

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER XVI

THE making and the executing of a good resolution are two entirely different actions. The former is a process as instantaneous as you please—one born of passion, heaven-sent inspiration, alcohol, or New-Year hysteria; the latter one of practical handling conditioned by the entanglement of a thousand circumstances. If a man carried out with lightning rapidity every good resolution he formed, he would inevitably make marmalade of his affairs, and clog therein the feet and bodies of many innocent people as though they were wasps. With evil resolutions it is another matter. You want to play the devil, and the sooner and more completely you do it, the nearer do you approximate to your ideal. But it is very dangerous to do good, and involves a vast amount of weary thought and trouble.

It was all very well for John Risca to resolve to go out of the life of Stellamaris, but how could he do so without committing the manifest absurdity of taking a ticket for equatorial Africa? He was beset by forbidding circumstances. There was his work; there was Unity; there was his aunt; there was Stellamaris herself; and, chief of all, there was the baleful figure of the woman who went about with murderous hat-pins. Thus in an ironical way did history repeat itself. Six years before he was all for flying to the antipodes on account of his wife, and was restrained by consideration of Stellamaris; and now, when it would be the heroical proceeding to fly to the ends of the earth from Stellamaris, he was restrained by considerations in which his wife was a most important factor.

He lay stark awake all night, wondering how he could carry out his resolve. At dawn he came to the only sane conclusion. He could not carry it out at all, at least in no desperate or brutal fashion. When he got up and faced the daylight world, he scorned himself for a fool. The soft clinging of her lips had transmuted the worship of years into the fine gold of love. That was true, maddeningly true. His being was aflame with the new and wondrous thing. But Stellamaris? To her the kiss that she gave had been one of gratitude, affection, trust, weariness. She had lain in his arms and had felt safe and sheltered, and so had kissed him, the Great High Belovedest of her childhood. To her the kiss had meant nothing. How could it? How could passion touch the creature of sea-foam and cloud? And even allowing such an extravagant possibility, how could he, great, rough, elderly, ugly bear that he was, inspire such a feeling in a young girl's heart? He a romantic figure! He, with the pachydermatous mug that offended his eyes as he shaved! He denounced the monstrous insolence of his overnight fancy. He would keep tight grip on himself. She should never know. As far as the infinitely precious one was concerned, all would be well. So argued the human ostrich.

After his morning's work at the office of the weekly review, he went to the Carlton, where the party of intimates had arranged to lunch. He arrived early, but found Herold, who was earlier, waiting in the palm court.

"Look here, old man," said he as he sat down by his side, "forget the fool nonsense I talked last night."

"Did n't you mean it?" asked Herold.

"Yes," said John, bluntly. "I did n't sleep a wink. But forget it all the same.

Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THEN SHE SAT UP, AND . . . FLUSHED, HAPPY, AND ADORABLY DISHEVELED, LOOKED AT HIM"

Things have got to go on outwardly just as they are."

"As you like," said Herold. He lit a cigarette, and after a whiff or two, added: "I must repeat what I hinted at and what you seemed to reply to. What about Stella?"

"It 's absurd to think of her suspecting," said John.

Herold's nervous fingers snapped the cigarette in two.

"She must never suspect," said he.

"Do you think I 'm a devil?" said John.

"No. You 're a good, true man. Who knows it better than I? But you 're passionate and impulsive. You must be on your guard—not for the next two or three days, but forever and ever."

"All right," said John. "Now put the matter out of your mind."

Herold nodded, squeezed the burning end of his broken cigarette into an ash-tray, and lit another.

"You 're looking fagged out, Wallie," said John, after a while. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing in particular. This part is rather trying, and I 've not had a holiday for a couple of years. I want one rather badly. I don't complain," he added, with a smile, glad to get away from the torturing talk of Stellamaris. "During the two years I 've been working, scores of better actors than I have n't been able to get an engagement. I 'm a spoilt child of fortune. My time will come, I suppose, when they no longer want me."

The talk drifted to the precariousness of the actor's calling. Even men in demand from every management found a difficulty in making a living. Herold instanced Brownlow, one of the few *jeunes premiers* of the stage, who had slaved every day for a year, and having been in four or five successive failures, found himself, at the end of it, the recipient of three months' salary. Six weeks' slavery at rehearsal for nothing, and a two weeks' run! The system ought to be changed. John agreed, as he had agreed to the same argument a thousand times before.

"But I don't like to see you so pulled down," said he, affectionately.

Herold shrugged his shoulders and smiled. He, too, had not slept; but he did not inform John of the fact. It was a significant aspect of their friendship, if not of their respective temperaments, that John received few of Herold's confidences. The essential sympathizers among men are mute as to their own cares. Divine selflessness or a pride equally noble seals their lips. John Risca, with a cut finger, would have held it up for the commiseration of Herold, cursing heft and blade and everything cursable connected with the knife; but Herold, with a broken heart, would have held his smiling peace.

For a moment he was convinced of John's faith in Stella's ignorance; but only for a moment. When she entered the palm court with Sir Oliver and Lady Blount, and he saw her eyes, dewy with a new happiness, rest on John, he felt that, awakened or unawakened, Stellamaris loved not him, Herold, but his friend. And when she came up to him in her frank, gracious way, and let her gloved little hand linger in his, he laughed and praised her radiance with a jest, and not one of the four dreamed of the pain in the man's heart.

They took their seats in the gay and crowded restaurant.

"This is really a palace!" cried Stella, in great delight. "Why can't every place be as beautiful as this?"

She had recovered from the emotional fatigue of the night before, having slept the sound sleep of happy girlhood, and awakened to the shy consciousness of impending change. The pink of health was in her cheeks.

Sir Oliver replied to her question.

"It takes a deuce of a lot of money to run such a concern."

"But why has n't every one got money?"

"That 's what these confounded socialist fellows are asking," replied Sir Oliver, helping himself largely to anchovies and mayonnaise of egg.

But Stella scarcely heard. She remembered the tramp who had not a penny and the misery that had met her eyes during her rides abroad, and a momentary shadow fell on her.

"I think there 's a great deal to be said for the socialists," remarked Lady Julia.

Sir Oliver laid down his fork and stared less at his wife than at the blasphemy.

"There 's nothing to be said for 'em, nothing at all."

"You 'll admit the uneven distribution of wealth," said Lady Blount, drawing herself up. She was rather proud of the phrase.

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"Lazy dogs—all to get and nothing to do. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Julia."

"Oh, darlings, don't get cross with me!" cried Stella, in distress. The observance of the unwritten law had imperceptibly grown less strict as the influence of the sea-chamber had waned, and the poor quarrelsome pair were not at their old pains to hide their differences. "I never meant to talk socialism."

"My precious dove!" cried Sir Oliver, "who in the world said you did? It was your aunt."

"I believe it 's John who is at the bottom of it, because he 's wearing a red tie," Herold interposed, with a laugh. "Oh, John, where did you find it?"

"I think it suits him beautifully," declared Stella, quick to follow the red herring of a cravat. "It 's when he wears mauve or light blue or green striped with yellow that he goes wrong. Beloved-est,—" she turned to him tenderly; she was placed between him and Sir Oliver, —"now that I am like everybody else,"— her favorite euphemism,—"do let me choose your ties for you."

"Of course, dear; of course," said John, who had been eating *hors-d'œuvre* in glum silence. "Who is there with taste like you?"

It would be entrancingly delectable to wear ties chosen by Stellamaris. Why, it would be coiling her sweet thoughts about his neck! This concession at least was harmless. Then suddenly he remembered that for the last two or three years Unity had taken charge of such details of his wardrobe, and he had sufficient glimmering of insight into feminine nature to know that between Unity with her domestic rights and a tigress with cubs there was remarkably little difference. How was he to abrogate one of her privileges? The gadfly question worried him. With such trumpery concerns are the deepest emotions of human life complicated. He who does not recognize them has no sense of values.

The conjugal wrangle having been checked, the meal proceeded gaily enough. Stella spoke of the play and praised Herold's acting, but with curious shyness avoided discussion of the theme. Herold noticed her adroit detours. He also noticed, with a sensitive man's pain, many other little things indicative of the awakening of Stellamaris. Once he saw her lay her hand impulsively on John's, as she had been wont to do since her childhood, and draw it quickly away, while a flush, like a rose-edged fairy cloud, came and went in her cheek. He also caught her glancing covertly at John, her brow knitted in a tiny frown, as though she wondered at his unusual silence.

When the party broke up, John leaving early, owing to pressure of work at the office, she said:

"I shall see you to-night, of course?"

"I 'm afraid not. I have to see the review through the press."

Her face fell piteously.

"Oh, Belovedest!" she cried. "And I can't have Walter, because he 's tied to his theater."

But the disappointment was on account of John, not on account of Herold.

"You 'll have Walter most of the afternoon," remarked Lady Blount.

Stella laughed. "But I want everybody always," she said disingenuously.

It had been arranged that while Sir Oliver should go to his longed-for and seldom-used club, and Lady Blount visit certain cronies, Herold should take Stella to the Zoological Gardens.

She turned to John.

"Are you quite sure you can't come too, dear?"

He shook his head. "A newspaper office is a remorseless machine—just like a theater. I must work."

"I 'm beginning to be frightfully jealous of work," she said, with a laugh.

"It 's the noblest thing a man can do," said Sir Oliver.

At the zoo, Stella found a world of wonder, which drove disappointment from her mind, and in her childlike gaiety and enthusiasm Herold forgot his heartache for a while. Sufficient for the moment was the joy of her exquisite presence, of her animated cheeks and dancing eyes, of her beautiful voice rippling into exclamations of rapture at monkey or secretary-bird or hippopotamus.

"These are springbok," said Herold, in front of an inclosure.

Stella's brows knitted themselves into their customary delicate network of perplexity.

"But I 've read that men go out to shoot springboks."

"I 'm afraid they do," said Herold.

"Men deliberately kill these beautiful, harmless things, with their melting eyes?" Her own filled with moisture. "Oh, Walter! How can men be so vile?" She knelt on the ground, and spoke to one, which poked its sensitive nose through the railing. "Oh, you dear! Oh, you perfectly lovely dear!"

Then she rose and took Herold by the arm, and a little shiver ran through her shoulders. "I suppose men kill everything. I 've found out they even kill one another. Would you or John kill creatures that did you no harm?"

She looked at him straight, with the searching candor of a spotless soul.

"I 've shot birds which were afterward eaten," he replied uncomfortably. "You see, dear, you eat partridges and pheasants, don't you? Well, they have to be killed, just like sheep and oxen. Often in South Africa men's lives depend on the supply of springbok meat they can obtain."

"And does John shoot little birds?"

"John has n't had the opportunity of going about to shooting parties. All his life he has had to work too hard."

"I 'm glad," said Stella, curtly, and for a while she walked on in silence, and poor Herold felt like an unhanged wallower in innocent gore.

At last she said, "Are n't there any lions and tigers?"

"Of course."

"Why have n't we seen them?"

"They roar dreadfully, and they 're rather fierce and terrible, Stellamaris."

"Are you afraid of them?"

He noted the feminine, quasi-logical touch of scorn, and laughed with a wry face.

"They 're behind bars, dear. But I thought they might possibly frighten you."

"Frighten me? Let us go and see them."

So, seeing that Stellamaris was a young woman of intrepid and imperious disposition, Herold dutifully took her to the Great Cat's House, where again the child in her was enraptured by the splendor of the striped and tawny brutes. She lingered in front of the lion's cage. The four o'clock meal was over. The lioness lay asleep in the corner, but her mate sat up, with his head near to the bars, an enormous, cleaned bone between his paws. The absurd and useless animal had struck a photographic pose at which Herold, with a more sophisticated companion, would have laughed. But Stellamaris took the lion too seriously. He fulfilled all her dreams of a lion. She looked in breathless admiration at the lion, and the lion, choke-full of food, regarded her with grave benevolence. Again she pressed Herold's arm.

"How noble! How kingly!"

He assented. The lion was certainly doing his best to warrant the impression.

"He is just like John," said Stellamaris.

"Something," said Herold, leading her out into the fresh air and sunshine.

"That fearless, royal look," said Stella —"don't you think so?"

Before replying, he took her to a shady bench, where they both sat down.

"John 's the finest and the best and the bravest fellow in the world," said he, loyally.

Her eyes shone. She put out her gloved little hand in her familiar, caressing way and pressed his gently. Her maidenhood did not glow at the sisterly touch.

"I 'm so happy, my Great High Favorite, dear," she said.

"Why? Why now more than usual?" He smiled wistfully.

The sky was blue, and the trees were heavy with leafage, and she had just seen the king of beasts in his most kingly aspect, and he reminded her of the man she loved, and her heart was young and innocent. Herold once more became her chosen companion in the Land That Never Was. She dropped her voice to a whisper, for staring people strolled along the path ten yards away. Besides, there are times when the sound of one's own voice is embarrassing.

"You love John, don't you, dear? You love him dearly, dearly, dearly, as he deserves to be loved?"

"I would lay down my life for him," said Herold, gravely.

She gripped his hand. "I know. He would do the same for you. Do you think, Walter dear,—" she paused and lowered her eyelids—"do you think there 's a more splendid man than John in the world?"

"I am his friend, Stellamaris, and I 'm prejudiced,—Love is blind, you know,—but I don't think so."

She leaned back in her seat and meditated. Then she said:

"I wish you and I were sitting by my window. You and I understand each other, but I miss the sea. You and I and the sea understand one another better. Can't you see it this lovely afternoon? It 's quite calm, but there 's a little kissing breath of wind, which makes it dance and sparkle in the sun. It 's laughing with gladness. Trees are beautiful, but they don't laugh."

"They whisper eternal things," said Herold.

"What?"

"The rhythm of life—fulfilment, as now, winter's decay, and the everlasting rebirth of spring."

"They don't tell me that. I don't understand their language," replied Stella. "To-day I want the sea, just with you—just you and I and the sea."

"And then you think I should understand all that the pink sea-shell that is you is trying to tell me?"

She laughed. "I could tell the sea, and the sea could tell you."

Secret de Polichinelle! Had she not been telling him all the time, as implicitly as maidenhood could tell man, of the great and wonderful adventure of her soul? He was exquisitely near,—that he knew,—nearer, indeed, to the roots of her being than the leonine hero of her dreams. He alone of mortals was privileged to receive and treasure the overflow of her heart. With him as joint trustee was the eternal ocean. He winced at the irony of it all.

Presently she asked:

"Have you ever loved any one?"

He answered as he had done years before:

"I have loved dreams."

She retorted in his own words:

"One can't marry a dream." He shrugged his shoulders.

"You will love some one some day, and then you will want to marry her," she continued, with her direct simplicity. "And when you do, you 'll come and tell me, dear, for I shall understand."

"I 'll tell you, Stellamaris," he promised. Then he sprang to his feet. The pain had grown intolerable. "We have n't seen the giraffes," said he.

The child in her once more came to the surface. "I 've longed to see a giraffe all my life," she cried, and she accompanied him blissfully.

After leaving her at the hotel, Herold went home and suffered the torments of a soul on fire. Tragedy lay ahead. Stellamaris, star of the sea, steadfast as a star—he knew her. Love had come to her not in the fluttering Cupid guise in which he visits most of the sweet maidens among mortals, but in the strong, godlike essence in which alone he dare approach the great ones. The sea-foam and mist formed only a garment for this creature of infinite sky and eternal sea. They only shrouded or touched to glamour the elemental strength.

She had given her love to John Risca, her Great High Belovedest. God knows what dreams she had woven about him; the man's fine loyalty asserted his friend's worthiness of any woman's dreams. The only, and the hideous, consideration was the fact of John being tied for life to the unspeakable. Himself and the pain of his love he put aside. What were the unimportant sufferings of a thousand such as he compared with one pang that might shoot through the bosom of Stellamaris? What could be done to avert the tragedy? His faith in John Risca was absolute. But John had shut his eyes to the glory shimmering in front of them. His eyes must be opened. Stellamaris must be told. All foundations of the unwritten law would have to be swept away, and she would survey in terror the piteous wreckage of the whole fabric of her life.

How could he save her? How could he save her from inevitable pain?

CHAPTER XVII

THE next morning Stella was putting on her hat, a foamy thing of white tulle and pink roses, before her mirror, when an audacious thought came dancing into her head. It dizzied her for a moment, and took away her breath. With throbbing heart, she stood looking into her own wide eyes, which were filled with delicious excitement.

It would be a great adventure. Why should she not embark on it? She was free till luncheon, her uncle and aunt having gone out on their own errands and left her to the rest they supposed she needed. But she felt strong, pulsatingly strong. She looked out of the window. The June sunshine allured her. Why should she sit indoors on such a morning?

There was not the faintest shadow of a reason. But how should she reach her destination? Her mind worked swiftly. Sir Oliver had set out on foot, bound for Bond Street and Piccadilly. Lady Blount had declared her intention to renew the joys of her youth, and go about in a hansom, which had been procured for her with some difficulty by the magnificent *commissionnaire*. The motor was at Stella's service. She had only to order it, and it would come to the front door and carry her whithersoever she desired.

It would be a wild adventure to feel herself alone and independent in this welter of London, and then, more thrilling still, to burst in upon her Great High Belovedest, not in his palace,—that, alas! he had given up,—but in his Great High Mansion at Kilburn. Where Kilburn was she had not the remotest idea; but it was somewhere in Fairy-land. The chauffeur would know; he seemed to know everything. The temptation overpowered her. She yielded. Orders were given to a bewildered and protesting maid. What would her ladyship say?

"That 's a matter between her ladyship and myself," said Stella.

"Can't I come with you, miss?"

"I am going alone, Morris." She had the gracious, but imperative, way of princesses. Morris dared argue no more. She attended her mistress to the door of the motor, and saw her driven away in prodigious state.

It was a glorious adventure. How could she have spoiled it by allowing the protection of a prosaic serving-maid? Hitherto she had not strayed alone beyond the confines of the gardens of the Channel House. Now she had the thrill of the first mariner who lost sight of land. She was on an unknown sea, bound for a port of dreams. Of the port she knew nothing definite. Since the dispersion of the apocryphal palace household, John had told her little of his domestic life. The old habit of deception had been too strong, and her other intimates had entered into the conspiracy of silence. Why trouble her with accounts of his Aunt Gladys, of whom she had never heard; of Unity, of whom it were best that she should not hear; of the poor, little, economical establishment—Unity at the head, watching the pennies—which, together with the one in Fulham, was all that his means allowed him to maintain? All her life he had been to Stellamaris the prince eating off gold plate. *Cui bono,* to whose advantage and to what end, should he break the illusion and confess to chipped earthenware? Although she now recognized (to her sadness) the palace story as overlapping the fable, and set Lilias and Niphetos side by side with the cat Bast and the dog Anubis in the shrine of myth, yet her ingenuous fancy still pictured Risca as the writer of compelling utterances which caused ministers of state to clutch their salaries with trembling fingers and potentates to quake on their thrones. And she still imagined a fitting environment for such a magnifico. On his private life during the week, outside his work, she scarcely speculated. For her it was spent at Southcliff from Saturday to Monday. It was difficult to realize that Southcliff was not the world.

The car sped like an Arabian Nights carpet through many wide thoroughfares thronged with traffic, up the wider, more peaceful, and leafy Maida Vale, passing broad avenues to right and left, and then, making a sudden turn, halted before the shabbiest of a row of shabby, detached little villas. The chauffeur descended, and opened the door of the car.

"Why have you stopped here?"

"It 's the address you gave me, miss."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, miss," smiled the chauffeur.

"Fairmont, Ossington Road, Kilburn, London, North West."

Fairmont had been to her a mount of beauty on the summit of which stretched the abode of her Belovedest. The chauffeur, still smiling,—for who could talk sour-faced to Stellamaris?—pointed to the gate.

"There it is written, miss,—'Fairmont.' "

She alighted, tears very near her eyes, and passing through the gates and tiny front garden, rang the bell. The door was opened by a common-looking, undersized girl of about her own age, dressed in a tartan blouse and a brown stuff skirt. Her nose was snub, her mouth wide, her forehead bulged, and her skimpy hair was buckled up tight with combs on the top of her head. There was a moment's breathless silence as the two girls stared at each other. At last Unity's face broke into a miracle of gladness, which transfigured

her plain features. She retreated a step or two along the passage.

"Miss Stella! Miss Stella!" she gasped, and as Stella, still more amazed and bewildered, said nothing, she drew nearer. "It is Miss Stella, is n't it?" she asked.

"Yes," Stella answered. She paused, then, recovering herself, went on rather hurriedly: "I 've seen you before. You are the girl who came once into my room —I remember—Constable tore my jacket —you were mending it—"

"Yes, miss," said the other, forgetful, in the sudden excitement of again seeing her goddess face to face, of the precepts of gentility in which Miss Lindon had trained her.

"It all comes back, though it was long, long ago—ever so many years ago. Your name is Unity."

"Yes, Miss Stella."

"But what in the world are you doing here?"

"Mr. Risca is my guardian. I keep house for him—I and Aunt Gladys."

"Aunt Gladys?"

"Mr. Risca's aunt, Miss Stella." It was sweet to pronounce the beautiful name.

Stella's knees grew weak, and she leaned against the wall. Here were mysteries of which John had left her in ignorance. She felt guilty of unwarrantable intrusion. The joy of her adventure was blotted out. The shabby-villa; the poverty-stricken passage; the glimpse through an open door into a gimcrack parlor, all bamboo and ribbons; Unity, the little sewing-girl who was John's ward; the unheard of Aunt Gladys—all was shock, sending dreams into limbo, startling an unready mind into a whirling chaos of conjecture. Too late she realized that, had he wanted her there, he would have invited her. He would be vexed at her coming. Her cheeks burned.

"Is he at home?" she faltered.

She heard with incredible relief that he had gone into town on business. Miss Lindon happening to be in bed with a slight cold, the duties of hospitality devolved on Unity.

"Won't you come in and sit down for a minute, Miss Stella?"

"I am afraid I must n't."

"Oh, why? Do come."

Unity stretched out her hand timidly. The gesture and the pleading in the girl's eyes made a strong appeal. Youth also called to youth.

"Just for a minute. It would make me so happy."

Stella could not refuse. They entered the little drawing-room. Stella had never seen such a funny, prim room before. She sat down on the slippery sofa. Unity fixed on her the eyes of a spaniel brought into the presence of a long-lost mistress.

"I think you 're even more beautiful than when I saw you before," she said abruptly.

Somewhat confused, Stella smiled. "I am well now, like other people, so that 's perhaps why I look better."

"When I heard of it, I cried with joy."

"You, my dear? Why?"

"I 'd been thinking of you all the time —all the time."

And Stella had never given a thought to Unity, though dramatic incidents at the Channel House had not been so frequent that the sight of Unity had not brought back to her mind the circumstances of the episode. Stay, had she remembered all the circumstances?

"My dear," she said, moved by the girl's almost passionate sincerity, "I remember you well. I wanted you so much to come back and talk to me, and I asked for you; but they told me that you went away that afternoon. What were you doing at the Channel House?"

"I had been ill, and my guardian asked her ladyship to let me stay there for a bit."

"But they told me," cried Stella, the missing circumstance coming in a flash, "that you were a village girl who had been brought in for a day's sewing."

Unity flushed brick-red, realizing her indiscretion. She knew well enough now why she had been forbidden the sea-chamber.

"I was a noisy, horrid, badly brought-up child," she said, "and they were afraid I should worry you. That was why," she said, with a slight air of defiance.

Stella was not convinced; the story lacked the ring of truth that characterized Unity's other statements. She felt that for some unknown reason they had lied to her, and that in order to bear them out Unity was lying. Her loyalty and delicacy forbade her questioning Unity further.

"If you were horrid, you would n't have remembered me all this time," she said, with a smile.

"That 's just how you looked when I called you 'my lady,' " said Unity. "How do you think one could forget you? Besides, Mr. Herold is always talking about you."

Stella opened her eyes. "Do you know Mr. Herold, too?"

"Of course. He 's my guardian's dearest friend."

Stella's heart sank lower. Her Great High Favorite, too, was in this conspiracy of concealment.

"Does—does your guardian ever speak of me?"

"Why should he?" asked Unity.

The queer retort puzzled Stella.

The other, seeing the implied question in her glance, continued: "I should n't dare to ask him. He 's too great and wonderful." Again the transfiguring light swept over her coarse features. "It 's beautiful of him to let me do things for him."

"What do you do?"

"I look after his clothes, mend and darn and buy things for him, and I dust his books and see that he has what he likes to eat and, oh, hundreds of things—just so that he sha'n't have any worry at all."

A new pain began to creep round Stella's heart, one she had never felt before, one that frightened her.

"Tell me some more," she said.

And Unity, her tongue loosened as it was with no one else in the world save Walter Herold, talked of the trivial round of her days and the Olympian majesty of John Risca.

"You must love him very much," said Stella.

A glow came into her patient eyes as she nodded and fixed them on Stellamaris; and then a tear started.

"Does n't everybody love him?"

She rose abruptly. "Would you like me to show you his room, Miss Stella—the room he works in?"

Stella rose, too. "He might not like it," she said.

This was a point of view incomprehensible to Unity. Even the all-great master must bow to the sanctification brought into the house by Stella's feet. She said softly:

"He worships the ground you tread on. Don't you know that?"

Stella flushed, and evaded the question.

"You think that if I 'm afraid to go into his room I don't care for him? It is n't that. I—I love him more than anything else in the world. I—" she stopped short, and the flush deepened, for she realized what she was saying. "It is something I can't quite explain to you," she continued, after a pause. "In fact, I ought n't to stay any longer."

Despite unregenerate Fatima temptation, despite a girl's romantic desire to see the table at which the dear one writes his immortal prose, she could pry no further into her Great High Belovedest's home. She had pried too much already for her peace of mind.

She put out her hand. Unity took it, and, holding it, looked up into her face. She was squat and undersized; Stella was slim and tall.

"I thought I should never see you again," she said in a low voice.

"I hope now we shall see each other often," replied Stella, and drawn toward the girl by the magnetism of her love, she kissed her on both cheeks.

But she drove away in the magnificent limousine very heavy-hearted, out of tune with life. She seemed to be living in an atmosphere of lies, from which her candid soul passionately revolted. She met them at every turn. Once more the world became the Threatening Land full of hidden uglinesses, only awaiting opportunity to be revealed. The glamour of the last day or two in London had gone. When John Risca, truly her belovedest, when Walter Herold, whom in her simplicity she had regarded all her life less as a man than as a kind of Adonais spirit, when all, all she loved had lied to her persistently for years, to whom and to what could she pin her faith? Who would guide her through this land of which she was so ignorant, this land so thickly set with cruel traps?

John was poor and struggling and lived in a shabby little house. Had she known it, the fact would have made him all the dearer. But why had he given her to believe that he lived in fantastic luxury? Why had he lied? Why had he not told her of Unity—Unity who was so interwoven in his life, Unity who looked after his very clothes? A sudden thought smote her, and a scalding wave of shame lapped her from head to foot. She had proposed

to buy his ties. She hated herself for the proposal, and she hated herself for starting on this lamentable adventure of indiscretion. She became aware that the new, frightening pain that had crept round her heart was jealousy, and she hated herself for the ignoble passion. She felt it like a stain upon her.

A slight smirch upon a gown of gray, such as most of us wear, escapes notice; but on a robe of white it stands out in hideous accusation.

The butterfly that had left the hotel so gaily returned with sorry wings from which the gossamer had been rubbed. She crept into her bedroom, where Lady Blount, coming in a while later, found her lying somewhat feverish on the bed. At the sight of her aunt, she sprang up to make instant and spirited confession.

"Do you know what I 've done this morning? I thought I would give John a surprise and I took the car to Kilburn. He was not at home, but I saw the girl Unity, his ward."

Lady Blount looked at her in terrible dismay.

"My darling, you ought n't to have done it."

"I know that, Auntie. And when you see John, will you tell him how sorry I am, and give him my apologies."

"Apologies?"

"Yes. It was ill-breeding on my part. He has a perfect right to keep his home affairs to himself, and I should not have intruded. You must apologize for me."

It was a very proud and dignified Stella that spoke, a spot of red burning on each cheek, and her slim figure held very erect.

"I hope, my darling," said Lady Blount, longing to ask a more direct question—"I hope that girl was n't rude to you."

"Unity rude?" Stella knitted her brow. The idea was ludicrous. "On the contrary, like the rest of you, she is far too fond of me. I don't know why; it 's very odd. And she is devoted body and soul to John. She has a fine, great, generous nature."

The stain of jealousy should be wiped away, if she could possibly manage it.

"I believe she is a very good girl, though I have n't seen her—"

"Since she stayed at Southcliff?" said Stella with steady eyes.

"I—I was just going to say so," Lady Blount stammered. The situation was perplexing. "John does n't often speak of her." She made rather a failure of a smile. "And what did the two of you talk about?"

The bitter knowledge of good and evil was coming fast to Stellamaris. A little while ago her innocence would have taken the question at its face-value; now, perhaps for the first time in her life to suspect disingenuousness, she penetrated to the poor little diplomacy lying beneath.

"Chiefly of John and myself—of nothing very particular," she replied. "I did n't stay long."

She saw the repression of Lady Blount's sigh of relief. Swiftly she drew her deductions. They were all concealing something from her, and the fact of their concealment proved it to be something shameful and abominable. Her bosom rose in revolt against the world. Lift but a corner of the fairest thing in life, and you found the ugliness below.

She sat on the bed by the foot-rail, and rested her throbbing head on her hand.

"Your little escapade has upset you, darling," said Lady Blount, weakly; "but it was nothing very serious, after all. If John 's furious when he hears of it, it 'll only be because he was not there to welcome you himself."

"I 'm not afraid of John being furious, Auntie," said Stella. "It 's not that at all. You don't understand."

"I don't think I do, dear," said poor Lady Blount. She sat down beside the girl and put a loving arm round her. "Tell me what it is."

But this was more than Stella could do. To speak would be to accuse and reproach, and she could not accuse or reproach any of her dear ones. Yet she needed the comfort, like any other young and suffering soul. She surrendered to the elder woman's caress, feeling very weary.

"Perhaps I 'm not as strong as I thought I was, Auntie," she said.

The confession stirred all the mothering instincts in Lady Blount. With physical things she could grapple. She tended her with her thin, deft hands and persuaded her to lie down.

"My poor lamb, London is too much for you. Never mind. We 're going home to-morrow."

"I shall never want to leave home again," said Stella.

It was half-past one. Sir Oliver was lunching and spending the afternoon at his club. A tray was brought to Stella's bed, and Lady Blount pecked at a flustered woman's meal in the sitting-room.

"What about John and the pictures, darling?" she asked when she rejoined Stella. It had been arranged for John to call for them at three o'clock and take them to the Royal Academy.

"I don't think I feel equal to it," said Stella, truly. She was not yet quite "like every one else." Her sensitive nature also shrank from meeting John. Before him she would shrivel up with shame. "You go with him, Auntie; I 'll rest here and read."

On the stroke of three came John, who, having been detained on his business in town, had not gone home for luncheon. It was therefore from Lady Blount that he heard of Stella's adventure. He listened with his heavy frown, moving restlessly about the room, his hands in his pockets.

"I would give a thousand pounds for it not to have happened," said he.

"It 's done now. We must make the best of it."

"Unity was discreet? Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

He walked about for a while in silence.

"Perhaps it 's just as well Stella should know so much," he conceded, "though I would rather she had learned it differently. I suppose she was somewhat upset?"

"She 's still delicate," said Lady Blount, "and she 's all sensitiveness—always has been, as you know. I have made her lie down."

He swung round sharply.

"She 's not ill?" he asked.

"No, not ill; but exertion easily tires her. And she 's afraid you 'll be angry with her, and miserable because she thinks she did an ill-bred thing in intruding on your privacy. She 's deeply ashamed; she feels acutely. She 's not like other girls. We 've got to realize it. She wants me to apologize to you—"

"Stella apologize to me! Stella!" he shouted in amazement and indignation. "We 'll soon see about that!"

He strode toward the door leading into Stella's room. Lady Blount checked him.

"Don't, John. I would n't see her now."

"Do you think I 'd leave her a minute to suffer fear and misery and shame?"

"You exaggerate, dear."

"Those were your words. No, Julia. I must set this right."

Stellamaris suffering, afraid of him, miserable, and ashamed! As well say Stella beaten, Stella thumb-screwed, Stella thrown to wolves! It was intolerable. He forgot his resolutions.

With rough gentleness he thrust Lady Blount aside and, opening the door, slightly ajar, caught sight of Stella lying, wrapper-clad, upon the bed. He entered in his impetuous fashion and slammed the door behind him.

"Darling, don't worry. Julia has told me. It 's only you that could have had the beautiful idea of coming to see me. I love you for it, and I could kick myself for not being at home."

Instinctively and unthinkingly, as if he had been in the sea-chamber, he sat down heavily beside her and took her two hands. Her brown eyes looked piteously into his.

"Stella darling, it 's I that must ask for forgiveness for not having prepared you. Years ago, when you were little, I began the silly story of the palace to amuse and interest you; and I had a lot of troubles, dear, and it helped me to bear them to come to you and live with you in a fairy-tale. And then it was so hard to undeceive you when I found you believed it. I tried—you must remember."

"Yes, dear," she said, feeling very weak and foolishly comforted by the nervous grasp of his great hands. "Yes, I remember."

"You were there on your bed by the window," he continued, "and every one thought you would never rise from it. So what was the good of telling you just the weary prose of life? What place could it have in the poetry of yours? And I was selfish, Stella darling; I used to come to you for something sweet and pure and lovely that the wide, wide world could n't give me. And I got it, and it sent me away strong for the battle; and I 've had to fight, dear—to fight hard sometimes. And when you got well and came out into the world, I felt it was necessary to tell you something more about myself—that

there never had been a palace; that I was just a poor, hard-working journalist; that I had adopted a little girl called Unity, whose life had not been of the happiest; that she and an old aunt of mine kept house for me: but our old life went on so smoothly, and I still got the help and courage and faith I needed from you, that I put off telling you from week to week. That 's the explanation, darling. And now I 'm glad, more than glad, you came to-day. Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, Belovedest," she sighed. "I believe you."

He went on, finding in her presence his old power of artistic expression. In the overwhelming desire to bring back the laughter to those wonderful eyes that met his he forgot prudence, forgot the fact that he was making a passionate appeal. He was pleading her cause with happiness, not his own. It was the purest in the love of the man that spoke. Again he wound up by claiming her faith. And again, this time with soft, melting eyes, she said, "Yes, Belovedest, I believe you."

What else could she say, poor child? Here was her hero among men belittling himself just for her glorification. Here was his strong, beloved face wrought into an intensity of pleading. Here he was using tones of his deep voice that made every chord in her vibrate. Cloud-compeller, he cleared her overcast horizon to radiance. Is there a woman breathing, be she ever so cynical, who, in the sunshine of her heart, does not believe in the sun?

She laughed and drew his hands to her face. "So you think I 've been making mountains out of mole-hills?"

"Out of molecules," said he.

She laughed one of her adorable, childish little laughs. But the woman whispered, "Forgive me, Belovedest."

Time has invented but one proof of forgiveness in such a case, and eternity will not find a substitute. Obeying the everlasting law, he proved his forgiveness; but he mastered himself sufficiently to draw back the moment their lips had touched. He rose to his feet.

"Now we 're quite happy, are n't we?"

A little murmur signified assent. Then she sat up, and swung her legs daintily over the side of the bed, and, flushed, happy, and adorably disheveled, looked at him.

"And now," she cried gaily, "if you 'll let me put on my frock, I 'll come with you and auntie to see the pictures."

He remonstrated. She was tired out; she must rest. But she stood up and faced him.

"I want to be happy to-day. Tiredness does n't count. I shall be at the Channel House to-morrow, and I can rest for a month."

She put her hand on his shoulder and led him to the door. In the next room Lady Blount was anxiously awaiting him. He took her lean shoulders in his bear's hug.

"All right, Julia. She 's perfectly happy, and she 's coming with us to the Royal Academy."

So once more that day was the limousine ordered to the hotel entrance, and once more Stellamaris entered it with a sense of high, but now delectably safe, adventure, this time helped in by John as tenderly as though she were a thing of spun glass and moonbeams. And they drove away joyously to see one of the most beautiful, but at the same time one of the saddest sights of the world—the aspiring, yet fettered, souls, the unrealized dreams, the agonized hopes, individually concrete, of thousands of God's elect on this imperfect earth.

John Risca, absorbed in the laughter he had brought back to precious eyes, did not see a thin-lipped woman dressed in black slip behind one of the porphyry columns of the portico as they drove out. And the woman meant that he should not see, as she had meant it hundreds of times before during the last six years. Had he done so, there would have been an end to the intense, relentless, and diabolically patient purpose of her life.

(To be continued)

677–X–7

A MOTOR-CAR TALE

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

I

LITTLE 677–X–7, glittering with brass and red enamel-paint, turned off the Champs-Elysées and paused, with his one-cylinder eight-ten horse-power motor trying to make itself heard above the uproar. It was the opening day of the Automobile Salon, and the Avenue Alexandre III was a turbid vortex of traffic, its sides presenting two solid lines of fronting cars.

A blue haze of burned oil, acrid with stinging particles of carbon, hung heavy on the place. Horns blatted, squawked, whistled, or grunted according to their taste. Motors volleyed, and cogs clashed as the different cars turned to back into their places, hind wheels against the curb. Visitors, coming and going, obstructed the thoroughfare and wove strange, quadrille-like figures in and out.

Little 677–X–7 came in cautiously on second speed, his clutch alternately gripping and releasing, as his driver, the young Vicomte de Tonney-Ruffée, wove his way through the press. Car and driver were strange to each other, and the vicomte had no more idea of what the car might do than had the car of what the vicomte might try to make him do. The vicomte had bought him in the last week, and they had just come from the practical examination by the government engineer which the French law compels every driver to take before he is turned loose on a sufficiently crazy traffic.

677–X–7 could scarcely breathe. His little lungs were drowned in oil, and he felt that his heart was over-stimulated. Also his valves were stiff, his clutch was hot and dry, and he could have screamed with the pain in his back when his driver threw on the power as he rounded a corner.

A policeman pointed out a place between a majestic limousine and a big, open touring-car. *"Là,"* said he, and 677–X–7 made his half-turn and started to back into the berth.

"Look out, youngster," said a gruff voice; "don't scratch Mme. la Marquise."

It was the touring-car that spoke. 677–X–7 looked back nervously over his hood. His clutch was gripping in spiteful jerks.

"Yes, do please be careful!" said the limousine. "This is a new winter coat."

"Pardon, Madame," choked 677–X–7, scarcely able to speak because of his last deluge of oil. *"Aïe!"* He stifled a shriek as the vicomte put him in neutral and spun the motor an instant before cutting off the current. But the whir of the motor cleared his lungs, and as the explosions ceased, he gave a sigh of relief.

"You are just a baby, are n't you?" said the marquise, kindly. She glanced at his tires. "Your first promenade?"

"Yes, Madame," said 677–X–7.

"Feeling a little stiff, eh?" grunted the roadster.

"Stiff is not the word," said 677–X–7. "I am ready to fly to pieces. Something must be wrong with me. Turning into this jam, my right hind wheel slipped in a puddle of grease, and I thought that I was going to faint."

"Nonsense, my dear!" soothed the marquise. "Just a little roughness in the pinion gear of your differential. That will pass."

"But I can scarcely breathe," said 677–X–7. "Just as my lungs begin to clear, M. le Vicomte reaches over and souses them full of oil."

"He knows his business," said the road-

ster. "Oil is good for babies. If he had n't done that, you might have got a sudden fever and gone home in disgrace at the end of a rope."

"But my exhaust-valves," sighed the little car, "they stick and hurt. If he 'd only wash 'em off with a little gasolene—"

Before he could finish there was an interruption, "Hello! here 's a Yankee!"

Lounging easily up the broad avenue came a long, lean car with what impressed the Europeans as an unnecessarily high clearance. He had a rakish air, and the high level of the hood carried its straight line clear back to the end of his tonneau.

Backing smartly into place, he stopped, and looked around curiously.

"Howdy do, everybody," said he, genially. "Say, this is great. First time I 've seen such a bunch since the Vanderbilt Cup."

His keen eye rested on little 677–x–7. "Hello, Vicomte. Just out of the shop?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Good. You 're a twenty, are n't you?"

"Only eight-ten, M'sieur."

"Well, that 's about twenty with us. You rate 'em down to beat the taxes, and we rate 'em up to catch the trade. Hello! here comes a blooming Britisher! Looks as if he 'd been built on the plans of the last dreadnought."

A heavy English touring-car, square, angular, rough of finish, and none too silent, was shouldering his way through the throng. There was a vacant berth beside the American, and without bothering to turn, the sturdy Briton elbowed his way in, head on, and came to a stop.

"Hello, John!" said the American. "Have a good crossing?" His Yankee scrutiny had discovered sundry splashes of dried brine on the rough enamel of the new-comer.

"Aw, beg pardon, but have I been introduced to you?" drawled the Englishman.

"Oh, that 's all right, old sport. We 're first cousins, 3000 miles removed."

The Briton stared through his searchlights. "I say, are n't you an American?"

"All but my shoes. Hello! your left mud-guard 's bent. Hit something?"

"Aw, a mere trifle. These silly foreigners persist in turning out to the right. Sometimes we forget."

Briton and Yankee engaged in conversation; the marquise proceeded to instruct 677–x–7 in regard to some of the different cars.

"Ah, here comes a German. He is going to park beside the Englishman."

A big, aggressive-looking Teuton suspended the traffic of the place while he manœuvered to back up to the curb. The driver, a young man of military appearance, very blond and with *farouche* mustache, manipulated the levers as though obeying orders given by himself and with absolutely no reference to the clash of the gears or the laboring of the motor.

"That sausage thinks he 's drilling artillery," observed the American car to his British colleague.

"Ah?" said the other, looking back over his shoulders. "I say," he called to the German, who was poisoning the air with a volume of black soot which told of an over-rich mixture of fuel, "this is n't a smoking compartment, ye know."

"Herr Gott!" puffed the German, "could you not perhaps a little r-room make? This is the Prince von Fallingbostel-Holstein. It is royalty."

"I know the breed," whispered the American. "I bumped one in New Jersey last summer. Milk all over the shop."

His pleasantry was lost on the others. "We 're crowded as it is," said the English car. "I say, why don't you go lower down?"

The American car nudged his French comrade. "That 's what England has been telling Germany for some time," said he, "but the *bludvorsts* don't seem to catch on. Cheer up, cousin," he said to the Briton; "it 's the fashion for Germany to crowd perfidious Albion these days."

"I do hope he does n't wipe the shine off me shoes," said the Englishman.

But the German, having made his berth, decided not to lie in it, after he had stopped his motor. There was another place on the other side of the street which he liked better. "Start the motor," said the prince to his stolid mechanician.

A turn of the crank brought no result. The next several turns brought the same.

"Bad mixture, Hans," observed the American. "Drain the beer out of your carbureter. Sometimes it settles at the bottom."

The French cars looked shocked at this lack of respect. The German fumed, too proud to answer. The driver executed a new manœuver, and the black smoke gave way to white.

"Help!" said the American. "Now he 's slugging him full of oil. Call out the Pompeers."

The mechanician had desisted from his efforts with the crank, and was regarding the contact with meaning though timid eyes. The prince followed his gaze, and understood.

"Fool!" he rasped. "Electricity."

The mechanician left the crank, walked back, and snapped on the current directly under the driver's hand.

"Now, what do you think of that!" gasped the American. "Too stiff in the back to reach for the zigzags. And yet they claim to threaten Europe."

"We 're frightfully unprepared, you know," sighed the Briton.

"And glory in it," said the American, dryly. "Never mind, John, old horse, they 're *over*-prepared, and if they don't look out, they 'll get restless and start in to chaw each other."

The German motor overheard. "We have more army aëroplanes as there are motors here," he growled.

"Oh, fudge!" said the American. "Aëroplanes be darned! Mere gnats—ephemeræ. They live a hundred hours, and then the crucible for theirs. Tell Willie to chase 'em over, Herr Holstein. We 'll show him some wing-shootin', and not on driven birds, either. Just look at that," said he to the Englishman, for the prince was backing out into the traffic. "I 'll bet he learned to drive out of a book called 'MotormanœuversfortheGermanArmy.' No living man could teach *him* anything."

But 677–X–7 had lost the thread of the conversation. The vicomte was coming across the street. He jumped into his seat and threw in the gears, starting him on second. The clutch he let in a bit roughly. 677–X–7's wheels spun for an instant on the greasy road; then they gripped, and he sprang forward.

"Bonne chance!" called the marquise and the roadster, while the Yankee sang out cheerfully: "Good luck, baby! Ta-ta!"

But 677–X–7 was too intent on his work to respond. As he turned into the broad avenue, narrowly escaping collision with a taxi, he heard the drawling voice of the Englishman exclaim:

"I say, there goes a new one. Best luck, youngster!"

II

At the end of a month's constant running in town, 677–X–7 found that he no longer needed to take odds from anybody. By that time he and the vicomte had got to understand each other, and the little car began to take huge pleasure in his work. He could run on half the fuel that he had seemed to need at first, and the friction pains had entirely departed. He was still a little stiff on leaving the garage, but this quickly passed, and he leaped into the traffic with a sense of power tingling through his small body. The vicomte drove with a light but steady hand, and 677–X–7 could start and stop and shift speed without a tremor. Also, he learned how to slang back, and he took no odds from anybody. He knew his road rights and stood up for them, cocking his short nose and jumping into any hole in the crowd that offered without reference to the next man. To crown his content, the vicomte had fitted him with twin searchlights.

But up to this time 677–X–7 had never been for a long run over the road. Chantilly was the farthest from Paris that he had ever been, and the little car longed to be able to talk knowingly of Trouville and Biarritz and the Riviera. Another thing that bothered him was a growing nervousness on the part of the vicomte. He called often at a fine old house on the Parc Monceau, and 677–X–7 noticed that, on leaving, the vicomte's erratic driving was such that it required all of his own efforts to prevent coming to grief.

Then one bright autumn afternoon the vicomte left him at the gates of Bagatelle and hurried into the gardens. The little car had been standing there only a few minutes when he heard a voice behind him say:

"Bonjour, Vicomte," and the next instant the marquise came gliding up, and stopped just ahead of him.

"Bonjour, Madame," said 677–X–7.

They entered into conversation, and 677–X–7 noticed that her voice was a trifle

hoarse and that she was in a dripping perspiration. Her chauffeur opened the door of the limousine, and a very pretty girl got out and walked over into the gardens. The marquise looked after her and gave a little sniff of disapproval.

"That is Mlle. Alyette, the niece of my mistress the marquise," said she. "She and her father, the Comte de la Tour, are visiting us, and next week we are going to their château near Beauvais. I shall be glad of the change. I have been suffering from asthma, and hope that the country air may prove beneficial. Where is the vicomte?"

"In the gardens, Madame," said 677–x–7.

The marquise gave a little cough. "H'm," said she. "Do you know, Vicomte, this looks to me very like a rendezvous. The vicomte is a suitor for the hand of Mlle. Alyette, but the comte will not give his approval, as he is anxious that his daughter should marry a rich old senator. Personally I sympathize with the young people. This is very indiscreet of the vicomte. My chauffeur is not to be trusted, and I noticed that he glanced at your name-plate. I do hope that he will keep his mouth shut."

They talked for a few minutes longer, when Mlle. Alyette came out of the gardens. Her cheeks were very red and her eyes were bright. "To the house," said she to the chauffeur, who touched the vizor of his cap, and the marquise rolled off. Scarcely had they gone when the vicomte appeared, and the run back to the garage was fraught with considerable danger despite the caution of the little car.

The very next day it became apparent to 677–x–7 that he was off for a tour. The mechanician of his garage, under the eye of the vicomte, carefully went over the little car, replenishing the grease-and-oil mixture in transmission-box and differential, looking to front wheels, and carefully cleaning the carbureter.

When, the next morning, the vicomte arrived at the garage with a valise and dressing-case, 677–x–7 was wild with rapture. He knew then that they were off for an extended tour. All good cars love the road. No bothersome traffic, no constant twisting and turning and shifting of gears, no daily baths. Instead, the long, unending road, with its fascinating uncertainty; the mystery of what lies beyond each distant bend; the exhilaration of speed; the soaring descents, the vigorous conquering of the opposite slope; the pure, fresh, country air, free of soot and smoke and evil, disconcerting gases; then the evening dampness, which makes a perfect mixture in the lungs, and drives the strong heart with a vigor such as one never feels in town.

Out of the garage rolled 677–x–7, followed by the envy of his garage-mates, for the most part doomed to a season of slush and cold, stiff valves, sudden braking, startings, and stoppings, and the like which go with city life, so deadly to any car. But 677–x–7's ardor was a little dampened when the vicomte turned his head northeast. He was hoping that they were southward bound. He had pictured himself settling down for the long run to Nice or Monte Carlo, the level road ahead and his road-song steady and uninterrupted. Also, the vicomte had his nerves again. 677–x–7 could feel that through his pedals. But he was being driven carefully and well, and once in the open country, he settled down to see what he could really do, which was an average of about forty kilometers an hour.

But at Beauvais, to the great disgust of the little car, the vicomte stopped at the hotel, and 677–x–7 was put in the garage in company with a commercial traveler and two antiquated limousines belonging to local people. Both of these cars knew the marquise, and 677–x–7 learned that she had arrived the day before and was visiting at the château of the Comte de la Tour.

Bright and early the following morning the vicomte started off again on the *route nationale* for Boulogne; but at the end of the first three kilometers he slowed down, and the next moment turned off into a blind lane, which presently brought them up before an ancient little door in the face of a very old wall, which was covered with ivy. Here the vicomte turned him around, then stopped the motor, went quickly to the door, and entered.

Where he stood, 677–x–7 was visible from the main route, at the opening of the lane. The little car had been waiting perhaps ten minutes when from the distance he heard the road-song of his friend the marquise. She was coming slowly,

and he noticed that she was still suffering slightly from her asthma. Now, all might have been well and the two have exchanged greetings, and no one have been the wiser, for motor talk is pitched too low for the human ear; but it happened that the earth was soft at the mouth of the lane, and the eye of the marquise's chauffeur was caught by the tracks turning in. He glanced up the lane in passing, and caught a glimpse of 677–X–7 waiting in front of the postern gate.

677–X–7 heard the marquise slow, stop, then come astern. At the mouth of the lane she stopped again, while the chauffeur took in the situation with a curious eye.

"*Mon Dieu,*" called the marquise, "but what are you doing there?"

"Don't ask me," answered 677–X–7.

"But that is our wall," cried the marquise. "Dear, dear! My child, this looks to me very like an elopement, and now this fool of a chauffeur will spoil the whole affair. He will tell the comte, and even if the young people were to start at once, we should be after you as quickly as the comte could get into his clothes."

"Oh, my dear Madame," cried 677–X–7, "could you not refuse to start, or lag on the road?"

"My child," said the old lady, "it is the duty of every self-respecting car to serve its master faithfully, no matter what our personal sympathies may be. *Noblesse oblige.*"

The conversation was interrupted by the chauffeur, who started suddenly ahead. Scarcely had the marquise disappeared when the little, iron-bound door swung open, and out came the vicomte and Mlle. Alyette. Both were breathless and excited. The vicomte started the motor, and 677–X–7 whirred off like a flock of frightened partridges. The vicomte leaned over and patted his small hood.

"Now, *mon ami,*" he said, "it all depends on you." He leaped into his seat, and they were off.

The château was on the top of a ridge, and as 677–X–7 flew past the big gates he caught a glimpse of the stately avenue of chestnut-trees, the ancient château at the end, and the marquise standing before the door. Ahead, the road dropped away in an easy decline, straight as far as one could see, and bordered by a double line of poplars. The vicomte gave him a full mixture, and 677–X–7 took the descent like a soaring bird. The autumn leaves swirled and scurried in his wake, and the early sun flashed between the tree-trunks and dazzled his eyes, but the vicomte held him true. He darted across a bridge, then took a short, steep rise without a change of speed. Beyond was a long, level stretch, and, horrors! at the end of it a steep, winding descent.

"Now, if I can only stick to the road," thought 677–X–7 as he started down. The first turn was ticklish, but he got around it, hugging the inner ditch and clinging to the rough grit. A short, straight rush, then a reverse curve, and here he was suddenly assailed by a horrid sense of suffocation. The vicomte had cut off the fuel and was braking with the motor. Little 677–X–7 felt an agonizing pain. His clutch, holding against a force from the opposite direction, slipped an inch or two, but he set his teeth, and gripped with all his strength. Better that than the scorch of the brakes. His lungs struggled for breath, and his intake seemed a mere quill. Then, blessed relief, the vicomte gave him a drop of fuel, and he leaped ahead again. Around the curve he spun, hunting the inner ditch and clinging to the road by his tire-nails. Thank heaven for the high crown! Another rush, then another curve, and here the road was dished in the wrong direction. The vicomte saw it too late, and slid him almost into the ditch; but 677–X–7 climbed back upon the road again, cursing his lightness. There were no more curves on this hill, but at the bottom the grade pitched even more steeply, and led straight into a village street, paved in rough old Belgian blocks, laid in the time of Louis XIV, and never touched since.

Honk! honk! honk! screamed the horn. Two farmer's carts were swung across the track, but in answer to the cry of a woman, the drivers rushed from a low-linteled door, overhung by a bush, and jerked their horses aside.

Bumpety-bumpety-bump! Crash-rattle-bang! 677–X–7 struck the pavement, all holes and hummocks. Screams were wrenched from every part of him. For an instant he thought that he was flying into a thousand pieces, but he set his teeth and rushed onward. A white flash ahead.

Yap! yow! wow! and here was a cur dog rushing out in front of him. "Clear the track!" screamed 677–x–7. *Yow! wow!* yelped the dog, directly in his path.

677–x–7 was in no mood for trifling, nor was his driver. Besides, the cobbles were wet, and the vicomte would not risk a skid. The cur saw his danger and tried to dart aside; but 677–x–7 was upon him. There was a thud, a yelp, a scream from Alyette, and the dog was rolling in the ditch with a broken back.

677–x–7 felt rather sick. It was the first time that he had killed, and he hated it, as do all good cars and all good drivers. But he tore through the village and up the opposite slope without looking back.

Another level stretch, another eight per cent. down grade with two turns, and here they nearly came to grief. The road was slippery at the first turn, and before he realized it, 677–x–7 felt himself skimming toward the ditch. His heart stood still as he saw that he was doomed to strike squarely a transverse water-drain. "Hang on, everything!" he yelled.

Had not the vicomte been quick of wit, the elopement might have ended with a funeral. As it was, seeing that it was too late to slow, he threw on full power, so that little 677–x–7, instead of plunging into the trench, was able in some measure to leap it. Even then the strain was terrific and the danger great. There was a crash; the opposing bank took the number plaque, and a tree-trunk crumpled the mud-guard. Then they were out on the road again, still racing, racing.

677–x–7 guessed that they were trying to escape to England by the noon boat for Boulogne. His blood was up now, and he felt ready and able to race the marquise car for car, though reason told him that her twenty-four horse-power would make short work of his little eight-ten. The vicomte knew it, too, for he had heard the alarm being raised as they fled from the château. The young man felt that theirs was a forlorn hope, and on the tedious ascents his eyes were anxiously on the road behind. At the top of a high ridge which commanded a five-kilometer stretch of the road they had traveled, the vicomte stopped for an instant to look back.

Straight across the valley two cars were flying down a long grade which descended at right angles to the straight road. The first car was undoubtedly the marquise. The second, which was rapidly overhauling her, was long and lean, with a high clearance, and as 677–x–7 listened, he was able to recognize the road-song of the big Yankee whom he had first met at the Grand Palais and had since seen often in the Bois.

The vicomte started off again, constantly looking back. 677–x–7 could hear the Yankee's deep road-song rise a note as he struck the stiff up-grade. Then, to the amazement of the little car, the vicomte put him suddenly at the side of the road, and brought him to a stop, the motor still running.

But the reason for this was soon explained. Up came the big Yankee, then slowed and stopped at a signal from the vicomte. In the American car were the owner, who was driving, a mechanician, and in the tonneau the wife of the owner and a French maid.

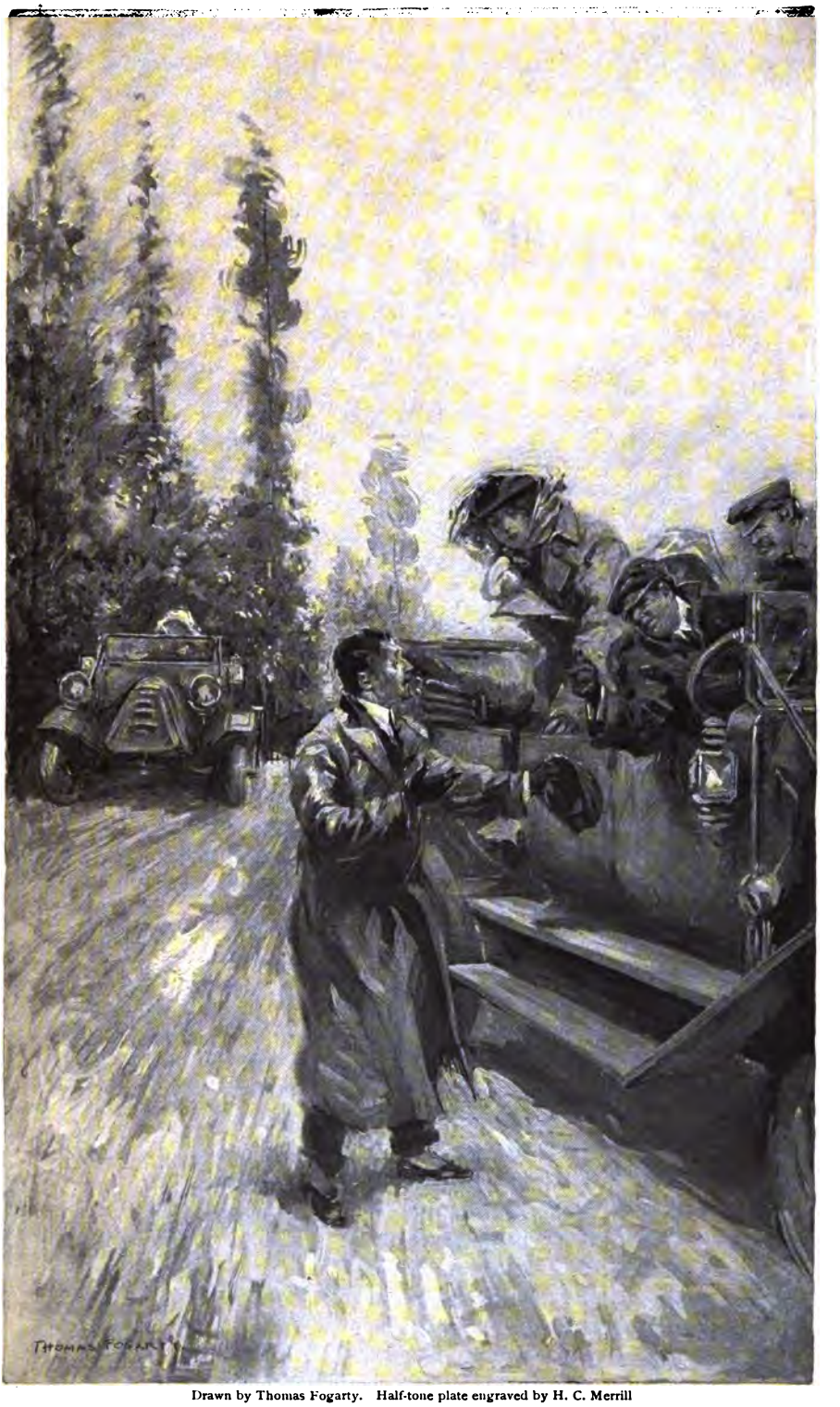
The big car had fetched up some distance ahead of 677–x–7, and the vicomte, who appeared to know its driver, had rushed forward and begun a passionate harangue. 677–x–7 could not hear what was said, but his friend proceeded to put him *au courant*.

"Hello, kid!" said he. "Look sharp now. We 're going to give you the French maid for a dummy, and you 're to duck down this farm-road, and lead the old lady a chase while we take the bride-elect to London. You are to cross later. Gee! I wish they 'd hurry! We 're racing that belted Holstein prince person from St. Germain to the Boulogne octroi for a thousand francs. He 's got it over me by about twenty of the ponies; but, say, I made him think he was lost in the woods on that level stretch just this side of Beauvais. Doubt if he 's in telephoning distance now." He cocked his head. "No, I 'm a liar. Here he comes up the hill."

Hardly had he spoken when the great German breasted the summit and the next instant had swept past like a meteor.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried 677–x–7, "that is a pity! You will lose the race through my fault."

"Don't you believe it." The American was quivering with impatience, but his voice still held its customary drawl. "We 're off now. I 'll catch him before



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HELLO, KID!' SAID HE. 'LOOK SHARP NOW. WE 'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU THE FRENCH MAID FOR A DUMMY'"

Etaples. Let me give you a tip, son: scratch gravel on the down grades. You turn over fast enough, and the marquise is a bit foundered. She goes downhill like an old lady crawling down a ladder. Keep her going, and give us time to catch the boat. Ta-ta! now watch me give that Frankfurter a dust cure for the beer habit. . . ." He leaped ahead like a greyhound.

The vicomte, followed by the French maid, who had exchanged coats with Mlle. Alyette, sprang quickly aboard and the next instant 677–x–7 had jumped forward, then turned sharply into a rough trail that led through the middle of a big meadow that had been planted with sugar-beets. Farm-carts had been hauling out the harvest, plentifully sprinkling the road with the big roots, which were as hard and round as cobbles. Ahead, the trail dipped steeply into a swale, and as he started down the incline, 677–x–7 could hear the road-song of the marquise as she breasted the hill on the main route. A moment later he saw her, and was himself seen. At sight of the little car scurrying like a rabbit across the beet-field, the road-song of the marquise slightly changed its key, and seemed to hold a note of trepidation. She was a town limousine and had but little taste for steeplechases.

Down the slope they plunged. The road was pitted, full of ruts, and the beets dropped from the farm-wagons made treacherous going. *Bumpety-bump! bumpety-bump!* went 677–x–7, sliding on the beets, twisting viciously at his direction as his front wheels sank in the ruts. But he was built for rough going, and although the wrenching gave him frightful pain, he never slackened or complained. The honest work which had endowed him with his brave little soul was now proving itself.

Far in the distance a straight line of poplars along a ridge marked another *route nationale*. 677–x–7 struggled for it frantically, while the road-song of the marquise grew ever louder in his ears. If his blood was up, so was that of his pursuer, and private sympathy was now buried under pride of race.

But the vicomte, looking back, saw that he must soon be overtaken. On each side lay fields of freshly planted winter wheat, but some distance to the right, across the sludgy expanse, was a narrow lane bordered by a double line of pollards. The vicomte leaned forward, and touched the little car lightly on his hood.

"Now for a fighting chance, *mon ami,*" he said; then slowing down, he dropped to second, then to first speed, and turned 677–x–7 squarely into the newly turned earth.

Never in his short life had the little car encountered the like. The heavy loam stuck to his wheels and slid greasily under the knobs of his shoes. Yet, realizing the extremity, he pushed stubbornly ahead. A hundred meters of horrid struggle, and here was the marquise sputtering wrathfully at him from where he had left the road.

"Come on!" called back 677–x–7, exultingly, for the worst was passed, and he seemed to have struck a firmer footing. "Come on in; the mud is fine."

To his amazement, the marquise took him at his word. Straight into the slough she plunged, and now her road-song was a song no longer, but the sort of talk which an old French lady sometimes uses when thoroughly shocked and incensed. Thirty meters she got, then stopped, bogged down by the weight of her limousine.

677–x–7 chuckled. "It will take about four yoke of oxen to get her out of that," he said to himself as he crashed through the pollards and out into the lane.

"No," said the big American to little 677–x–7 as they talked the matter over in the garage of the Savoy, "the race ain't *always* to the swift. But in *my* case it was. I caught that sauerkrauter about half a mile this side of the Boulogne octroi. *'Vorfahrtsrecht,'* growls he, tearin' chunks off the top of the road; 'I 'm royalty.' 'Get over on your own side of the road-bed,' says I, 'or you 'll be scrap-iron.' He waddles over just as I was getting ready to hand him a mailed fist in the muffler. We were both doin' about a mile a minute. I walked past him as if he 'd been trying to borrow money, and then bu'sted one of my new French shoes when we braked for the octroi. Say, that was luck, was n't it. Oh, yes, we won. I limped across the line on my rims. The prince paid up like a little man. But,

say, I would n't have cared to flop across that plowed ground after you, and we 're pretty good mud horses, too."

"It was awful," said 677–x–7. "I 'm afraid the poor marquise is there yet. She 'll never speak to me again. Said it was n't a nice thing for us to do."

The American car laughed. "All 's fair in love and war. Say, we 'll be wearing flowers to-morrow. The wedding 's fixed for noon. My owner is goin' to give the bride away, and the prince is to be best man. Did you see my owner this morning? Gee-whiz! I guess the prince got his revenge last night at the vicomte's bachelor supper. And I learn the old count 's wired his blessing. Well, my friend, here 's to the bride!"

And they joined in a friendly drink of gasolene.

ON RINEHART'S ENDYMION

(THE STATUE OF THE SLEEPING ENDYMION BY WILLIAM HENRY RINEHART PLACED OVER THE SCULPTOR'S OWN GRAVE IN BALTIMORE)

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

THE moonlight, as a lover's lingering kiss,
Falls on his placid brow. In tender gloom
The young, brown body glimmers from the tomb
Dim as a fading star. . . . Rest—rest, it is;
And oh, if sleep be beautiful as this,
What must the waking be! . . . No cares consume;
With him is youth eterne, undying bloom,
And thoughts unending of perennial bliss.
The lips are parting, and we feel the breath
A sweetness on the air. . . . Will he arise
And touch again his Carian flute? . . . He seems
Some fair immortal form of alien skies
Abiding here,—a symbol, not of Death,
But Sleep irradiate with desired dreams.

Decoration by Marian Stoll

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THE ADVENTURE OF CORKEY AND MR. TUPPER

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "The Portreeve," "The Whirlwind," etc.

I

WHEN the doctor sent for me to come to his study, I hoped it was about the fireworks, because I was head boy that term and, in a great position like that, there were advantages to make up for the anxiety. You bossed the fireworks on the fifth of November and many other such like things.

But the doctor had nothing to say about fireworks. In fact, a great moment had come in my life: I was to leave.

"Sit down, Corkey," said Dr. Dunstan; and that in itself was a startler, because he never asked anybody to sit down except parents or guardians.

I sat, and he looked at me with a friendly and regretful expression, the same as he did when he had to tell me my father was dead.

"Corkey," he began, "the morning post brings this missive from your maternal aunt, Miss Augusta Medwin. As you know, she is your trustee until you come of age four years hence. Your Aunt Augusta, mindful that the hour was at hand when you would be called to take your place in the ranks of action, has been for some time on the lookout for you, and to-day I learn that her efforts have been crowned with success. It is my custom to require a term's notice, but such is my regard for your Aunt Augusta that I have decided to waive that rule in your case. A clerkship in a London place of business has been secured for you—a nomination to the staff of that famous institution, the Apollo Fire Office. The necessary examination to one who has risen to be head boy of Merivale should prove but a trifle. And yet since nothing can be left to chance, we must see that you are guarded at all points. In a fortnight, Corkey Major, you will be required to show that your mathematics are sound, your knowledge of grammatical construction above suspicion, and your general average of intellectual attainment all that the world of business—the great industrial centers of finance—have a right to demand from their neophytes. I do not fear for you; the appointment and its requirements are not such as to demand a standard of accomplishment beyond your powers; but at the same time remember that this modest beginning may lead the way to name and fame. The first step can never be too humble if we always look upward and onward. I myself, as all the world knows, was once a bookseller's assistant. But unto God be the praise."

The doctor sighed and continued:

"I am sorry to lose you. You have been a reasonably good and industrious boy. Your faults were those of youth. You go into the world armed, I think, at all points. Be modest, patient, and good-tempered, and choose high-minded friends. I may add, for your encouragement, that you will receive emolument from the outset of your official labors. The salary is fifty pounds a year, and you will work daily from ten o'clock until four. On Saturdays they pursue our own scholastic custom and give their officials a half-holiday. Your vacation, however, is of a trivial character. The world is a taskmaster, not a schoolmaster. One fortnight a year will be all the holiday permitted; and since you enter the establishment at the bottom, you must be prepared to enjoy this relaxation at any time in the year most convenient to your superiors."

He waved his hand, and I got up. One thing had stuck exceedingly fast in my mind, and now, though I did not mean to mention it in particular, it came out.

"Am I really worth fifty pounds a year to anybody, sir?"

The doctor smiled.

"A natural question, Corkey, and I think no worse of you for having asked it. The magnitude of the sum may reasonably puzzle a lad who as yet cannot know the value of money. This, however, is no time to enter upon the complicated question of supply and demand. It will be sufficient for you to know that the managers of the Apollo Fire Office entertain a reasonable hope of getting their money's worth, to speak colloquially. For my part, when I think upon your ten years of steady work at Merivale, I have no hesitation in saying that the salary is not extravagant. Let it be your part to administer it with prudence and swiftly to convince those set in authority over you that you are worth even more than that annual sum."

I cleared out and told the chaps, and they were all fearfully interested, especially Morgan, because when I left, Morgan would become head of the school. He turned a sort of dirty drab green when I told him that I was going, and first I thought it was sorrow for me, and then I found it was funk for himself. He did n't care a button about my going; but he felt that to be lifted up all of a sudden to the top was almost too much.

"I feel like the pope felt when he found he was going to be elected," he said. "Only it 's far worse for me than him, because he need n't have entered the competition for pope, I suppose, if he did n't want; but in my case the thing is a sort of law of nature, and I 've got to be head boy."

"There are the advantages," I said. But he could only see the responsibilities. He was n't pretending; he really hated the idea—for the moment.

I told Frost, too; and I told him that I 'd asked the doctor whether I was worth fifty pounds a year to anybody.

"If he 'd been straight," said Frost, "he 'd have told you that you 've been worth fifty pounds a year to him, anyway, for countless years; because you came here almost as soon as you were born, and your brothers, too."

It was a great upheaval, like things always seem to be when they happen, however much you expect them. Of course I knew I had to go sometime, and was thankful to think so, and full of ambitions for grown-up life; but now that the moment had actually come, I was n't particularly keen about it, especially as I should miss the fireworks and lose the various prizes I was a snip for, if I 'd stopped till Christmas. I rather wished my Aunt Augusta had n't been so busy and left my career alone, at any rate till after the Christmas holidays. Of course my going was a godsend to various other chaps, and though they regretted it in a way, especially the "footer" eleven, such a lot of things were always happening from day to day at Merivale that there was really no time to mourn me, though, of course the chaps were frightfully sorry I was going when they had a moment to think about it. They were, however, very keen about the things I left behind; but of course these were all handed over to my brothers.

Then the rather solemn hour came when a cab arrived for me, and I went. But everybody was in class at the time, and nobody missed me. In fact, it was n't what you might call really solemn to anybody but me myself.

II

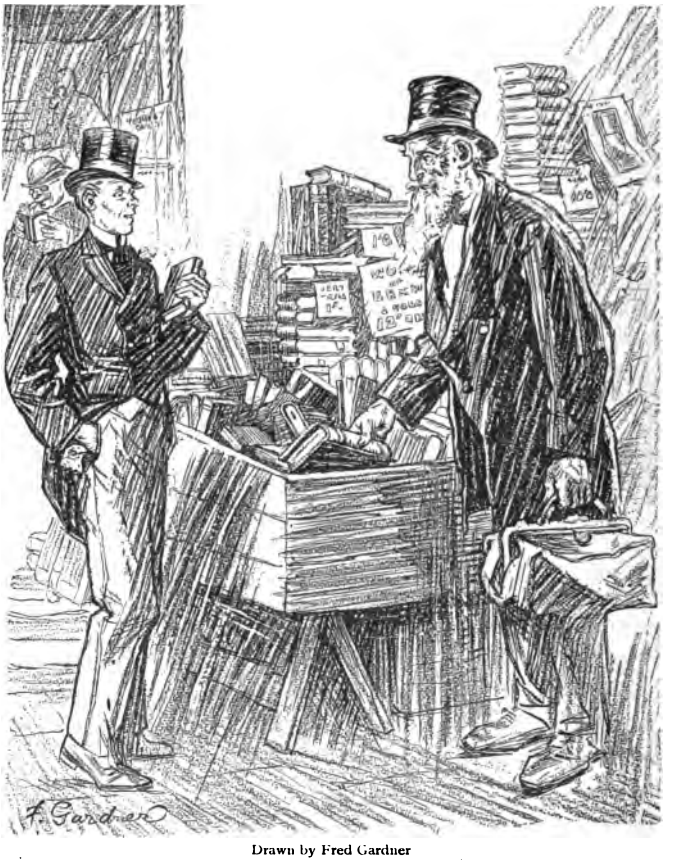
NEEDLESS to say, my adventures on arriving at London would fill volumes, but one in particular I wish to describe because doubtless such a thing often happens in the metropolis to new-comers. London people seem to know if you are a new arrival, probably because you cannot keep your admiration for London off your face as you perambulate the far-famed thoroughfares.

I passed my examination and entered the service of the Apollo Fire Insurance with considerable effect. I lived with my aunt in a flat near Paddington, and walked to the city every morning for the sake of exercise. I wanted Aunt Augusta to take thirty of my fifty pounds, and explained to her my hopes for the future.

"Some day, if things happen as I should like, I am going to be an actor," I told her. "It is a very uphill and difficult course of life, I know; but still that is what I want to be, because I have a great feeling for the stage, and I shall often and

often go to a theater at night after I have done my day's work, if you don't mind—especially tragedies."

She did n't laugh at the idea or scoff at it, but she thought that I must n't fill my head with anything but fire-insurance for the present. And of course I said that my first thought would be to work in the strenuous course of life from the first; because, if fifty pounds a year is all you 've got to depend upon for everything, it is necessary to be fairly strenuous. For instance, the sum to spare for daily lunch will prove on calculation to be rather small. I decided for a bun and a glass of milk. It was hungry work, but you get



Drawn by Fred Gardner

"I SAW YOU HANDLE A BOOK OF MINE . . . AND I FELT DRAWN TO YOU'"

office and thoroughly earn my fifty pounds a year, and perhaps even earn more than I was paid, and so be applauded as a clerk rather out of the common.

She took me to a tailor's shop, and I was measured for a tail-coat. I also had to get a top-hat such as men wear. I was tall and thin, and when the things came they added a good deal of age to my appearance.

I was appointed to the country department of the Apollo, and I began a rather accustomed to anything, and the result, when dinner-time came at the flat of my Aunt Augusta, was remarkably good, and I used to eat in a way that filled her with alarm. And after eating I felt that I simply must have exercise of some sort, and I used to go out in the dark and get to the Regent's Park and run for miles at my best pace. It worried policemen when I flew past them, because it is very unusual to race about after dark in London, and policemen are unfortunately a suspicious

freshment, and that it would not be kind or considerate to drink so cheap a drink as ginger-beer. So he ordered two bottles of proper beer, and then told me about the place and its ways.

"The Bishop of London often comes here—just for quiet," he said. "Of course I know him, and we have a chat sometimes about the see and so on. And the Dean of St. Paul's will drop in now and then. He has a weakness for 'lark pudding,' a very famous dish here. They have it on Wednesdays only. Now, tell me about your theatrical ambitions, for I may be able to help you in that matter."

I told him all about my hopes, and he said that one of his few personal friends was Mr. Wilson Barrett, of the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street.

"That great genius, Mr. Booth, from America has been acting Shakspere there lately," I said.

"He has," answered Mr. Tupper; "his *Lear* is stupendous. I know him well, for he often recites my poems at benefit matinées. But Wilson"—in this amazingly familiar way he referred to the great Mr. Wilson Barrett—"is always on the lookout for promising young fellows to join his company, and walk on with the crowds, and so learn the rudiments of stage education and become familiar with the boards. He is anxious to get a superior set of young fellows on the stage, and he often comes to me because he knows that in the circles where I move the young men are intellectual and have high opinions about the honor of the actor's calling."

"It would be a glorious beginning for a young man," I said, "but of course such good things are not for me."

Mr. Tupper appeared to be buried in his own thoughts for a time. When he spoke again he changed the subject.

"Will you have another plate of steak and kidney pie?" he asked, and I consented with many thanks.

Then he returned to the great subject of the stage.

"Only yesterday," he said, "I was spending half an hour in dear old Wilson's private room at the Princess's Theatre. He likes me to drop in between the acts. He is a man who would always rather listen than talk; and if he has to talk, he chooses any subject rather than himself and his histrionic powers. All the greatest actors are the same. They are almost morbid about mentioning their personal talent or the parts they have played. But the subjects that always interest Wilson are the younger men and the future of the drama. 'Martin,' he said to me, 'I would throw up the lead in my own theater tonight if by so doing I could reveal a new and great genius to the world. I would gladly play subordinate parts, if I could find a young man to play my parts better than I do myself.' I tell you this, Mr. Corkey, to show you that one supreme artist at least is always on the lookout for talent, always ready to stretch a helping hand to the tyro."

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"I could n't *give* you an introduction, Mr. Corkey, because Wilson himself would not allow that. I am, of course, enormously rich, but it is always understood between me and the great tragedian that I get some little honorarium for these introductions. Personally I do not want any such thing; but he feels that a nominal sum of from three to five guineas ought to pass before young fellows are lifted to the immense privilege of his personal acquaintance and enabled actually to tread the boards with him in some of his most impassioned creations. The money I give to the Home for Decayed Gentlewomen at Newington Butts, in which I am deeply interested. Thus, you see, these introductions to Mr. Wilson Barrett serve two great ends: they advance the cause of the decayed gentlewomen—the number of whom it would distress you to learn—and they enable the aspirant to theatrical honors to begin his career under the most promising circumstances that it is possible to conceive."

"But I ought to go through the mill, like Mr. Barrett himself and Mr. Henry Irving and all famous actors have done," I said; and Mr. Tupper agreed with me.

"Have no fear for that," he answered. "Wilson will see to that. He is more than strict and, while allowing reasonable free-

Drawn by Fred Gardner

"'THE BISHOP OF LONDON OFTEN COMES HERE—JUST FOR QUIET,' HE SAID"

between the hours of one and two o'clock," said Mr. Tupper, "my custom is to ask him to join me at a modest meal—luncheon, in fact. Now, do not say that you have lunched, or you will greatly disappoint me."

Of course I had lunched, and yet, in a manner of speaking, I had n't—not as a famous and prosperous man would understand the word. To tell the truth, I had felt from the first that it was rather sad in a way, having to subsist on a bath bun and a glass of milk for so many hours, and I knew that I never should get to feel it was a complete feed. So when this good and world-renowned man offered me a luncheon, I felt, if not perfectly true, yet it was true enough to say that I had not lunched. So I said it, and he was evidently very glad.

"We will go to the 'Cat on Hot Bricks,'" he told me. "It is an eating-house of no pretension, but I preserve the greatest simplicity in all my ways, including my food and drink. At the big restaurants I am instantly recognized, which is a source of annoyance to me; but I am unknown at the 'Cat on Hot Bricks,' and I often take my steak or chop and pint of light ale there with other celebrities, and study life. Ah, the study of life, my young friend, is the prince of pursuits! The name that I have made is based entirely upon that study. Long practice has enabled me to see in a moment the constituents of every character, and know at a glance with whom I have to deal."

I told him my name, and he said he had had the pleasure of meeting some of the elder members of my family in the far past. He was immensely interested in my work, and asked me many questions concerning fire-insurance. And then I told him that I hoped in course of time to be an actor, and he said that, next to the poet, the actor was often the greatest influence for good. He himself had written a play, but he shrank from submitting it to a theatrical manager for production. It was a highly poetical play, and made of the purest poetry, and so delicate that he feared that actors and actresses, unless they were the most famous in London, might go and rub the bloom off it and spoil it.

He let me choose what I liked for luncheon, and I chose steak and kidney pie and ginger-beer. He then told me that the steak and kidney pie was all right, but that the only profits made at the "Cat on Hot Bricks" arose from the liquid re-

freshment, and that it would not be kind or considerate to drink so cheap a drink as ginger-beer. So he ordered two bottles of proper beer, and then told me about the place and its ways.

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dom for the expansion of individual genius, will take very good care that you have severe training and plenty of hard work. But the point is that you must go through his mill and not another's. It is no good going to Wilson after some lesser man has taught you to speak and walk and act. You would only have to unlearn these things. If you want to flourish in his school of tragic actors, which is, of course, the most famous in England at this moment, you must go to him as it were empty —a blank sheet—a virgin page whereon he can impress his great principles. Will you have apple tart, plum tart, or tapioca pudding and Surrey cream?"

I took apple tart, but Mr. Tupper said that sweet dishes were fatal to the working of his mind in poetical invention, so he had celery and cheese.

"I see Wilson to-night," he resumed. "To be quite frank, I have to tell him about a lad who is very anxious to join him and wishes to give me fifty pounds for the introduction; but such is my strange gift of intuition in these cases that I would far rather introduce you to the theater than the youth in question. You are clearly in earnest, and I doubt if he is. You have a theatrical personality, and he has not. Your voice is well suited to the higher drama; his is a cockney voice, and will always place him at a disadvantage, save in comedy. Had it been in your power to go before Wilson this week, I should have substituted your name for the other. I wish cordially there were no sordid question of money. I would even advance you five guineas myself, but you are as delicate-minded as I am. You would not like me to do that."

I assured him that such a thing was out of the question.

"Indeed, Mr. Tupper," I said, "you are doing far, far more than I should ever have thought anybody would do for a perfect stranger. And unless I could pay the money for the decayed home, I should not dream of accepting such a great kindness."

He was quite touched. He blew his nose.

"We artists," he said, "are emotional. There is a magic power in us to find all that is trusting and good and of sweet savor in human nature. And yet goodness and gratitude and proper feeling in the young always move me, as you see me moved now. They are so rare."

He brought out a brown leather purse and took from it half a sovereign. He then called a waiter and paid the bill.

"We will go down into the smoking-room," he said. "No doubt a liqueur or a cup of coffee will not be amiss."

I 'd forgotten all about the time, and in fact everything else in the world, during this fearfully exciting meeting with Mr. Martin Tupper, and the end of it all was that I forked out my first six weeks' salary for the introduction to Mr. Barrett and my first step on the stage.

"It should be guineas," said Mr. Tupper; "but in your case, and because I have taken a very great personal fancy to you, it shall be pounds. And don't grudge the money. Go on your way happy in the knowledge that it will greatly gladden a life that has a distinctly seamy side. There is a sad but courageous woman whose eyes will brighten when she sees this piece of paper."

But though he idly threw this large sum of money into his pocket as a thing of no account, yet he was a man of the most honorable and sensitive nature.

"I cannot," he said, "leave you without carrying out my part of the contract. I gather that you are rather pressed for time or I would drive you to the Princess's Theatre in my private brougham, which is waiting for me near the Mansion House. No doubt the driver thinks I am lunching with the lord mayor, as I often do. But to take you this afternoon to the theater would interfere with your duties at the Apollo Fire Office, which I should be the last to wish to do; so I will write you a personal introduction to my friend Mr. Barrett, and you can deliver it either to-night or on the next occasion when you go to see him act."

He refused to leave me until this was done.

"We must avoid even the appearance of evil," he said. "You might feel uneasy and suspicious were I to say farewell with nothing but a promise. Martin Tupper's word is as good as his oath, I believe; but it is a hard, a cold, and a cruel world. At any rate, you shall have the letter."

He opened his bag, which contained writing materials, and he had soon written a note to Mr. Barrett, warmly commending me to the attention of that great man. He next gave me his own address, which

was No. 96 Grosvenor Square, one of the most fashionable residential neighborhoods in London, and then hoping that I would dine with him and Mrs. Tupper two nights later, at eight o'clock, and come early, he shook me warmly by the hand, wished me good luck, and left me.

I saw his dignified figure steal into the street, and though the general public did not seem to recognize him in his modest attire, I fancy that a policeman or two cast understanding glances at him. No doubt they had seen him at royal or other functions.

I seemed to be walking on air when I went back to work, for this great man, inspired by nothing but pure good-will, had, as it were, opened the door of success to me and given me a chance for which thousands and thousands of young would-be actors must have sighed in vain. He was hardly the great man I should have chosen to know; but now that I did know him, I felt that it must have been a special providence that had done it. I wished that I could make it up to him, and hoped that he would live long enough for me to send him free tickets to see me act. Meantime I determined to buy all his books, which was the least I could do.

But I was brought down to earth rather rudely from these beautiful plans, for when I got back to the office, the chief of the department, one Mr. Westonshaugh, sent for me; and it then transpired that, instead of taking half an hour for my luncheon, according to the rules and regulations of the Apollo, I had been out for more than two hours!

I felt terribly sorry, and felt the right and proper thing was to be quite plain and honest with Mr. Westonshaugh.

"I met Mr. Martin Tupper at a book-stall, and he introduced himself and asked me to lunch, sir," I said. But the head of the department did not like this explanation at all, and I was a good deal distressed to find the spirit in which he took it. He seemed fearfully startled to hear what I told him; in fact, he showed a great inclination not to believe me.

"Go back to your work, sir," he said in a very stern voice, "and don't add buffoonery to your other irregularities. I am much disappointed in you, Mr. Corkey."

It was a fearful thing to have Mr. Westonshaugh misunderstand me so completely. In fact, the blood of shame sprang to my forehead, a thing that had never happened before. And then he made another even more terrible speech.

"You look to me very much as if you 'd been drinking," he said. "Have a care, young man; for if there is one thing that will ruin your future more quickly than another, it is that disgusting offense."

I sneaked away then in a state of bewildered grief, sorrowful repentance, and mournful exasperation. This was by far the unhappiest event in my life, and it got worse and worse as the day wore on.

Mr. Blades, who was my special friend at the Apollo, asked me what the deuce I 'd been doing, and when I told him, he said, "Rats!" This was a word that meant scorn combined with disbelief. Then he continued, and even used French.

"Martin Tupper! Why don't you say it was Martin Luther at once? I believe it 's a case of *'Sasshay la fam!'* "

"Martin Luther died in 1546, so it could n't have been him; and I don't know what *'Sasshay la fam'* means," I said; and Mr. Blades replied in a most startling manner.

"So 's Martin Tupper dead—sure to be; ages ago, no doubt. Anyway, I happen to know that Mr. Westonshaugh thinks the dickens of a lot of him, so when you said he 'd been standing you a lunch, you told about the worst lie you could have."

Of course it was n't a lie, but quite the reverse. In self-defense I told Mr. Blades how I had an open letter of introduction to Mr. Wilson Barrett at that moment in my pocket, to prove the truth of what I was saying.

"Mr. Tupper read it to me, so no doubt anybody can read it," I said.

Then Mr. Blades perused the letter carefully and shook his head.

"You 're such a jug, Corkey," he declared. "This is neither more nor less than a common or garden confidence trick. The beggar saw you had a 'fiver' at the book-stall, and spotted you were a soft thing. Then he pretended to be friendly and just hammered away till he found the weak spot. If you 'd go and have a sensible lunch, like everybody else, instead of wandering about London in the helpless way you do on a bun and a glass of milk, this would n't have happened."

"The lunch was genuine enough, anyway; but the great point is whether Mr. Tupper is or is not dead," I told Mr. Blades. "If he is really and truly dead, then no doubt I have been swindled by a shady character; but if he is not, then there is still hope that it was really him."

Mr. Blades, with his accustomed great kindness, himself went in to Mr. Westonshaugh with me and explained the painful situation in some well-chosen words.

"I should n't have thought of using the name of such a world-renowned poet, sir," I said to the head of the department, "but he told me so himself, and he was exceedingly serious-looking and solemn and kind and far above clean clothes, which is a common thing with poets. But of course, if he 's dead, as Mr. Blades thinks—"

"He is not dead," answered the chief. "I am glad to say that he is not dead. It is my privilege to correspond with Mr. Tupper occasionally. I heard from him on the subject of a difficult passage in one of his poems only a month ago."

"Does he live in Grosvenor Square, sir?" I asked. "Because this Mr. Tupper said he did—at No. 96."

"He does not," answered Mr. Westonshaugh. "He does n't live in London at all."

Then Mr. Blades had a brilliant idea.

"Would you know Mr. Tupper's handwriting, sir?" he asked, and Mr. Westonshaugh said that he would know it instantly.

He examined the letter of introduction to Mr. Barrett, and pronounced it to be an unquestionable forgery.

"A great crime has been committed," he declared. "A professional thief has used the name and signature of Mr. Tupper in order to rob you of five pounds, and he has succeeded only too well. Let this be a lesson to you, Mr. Corkey, not again to fall into conversation with the first well-dressed—or badly dressed—stranger who may accost you. To think that the insolent scoundrel dared to use that hallowed name!"

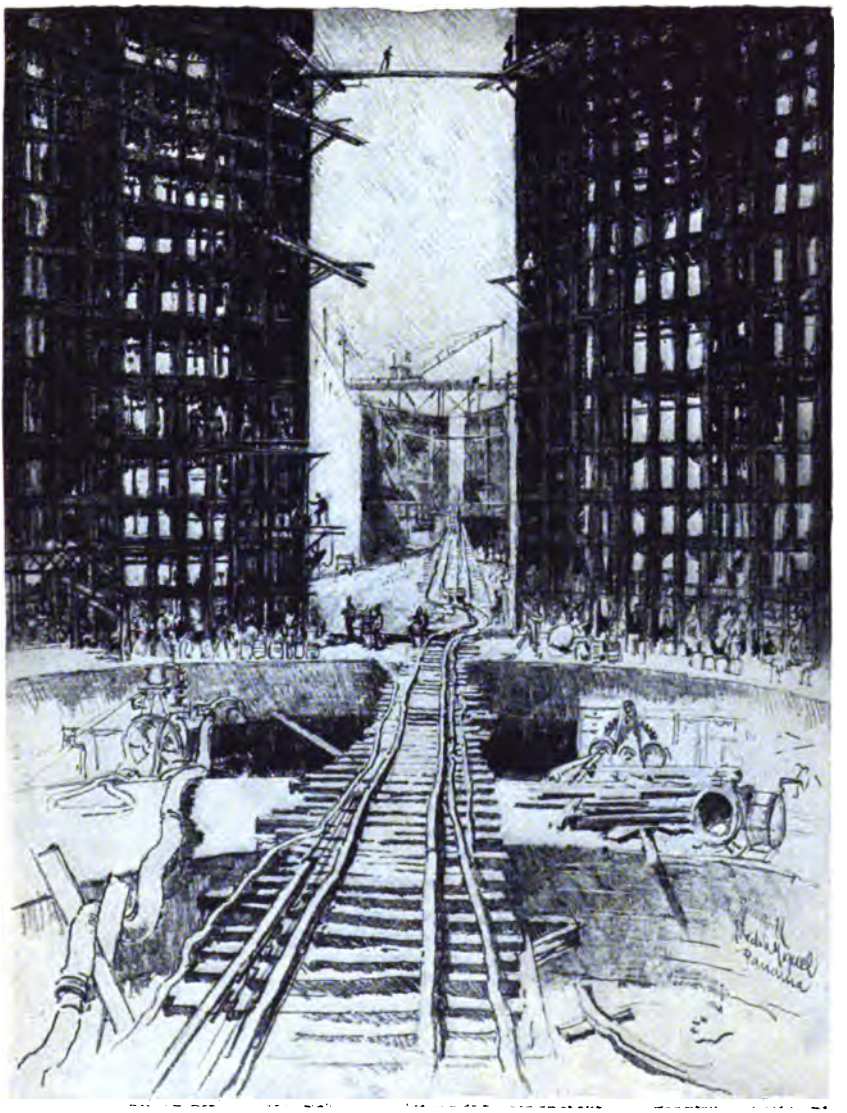
Mr. Westonshaugh evidently considered it a very much worse thing to forge Martin Tupper's name than to steal my five-pound note. And I dare say it was. He forgave me, however, and withdrew his dreadful hint about my having had too much to drink.

Then I left him, and worked in a very miserable frame of mind until six o'clock to make up for my wasted time.

It was my earliest great and complete crusher; and coming just at this critical moment, made it simply beastly sad. Because my very first earnings were entirely swallowed up in this nefarious manner. I had hoped to return home and flourish my five-pound note in the face of Aunt Augusta and tell her to help herself liberally out of it; but instead of that I had to horrify her with the bad news that my money was gone forever. In fact, you might say beyond recall. If it had happened later, I believe that I should have made less and even felt less of the affair; but such fearful luck falling on my very first "fiver" added a greater element of tragedy than it otherwise would have been. And then I got a dark idea that losing my very first honest earnings meant a sort of curse upon everything I might make in after life. I felt that a bad start like this would dog me for years, if not forever. I had a curious and horrid dread that I should never really make up this great loss, but always be five pounds short through the rest of my career to my dying day.

Aunt Augusta tried hard to make light of it. In fact, it is undoubtedly at times like this that a woman is more comforting than a man. She went to her private store and brought out another crisp and clean five-pound note and forced me to take it. She insisted, and so reluctantly I fell in with her wish; but I did n't spend it in the least with the joy and ease I should have spent the other. It was, in fact, merely a gift, good enough in its way, but very different to the one I had earned single-handed by hard work in a humming hive of industry.

To speak honestly, the whole affair had its funny side—to other people. In fact, I heard a good deal about it at the Apollo Fire Office, and I must have done the real Martin Tupper a good turn in a way, because it was the fashion for everybody to quote from his improving works when I passed by.

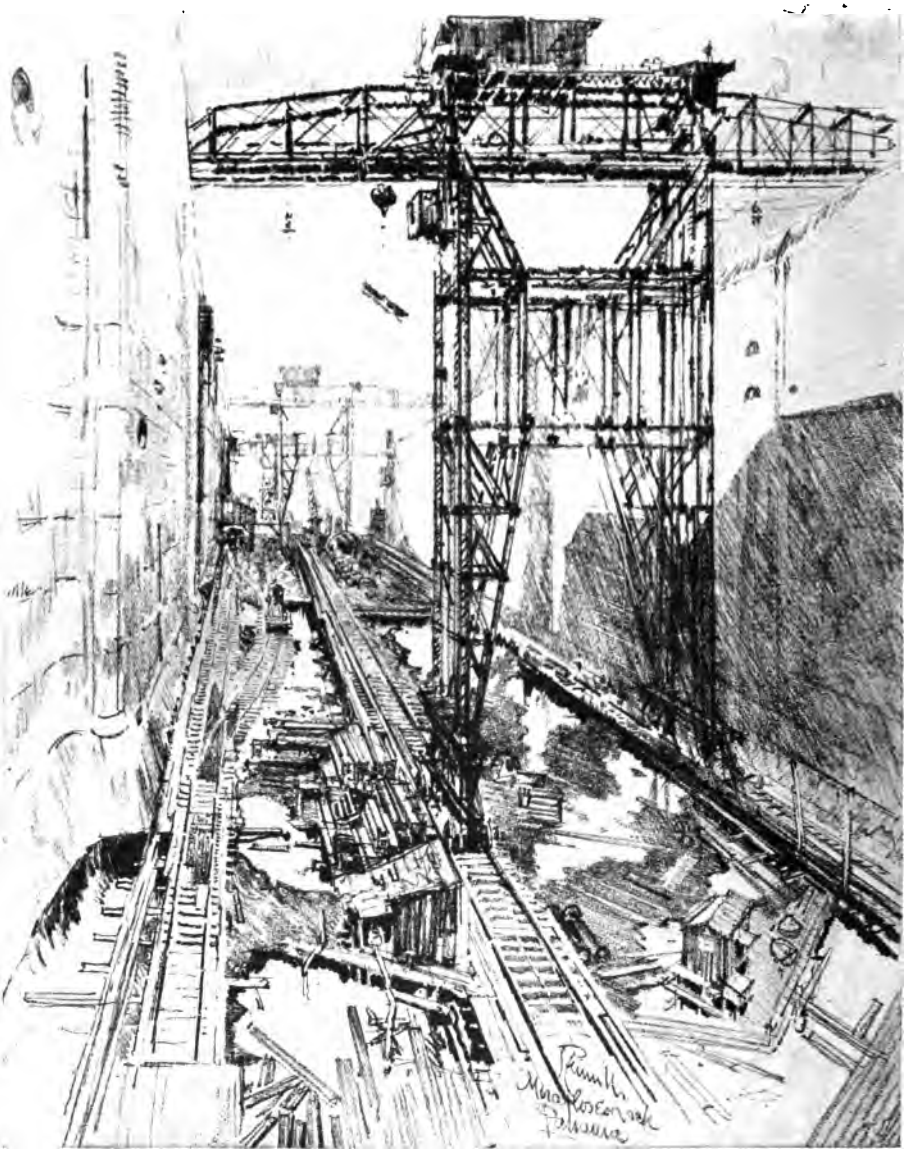


THE LOCK-GATES AT PEDRO MIGUEL

BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL

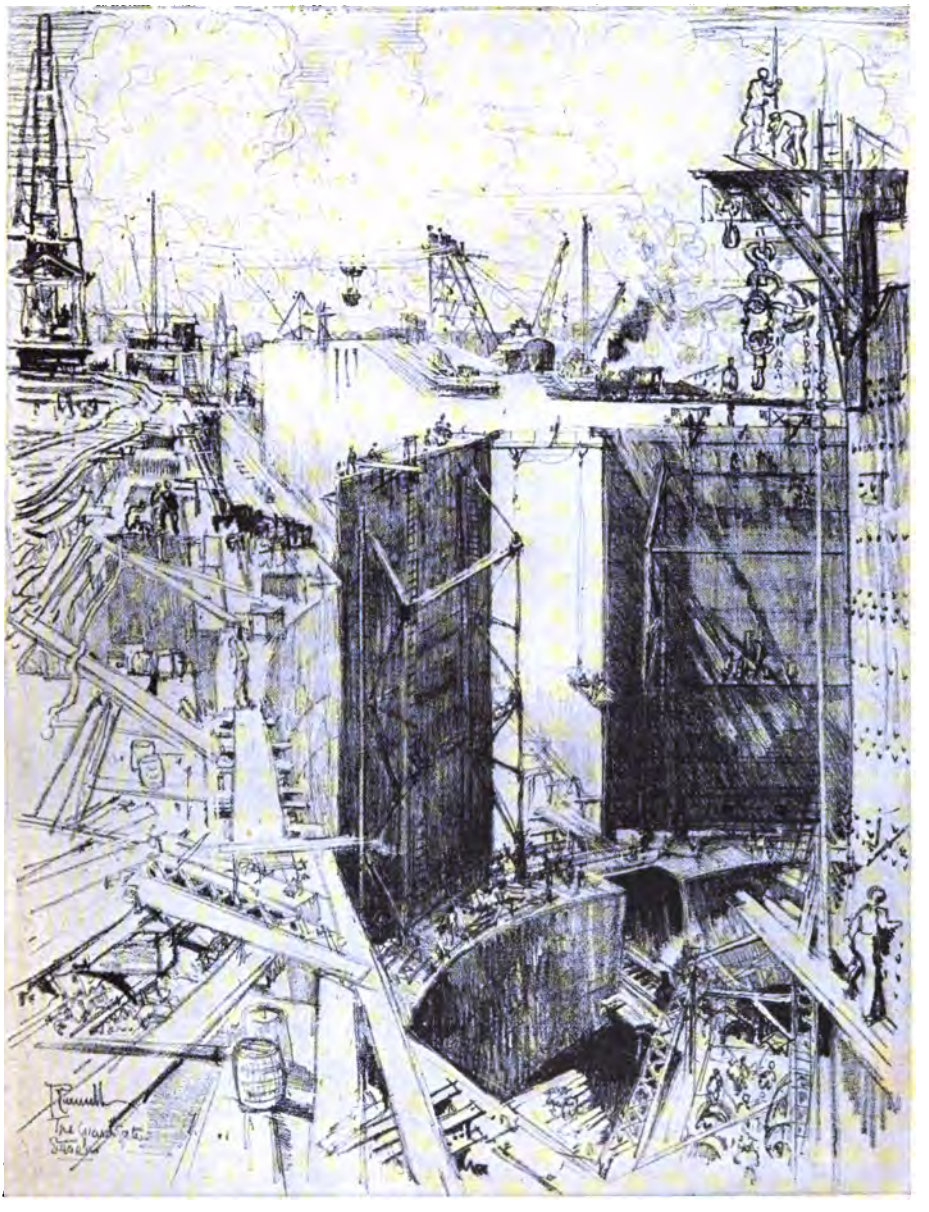
FROM EIGHT LITHOGRAPHS DRAWN
FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE IN
THE CANAL ZONE, FEBRUARY, 1912

BY JOSEPH PENNELL



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

BUILDING PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK IN THE PANAMA CANAL



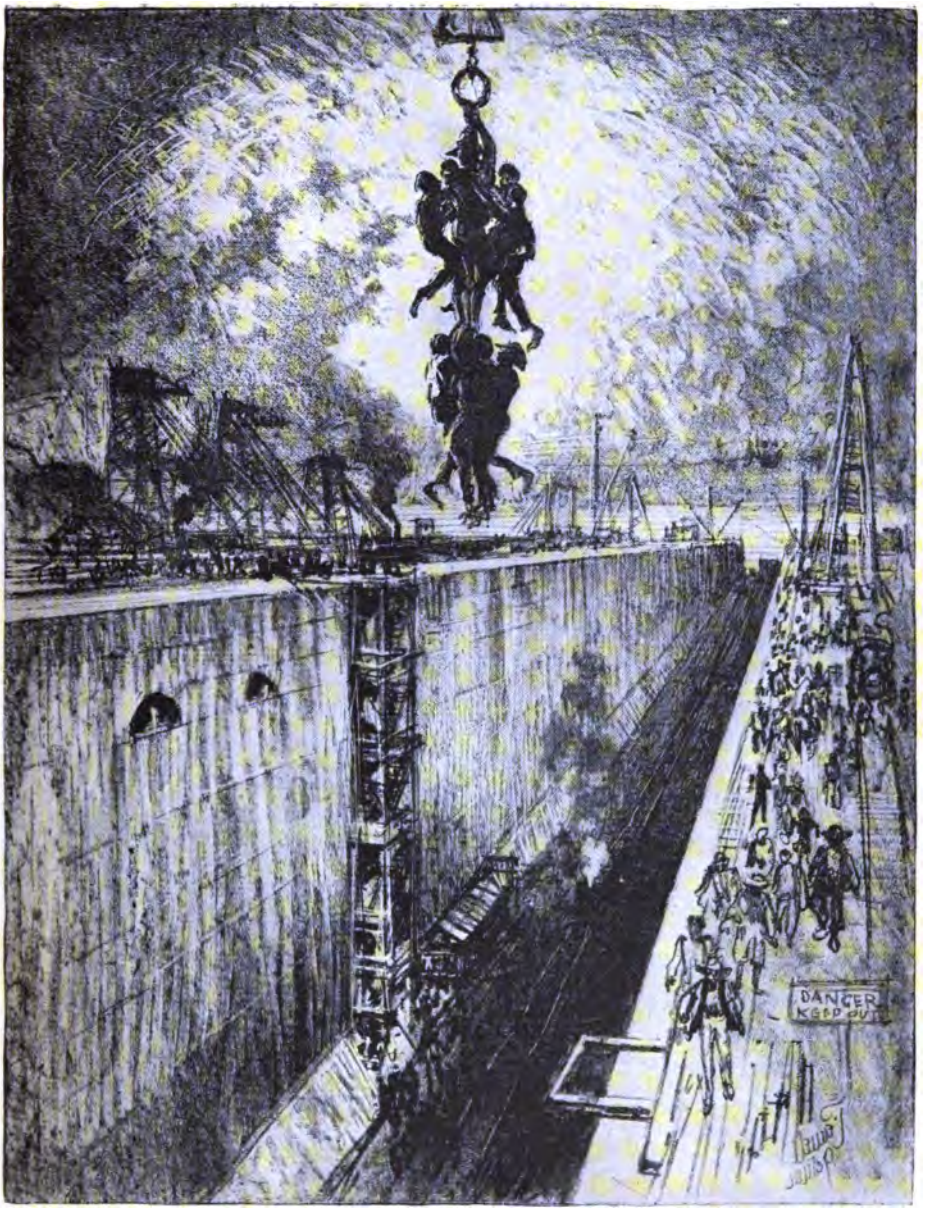
From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

MIRAFLORES LOCK IN THE PANAMA CANAL

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE APPROACH TO THE GATUN LOCK

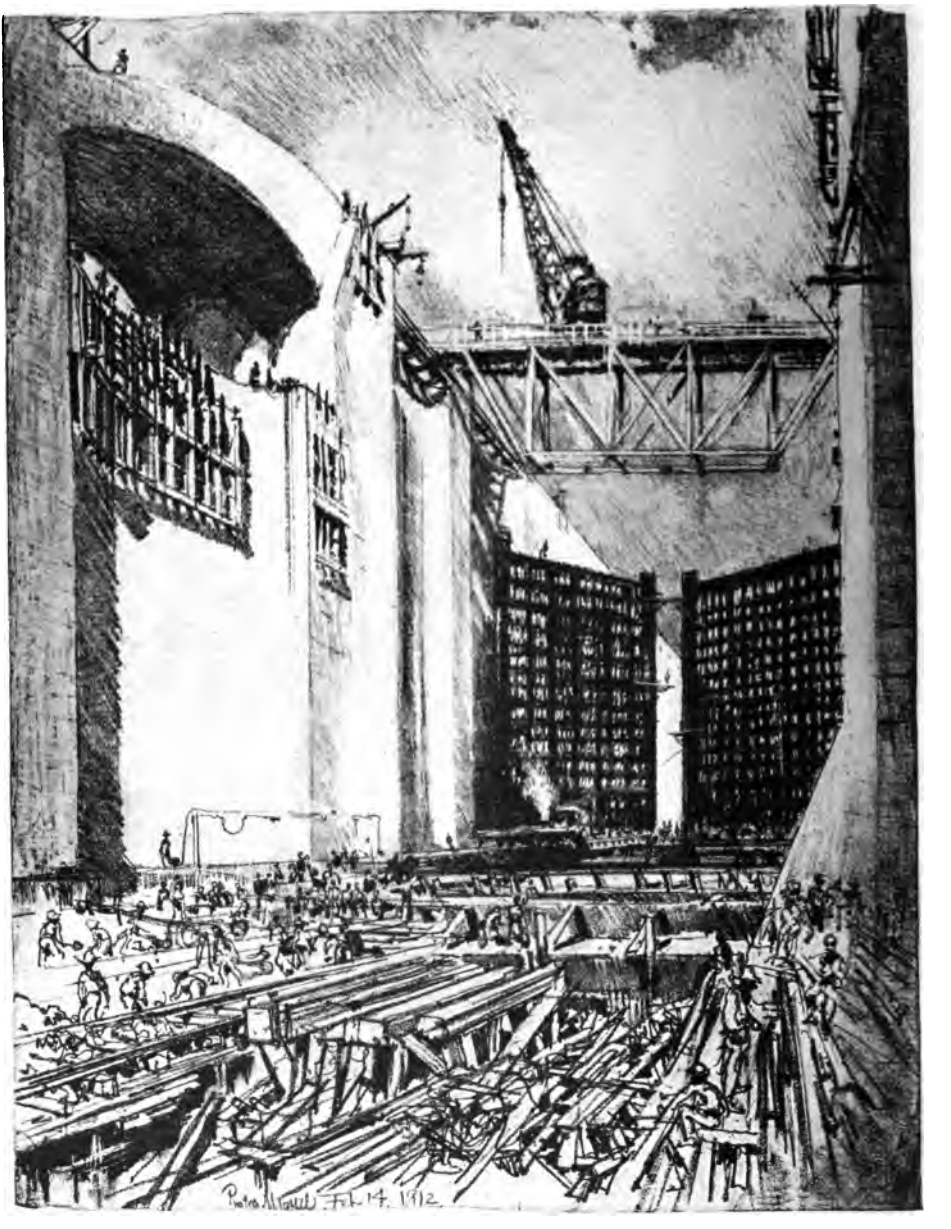
The piers will support a railway for towing ships into the lock by locomotive. Gatun Lake, and the French canal (now under water), are in the distance.



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

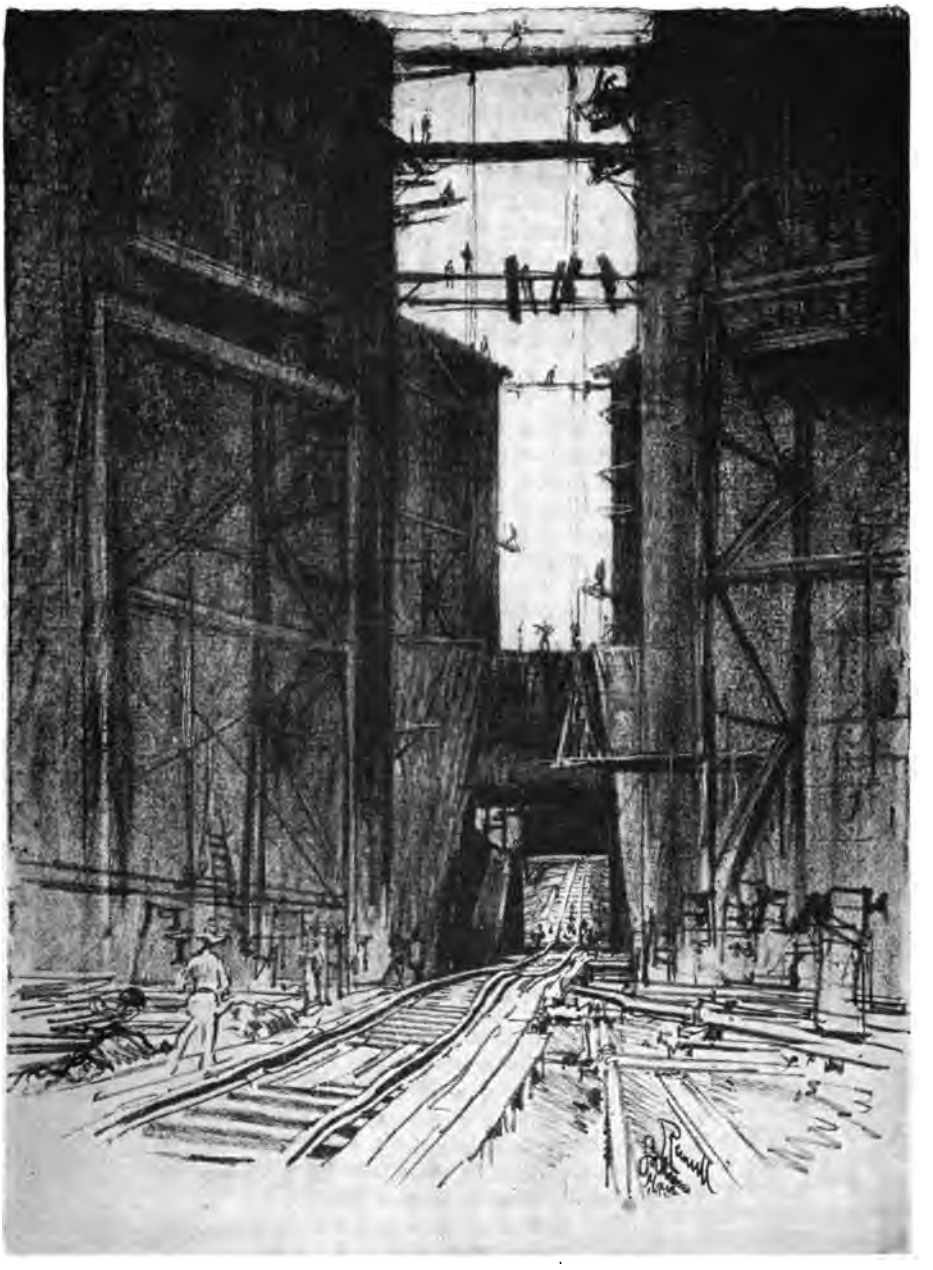
LIFTING WORKMEN OUT OF THE GATUN LOCK

This sketch was made while the workmen were quitting work for the day.



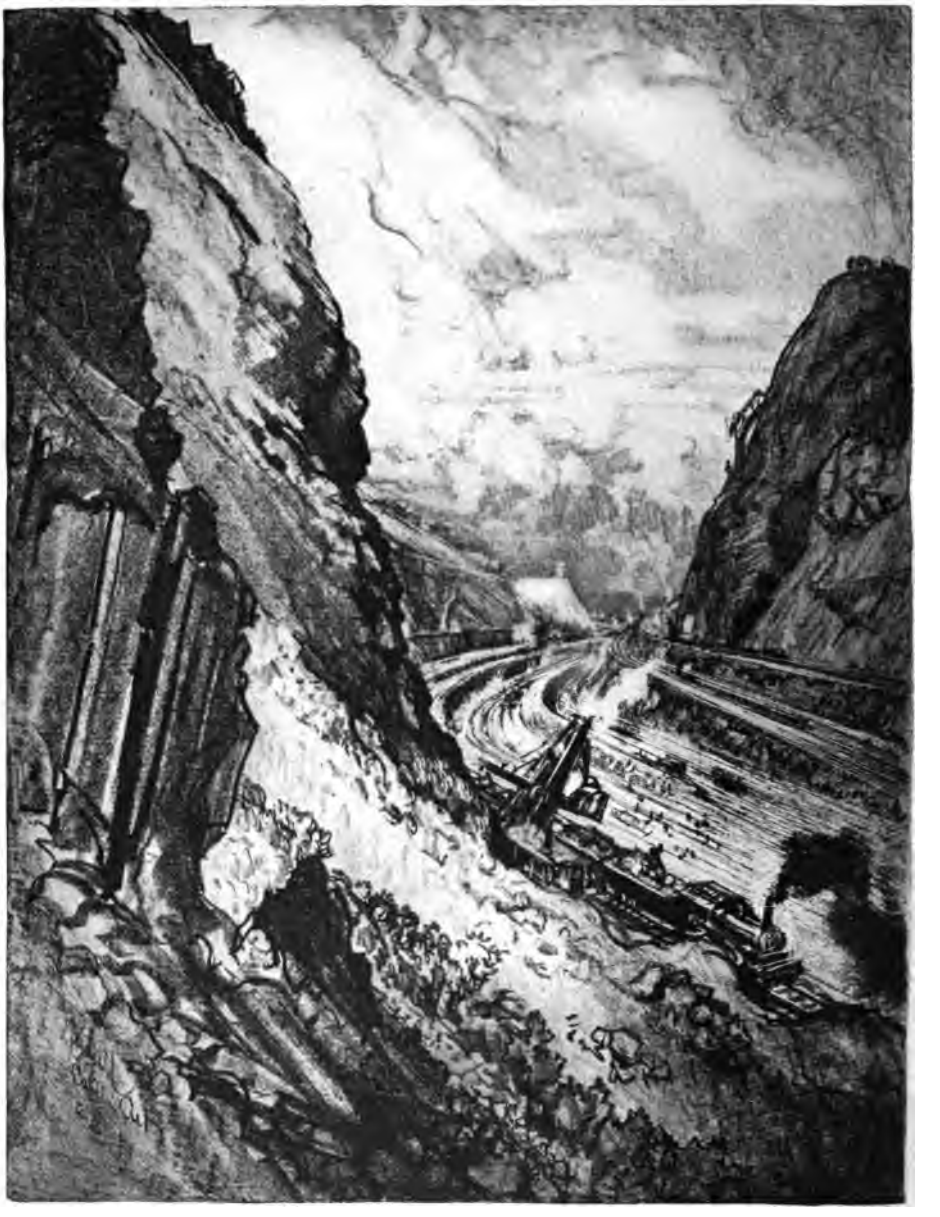
From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE GUARD GATES AT THE GATUN LOCK



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE INTERIOR OF THE GATUN LOCK VIEWED FROM THE BOTTOM



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

THE GREAT "CUT" LOOKING TOWARD CULEBRA

"THE EYES OF THE HEART"

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Author of "The Cordon Bleu of the Sierras," "Flash of an Emerald," "Dupes," "The Tangled Web," etc.

"IF you do go to Scotland," Jemmy Lowrie had said in a tone implying that it was quite as doubtful as my ultimate arrival in the hereafter reserved for the righteous—"if you *do,* go to see my old mother. She 's seventy, puir creatur', but a blithe body, and she 'll love ye for my sake. Tell her ye 've seen me in the flesh, sober, honest, and God-fearin'. She 'll believe ye, lad, and ye 'll be doin' a real kindness."

Now, the vaguely possible of that far time was become reality. A chain of untoward circumstances had drawn me home. I stood upon the braed hillside, and looked out upon the dancing Spey, the rolling haughs, and distant heather. My promise came to my mind, and with it the shock of contrast as I minded the day when Jemmy had laid his command upon me. For it was upon a hot, trade-wind-swept noon on a dot of an island in the blue immensity of the Pacific, when we had just discovered that we were not only brother Scots, but that the same Spey Valley had seen the first of both of us. Jemmy had heard the call of the out trail long before I had answered, so I had never known him save as one of "Auld wife Lowrie's stravagers"[1] until I had happened upon him raising cocoanuts and a tan-colored family on the sun-kissed beaches of Lanai.

"Maggie," I called, as my sister passed, going toward the tennis-court, "is auld wife Lowrie still alive?"

"And well," she answered. "Seventy-two year' old, and lives by her ainself in the wee housie yon." She pointed far up the purpling mountain to a tiny spot of white. "Will ye be goin' to see her?"

"Aye," I answered, falling into the dialect of my boyhood. "Jemmy, her youngest, I met on the other side o' the world. She 'll be glad to hear tell o' him." I glanced at my watch. "I 'll have time before supper, and the twilight holds."

"Bide a wee," said Maggie, and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen wing. In a moment she returned with a small basket. "She 's auld, the puir wife," she explained, handing me the light burden. "She 's the second sight. Gi'e her the cake and a dram." From my sister's words and inflection one would naturally have gathered that second sight was a disease for which sweets and stimulant had been prescribed by the doctor. I took the foolish burden and started off at a brisk stride. "Bring back the napkin," called frugal Maggie as I turned into the hill path.

Up and up I went through the pine-woods' dim green and verdigris copper, across the open stubble fields of gold and brown, out upon the moors, all amethyst in the late-afternoon light. The spot of white took shape as a low granite building thatched with straw. A mass of dahlias, as glorious as the burning bush of Moses's vision, filled the small square of the front garden. On my nearer approach, a lean collie came out from the open gate, and after the due number of growls and barks of protest, decided to make friends, preceding me with many blandishments to the very door-step. A small, red hen eyed me askance from her perch on the window-sill, but did not deign to move. There was no sign of any human occupant. I knocked at the worn, weather-stained door, and was startled by its instant opening.

Before me stood Jemmy's mother, a tiny creature who could have walked with ease beneath the elbow of her stalwart

[1] An old Gaelic word in common use, meaning "wanderers."

son. She stood erect, her threescore years and twelve sitting lightly on her narrow shoulders. Her face was round, shriveled, and lined, like a long-forgotten apple, and the bloom of former years had settled to just such a mossy hairiness as one sees on a withered peach. Over her head, concealing her locks, if such she had, were a multitude of caps. The outer one, knitted in two shades of red worsted, kept all the others in place, coming down well over her ears, neck, and temples in what appeared an ideal motor bonnet. Her body was almost square, and dressed in gray homespun, with a black apron from chin to floor. Between the white bristle of her eyebrows and the polished ruddiness of her cheek-bones, deep-set, blue eyes sparkled at me with light and life. They seemed more vivid, comprehending, and compelling than any eyes I had ever seen; the watery optics of old age were certainly not hers.

"I 'm Peter Ogelvie,"—I bowed and extended my hand,—"Maggie Ogelvie's brother. I saw your boy Jem nae sae lang syne, and I promised—"

The sunshine of May seemed to emanate from her old face.

"Come ben, come ben!" she cried in a cracked treble, seizing my hand and leading me ceremoniously "ben the huse"; namely, into the reserved and preserved "best room." "Ye 've seen my Jemmy i' the flesh! my Jemmy! And was he well, and had he the fear of the Lord?"

"Aye," I nodded, "he was well, and thinking of his mother, for he told me to find her and tell her so." I presented my sister's gift; but she hardly saw it, putting it aside on the red, felt-covered table, and continuing to gaze unwinkingly at me, much as if I had been an angelic visitor from some better world.

I told her everything I thought might interest her. I painted Jem and Jem's life with a glowing palette. I extolled his virtues, and left unsaid those things which should not be said. To my surprise, a quaint, tolerant smile wrinkled her aged lips.

"Ye 'r' a guid laddie and a true friend, but I ken"—she hesitated—"I ken, though o' late I hae na seen."

She looked upon me, and the kindly lies died upon my lips.

Twilight was deepening. She rose, cast a questioning glance at me, then with swift movements, as one having made a decision, she lit the lamp, brought it to the table, removed the album and Bible, and left the room, returning, to my astonishment, with a box of building-blocks such as children play with. They were grimy and battered, and marked with indentations that made me suspect the sharp puppy teeth of the lean collie.

"I 'm no fey," she said, looking straight at me.

There could not be any doubt of her sanity. What was strange about her was rather something more than sane—concentration, a power that seemed to lift and expand her whole small person. I was silent. She nodded, pointed me to a chair, drew up one from before the hearth, and sat down. Her wrinkled hands hovered for a moment above the heap of blocks, fluttering, as though awaiting inspiration.

"Here," she said, taking up a splintered square of wood, "this 'll be the big, black rock to the east; and here"—setting down another oblong fragment—"'ll be the tall point, like needles, on the west; and here the hills, four, each with a wee burn runnin' to the sea. The green blockie 'll be the tall tree groves, and this white ain 's Jem's huse. Here,"—and she placed a dozen varied blocks in a huddled yet ordered mass,—"this be the toon."

I exclaimed aloud. The blocks exactly topographied the little village street by street; even the wild, accidental angles of its haphazard building were true to fact.

"This," she went on in a monotonous voice, "is the lang huse, where the boats come in, and from there to yon is the sheds for storing." A curved shaving rocked upon the scarlet table-cover. "Jem's boat," she said, nodding sagely. "The bonny big huse there is the plantation—pineapples; ye can smell them to whur the bay lets in, and the brown men's fushin'-cathries lie."

What magic lay in the old wife's voice and the heap of playthings? I sensed them no more. What I saw before me, as though looking down from a great height, was the little cluster of bungalows I knew so well, the iridescent blue of the bay, with its crescent border of glistening sand, the green fronds of palms, stream-

Drawn by Howard Giles. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'JEMMY! LADDIE!' SHE CRIED AT LAST, AND HELD OUT TWO SHAKING ARMS TO THE EMPTY AIR"

ing all in one direction under the steady impulse of the trade-wind. There stood the copra sheds, the wide-verandaed building of the "general offices." The four hills loomed in the background, each sending its trickle of silver stream to join the diamond sparkle of the ocean foam. Over there was the wide V-shape of the inlet, with the native canoes gripping the furrowed sand of its shores with their curved and painted outriggers. Clearer and clearer grew the vision, like the focusing of a pair of powerful binoculars; then faded as the patch of grayish white that was Jem's house drew swiftly nearer. Now I saw it in all its detail—the oleander walk that led from the gate, and the banana-trees beside the door. Even the fine mesh of the mosquito-net that hung above the hammock in the corner of the veranda was plainly discernible. A broken toy lay on the graveled walk; a bob-tailed Japanese cat, the property of Chang, the cook, stalked a spotted mina-bird. I saw the fringes of the hammock swing in the wind, and the start of the hunted bird as the cat darted out from behind a clump of flowering-ginger. I had a sense of waiting, of watching intently for some one or something. It grew into suspense, became agonizing.

Then the door opened, and Naula came out—Naula, Jem's native wife, dressed in one of the canary-yellow *holokus* she always wore. She pushed back the door and turned again to the house. Another agonized moment of suspense, and she appeared again, leading Jem.

Then I knew what it was I had dreaded to see. Poor Jem, poor lad! How wasted he was, how white, how changed! How little like the lazy, bronze giant I had left behind me! He leaned heavily upon Naula's arm as she walked slowly toward the long, rattan steamer-chair where he was wont of old to loll, reading a month-delayed newspaper as he sipped a whisky and soda. With great care she let him settle himself, tucking the mat-covered cushions under his back and head, smoothing his yellow hair from his forehead with a gentle, brown hand. He turned restlessly, as though in pain or impatience, and for a second I experienced the peculiar sensation of his looking direct and unseeing into my face. As though in answer to his bidding, Naula left him. He lay unmoving, gazing straight before him. I knew just what he saw from that place on the veranda. It commanded the outlet of the harbor. Through the circular opening in the vines, always kept cut back that the view might be unimpeded, one saw every sail or oar that made the passage through the reef.

The look in Jem's eyes told me plainly that the weekly steamer to Hilo was making her way through the opening, nodding solemnly as she met the first great rollers of the Pacific, the dingy black of her smoke smearing the pure atmosphere of that unsullied land. Homesickness stared from Jem's sunken eyes, heart-hunger, yearning. I felt no surprise when I saw Naula return with a worn, torn copy of the "Views of Strathspey," a souvenir booklet sold by thousands every year to tourists in Scotland, and containing photographic reproductions of the most famous points of interest in our picturesque valley. It had always lain on the wicker table in Jem's bedroom, with a bit of faded heather sticking from between its leaves. In fact, it was my finding it there one day that had led to the revelation that we were fellow clansmen. Jem's poor, thin hands clutched at the tartan-covered book, then weakly let it fall into his lap, where it opened of itself. I knew the picture it revealed—the long, slow slopes of the haughs of Cromdale, with high up on the mountain a spot of white that was home. His eyes fell to the opened page and rested there. Two tears welled, ran heavily down his haggard cheeks, and fell upon the paper.

Around the corner of the bungalow came Aka—fat little five-year-old Aka, Naula's son and his. He crawled up the two steps, ran to the wicker chair, and paused.

Jem took no heed; the slow tears continued to fall on the opened book.

The child pouted and came closer, peered into his father's face with engaging playfulness. There was no response. He stamped his bare foot. Then seeing that for some reason he had ceased to exist for his father, he crumpled into baby despair and began to cry.

Naula came out, gathered him up, cast a frightened glance at Jem, and came down the oleander walk.

She seemed to pass within reach of me like a figure emerging from a cinematograph picture. I saw the distressed pucker in her tender lips, and the trouble in her doe eyes; saw the swift patting of her hand on the heaving back of the sobbing baby, and the swing of her yellow draperies to her free step as she passed me.

I looked from her to Jem. He was quite unaware of his surroundings, his whole attention fixed, hypnotized, by homesickness. He raised a trembling hand to his face and brushed back the tears, then closed the plaid covers over the too poignant reminder, and lay back, still and white, his fine features hardening with his effort at self-control. My heart went out to him. I remembered my own wild longings as I lay fever-stricken in a South African camp hospital. I remembered the mental struggle literally to "keep a stiff upper lip" before my nurse, and the absurd way I had treasured my one scarf-pin, inventing reasons for having it near me, because it contained a fresh-water pearl I had found one day in a Spey mussel. A wave of self-pity for my own past sufferings distracted me for a moment from Jem, and—I found myself staring at a red table-cloth, a heap of building-blocks, and a pair of withered hands.

It was some moments before I could collect my senses, could even raise my eyes above those gnarled and work-reddened fingers, to the face of Jem's mother. When at last I did, I saw in her wide, far-focused eyes the reflection of that last look of her boy—the same yearning outlift of the soul. She sat trance-like, her lips moved once or twice, as if words trembled there, then settled into their accustomed wrinkles.

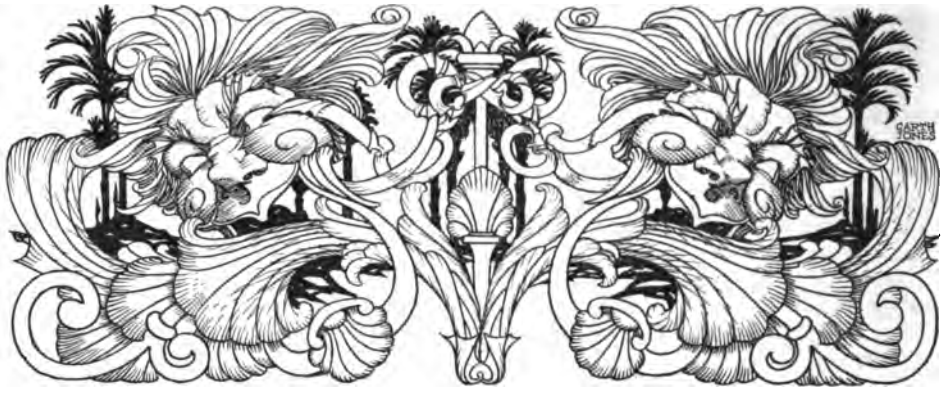
"Jemmy! Laddie!" she cried at last, and held out two shaking arms to the empty air.

The call and the gesture thrilled me through. I felt the shiver of unseen presences, the electric tingle of contact with the unknown. I must unwittingly have moved or uttered some exclamation, for she suddenly turned to me, letting fall her extended arms as the light of understanding came upon her face once more and the focus of her eyes seemed to draw inward. She read a question in my mind.

"Nae, it 's no his wraith. He 'll be bonny and well again. But, oh, I was fain for drawin' him hame—my bairn, my ain bairn! Oh, it 's sair, it 's sair!" she wailed. "It 's the curse o' the women o' Scotland to be the mother o' stravagers—children that must wander far and far."

Mrs. Lowrie took my hand. "Ye 'r' a wanderer yerself, Peter Ogelvie. Dinna ye ferget how yer ain pine fer ye—dinna ferget, lad. Come hame sometimes to them that lo'e ye." I knew that though she addressed her prayer to me, that it was a message she would have me take. "Gude-nicht. It 's late I 've kept ye; and thank ye fer comin' to comfort a puir auld body."

I stumbled out into the cool night, under the keen, still starlight of Northern autumn. The pungent smell of dahlias came to my nostrils, and the breath of the heather. Afar a tiny trout stream babbled in the bracken, the faint incense of burning peat was wafted up from the distant town. I looked up, and the stars seemed very near.



THE PERIL OF THE DRUG HABIT

AND THE NEED OF RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION

BY CHARLES B. TOWNS

Author of "The Injury of Tobacco" (THE CENTURY for March), "Help for the Hard Drinker" (THE CENTURY for June), etc.

EXPOSURE TO THE HABIT VERY GENERAL

IT is human nature to wish to ease pain and to stimulate ebbing vitality. There is no normal adult who, experiencing severe pain or sorrow or fatigue, and thoroughly appreciating the immediate action of an easily accessible opiate, is not likely in a moment of least resistance to take it. Every one who has become addicted to a drug has started out with small occasional doses, and no one has expected to fall a victim to the habit; indeed, many have been totally unaware that the medicine they were taking contained any drug whatever. Thus, the danger being one that threatens us all, it is every man's business to insist that the entire handling and sale of the drug be under as careful supervision as possible. It is not going too far to say that up to the present time most drug-takers have been unfairly treated by society. They have not been properly safeguarded from forming the habit or properly helped to overcome it.

It has been criminally easy for any one to acquire the drug habit. Few physicians have recognized that it is not safe for most persons to know what will ease pain. When an opiate is necessary, it should be given only on prescription, and its presence should then be thoroughly disguised. A patient goes to a physician to be cured; consequently, when his pain disappears, he naturally believes that this is due to the treatment he has received. If the physician has used morphine in a disguised form, the patient naturally believes that the cure was effected by some unknown medicine; but if, on the other hand, he has received morphine knowingly, he realizes at once that it is this drug which is responsible for easing his pain. If he has received it hypodermically, the idea is created in his mind that a hypodermic is a necessary part of the treatment. Thus it is clear that the physician who uses his syringe without extreme urgency is greatly to be censured, for the patient who has once seen his pain blunted by the use of a hypodermic eagerly resorts to this means when the pain returns. Conservative practitioners are keenly aware of this responsibility, and some go so far as never to carry a hypodermic on their visits, though daily observation shows that the average doctor regards it as indispensable. The conservative physician employs only a very small quantity of morphine in any form. One of the busiest and most successful doctors of my acquaintance has used as little as half a grain a year, and another told me he had never gone beyond two grains.

Both of these men know very well that only a small percentage of drug-takers have begun the practice in consequence of a serious ailment, and that even this small percentage might have been decreased by proper medical treatment directed at the cause rather than at its symptom, pain. An opiate, of course, never removes the cause of any physical trouble, but merely blunts the pain due to it; and it does this by tying up the functions of the body. It is perhaps a conservative estimate that only ten per cent. of the entire drug consumption in this country is applied to the purpose of blunting incurable pain. Thus ninety per cent. of the opiates used are, strictly speaking, unnecessary. In the innumerable cases that have come under my observation, seventy-five per cent. of the habitual users became such without reasonable excuse. Beginning with small occasional doses, they realized within a few weeks that they had lost self-control and could not discontinue the use of the drug.

FORMING THE HABIT

A VERY common source of this habit lies in the continued administration of an opiate in regular medical treatment without the patient's knowledge or consent, or in the persistent use of a patent medicine, or of a headache or catarrh powder that contains such a drug.

The man who takes an opiate consciously or unconsciously, and receives from it a soothing or stimulating or pleasant effect, naturally turns to it again in case of the same need. The time soon arrives when the pleasurable part of the effect—if it was ever present—ceases to be obtained; and in order to get the soothing or stimulating effect, the dose must be constantly increased as assimilation increases. With those who take a drug to blunt a pain which can be removed in no other way, it is fulfilling its legitimate and supreme mission and admits of no substitute. Where it was ever physically necessary, and that necessity still continues, an opiate would seem inevitable. But the percentage of such sufferers, as I have said, is small. The rest are impelled simply by craving—that intolerable craving which arises from deprivation of the drug.

But whether a man has acquired the habit knowingly or unknowingly, its action is always the same. No matter how conscientiously he wishes to discharge his affairs, the drug at once begins to loosen his sense of moral obligation, until in the end it brings about absolute irresponsibility. Avoidance and neglect of customary duties, evasion of new ones, extraordinary resourcefulness in the discovery of the line of least resistance, and finally amazing cunning and treachery—this is the inevitable history.

The drug habit is no respecter of persons. I have had under my care exemplary mothers and wives who became indifferent to their families; clergymen of known sincerity and fervor who became shoplifters and forgers; shrewd, successful business men who became paupers, because the habit left them at the mercy of sharpers after mental deterioration had set in. For the immediate action of morphine by no means paralyzes the mental faculties. Though when once a man becomes addicted to the drug he is incapacitated to deal with himself, yet while he is under its brief influence his mind is sharpened and alert. Under the sway of opium a man does venturesome or immoderate things that he would never think of doing otherwise, simply because he has lost the sense of responsibility. I have had patients who took as much as sixty grains of morphine in a single dose, an overdose for about one hundred and fifty people, and about fifty grains more than the takers could possibly assimilate or needed to produce the result—an excellent illustration of how the habit destroys all judgment and all sense of proportion.

Against this appalling habit, which can be acquired easily and naturally and the result of which is always complete demoralization, there is at present no effective safeguard except that provided by nature itself, and this is effective only in certain cases. It happens that in many people opium produces nausea, and this one thing alone has saved some from the habit; for this type of addict never experiences any of the temporarily soothing sensations commonly attributed to the drug. Yet this pitiful natural safeguard, while rarely operative, is more efficacious than any other that up to the present has been provided by man in his heedlessness, indifference, and greed.

DANGERS OF THE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE

I HAVE seen over six thousand cases of drug habit in various countries of the world. Ninety-five per cent. of the patients who have come to me taking morphine or other alkaloids of opium have taken the drug hypodermically. With few exceptions, I have found that the first knowledge of it came through the administration of a hypodermic by a physician. It is the instrument used which has shown the sufferer what was easing his pain. I consider that it has been the chief creator of the drug habit in this country. In 1911 I made this statement before the Ways and Means Committee, then occupied with the matter of regulating the sale of habit-forming drugs, and I personally secured the act which was passed by the New York legislature in February, 1911, to restrict the sale of this instrument to buyers on a physician's prescription. Before that time all drug stores and most department stores sold hypodermic instruments to any one who had the money. A boy of fifteen could buy a syringe as easily as he could buy a jack-knife. If a physician refused to give an injection, the patient could get an instrument anywhere and use it on himself. This bill has passed only a single legislature, but I am arranging to introduce a similar bill before all the others, and hope to have the State action confirmed by a Federal bill. At present in Jersey City, or anywhere out of New York, any one may still buy the instrument. It is inconceivable that the syringe should have gone so long without being considered the chief factor in the promotion of a habit which now alarms the world, and that as yet only one State legislature should have seen fit to regulate its sale. Restricting the sale of the syringe to physicians, or to buyers on a physician's prescription, is the first step toward placing the grave responsibility for the drug habit on the shoulders of those to whom it belongs.

HABIT-FORMING DRUGS IN PATENT MEDICINES

THE second step to be taken is to prevent by law the use of habit-forming drugs in patent and proprietary medicines which can be bought without a physician's prescription. Prior to the Pure Food and Drugs Act, created and promoted by Dr. H. W. Wiley, druggists and patent-medicine vendors were able, without announcing the fact, to sell vast quantities of habit-forming drugs in compounds prepared for physical ailments. When that act came into effect, these men were obliged to specify on the label the quantities of such drugs used in these compounds, and thus the purchaser was at least enabled to know that he was handling a dangerous tool. Except in a few States, however, the sale of these compounds was in no way restricted, and hence the act cannot be said to have done much toward checking the formation of the drug habit. Indeed, it has probably worked the other way, for there is perhaps not an adult living who does not know that certain drugs will alleviate pain, and people who have pains and aches are likely to resort to an accessible and generally accredited means of alleviation. Yet the difficulties in the way of passing the Pure Food and Drugs Act are a matter of scandalous history. What, then, would be the difficulties in passing a Federal bill to restrict the sale of patent medicines containing habit-forming drugs? It is of course to the interest of every druggist to create a lasting demand for his article. There is obviously not so much profit in a medicine that cures as in one that becomes indispensable. Hence arises the great inducement, from the druggist's point of view, in soothing-syrups and the like. In this country all druggists, wholesale and retail, are organized, and the moment a bill is brought up anywhere to correct the evil in question, there is enormous pressure of business interests to secure its dismissal or satisfactory amendment.

To show the essential selfishness of their position, it is only necessary to quote a few of the arguments used against me before the Congressional Ways and Means Committee when I was making a plea for the regulation of the traffic in habit-forming drugs. They claimed that registration of the quantities of opiates in proprietary medicines would entail great bother and added expense, that these drugs are usually combined with others in such a way as to result in altering their effect on the user, and that, anyway, so small an amount of these drugs is used that it can-

not create a habit. Now, as a matter of fact, the combination of medicines in these remedies makes not the slightest difference in the physiological action of the drug; further, it is found that, just as with the drug itself, the dose of these compounds must be constantly increased in order to confer the same apparent benefit as in the beginning; and finally, it is well-known that what creates the craving is not the quantity of the drug, but the regularity with which it is taken. A taker of one eighth of a grain of morphine three times a day would acquire the habit just as surely as a man who took three grains three times a day, provided the latter could tolerate that quantity.

The average opium-smoker consuming twenty-five pills a day gets only the equivalent of about a quarter grain of morphine taken hypodermically or of a half grain taken by the mouth. A beginner could not smoke a quarter of that quantity, but still he acquires the habit. Any amount of the drug which is sufficient to alleviate pain or make the taker feel easier is sufficient to create a habit. A habit-forming drug having no curative properties whatever is put into a medicine merely for the purpose of making the taker feel easier. One wholesale house alone prepares and sells six hundred remedies containing some form of opiate. Most of the cases of the cocaine habit have been admittedly created by so-called catarrh cures, and these contain only from two to four per cent. of cocaine. In the end, the snuffer of catarrh powders comes to demand undiluted cocaine; the taker of morphine in patent medicines, once the habit is formed, must inevitably demand undiluted morphine.

This easy accessibility of drugs in medicinal form is more dangerous than moralists care to admit. The reason why opium-smoking has been, up to the present, less prevalent in the United States than in China and some other countries is probably that the preparation of it and the machinery for taking it are not convenient. If opium-smoking had been generally countenanced in America, if the sale of the pure drug had been for generations permitted here, as it has been in China, if houses for its sale and preparation had been found everywhere, if its social aspects had been considered agreeable, if society had put the stamp of approval upon it, opium-smoking would be as prevalent here as it has been in China. Our human nature is essentially little different from that of the Chinese, but lack of opportunity is everywhere recognized as a great preservative of virtue. Due allowance being made for the difference of moral concepts, our standards of morality and honesty and virtue are certainly no higher than those of the Chinese. Thus, were the conditions the same in both cases, there is no reason to suppose that opium would not be smoked here as much as there; but fortunately it has not yet become thus easy, convenient, and agreeable, and consequently that particular phase of the evil has not yet reached overwhelming proportions. On the other hand, the alkaloids of opium administered hypodermically or as ingredients in many patent medicines *are* thus convenient, and as a result this phase of evil *has* reached overwhelming proportions. Nor have we any cause for congratulation upon our particular form of the vice, for opium-smoking is vastly less vicious than morphine-taking.

THE TRAFFIC IN OPIUM

SOMETHING more is needed, however, than mere restriction of the sale of hypodermic syringes and patent medicines by any one legislature or country. All persons who handle habit-forming drugs should be made to give a strict accounting for them, otherwise the traffic can never be properly regulated. Four years ago, by special act of Congress, all importation of prepared opium and of crude opium designed for smoking purposes was prohibited. In the ample interval between the passage of the bill and its going into effect the importation of opium was simply phenomenal. By the time it went into effect, the American dealers had learned the secret process of preparing opium for smoking, which had hitherto been known only in the Orient. Thereafter it was found that since responsible importing houses were still at liberty to import crude opium in any quantity for general medicinal use, the retailers could buy and were buying from importers all the crude opium they wished and preparing it themselves without having in any way to account for the use they meant to make

of it, although that use had now become illegal. The result was that the smoker could get opium more easily than before, since the secret process of preparing it had become known; and having no longer to pay the enormous tax on prepared opium, he got it much cheaper. In short, the only difference was that the Government lost about one million five hundred thousand dollars a year in revenue, while the vice was greatly increased. Thus the act had worked in precisely the opposite way from the intention of the framers, and all because men are permitted to handle opium without accounting for it. Until there is such an accounting, there can be no real regulation of the opium trade.

Nor can there be any such accounting until there is government monopoly in the drug. Indeed, there can be none until there is coöperation of all the governments of the world. If Congress were to pass a stringent law for the United States to-morrow, unless there were some international arrangement, it would not prevent any person from importing the drug, or, if the law did not allow him to import it, from smuggling it.

The history of the Opium Commission appointed by Mr. Taft is sufficient to show how any less comprehensive regulation would act. When Mr. Taft was Governor-General of the Philippines, he found that an enormous quantity of opium was being smoked by the natives and the large Chinese settlement, of whom it was estimated that fifty-five thousand were smokers. He appointed a commission headed by Bishop Brent, now stationed at Manila, who has since headed two international opium conferences, at Shanghai in 1909 and at The Hague in 1911. Mr. Taft sent the commission into the most important opium-producing countries to find out how they were dealing with the problem and what progress was being made toward decreasing the use of the drug. The nearest approach they found to a reform was the method of the Japanese in their newly acquired island of Formosa. Japan, with the most stringent regulation of the sale of opium in the world, had made it a government monopoly in Formosa, had compelled the registration of all smokers, and was gradually lessening the amount which each smoker could buy. After the exhaustive report of the commission, our Government adopted the same tactics in the Philippines. To the surprise of the officials they found that out of the fifty-five thousand opium-smokers they could obtain a registration of only from ten to twelve thousand, which meant that the great majority were getting smuggled opium. By special act of Congress the authorities at Manila were allowed to stop the importation of opium entirely. But this, while it meant a great loss of revenue to the local government, apparently did not lessen the amount smoked. After the sale was stopped, there were virtually no voluntary applications for opium treatment, as there must have been if anybody's supply had been cut off, which conclusively showed that nobody had discontinued the habit merely because importation had been discontinued. Stopping importation, then, is a farce, unless at the same time there is rigid governmental control in those countries that produce or import the drug. And, therefore, unless there should be a coöperation of all governments, it is futile to try to regulate the traffic. As long as people can get opium, they will smuggle it.

It has been demonstrated to be quite practicable for all the opium-producing countries to make the drug a government monopoly; it would be equally practicable for them to sell directly to those governments that use it for governmental distribution. The only obstacle to an international understanding is that the producing countries know very well that government regulation would materially lessen the sale of the drug. Within the borders of our own country such a system would simplify rather than complicate present conditions. We have to-day along our frontier and in our ports inspectors trying to stop the illicit traffic in opium, and the money thus spent by our Government would be more than sufficient to handle and distribute all of the drug that is needed for legitimate purposes. Any druggist could of course continue to buy all that he wished, but he would have to account for what he bought. The drug would serve only its legitimate purpose, because the druggist could sell it only on prescription. This would at once eliminate the gravest feature of the case, the indiscriminate sale of proprietary and pat-

ent medicines containing small quantities of opium. The physician would thus have to shoulder the entire responsibility for the use of any habit-forming drug. With the Government as the first distributor and the physician as the last, the whole condition of affairs would assume a brighter aspect, for it would be a simple matter to get from the physician a proper accounting for what he had dispensed. If he knew he must answer for every case of drug-taking which he was a factor in creating, he would be very careful in his administration of the drug. Thus the new crop of users would be small, and less than ten per cent. of the opium at present brought into this country would be sufficient to meet every legitimate need.

OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF REFORM

SOMEBODY, however, would be greatly out of pocket by this, just as somebody was greatly out of pocket when the slave-trade was stopped or when gentlemen ceased to regard daily drunkenness as a mark of gentle breeding. For it cannot be denied that if druggists should dispense their wares only for legitimate purposes, a good many stores now in existence would have to go out of business. Hence the solid and organized opposition to any bill restricting the sale of habit-forming drugs. That New York State now has such a bill is largely due to the fact that one man's activities were backed by unlimited money and unlimited publicity. And stringent as it is, this act is quite inadequate and ineffective.

The need of regulation will be evident from an incident or two. I had a patient who had been buying morphine for several years from a wholesale druggist. The druggist, when confronted with the fact, said that the man had represented himself to be a physician. It is true that he had done so; but if the druggist had been obliged to account for his sales, he would have ascertained whether the man was really a physician or not; and in the second place, under any responsible system he would not have been allowed to sell to any one but a retail druggist.

Another patient had a quantity of druggist's letter-heads printed, and with the aid of these he bought all the morphine he could pay for. At the present time, in such cases as the above, a wholesale druggist is entirely protected. As for the retailer, any one who can hire a licensed pharmacist may open a drug store to-morrow, and no other responsibility need be incurred. A man in New York can beg, borrow, buy, steal, or manufacture the pad of a doctor from Kalamazoo, walk into a drug store, and write a prescription, and under the law the druggist is justified in supplying him with as much morphine as he demands. There are authentic directories of physicians, but no druggist is required to keep them on file or identify any signature. The consequence of all this criminal looseness is that even under New York's stringent law any man who wants a drug is always able to buy it. There are discredited doctors in New York City who make a business of writing and selling prescriptions at a very small sum to habitual users and unscrupulous peddlers, and there are some doctors whose certificate is openly at the service of the apothecary.

Across the Hudson, however, the law is not so stringent, and a man does not have to go through even this formality. Inhabitants of Jersey City were startled a while ago to hear that school-children there were buying cocaine from vendors. A firm in Philadelphia can ship a carload of morphine to a man in New York without the slightest hint of criticism or illegality. There is nothing to prevent a resident of New York from getting opium from any dealer outside of the State of New York, provided he can muster a letter-head or a prescription. The dealer is naturally not going to worry about what becomes of the drug so long as he cannot be made to undergo any sort of punishment for it. His business is to sell as much as possible. Until all boards of health of the various States get together and meet thorough organization with thorough organization, nothing really effective can be accomplished. They should formulate an adequate bill and get the Federal Government to adopt it. When the morning mail or the express-wagon or a street-car ride can place you beyond the range of restriction, what is restriction worth? On the other hand, if you are willing to leave to the man who sells the wares the regulation of traffic in those wares, what can you expect?

The conscientious druggist will not dispense any more habit-forming drugs than he can help, despite the colossal temptation to do so; but it would be quite extraordinary if he were to let a customer depart without making a sale. And all druggists are not conscientious.

THE HABIT-FORMING DRUGS

THE important habit-forming drugs are opium, cocaine, and the small but dangerous group of "hypnotics." These last—trional, veronal, sulphonal, medinal, etc.—are chiefly coal-tar products, and are not always classified as habit-forming drugs, but they are such, and there are many reasons why the sale of them should be scrupulously regulated. The opium derivatives go under the general head of narcotics. Morphine is the active principle, and codeine and heroin are the chief derivatives of opium. Codeine is one eighth the strength of morphine; heroin is three times as strong as morphine.

Though the general impression is otherwise, the users of these two drugs acquire the habit as quickly and as easily as if they took morphine. Many cough and asthma preparations contain heroin, simply for temporary alleviation, since, like opium, it has no curative power whatever. From time to time I have had to treat cases of heroin-taking in which the victims had thought to satisfy their need for an opiate without forming a habit. In the cases where it was given by prescription, it was so given by the physician in the sincere belief that it would not create a habit. All this despite the fact that heroin is three times stronger than morphine, and despite the fact that physicians know that anything which will do the work of an opiate is an opiate. Codeine, notwithstanding the fact that it is weaker than morphine, is likewise habit-forming; yet doctors prescribe it on account of its relative mildness, even though they know that it is the cumulative effect of continued doses, and not the quantity of morphine in the dose, which results in habit. As with morphine, to use either of these drugs effectively means in the long run the necessary increase of the dose up to the limit of physical tolerance.

The most harmful of all habit-forming drugs is cocaine. Nothing so quickly deteriorates its victim or provides so short a cut to the insane asylum. It differs from opium in two important ways. A man does not acquire a habit from cocaine in the sense that it is virtually impossible for him to leave it off without medical treatment. He can do so, although he rarely does. On withdrawal, he experiences only an intense and horrible depression, together with a physical languor which results in a sleepiness that cannot be shaken off. Opium withdrawal, on the other hand, results in sleeplessness and extreme nervous and physical disorder. In action, too, cocaine is exactly the opposite of opium, for cocaine is an extreme stimulant. Its stimulus wears off quickly and leaves a corresponding depression, but it confers half an hour of capability of intense effort. That is why bicycle-riders, prize-fighters, and race-horses are often doctored, or "doped," with cocaine. When cocaine gives out, its victim invariably resorts to alcohol for stimulus; alcoholics, however, when deprived of alcohol generally drift into the use of morphine.

The wide-spread use of cocaine in the comparatively short period of time since its discovery has been brought about among laymen entirely by patent preparations containing small quantities of it. These have been chiefly the so-called catarrh cures, which of course cure nothing. With only a two to four per cent. solution, they have created a craving, and in the end those who could do so have procured either stronger solutions or the plain crystal. As with the other drugs, in order to maintain the desired result the dose must be increased in proportion as tolerance increases. Wherever the sale of patent medicines has been restricted to those presenting a physician's prescription, the consumption of cocaine has at once been lessened. A man cannot afford to get a physician's prescription for a patent medicine; and even if he could, the reputable physician refuses to prescribe one that contains cocaine. When an overseer in the South will deliberately put cocaine into the rations of his negro laborers in order to get more work out of them to meet a sudden emergency, it is time to have some policy of accounting for the sale of a drug like cocaine.

It is also extremely important to regu-

late the sale of the hypnotic coal-tar derivatives. All the group of hypnotics should be buyable only on a physician's prescription. They all disturb heart action and impoverish the blood, thereby producing neurotics. No physician, without making a careful examination, will assume the responsibility of prescribing for a man who comes to him in pain, yet a druggist does so constantly. He knows nothing of the customer's idiosyncrasy; that, for instance, an amount of trional which would not ordinarily affect a child may create an intense nervous disorder in a particular type of adult. To the average druggist a headache is only a headache; he does not know that what will alleviate one kind of headache is exceedingly bad for another kind, and furthermore it is not his business to warn the customer that a particular means of headache alleviation may perhaps make him a nervous wreck. The patient usually has the same ignorance. In a case which was once brought to my attention, a girl swallowed nine headache powders within one hour. Had there been ten minutes' delay in summoning a doctor, she would have died; as it was, she was seriously ill for a long time.

These, then, the narcotics, cocaine, and the hypnotics, are the chief habit-forming drugs. They form habits because it is necessary to increase the dose in order to continue to derive the apparent benefit obtained from them in the beginning, and because, when once the habit is set up, it cannot be terminated without such acute discomfort that virtually no one is ever cured without medical help. In drug addictions the condition of the patient is not mental, as is generally supposed, but physical. Definite medical treatment to remove the effects of the drug itself is imperative, whether the victim be suffering from the drug habit alone or from that habit in a body otherwise physically disordered. With regard to the cure of the habit, as in the case of the conditions which permit of its being acquired, it may justly be said that the victims have been unfairly treated. But my purpose in the present article has only been to show how exposed we all are to the danger, and to recommend the only means by which we may safeguard ourselves.

THE NEED OF CONTROL BY THE GOVERNMENT AND BY PHYSICIANS

THE prevalence of the drug habit, the magnitude of which is now startling the whole civilized and uncivilized world, can be checked only in one way—by controlling the distribution of habit-forming drugs. With the Government as the first distributor and a physician as the last, drug-taking merely as a habit would cease to be. If physicians were made accountable, they would use narcotics, hypnotics, and cocaine only when absolutely necessary. Nobody should be permitted to procure these drugs or the means of using them or any medicines containing them, without a doctor's prescription. By such restriction the intense misery due to the drug habit would be decreased by nine tenths, indeed, by much more than this; for when a physician dares no longer be content with the mere alleviation of pain, which is only nature's way of announcing the presence of some diseased condition, he will seek the more zealously to discover and remove its cause.

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS

IV—ST. FRANCIS AND THE PEOPLE

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

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WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

THE MYSTICISM OF FRANCIS

AS he grew older, Francis longed more and more for fullness of union with Christ. This was the beginning and the end, the very substance of all his desires. He wished to live in the heart of Christ; above all to suffer, if possible, the very pangs, physical and mental, that Christ suffered for the love of man. In the earlier days when Francis had only begun to long for this union in love and suffering, Christ appeared to him at St. Damian's, St. Bonaventure, his biographer, tells us, as a living figure upon the cross.

Eighteen years after the divine love first took entire possession of him, Christ in the form of a seraph rewarded his ecstatic desire, "leaving," as the same St. Bonaventure says, "a wonderful fire in his heart, and a no less wonderful sign impressed on his flesh. For there began to appear immediately in his hands and in his feet the appearance of nails as he had seen them in the vision of the crucified." But in 1213 the crown of his mystic longing had not been given to him.

Francis loved his fellows because Christ loved them. For this sole reason he began to speak in the language of his country. In the beginning of his mission he had used the Provençal, his mother's tongue,

which was fashionable among poets before Dante had created the language that was to be national. He must speak to the people. Good acts that could be understood by them were not enough; he must reach their hearts by the living word, and so he sung his hymns to them in the language of their homes.

In the sixth year of his conversion, about 1213, he became the first Italian poet. In prose, to his brothers in the world, he wrote in Latin when he wrote at all,—"ad universos Christi fideles,"—but he sang now in the speech of Umbria, and he seldom preached without singing. It was the custom of the friars to preface their sermons with a rousing hymn, often impromptu, in the speech of the "vulgar." Without the poetry of Francis as his example, without the taste for the Italian songs Francis created, Dante might have written in Latin, and Ariosto, too. What, then, would have become of the Italianate beauties of Spenser and young Milton? "Viva Jesu! Viva Maria!" called out the listeners in 1213, as they do in Italian churches to-day.

THE METHODS OF THE WESLEYS

THE disciples of John and Charles Wesley in mingling hymns with preaching and ejaculations were only following the way of Francis. If there is a curious parallel between the methods of the Wesleyans and the early Franciscans, there is an equally curious parallel between the ideas of Francis as promulgated in his third order and those of George Fox and the Quakers. The mysticism of St. Catharine of Genoa and the early Quakers are not so far apart as they seem. The foundation of the third order forced for a time a truce of peace to exist in Italy. Francis would have the practical blessing of love extended to all men. There were those who could live solely in the mystical contemplation of Christ; these were few. The many must find other roads to peace. "He who appears to you to be a child of the devil," was the burden of his preaching, "may to-morrow be a pillar of God's house." There were those living in the world who would become children of the devil if they left their daily duties to become as he was. He knew this, and he longed to make their way of life more like that laid down in the gospels; for, since Christ had died for all souls, he longed to live and to die for them. In his Father's house on earth there were many rooms beside the little cells in which he and his brethren dwelt.

FRANCIS AND HUMAN LOVE

HE blessed the true love of the youth and the maid, as he blessed the nests of the doves, and it is recorded that for two spouses who loved each other during a long life he obtained the grace that they might die together. This was the case of Lucchesio and Bona Donna, and it occurred long after the death of Francis, when they departed for that joy "which makes all the pains of earth seem cheerful because of the hope of it." It was to make men more faithful husbands and wives and mothers truer to their vocation that the third order was founded.

He loved the joys of domestic life. To have children of his own would have given him great happiness; but this he sacrificed that he might have thousands of spiritual children. "Each to his vocation"; in the Franciscan chapel there were many niches. For the apostles there must not be wife or child or earthly love. They must be free for the sacrifice.

In his earlier life, tormented by the longings of young manhood, Francis had more than once plunged himself into pits of ice and snow. "Brother Ass," he said to himself, "thou art unworthy; thou art fit only to be eaten." And on one occasion, when the vision of a happy home came before him, he ran into a mass of newly fallen snow in the garden, and of the snow he made seven mounds. "Behold," he said, "this biggest pile is thy wife, these four are thy daughters and thy sons,—two of each,—the other two are thy man-servant and thy woman-servant. Mind, Brother Ass; for these thou must trouble thyself to provide. Hasten, then; go at once to clothe them, or they will die in this intemperate winter. If this oppress thee, if this weary thee, how much easier is it for thee to trouble thyself for the one Lord?" He warned his brethren of the stupidity of Brother Ass, as he called the body, which needed, he said, to be beaten that it might obey every mood of its master, the spirit.

For those who could follow the doctrine of Christ, there were other ways to heaven: for the youth, love and marriage; for the mature, children and the cares of life; and for the old, the sunset glow of conjugal love. But for Francis himself all these beautiful things did not exist; and yet he must bear the yoke of the Lord cheerfully. Uncheerful sacrifice he would not tolerate. To Francis a singing brigand had more signs of grace than a gloomy friar. Since Christ had arisen and was in his heaven, what real sorrow could there be in the world? Browning caught an echo of this in Italy—

The world a place for Joy and Peace.

First, the world must, in the name of Christ, be joyful; it must be peaceful. How could it be peaceful when a feudal lord had the right to force men to fight in every trivial cause his caprice or his pride invented? Men could not be joyful if they were worried by the knowledge that their possessions might be seized by this same feudal lord, and their wives and children left penniless. How could the poor be joyful when the rich hated them and gave them naught but scorn and left them naked and starving? There was Lucchesio, who afterward died such a good death—a death which all true lovers might envy. He was a rich dealer in Poggibonsi. He was so rich and clever that he cornered the grain of the neighborhood, and the poor suffered accordingly. He looked on this as a legitimate occupation for a Christian man of business until Francis made him the first member of the third order—the order of men and women living in the world. Whereat his wife Bona Donna was very glad, for the women were always on the side of Francis. There were thousands of business men like Lucchesio in Italy who took all they could, and gave away with a deep feeling of righteousness what they did not care to keep. Francis said to Lucchesio that there were only two things in the world, God and a man's soul, and to know God and to purge his soul of all that was unlike God was all. "Read the gospels," he said, "but only that you may act them," and the counsel that he gave to Lucchesio was what he said to every man and woman who lived the normal life of men and women in the world. Now he became, within the comprehension of the world, everybody's Francis; for to everybody he now appealed.

The contemplative life was the life Christ himself had declared to be "better," although he accepted the ministration of Martha. Brother Giles, that fervent disciple of Francis, said: "There are seven degrees in the contemplative life: fire, unction, ecstasy, contemplation, taste, rest, and glory. The contemplative life is to leave all things for the glory of God, to seek only things heavenly, to pray untiringly, to read often with attention, to praise God continually by hymns and canticles. To contemplate is to be separated from all, and to be united to God alone." And Brother Giles said also: "Since no one can enter upon the contemplative life unless he has first faithfully and devoutly practised in the active life, it behooveth that the active life be pursued with toil and with all solicitude." Martha, busy with much serving, was chided by the Lord because she asked Mary to help her, and yet she did not cease from her work.

In the Franciscan philosophy, he was goodly active who built bridges and churches and hospitals, who fed and clothed the poor, and persevered in these works, despite rebukes that even seemed to come from heaven. "If a man were to live a thousand years," said Brother Giles, "and were to have nothing to do beyond his own lips, he would have sufficient to do within his own heart, nor would he be able to come to a perfect end, so much would he have to do within his heart alone. He who doth not make himself two persons, a judge and a master, cannot be saved."

AN OUTLINE OF THE RULE FOR THE THIRD ORDER

In the year 1215, Francis had a return of the fever that had attacked him in Spain, where he had zealously gone, as he went to many other places, to preach to all peoples and nations. He was too ill to preach, so he wrote to all the faithful from the Portiuncula. He was assisted by Brother Pacifico, who had been a poet in the world. In this letter we find the essentials of the rule which he is supposed to have given to the third order. First of all, those who would follow God must

learn the lesson of love from the sacrifice of the mass, in which Christ, in the substance of the most common of the food elements, bread and wine, gives his glorified body and blood for the nutrition of the soul. Then peace must actively come after love. He, Francis, must be, like Christ, free from family ties and the burden of property, and his immediate followers must be likewise free. For them was both the active and the contemplative life; but for the whole world, no. The work of the world, in the name of Christ, must be carried on by human means. God Himself, in sending His Son as man, had done this; He had dignified human relations.

THE THIRD ORDER AND FEUDALISM

In the Middle Ages it would have amazed men to assert that God did not work by visible things, or that the most ordinary actions of life were not part of His scheme. The very "coarseness" which we find so repugnant to our modern ideas of delicacy is often a not irreverent way of admitting that nothing human is evil in itself. Visible and invisible life were one in the union of the fatherhood of the Creator. Every member of the third order must be a man of peace. Later, the founders of the Quakers made this a condition, too, but they did not live in an age when people were so literal or so simple or so logical. This rule of love and peace, spreading through Italy, gave feudalism a violent blow. If a lord could not force his clients to take up arms at his command, what was to become of the rule, right or wrong, of the lord? Then the members of the third order must make their wills. This was another blow for the feudal lords, who could not, against law and public opinion, fostered by the omnipresent friars, seize the goods of widows and orphans, under the plea that they had the right to enslave these helpless creatures by making them their wards.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE THIRD ORDER

In 1221, Francis developed the seed we find in his letter to all the faithful in Christ, which was written in 1215. "The brethren shall bear no offensive arms unless in defense of their faith and their country." Swearing and dueling, and the common amusements of the higher classes, as later depicted in Boccaccio's "Decameron," were forbidden. We are told that it was the converted merchant Lucchesio who gave Francis the stimulus to form this society for persons living in the world. Lucchesio had been furious for success; he displayed his wealth on all occasions, and his wife, Bona Donna, whom he loved passionately, had been of the world worldly. Francis, too, by his insistence that the smallest detail of life might be sanctified by divine love, helped to kill the mock-heroic, chivalric extravagances he had practised in his youth. To be great in the eyes of the world, it was no longer necessary to be grandly heroic. To be great in the eyes of Christ, one might do many little things unknown to the world; but above all, one must be cheerful, for Christ must be served with joy. Not even the greatest physical pain should drive out the joy of suffering for the love of God. But faith and prayer are useless without works. Those who are rich must use their riches for the good of others. They need not be eccentric. One cannot be outwardly poor in the courts of kings, but one may be always poor in spirit. Golden copes and precious chalices for the service of the King of kings, yes, and pearls and velvet to honor a temporal prince; but for those who would serve according to the gospel, there should be nothing for their own vanity. Magnificence was right where one's state of life demanded it, but ostentation never.

In this letter of 1215, Francis gives a description of the death of the rich man who had not loved God and had trusted in men. "Wilt thou do penance for all thy sins?" asked the priest of the dying man.

He answered, "I will."

"Wilt thou from thy substance, as far as thou canst, satisfy for what thou hast done and for the things in which thou hast defrauded and deceived men?"

He answered, "No."

And the priest said, "Why not?"

"Because I have put everything in the hands of my relatives and friends."

He began to lose the power of speech, and then the miserable man died a bitter death. "After this," Francis said, "his relatives and friends cursed him for not having left them more than he did."

The Brothers and Sister of Penance

must make restitution during their lives, and not wait for death-bed repentance.

Moreover, their hands must always be open to the poor and the sick, and they must bury the dead.

POVERTY ABOVE ALL

ALL Europe was amazed at the change in public sentiment wrought by the manner in which Francis applied the counsels of the gospel to actual life. It became unfashionable to be avaricious. Feuds ceased for a time, because hatred was denounced by this wonderful creature. The Capulets and the Montagues kissed one another on the cheeks, knelt at the same altar, and wondered why they had never known peace before.

Retainers of haughty barons, who to all intents and purposes had been slaves, now became free men. "Not to us, poor little Brothers of Christ," said Francis, "shall you give house and lands, but each year a fixed portion of your earnings to the poor and the homeless. We are no better, surely, than he who had no place to lay his head. Leave us in poverty, but help not only with gold, but with love, those who suffer." The spirit of love and of freedom vitalized Italy, or, rather, from the heart of love rose the soul of freedom.

There was a higher power on earth than the omnipotent feudal lord. The Franciscan spirit had entered into the hearts of Lucchesio and Bona Donna, and Francis, visiting their home, simple and peaceful, had asked why all good Christians in the world could not live as they lived, in love and peace. But the secular authorities did not look on the penitents of the third order with favor. In 1221, at Rimini, the *podestà* decreed that they must swear to take up arms at the demand of the local authorities. The conflict became so fierce that Pope Honorius III had to settle it by placing the brethren of the third order under the protection of the Bishop of Rimini. In many cities the brethren were highly taxed unless they

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

ST. FRANCIS WITH THE THREE BRIGANDS

would bear arms in local quarrels. Honorius, and later Gregory IX, came to the rescue, and the third order increased, gradually killing the worst tyrannies of feudalism.

In the name of Christ the common people sheathed their swords and said: "We will not fight the battles of hatred merely that a man may possess more lands and castles. We do not work for wages," said these men, made joyful by the teachings of Francis; "we work that we may live to perpetuate love and peace." To give cheerfully and to receive cheerfully; not to give alms as a condescension, and not to accept them as a humiliation, was to be the rule.

The beggar who could work, and would not, was sinning; the beggar who could not work, and yet looked on his necessity as a curse instead of a blessing, likewise sinned.

The paraphernalia of business Francis regarded as dangerous. Nevertheless, it must be endured and even used for the greater glory of God by folk in the world. Asceticism in the puritan sense Francis did not understand. All things were good, and to be used with joy; but not by him and those who, like him, were called to sacrifice these good things for the love of Christ.

THE ROBBERS OF MONTE CASALE

THE story of his treatment of the robbers of Monte Casale was typical of his point of view—a point of view, like most of the views of Francis, by no means modern. Angelo had been a very charming and attractive youth, the fine flower of generations of breeding, delicate, yet strong. He wished to be a friar. Francis looked at him. He seemed like a fine greyhound and unfitted for the hardships of a life of poverty.

"Father," said Angelo, "I am a man such as you, and by the grace of Christ, I can endure as you endure."

Francis accepted him, and was so pleased with him that he made him guardian at Monte Casale. In this territory there happened to live three robbers who occasionally committed murder. But the times became hard, and these men could not even make a living, and so they went to beg; but Angelo, who was still intolerant, used hard language to them. "Go, robbers and cruel murderers!" he said to them. And then he told them they were so vile and insolent that they dared to covet the small portion of food set aside for the servants of God.

Driven from the door, the three starving robbers went away cursing God and man. Young Angelo was pleased with himself, and when Francis came home with some bread and a bottle of wine of the country, Angelo told him the story of how he had rebuked the murderous thieves. But Francis was righteously angry. He reminded Angelo that the sick, not the healthy, needed a physician, and that those whose souls were ill through sin must be treated gently. Christ himself had loved sinners so much that he had often eaten in their company.

"Go," Francis commanded—"go find these sinners, give them this bread and wine, and kneel to them, confessing humbly your fault in treating them harshly." Then Angelo realized that they, too, were little ones of Christ, lacking as yet only good-will. Foot-sore, weary, perhaps, a little afraid of these undesirable citizens, he found them at last. They fell upon the food, for they were hungry, and in the meantime Francis prayed for them with all his heart.

When the robbers were refreshed, they said to Brother Angelo, "Let us go to the holy Francis," and they went, wondering that any man could be so good as not to hate them, for they knew best what they had done. Francis received them with distinguished consideration. They were in doubt whether even God could forgive them their terrible sins. But Francis told them that the mercy of God is greater than any sin, and, besides, St. Paul had said that the blessed Christ had come on earth to redeem sinners. The robbers were touched. It was the business of the dear Christ to save such as they, if they would perform their part and repent. Delighted with this knowledge, they asked to be received among the friars. They thus renounced the devil and all his works. "Two were rewarded with early and happy deaths," the pious chroniclers tell us, "and the third remained on earth fifteen years, living so that the fast of Lent was a feast for him." Thus during all his life Francis loved sinners and worked for sinners; for in his theory the defiance of

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

ST. FRANCIS AND BROTHER MASSEO

God's laws was a disease of the soul, as leprosy was a disease of the body.

SOME OF THE WAYS OF BROTHER JUNIPER

BROTHER MASSEO of Marignano was very good and also very frank. He had none of the politeness of Brother Angelo, who had been bred in noble houses. Once Brother Masseo, perhaps doubting whether the humility of Francis could endure all the adulation he received, repeated several times: "Why after thee? Why after thee? Why after thee?"

"Well, speak up," said Francis, somewhat weary of this reiteration. He knew the holiness of Brother Masseo, and for that reason cherished his words.

"Thou art not, Francis, good to look upon nor art thou of high birth nor art thou a scholar. It puzzles me to know why the world runs after thee."

Upon this, Francis humbly knelt and thanked God. And then he told Brother Masseo that God had looked from His heaven to find the meanest of creatures to do a great work—a creature so sinful that all the world might know that it was not the man that did this work, but the glory of God shining and working in him. And Masseo was pleased and satisfied.

Brother Juniper was specially dear to Francis. He was all charity and simplicity, but so literal that to the other brothers he was often a trial, and to those who had still some of the world in them a scandal. If little children were dear to the Lord, Francis argued, Juniper must be very dear, for he was a little child. And the nearer in simplicity human beings were to little children and the doves and the lambs, the nearer they were to the spirit of the perfect love that casteth out fear. For instance, Brother Juniper took it into his head to exercise his humility, and went into Viterbo wearing only his breeches. Even the robe and the cord were too luxurious for him. As the public square was crowded, the thoughtless, not understanding the good intention of this innocent, howled in scorn or amusement, and even cast mud and stones at him. Thus persecuted, he was not permitted to leave Viterbo until late in the day. When he appeared with his bundle of clothes in his hand, the brethren were indignant; they felt that he had disgraced them. They insisted that Francis ought to have him manacled as one mad. "No punishment is too bad for me," said Juniper. "Even let me return among the people in the dreadful manner in which I came here!"

Juniper loved his brethren much, but the poor even more. "Would that we had a whole forest of Junipers!" said Francis, when this little fool of the good God had done something more innocently outrageous than usual.

At Greccio, Francis instituted the first Christmas celebration to make it the feast of the children; but of that later. The Penitents at Assisi were getting ready for this great festival, and the sacristan had exerted all his faculties and resources in decorating the altar. Some benefactors had given to the church a fringe of gold adorned with richly wrought silver bells. These were the pride of the sacristan's heart, though there were other ornaments almost equally worthy of the occasion; but he became hungry before the task of adornment was completed, and he begged Juniper to watch the altar until he came back from his meal. Juniper, who happened to be praying in the chapel, gladly consented. No sooner had the trustful sacristan gone than a woman came in to beg something for the love of Christ.

"Wait," said Juniper. "God will not miss alms for thee from all the richness of His altar." His eye caught the little silver bells on the gold fringe. "God does not need these bells," he said; "they are unnecessary." Full of sympathy, he imitated the example of Francis at Foligno, and gave to the poor woman his Father's goods, cutting the precious bells off with his knife.

The sacristan had hardly begun to eat when experience recalled some of Juniper's little ways. "How idiotic I am," he thought, "to leave Juniper in charge of anything he can give to the poor!" Off he ran to the chapel, and he saw the worst—the mutilated fringe, which was to have glistened with silver bells under the candles of the midnight mass.

"Oh, don't bother about the bells," answered Juniper to the frenzied reproaches of the sacristan. "They were of no use; they were merely for worldly display, and the poor woman was in the greatest need."

The sacristan scoured the city for the woman with the precious bells, but in vain. Then he angrily exposed the case to the father guardian, who was so angry that, when rebuking Juniper in the chapter, he lost his voice. Brother Juniper delighted in being scolded; so he was filled with love during the torrent of reproaches that fell upon him. "Poor father!" he thought, "he talks as though he had a cold; I must cure him." Off he went to the town to beg some hot porridge and butter. It took him some time to get just what he wanted, and he wanted it hot. It was nearly midnight when he reached the guardian's cell. In answer to his knock, the good man rose, and, candle in hand, looked at him.

"Dear Father," said Juniper, affectionately, offering the dish of porridge, "I noticed that your throat was tired when you scolded me to-day; therefore I have brought you this, which will act like an internal poultice."

"At such an hour!" cried the justly enraged guardian. "You ruffian, you scullion, you idiot!"

"Dear Father," responded Juniper, calmly, "we must not waste the porridge. Since you will not eat this good porridge, which was formerly hot, do me the kindness to hold the candle while I eat it." The guardian saw at once the good intention of Brother Juniper, and he doubtless had a sense of humor, too, for they ate the porridge together. This story greatly pleased Francis.

Francis had no fear. If miracles sprang up in his path, like exotic flowers, wherever his feet touched, it was because he expected them of God, as a child expects daily bread of its father. What God did not do in the case of other folk did not in the least concern this simple child of faith. What he wanted he asked for; for had not his Lord said to him personally, "Ask and thou shalt receive"?

All his biographers tell us that, going boldly among the infidels, he almost converted the Sultan of Babylon, knowing, as he did, that the name of Christ was mentioned many times in the Koran and that the same book acknowledged the divine and uncarnal birth of Christ. The sultan was his brother and not so far removed from him as the less discerning thought. Among the Mohammedans in Morocco, during the crusade of St. Louis, he gained respect because he seemed possessed of the madness of charity. He loved the birds, and we are told in the "Mirror of Perfection," that he loved them more than ever at Christmas time. "If I could talk to the emperor," he often said, "I would beg him that, for the love of God and me, he would command by law that no lark should be trapped or killed, and likewise on the day of our Lord's birth all rulers should oblige men to strew grain upon the roads, so that our sisters the larks and all other birds might have enough to eat; and that, because on that day the Son of God was born of the Blessed Virgin in a manger between an ox and an ass, all who have oxen and asses might out of reverence be forced to feed them well; and likewise the poor on that day should be abundantly fed by the wealthy."

FRANCIS THE FIRST TO MAKE CHRISTMAS A CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

FRANCIS loved the feast of Christmas because, "once our Lord was born, our salvation must follow." Little children who gather about the crib under the brightly lighted Christmas tree are fulfilling the hope of Francis, for it was he who made the first crib. Francis knew that it is better to see than to read, even better to see than to hear. Not being a priest, he could not celebrate mass; but as deacon he could read the gospel aloud—that gospel which tells of the birth of Christ. And he would make hymns of his own, too; but this was not enough. He wanted the people of Greccio and Assisi, especially the children, and of all the country around, to see our little Lord in the stable, as he saw him with the keen eye of love; for to Francis all things were sacramental. They were outward signs of spiritual essence. He applied to the pope for permission to add a new ceremonial to the celebration of the nativity, and on that still and beautiful night he had a manger filled with hay in which he laid a figure of the divine child. To this manger was brought the animals which had looked with delight at the new-born babe on the first Christmas morning. Francis lavished all possible care on this representation. Candles and torches shone on the faces of the delighted crowds that flocked to the

chapel at Greccio to do honor to the symbol of the Lord. The heart of Italy was touched, and the simple peasants found a great need filled in this: they had *seen,* and from that moment every new-born child and every animal had a certain sacred character for them. If all Italy did not become tender with the dumb, driven beasts, it was not the fault of Francis, who taught kindness to animals by showing that divinity had smiled on them.

THE INDULGENCE OF THE PORTIUNCULA

THE love of Francis for the humble Portiuncula and its little wood, which he loved even more intensely than Newman loved his room at Oxford, culminated when he wrested the famous indulgence of the Portiuncula from Pope Honorius III. It was a triumph that filled the ecclesiastical world with amazement, and made this humble chapel the center of attention in Europe. The emperor himself would have given much to have this indulgence bestowed on a basilica under his protection. Apart from the religious character, it was a great distinction, and the crowd of pilgrims it attracted would have helped to make any place rich and famous. The indulgence Francis demanded was the unique one reserved by excellence for crusaders. In the early days the church insisted that sinners should do public penance before their sins could be satisfied for, after the spiritual guilt had been forgiven. There must be a temporal penance as well as the possible punishment in the progressive state after death,—purgatory,—through which the once guilty soul advanced nearer to the blessed vision of God.

As time passed, the church mitigated public penances by exchanging them for easier means of making earthly satisfaction for spiritual guilt. It was a foregone conclusion that a sin of theft, for instance, would not be forgiven, no matter how many absolutions were bestowed by the priests, unless restitution were made. But restitution was not enough, sorrow was not enough; there must be punishment, and beneficial punishment. Remission of the temporal punishment due to sin for a fixed time, after the spiritual guilt had been remitted, were common; but Francis asked that a plenary indulgence should be given so that every person who visited the chapel at Portiuncula, truly repenting of his sins and having confessed and obtained absolution, "should be free of all punishment for sin from his baptism until the day he entered the chapel." If a Christian died with the temporal punishment for his sins unperformed, the prison of purgatory awaited him until his debt should be paid.

Some cardinals were astonished at the liberality of Honorius in giving Francis so much. As they said, "It might lessen the number of pilgrims to Rome and the Holy Land." But Francis seemed to have charmed this pontiff, as he had charmed the sultan and the birds. The Roman curia insisted, however, that the indulgence should be limited to a certain space of time within thirty-six hours.

After this, Francis was more joyful than usual. He had put his increasing crowd of poor friars under the protection of Rome. No man could now persecute them as heretics; they would be allowed to be utterly poor, utterly independent of the pomp of this world, since the destitute little Portiuncula had been more honored than St. Peter's itself. He feared wealth for his order more than all other evils, but he coveted for it the things of the spirit. Even some of the leaders had begun to act as if the Franciscan kingdom was of this world. This he sought to correct by laying stress on the spiritual honor the pontiff had bestowed on his poor little chapel; it was not a gift of gold or silver.

The absence of a corroboratory document giving the indulgence from Pope Honorius is explained by the characteristic refusal of Francis to accept a written confirmation of this great privilege. Even when Count Roland de Cattani gave to him the lonely Monte della Verna, in Tuscany, he had refused a deed of gift. It was for his use, but a legal deed would have made it his property, and in his last words to the brothers he commanded them not to accept from the Roman curia written privileges.

HIS DISLIKE FOR LEARNING IN HIS ORDER

CARDINAL HUGOLINO, afterward Gregory IX, was the special protector of Francis. He insisted that Francis should preach before Pope Honorius and the sa-

cred college. Francis said, "I am nothing, I know nothing." But the cardinal insisted. The result justified the dislike of Francis for the carefully prepared sermon, written and memorized. Francis, drilling himself, learned an elaborate discourse by heart. The illustrious and exquisitely critical assembly waited. What would this celebrated friar say? How would he say it? Francis was abashed before the prelates who were splendid in purple and red, glittering with gold and amethyst, learned in style and dialectics. Much would depend on the impression this humble and wonderful creature made. Cardinal Hugolino felt his heart sink as Francis began to stumble and hesitate. How these learned men would despise this noble one, who really deserved their homage! It is recorded that Hugolino prayed with all his might for his protégé. Then Francis threw aside his artificial address, and broke forth into such an ardent appeal that the whole assembly wept with him and burned with the love of Christ. It was his first and last attempt at a carefully prepared sermon.

Francis discouraged learning among his brothers. His contemporary and friend, Dominic, canonized later, might create a band of scholars and teachers, controversialists and philosophers, but for him and his poor little brothers the word of the gospel was enough; this they could hear even if they could not read. He feared science, but he loved poetry. Music and song might be loved,—they were one,—but technical distinctions in theology and philosophy he left to others. His friars might write the holy names in flowers in their gardens if they liked, for Francis, frugal as he was, would have some flowers in every garden. He seemed to say with the Eastern poet, "If I had two loaves of bread, I would give one for a hyacinth." The flowers were his friends. He would not tread ruthlessly on a little plant, because it might bear a lily, emblem of the purity of Christ; or on a rose, symbol of her who was the Rose of Sharon; nor would he permit a scrap of written parchment to be trodden on, for fear that it might hold the name of God. But books were best avoided. When one could live with nature and sing with nature, why should one read? he thought, not knowing that Seneca had long ago uttered his thought: "If a house were given you, bright with marble, its roof beautifully painted with colors and gold, you would call it no small benefit. God has built for you a mansion that fears no fire or ruin." Sight was enough. Why should simple brothers, having this gift, long for learning? Francis would not permit one of his young friars who had asked him for it to have a psalter. Those who had learned to read might read the word of God; but why learn to read the black letters, even when illumined with gold and azure? Was not God's sky more splendid, and His love written there and everywhere? Book-learning he did not despise in others, but let his own little sheep remain in their simple pastures. Besides, books were only for the rich, and he and his were poor.

HIS LOVE OF POETRY AS A MEANS OF GRACE

WHEN it was a question of poetry, the written words might be used to preserve a song. Francis was a born singer. Since the birds praised God in song and gave delight to the world, could men do less? He had sung many songs, first of all those Provençal songs he had learned at his mother's knee; later the chansons of the fashionable troubadours, imported into Italy with French velvets and French wines; and also the Latin chants of the church by St. Ambrose and his followers. In 1224 he composed the "Canticles of the Sun" in his own tongue. Into his order there had come a great poet, Gulielmo Divini, who had been crowned with laurels in Rome. Divini, called the "king of poets," had gone to the Convent of Severino to hear the noted "singer of the good God," who called vices by their real names, and who would burn out the cancer sin with the fire of love with all pity for the sinner. Divini heard and was conquered. "Brother," he said, "lead me far from men, and give me God." He was the Brother Pacifico to whom Francis intrusted the work of correcting the song of his heart, the "Canticles of the Creatures," which Brother Leo had written at his dictation.

Before Francis gave to God and the world this poem of the sun and all created things, he had changed the point of view among Christians as to the value of Chris-

SANTA CLARA AND HER SISTER WAITING ON ST. FRANCIS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

tianity. He had taught them that the gospel must be the rule of life, and that the soul that wilfully resisted Christ's teachings was outside the church and dead. This he had done by the sacrifice of himself and by those miracles which men accepted without question, and which, in their eyes and his, were not so wonderful as the tears of a penitent sinner.

Francis, we are told, had many struggles with the demon; but he looked on joy and cheerfulness as qualities the demon hated. "Before me and others," he said to a brother, "try to be glad; for it is not seemly that a servant of Christ should show a troubled face before his brethren." Ordered gladness he loved, but not loud laughter. He even disapproved of himself when he laughed. "The servant of God," he said, "in eating, drinking, sleeping, and other corporal works, must discreetly fortify his body, so that Brother Body shall not have cause to murmur and to say, 'I cannot stand upright and attend to prayer, nor do any other good works, because you do not satisfy my wants.' Sadness and self-conceit were of the demon.

FRANCIS NOT OVER-ASCETIC

A BROTHER spoke of a poor man sneeringly. "He is poor, but his one desire is to be rich."

"Take off your tunic," commanded Francis, "and throw yourself naked at the feet of this poor man, confess your fault, and ask him to pray for you."

There was no room for pride in his scheme of life. To him the poor came before all. Once an old woman came to the Portiuncula. She had two sons in the order, and she begged of Francis. "Brother Peter," he asked, "what can we give our poor mother?"

"In all the house there is nothing that we can give her that will be of any use to her. Even in the church there is only the New Testament from which to read the lessons at matins."

"Give it to her," said Francis, "that she may sell it; for I believe firmly that this will be more pleasing to God and the Blessed Virgin than that we should read from it."

It is related that he knew without being told the needs of his brethren and their true thoughts. It was revealed to him that Brother Elias, the prudent man who tried to make the Franciscans worldly, would rebel against the rule and die out of the order. Elias noticed that Francis treated him coldly, and he asked the reason. Francis told him, and Elias wept.

"If I were in the midst of hell," he said, "and thou didst pray for me, I should receive some refreshment. Pray God for me, for it is recorded that if a sinner change his ways, God will revoke His sentence."

Francis, much moved, prayed with all his might. Later, after the Emperor Frederick of Sicily had persuaded this most learned Elias to rebel against the church and leave the order, the prayers of Francis brought him back, and he died wearing the habit of his master.

At the great meeting of the friars at the Portiuncula, where hundreds were fed and cared for as the lilies of the field, Francis obliged all the brethren who for the purpose of penitence wore sharp-pointed instruments to give them up. We may be sure that the ascetic Brother Elias did not approve of this. In the reports of the time men were healed, dried vineyards brought forth fruit, all things were given, when Francis asked in the name of love. Of strange occurrences like these, of the wonder of his vision in the camp of the crusaders, who were defeated because they would not listen to him, of his offer to be burned by his little Brother Fire in order that the sultan might be converted, pages might be written; but the greatest marvel was to come.

FRANCIS RECEIVES THE STIGMATA

FROM the beloved Portiuncula he had gone to the place of the birds, the cold steeps of the mountain of Alvernia. It is a great rock crowned with birches and pines. To-day it is as it was in 1224, thanks to Pope Alexander IV, who forbade, under penalty of excommunication, the cutting of the trees. Above the world, but still in it, Francis sat with his brethren. It had been hard work for the holy man to reach this deserted place. He had been obliged to ride part of the way on an ass. "Who are you?" asked the peasant who led the ass. "Are you Brother Francis of Assisi? If you are, my advice is to try to be as good as people say you

are, so they will not be disappointed." Francis knelt and thanked him.

Francis rejoiced in the singing of his beloved birds, but he could scarcely see them. Blindness was creeping upon him. Now he could see only the sun in his heart. Even near the sky, here on Monte Alvernia, its earthly light was dimmed. When the physician cauterized his forehead, and it was not a gentle operation, he had not feared. "My little Brother Fire will be kind to me," he had said. And Brother Fire was. Francis had never permitted fire to be quenched when it was unnecessary, "for how beautiful, how purifying, this creature of God is!"

In this lonely place he lived in a little hut by himself, Brother Masseo having taken upon himself all the daily duties. There he suffered the agony of knowing that his own brothers were betraying his ideals. As his master knew that men he loved would betray him, so Francis knew that the pride and pomp of life, a hatred of poverty, and the love of worldly prudence, were casting Lady Poverty from the hearts of many of those who professed to follow him. In truth, the religion was rent by conflicts between the lovers of the pure, old rule and the supporters of a compromise between Franciscan ideals and the ideas of the world. But his agony of heart brought him nearer to his divine model, who had suffered in the garden.

The stigmata of Christ were the impress of the wounds on his head, his side, his hands, and his feet, and ever since the vision of the living Christ had appeared to him, he had lived in contemplation of the wounds Christ endured for love. The thought of them was always with him; and to him, alone in his hut, they became more and more real as the great feast of the exaltation of the holy cross came nearer. On the morning of this feast he had watched and prayed all night. There appeared "a seraph having six wings," says Thomas of Celano, "and, sheltered by these glowing wings, was borne a most beautiful man whose hands and feet were stretched out after the manner of a cross." . . . "And as the seraph flew very swiftly toward Francis," writes St. Bonaventure, "his heart was filled with joy and sorrow; for he rejoiced at the gracious aspect with which Christ, under the form of a seraph, looked upon him; yet to behold him thus fastened to a cross pierced his soul like a sword of compassion and grief."

The vision made him marvel. How could it be that the sorrow of the crucifixion could be coupled with such joyous and seraphical splendor? St. Bonaventure continues:

At last he understood by the revelation of God that this vision had been presented to his eyes by divine Providence, that the friend of Christ might know that he was to be transformed into Christ crucified, not by the martyrdom of the flesh, but by the fire of the spirit. The vision, disappearing, left behind it a marvelous fire in his heart and a no less wonderful sign impressed upon his flesh. For there began to appear on his hands and feet the appearance of nails, as he had seen them in the vision of the crucified. His hands and his feet appeared pierced through with nails, the heads of the nails being seen in the insides of the hands and the upper part of the feet, and the points on the reverse side. The heads of the nails in the hands and feet were round and black, and the points somewhat long and bent, as if they had been turned back. On the right side, as if it had been pierced by a lance, was the mark of a red wound, from which the sacred blood often flowed and stained his tunic. The servant of God, seeing the holy signs thus deeply impressed on his flesh so that he could not conceal them from his familiar companions, and yet fearing to discover the secret of the Lord, was in great trouble and perplexity whether he should declare or conceal what he had seen. He therefore called some of the brethren and in general terms proposed his doubt to them and asked their counsel. Then a certain friar, Illuminatus both by grace and by name, knowing that the holy man had seen some marvelous vision which had thus amazed him, answered: "Brother, not only for thine own sake, but for the sake of others, thou knowest that the divine mysteries are made known to thee. And therefore it seems to me that thou shouldst fear to conceal this, which thou hast received for the benefit of many, lest thou shouldst be condemned for hiding the talent committed to thy care." At these words the holy man was so greatly moved that though he was accustomed to say on these occasions, "My secret is to myself," he now related with great fear all the order of the aforesaid

vision, adding that he who had appeared to him had said to him other things which he must never so long as he should live reveal to any man. And it is to be believed that these discourses were secret things spoken to him by that sacred seraph who so marvelously appeared to him on the cross, and which perhaps it was not lawful to utter to men. When the lover of Christ had been transformed by his true love into his own image, having fulfilled the forty days which he had thus spent in solitude before the feast of the Archangel Michael, this angelic man, Francis, descended from the mount, bearing with him the image of the crucified engraven not on tables of wood or stone by the hand of the artificer, but written on his members of flesh by the finger of the living God. And because it is written that it is good "to conceal the secret of the king," therefore this man, who was conscious of so royal a secret, endeavored to conceal its sacred signs from the eyes of all men. But inasmuch as God is wont for His own glory to reveal the great things which He works, the Lord himself, who had secretly impressed these tokens, openly manifested many miracles by their power, that the hidden and miraculous virtues of these stigmata might be clearly known by many signs.

Back to the Portiuncula he went, growing weaker and blinder, but ecstatic in knowing the secret of the king, which he had confided only to a few of his brethren. The poor were helped and the sick healed, and he went singing homeward. Now he was near Clara again, and there is a story in the Fioretti that he gave to her the consolation of eating under her roof. But at least he was near her, and she and her sisters could help him in his need as only ministering and loving women can. More and more he desired that his brethren should be utterly poor, and that they should reach the people not by splendid buildings or by elaborate sermons, but by simple words and songs. And from the little wood of the Portiuncula could be heard the chief poem he had composed:

O most mighty, omnipotent, and good Lord,
To Thee belong praise, honor, and all benediction!
To Thee alone, Most High, are all these due.
There is no man worthy Thy name to speak.
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures!
Especially for Messer Sun, our brother,
Who gives us light in the day;
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor.
Of Thee, Most High, he is the sign.
Praise be to Thee for Sister Moon and the Stars,
Which thou madest for heaven, clear, rare, and beautiful!
Praise to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Wind,
For air and clouds, for quiet time and stormy,
By which thou dost sustain all Thy creatures!
Praise to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Water,
Useful and humble, and precious and chaste!
Praise to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Fire,
Who lightens up the night,
And is handsome and joyous and robust and able!
Praise to Thee, my Lord, for our sister and mother,
The Earth, who brings forth varied fruit and herbs, bright-hued,
Who sustains and keeps us.
Praise to Thee for those who forgive for love of Thee,
Sustaining afflictions and tribulations!
Blessed be those who keep themselves in peace!
By Thee, Most High, will they be crowned at last.
Praise to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Death,
From whom no man can flee!
But woe to those who die in mortal sin!
Blessed are those who do Thy most holy will!
To them the second death can bring no evil.
Praise ye, and bless my Lord, and thank Him, and serve Him with great humility!

Willing to show that human means must be used to their full extent, he went to Siena to consult a physician learned in the diseases of the eye. He moved very slowly. He tried with all his might to be joyful at the thought of leaving his brethren, but he saw too well that what men called prudence and common sense was corrupting his ideals. They found money necessary; Lady Poverty was served with only half a heart. And yet he would not interfere. "As I can not correct and amend them by preaching,

admonitions, and example, I will not become their executioner, to punish them as though I were a worldly authority."

Recognizing that his kingdom was not of this world, he had resigned all temporal authority over them. Nevertheless, the prudence of the brethren he loved made him wretched. Of the future master-general of the friars he hoped that "he would hold money in detestation as the chief curse of our profession and perfection." "If I could go to the chapter, I would let them know my wishes." He could not go; but he could make peace between the bishop and the governor of Assisi, and this he did; and to this conciliation, which meant the preventing of a disastrous war, we owe the lines in the "Canticle of the Creatures" in honor of forgiveness. The bishop, who loved him, forced him to his palace. Assisi demanded it; for might not another city, Italian or foreign, tear the dying and precious one from those to whom he belonged? He was already a saint in the heart of Italy, and more than seven cities had already their eyes on his precious body.

HIS HAPPY DYING

FRANCIS now left all to God. He became joyous again; his Sister Death was coming. He sang when he could, but always he begged his brethren to sing of God, of the sun, of all creatures, and he loved the accompaniment of the lute. Elias found this indecorous. "People might be shocked at such a song on a death-bed and in a bishop's house," he reproved; but Francis and Leo and Angelo and the rest sang joyfully despite this. He was not for earthly palaces. He must die soon, his physician said; and then he determined to die at the Portiuncula, saying, "Praise be to Thee for Sister Death!"

To the Portiuncula they carried him, Angelo, the knightly, whose politeness he praised; the eloquent Masseo; the mystical Brother Giles; the strong Brother John; the irrepressible but patient Brother Juniper. And they all sang:

"Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures!"

And when they came to the hospice which overlooked Assisi, Francis, whose eyes were almost blind, asked his brethren to turn his face toward it and to help him stand. "Blessed be thou of God, O holy city, because by thee shall many souls be saved, and in thee many servants of God shall dwell, and from out of thee shall many be elected to the kingdom of eternal life!" "And having spoken these words," writes the authors of the Fioretti, "he was carried to St. Mary of the Angels."

From the dear retreat of the Portiuncula, near the little wood, he dictated a piteous letter, as a child would to his mother, to Donna Jocopa di Settesoli at Rome. His spiritual daughter Clara should see him again,—he sent her this message,—but not in this life. But to Donna Jocopa, the practical, the woman in the world, but not of it, he wrote:

> And believe me, if thou wouldst see me not in death, arise as soon as thou shalt get this letter and come to St. Mary of the Angels. Bring with thee a shroud for my body and the wax needed for my funeral. I pray thee also bring me some of the food thou gavest me when I was sick in Rome.

Francis then told the scribe to fold the letter up and to put it away. "There was no need to send it." While the brother wondered, there was a knocking at the door, and in came this noble lady with her two sons, Roman senators, and before the portals rode a great group of knights. But Francis cared not for all this pomp. "He was as the painted wood in the statues of the saints, not to be honored but as the symbol of the spirit." Madonna Jocopa had not waited for his letter. In a dream she had been told that her dear friend needed her. And she had brought even the little cakes made with almonds and sugar that Francis liked and longed for when near his death. And because he loved the hooded larks, "it pleased the Lord that these holy birds should show him some sign of affection at the hour of his death; for on the evening of Saturday, after vespers, before the night in which he departed to the Lord, a great number of these birds came on the roof above his bed and flew about singing, but very softly." Francis threw off his tunic that he might die poor and naked like his Lord. Lying on the earth, with his hand covering the wound on the right side, he said: "Farewell, my children, and when any temptation and trouble come near you, say, 'Blessed are they who persevere in those

things which they have begun.' And now I go to God, to whose grace I commend you all."

The sight of the failing body, clothed only in the cincture of penitents, drew floods of tears to the eyes of his brethren. One of them brought him a poor robe, as the Bishop of Assisi had done years before. "To thee, poor for the love of Christ, I bring this," he said. Francis rejoiced. He was as poor as his Lord had been.

When his time came, on October 3, 1226, in the fortieth year of age, he asked that the Gospel of St. John should be read to him—"before the feast of the Passover." The reader went on until the end. Then the dying man, as softly as the birds above the roof, sang: "I cried to the Lord with my voice; with my voice I made supplication to the Lord," finishing with: "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name: the just wait for me until Thou reward me." He died singing.

Then his soul passed as a bright star in a cloud, carried, as upon many waters, to heaven.

Santa Clara, doomed to live without him many years to come, saw him when they brought his body to the convent, and kissed the sacred wounds. The chroniclers do not tell us that she wept, but we know that her sisters wept. From this time she —without whom he would have faltered, —she, the co-foundress of the Franciscans,—could only wait.

And the gates of heaven opened for a time for the weary children of men.

Two years after his death, Francis, the Poor Little Man, became, through the mandate of the church, Francis the Saint. He had shown a view of higher things to Italy and the world. Men looked up with the light of the eternal sun upon their faces. He, a little child, had led them; he belonged to them all, as every poor little child, in memory of the sacred humanity, belongs to us all.

THE END

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS

KEEPING UP WITH DAN'L WEBSTER

IN TWO PARTS: PART I

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Keeping Up With Lizzie," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN

I

THEY have always called me "Havelock of Stillwater," though I am plain Uriel Havelock. I have little in my purse, but there are treasures in my memory, and I am here giving some of them back to the world, with all my joyous thoughts about them, and with never a feeling of ill-will. They have helped me to keep young, and God send they may carry good luck to other people!

I remember well that period in New England villages when many men were keeping up with "Dan'l" Webster, and more women were emulating Ruth of the Bible. The first effort afforded a grotesque or comic spectacle; the second was either sublime or tragic. In my boyhood the fame of Webster was on every lip. He was a demigod in the imagination of the people, with a voice of thunder and an eye to threaten and command. Men gathered in the streets to talk about "the immortal Webster." Countless anecdotes celebrated his wit, his eloquence, and his supposed capacity for stimulants. He was not the only great man of his period who suffered from the inventive talent of a later generation. Powers of indulgence and of reckless wit were conferred upon them in a way to excite the wonder and emulation of the weak. Daniel Webster especially had been a martyr to such flattery. He never deserved it. Wearied by his great labors, he may now and then have resorted to stimulants, but he had a profound respect for all the decencies. Nevertheless, he was handed down to posterity as a great exemplar of the rum habit, and as such he filled a long-felt need to those who catered to the traffic. With that imaginary trait of greatness at the fore, the resounding Websterian age began.

WHEN still a boy I left home and went to live in Griggsby. It was a better place to die in, but that does not matter, since going to Griggsby to live, I succeeded. Among my fellow-students at school was a boy I greatly envied. Bright and handsome, as a scholar he was at one end of the class, and I at the other; and that was about the way we stood in local prophecy. I wonder when people will learn that scholarship should not be the first, or even the second, aim of schooling. For it is not what the mind takes in that makes the man, but what the mind gives out; it is not the quantity of one's memories, but the quality of one's thoughts. Character makes the man and also the community. It was character that made Griggsby, and in a retroactive way Griggsby in turn made character.

Old John Henry Griggs was the first sample of its finished product. He had been keeping up with Webster, as he thought, ever since he left school, and in that effort was both a drunkard and a "distinguished statesman." Though he modestly denied the compliment, a majority of his fellow-citizens stood firm. The result was a public peril.

Among the students at school was a girl that I loved. Her name was Florence Dunbar, which had a fine sound, while mine, like many names of Yankee choosing, was a help to humility and a discouragement to pride. Then, again, Florence

was rich and beautiful, while I was poor and plain. She had come to Griggsby from the West, where her father had gone in his youth and had made a fortune. They had sent her and her brother back to the old home to be educated. I had come to Griggsby from a stumpy farm on the edge of the forest ten miles away.

Now, this plainness of mine, I soon discovered, was largely due to my mother's looking-glass, aided and abetted by untiring efforts on the part of all the family to keep me humble. I often wondered how it came about that I was the only one in the house whose looks were a misfortune. It did not seem just that I should be singled out to carry all the ugliness for that generation of Havelocks. I would not have minded a generous share, but it seemed to me that I was the only one who had been hit by the avalanche. One day I confided to my elder brother this overwhelming sense of facial deformity. To my surprise, he assured me that I had a face to be proud of, while his had kept him awake of nights and caused him to despise himself. That exchange of views increased our confidence in ourselves a little, if not our knowledge. By and by a neighbor moved into that lonely part of the world where we were living. I shall never forget the day I went to play with the strange children, and especially the moment when I stood before their looking-glass combing my hair. To my joy and astonishment, I saw a new face, of better proportions and smaller defects, and with only one twist in it. I tarried so long at the glass that the mother of the family smiled, and said that she feared I was a rather foolish boy. When I went home I proceeded with as little delay as possible to my mother's looking-glass, where I found the long, gnarled face of old with its magnified freckles. I wondered at this difference of opinion regarding my personal appearance between the two glasses, but with noble patriotism decided that my mother's mirror was probably right. As a discourager of sinful pride, that gilt-bound, oval looking-glass was a great success. It lengthened the face and enlarged every defect; it crumpled the nose and put sundry twists in the countenance. There have been two humble ministers and three old maids in our family, and in my opinion that looking-glass did it. Of course other things helped, but the glass was mainly responsible. I myself would have been a minister, if it had not fallen to my lot to break a yoke of steers, and that saved me from a misfit. In the course of this task I acquired an accomplishment inconsistent with the life of a clergyman. It was sharp enough to trim the beech-trees about my father's house, and it lasted through many calls to repentance; so my family consulted with the Rev. Appleton Hall, who was principal of the village school at Griggsby, and he undertook to make a man of me. That was how I came to go there, and to live in a small room rudely furnished by my father, where I did my own cooking. The school principal began to call me "Havelock of Stillwater," Stillwater being our township in the woods, and others followed his example.

In the main, the looking-glasses of Griggsby were kind to me, and the weight of evidence seemed to indicate that my face was not a misfortune, after all. Still, I had no conceit of it. The big buildings of the town, the high hats and "lofty" manners of the great men, excited my wonder and admiration. At first they were beyond my understanding and did not even amuse me. I had a profound sense of inferiority to almost every one I met, and specially to Florence Dunbar. I suppose it was a part of that ample gift of humility which had been pounded into my ancestors, and passed on to me with the aid of the beech-rod, the looking-glass, and the shrill voice of Elder Whitman in the school-house. For a long time my love for Florence was a secret locked in my own breast.

Summer had returned to the little village in the hills, and one Saturday in June I gathered wild flowers in the fields and took them to Florence. She received them with a cry of joy, and asked me to show her where they grew; so away we went together into the meadow, by the wayside, and, when our hands were full, sat under a tree by the road. Then, poor lad! I opened my heart to her—a heart that was in full bloom. I shall never forget the sweet, girlish frankness with which she said:

"I 'm sorry, but I cannot love you."

"I did n't think it would be possible," I said.

Drawn by F. C. Yohn

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THE TROTTIN'-HOSS IS THE NATURAL ALLY OF THE ORATOR AN' THE CONVERSATIONALIST'" (SEE PAGE 613)

"Oh, yes, it would be *possible,*" she explained; "but, you see, I love another."

I remember well how her frankness hurt me. I turned away, and had trouble to breathe for a moment. She saw the effect of her words, and said by way of comfort:

"But I think you 're very, very nice; Henry likes you, too."

Henry was her brother and my chum at school.

"I wish you would tell me what to do with him," she went on after a moment. "He 's drinking, and behind in his work, and I am terribly worried."

"It 's nothing to worry about," I said, though not in perfect innocence. "Liquor does n't hurt men if they 're respectable, does it?"

"Havelock, you talk like a child," she answered. "It 's something dreadful, the example the leading men of this village are setting. No wonder the boys take after them. Look at Ralph. He 's going to the bad as fast as possible. I 'd pack up and go home with Henry if—"

Her eyes filled with tears. I sat silent and full of shame, and quite aware of her secret. She loved Ralph Buckstone, the good-looking son of the great colonel.

"You love him, don't you?" I said sorrowfully.

She had regained her composure, but made no answer.

At that moment Colonel Buckstone himself came galloping along on his big, black horse, shot-gun in hand, with two hounds at his heels. He pulled up with a knowing look, shook his head, and then rode away with only a wave of his hand.

Florence and I walked along in silence for a while, then she said:

"I 'm sorry for you, and I will never tell what you have told me—never."

"And I will never tell what you have told me," I said.

"I 'm willing you should tell him," she answered. "He may as well know—even if he does n't care."

Temptation beset me even then, but in those first months my natural innocence was like a shield. By and by I began to feel the weight of my innocence, and to lighten the load a little. A gleam of the humor in the life about me was beginning to make an impression when I went home to work in the fields during the summer. In the autumn I returned to school a big, swarthy youth of seventeen. Before the end of that year the first of my real adventures raised me to a new plane of life.

It was a day in December. Henry and Florence Dunbar, Ralph Buckstone, and I were skating on the lake. The ice was new and bent a little under our feet as we flew half across the lake in pursuit of Florence, more daring and expert than the rest of us. The day was cloudless, and the smooth plain of ice shone in the sunlight. An hour later we were returning, with Florence a hundred or more feet ahead of us, when I heard the snap of the breaking ice, and saw her go down like a stone going through a sky-light. I skated straight for the break, and, taking a deep breath, crashed over the broken slabs of ice and down into cold, roaring water. My hand touched something, and I seized it—her coat, as I knew by the feeling. Then came that little fraction of a minute in which one must do the right thing and do it quickly. I could see, of course, and could hear the shouts of the boys, the click of skates passing near, and the stir of the shattered ice. That saved us, that sound of wavering ice. I made for it, got my hand through, and caught a shinny-stick in the hands of Henry Dunbar, who was lying flat at the edge of the hole. There we hung and lived until the boys came with a pole and got us out. Chilled? No. I was never so hot in my life until I began to feel the wind.

One day soon after that my father came into the village and said that I was to board at the house of Mr. Daniel W. Smead, have three square meals a day, and a room with four windows and a stove in it. Poor lad! I did not know until long after that Florence and Henry paid the bill. My father said he had sold the big Wilkes mare and her foal, and I supposed that that accounted for his generosity.

Florence would have it that I had saved her life, although the truth is that if I had not gone down after her, one of the other boys doubtless would have done so, or she might even have reached the air alone. How she pitied me after that! Almost every day she tried to show me her gratitude with some little token—a flower, a tender word or look, or an invitation to supper. I loved her with all the steadfastness of the true-born Yankee; but I

knew that my love was hopeless. I could never ask her to marry me, for how could she say no to me now? I would not have been guilty of such unfairness.

II

MR. DANIEL WEBSTER SMEAD had five children and a wife, who did all the work of the household. He was an auctioneer, a musician, and a horseman.

When I went to begin my life in his house it was he who opened the door. He was coatless, collarless, and in dirty linen.

"I am Uriel Havelock," I said.

"Havelock of Stillwater," said he. "I salute you. How is your health?"

"Pretty good," I said.

"Walk right into the drawin'-room, an' draw yer jack-knife an' go to whittlin' if ye want to."

The drawing-room wrung a smile from my sad face. It was the plainest of rooms, decorated with chromos, mottos in colored yarns, and with faded wall-paper. On the floor was a worn and shabby carpet; and some plain, wooden chairs, a haircloth sofa, with its antimacassar and crocheted cushion, completed the furnishing. The woodwork, the windows, and all the appointments of the room were noticeably clean. A ragged-looking Newfoundland dog came roaring in upon me.

"Leo, Leo, be still, or you 'll be put out," said Mr. Smead.

"Is he full-blooded?" I asked.

"As full-blooded as Colonel Sile Buckstone, an' that 's sayin' a good deal."

"Good watch-dog?"

"Sets an' watches the scenery all day."

He opened the stairway door and called: "Mrs. Smead! O Mrs. Smead! A noble guest is under our battlements."

There was a sound of footsteps on the floor above, and in a moment a pale, weary woman, followed by three boys from seven to twelve years of age, each in patched trousers, came down the stairway. The woman shook my hand and said she was glad to see me, although I had never seen a face so utterly joyless.

The master of the household kept up a running fire of talk. Addressing the children, he said:

"Dan'l, Rufus, Edward, salute the young gentleman."

As they timidly shook my hand, their father observed: "These boys have ascended from Roger Williams, Remember Baker, an' General Winfield Scott. If they look tired, excuse them; it 's quite a climb."

The eldest boy showed me to my room, and so began my life at Smead's. Distressed with loneliness, I walked about the village for hours that afternoon, and on my return had time only to comb my hair and wash when a bell summoned me to supper.

Mr. Smead was considerably dressed up in clean linen, a prodigious necktie, and a coat of black broadcloth. His wife wore a clean calico dress, with a gold-plated brooch at her throat.

"I wish the girls were here," said Mr. Smead.

"They are out in the country teaching school," Mrs. Smead explained; "they want to help their father."

"Beautiful girls," said their father, "tall, queenly, magnificent, talented. By force of habit I was about to ask, 'How much am I bid?' "

"How do you like Griggsby?" Mrs. Smead inquired of me, as though wishing to change the subject.

"I do not call it a very pretty place," I said, still loyal to Stillwater.

"An' you would n't be a pretty place if you were the mother of so many orators an' statesmen," said Smead. "You would be a proud but worn-out an' weary place. There would be dust an' scratched-up gravel in your immediate vicinity, an' you would n't care. Don't expect too much o' Griggsby. It is a Vesuvius of oratory. It is full of high an' grand emotions, mingled with smoke an' fire an' thunder an' other accessories, includin' Smeads. It is the home an' birthplace of the Griggses. There was the Hon. John Henry Griggs, once the speaker of our lower house an' a great orator. By pure eloquence one day he established the reputation of an honest man, his greatest accomplishment; for as an honest man there were obstacles in his way. It did n't last long, that reputation; it had so much to contend with. He never gave it a fair chance. By an' by it tottered an' fell. Then he established another with some more eloquence. He was the first Dan'l Webster of Griggsby, looked like him, dressed like him, spoke like him, drank like him. Always took a tumbler of brandy before he made a speech, an', say!

wa' n't he a swayer? The way he handled an audience was like swingin' a cat by the tail. He kep' 'em goin'; did n't give 'em time to think. It would n't have been safe. The result was both humorous an' pathetic."

Mr. Smead, with the voice of Stentor at the gates of ancient Troy, delivered a playful imitation of the late John Henry.

"You 're quite an orator," I said.

"Oh, I can swing the cat a little," said he. "Ye ought to hear me talk hoss or tackle the old arm-chair at an auction-sale. It would break a drought. So much for the Smeads. As to the other great folks, Senator John Griggs, a distinguished member of our upper house, is also a son of Griggsby, not so great as his father, but a high-headed, hard-workin', full-jeweled orator. Flowers of rhetoric grow on him as naturally as moss on a log.

"Years ago he convicted a man of murder here with oratory; made the jury weep till they longed for blood, an' got it. Bill Smithers loaded himself to the muzzle with rum an' oratory for the defense. Nobody did any work on the case. The oratory of Griggs was keener than the oratory of Smithers—more flowery, more movin'. It fetched the tears, an' conviction came with them. Of course Griggs had the body of the victim on his side. Smithers roared an' wept for half a day. The jury had been swung until it was tired. It clung to the ground with tooth an' nail. The fountain of its tears had gone dry. The prisoner was convicted, slain by oratory, pure oratory, undefiled by intelligence, an' years after he was put in his grave a woman confessed that she had committed the crime. Oh, Griggs is a wonder. He 's another D. W., but he 's a good-hearted man. I heard him say that he had rebuilt the church of his parish with his earnings at poker. That 's the kind of a man he is —reckless, but charitable. Everybody calls him John. They say that whisky has no more effect on him than so much water.

"Then there is Colonel Silas Buckstone, our congressman, whose home is also in Griggsby, another D. W., a man of quality an' quantity,—great length, breadth, an' thickness,—with a mustache eight inches long an' a voice that can travel like a trottin'-hoss. A man of a distinguished presence an' several distinguished absences.

"Yes, I regret to say that he goes on a spree now an' then. It 's a pity, but so often the case with men o' talent—so awfully often. About twice a year the colonel slides off his eminence, an' down he goes into the valley o' the common herd with loud yells o' joy. Once he slid across a corner o' the valley o' death, but that did n't matter. What 's the use o' havin' an eminence unless you 're to enjoy the privilege of slidin' down it when ye want to? While his spree lasts, the colonel buys everything in sight until his money is gone. Then some one has to go an' tow him back to us. Once he returned the proud owner of a car-load of goats an' a millinery store."

Mr. Smead also told me of the two judges, Warner and Brooks, the ablest members of the county bar, who, it seems, were always wandering toward the dewy, meadowy path of dalliance. He said that sometimes they hit the path, and sometimes the path hit them and left some bruises.

"Of course there are able men in the village who are addicted to sobriety," he went on. "Some of them have tried to reform, but, alas! the habit of sobriety has become fixed upon them—weak stomachs, maybe. They have to worry along without the stamp o' genius, just commonplace, every-day-alike men. Nobody takes any notice of 'em. Once a prominent citizen denounced one o' them on the street as a little-souled, conscientious Christian who could get drunk on a thimble o' whisky. It was one o' the first indictments against virtue on record.

"Then we have the rural hoss-trader, who never fools anybody except when he tells the truth. One of 'em was sued for sellin' a worthless hoss. His defense was that a man who traded with him took his life in his hands, an' everybody ought to know it; an' the justice ruled that there were certain men that it was a crime to believe, an' the man who did it received a natural and deserved punishment."

So in his curious way, which was not to be forgotten, he described this heroism of the human stomach, this adventurous defiance of nature. In those callow days that view appealed to my sporting instinct.

"You see, the stamp of genius is on all our public men," Mr. Smead continued. "They all wear the scarlet blossom of ca-

Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'WE HAVE GOT TO WALK,' SAID HENRY. 'WE LOST EVERY DOLLAR WE HAD ON THE RACE'" (SEE PAGE 617)

pacity on their noses. The scarlet blossom an' the silver tongue go hand in hand, as it were."

Mr. Daniel Webster Smead was, indeed, a singular man. He had little learning, but was a keen observer. Ever since his boyhood he had browsed in books, notably those of Artemus Ward and Charles Dickens. The Websterian thunder did not appeal to him, but he had cultivated certain of the weaknesses which he had vividly described, as well as a massive indolence and a fondness for horses. He was drunk with hope all the time, and now and then with something stronger. Hopes and hops were his worst enemies. When he talked, people were wont to laugh, but every one said that Smead did not amount to anything. However, if all the other leading lights of the village had conferred their brains jointly on one man, he would not have been more than knee-high to the mental stature of Smead. He was a man of wide talent—a kind of human what-not. He could do many things well, but did not. Yet Mr. Smead was an ass, and he knew enough to know that he was an ass, which of itself distinguished him above all the citizens of Griggsby. He was drifting along in the bondage of custom, and he knew it, and laughed at his own folly.

As we rose from the table, he said in a little aside to me, "In the mornin' I 'll show you a hoss an' a fool, an' both standard-bred an' in the two-thirty list."

I spent the evening in my own room with a book, and when I came down in the morning I saw Mr. Smead entering the gate in a shining, red road-cart behind a horse blanketed to his nose, and in knee- and ankle-boots. I hurried to the stable, where Mr. Smead stood proudly, with a short whip in his hand, while the boys were removing the harness and boots from a steaming stallion.

"There is Montravers—mark of two twenty-nine an' a half," said he, glibly. "By Bald Eagle out of Clara Belle, he by George Wilkes, he by Hambletonian X, dam Queen Bess by Wanderer, out of Crazy Jane, she by Meteor. I expect him to transport me to the goal of affluence."

Two of the boys were deftly scraping Montravers's sides, while the third sponged his mouth and legs. Then the youthful band fell to with rubbing-cloths, backed by terrible energy, on the body of the big horse.

"The fathers of this village all have to be helped," said Mr. Smead, "they 're so busy with one thing or another—mostly another. Ye can't be a Dan'l Webster an' do anything else."

This matter of "helpin' father" seemed to me to be rather arduous. As the horse grew dry, the boys grew wet. Perspiration had begun to roll down their faces.

"The trottin'-hoss is the natural ally of the orator an' the conversationalist," said Mr. Smead. "He stimulates the mind an' furnishes food for thought. A man who has owned a trotter is capable of any feat of the imagination, an' some of our deepest thinkers have graduated from the grand stand an' the sulky. Everybody goes in for trotters here.

"John Griggs an' Colonel Sile an' Horace Brooks an' Bill Warner all have their trotters. If a farmer gets some money ahead, he buys a trotter an' begins to train for speed an' bankruptcy. It helps him to a sense o' grandeur an' distinction. If there 's anything else that can be done with money, he don't know it. His boys look like beggars, an' his hoss looks like a prince—just like mine. I told ye I 'd show ye a fool, an' here I am—a direct descendant of Thankful Smead by Remember Baker. But I really have a prize in this animal. I expect to sell him for big money."

Soon we heard the voice of Mrs. Smead at the back door.

"Boys, where are you?" she called.

"Helpin' father," answered Daniel, the eldest of them.

"Well, breakfast is waiting," said she, with a touch of impatience in her tone. "You must be getting ready for school."

"He 'll do now," said Smead. "Put on the coolin' sheet an' walk him for ten minutes."

A big, spotless sheet blanket was thrown over the shiny, silken coat of the horse, and Rufus began to walk him up and down the yard while the rest of us went in to breakfast.

There was a pathetic contrast which I did not fail to observe, young as I was, between the silken coat of the beast and the faded calico dress of the woman, between his lustrous, flashing eyes and hers, dull and sad; between his bounding feet and

hers, which moved about heavily; between the whole spirit of Montravers and that of Mrs. Smead. I saw, too, the contrast between the splendid trappings of the stallion and the patched trousers of the boys. I wondered how the boys were going to be cooled off. They simply took a hurried wash in a tin basin at the back door and sat down at the table in damp clothes. We could hear timid remarks in the kitchen about a worthless horse; about boys who would be late to school, and the delayed work of the day.

"If that hoss could only keep up with my imagination!" said Smead, mournfully.

"Dan'l, you must take care of the horse yourself in the morning," said Mrs. Smead.

"But my imagination keeps me so busy, Mother," said he. "Montravers works it night an' day. It don't give me any sleep, thinkin' o' the wealth that 's just ahead of us. It pants with weariness. Almost every night I dream of tossin' a whole basket of gold into my wife's lap an' sayin', 'There, Mother, it 's yours; do as you like with it.' "

She made no reply. That gold-tossing had revived her hope a little and pacified her for the moment.

Such was a sample day in the life of the Smeads when Dan'l Webster was at home. Every night and morning the boys were helping father by rubbing the legs and body of the stallion. I soon acquired the habit, partly because I admired the splendid animal, partly to help the boys. I had never rubbed a horse's legs before, and it appealed to me as a new form of dissipation.

We were all helping father while the mother worked along from dawn till we had all gone to our beds—all save the head of the house. He spent his evenings reading or in the company of the horsemen at the Palace Hotel.

I was now deeply interested in my school-work. One night I had sat late with my problems in algebra, and lay awake for hours after I went to bed. The clock struck twelve, and still I could hear Mrs. Smead rocking as she sewed downstairs. By and by there were sounds of Mr. Smead entering the front door. Then I heard her say:

"Dan'l, you promised me not to do this again. The boys are growing up, and you must set them a better example."

She spoke kindly, but with feeling.

"Mother, don't wake me up," he pleaded. "I 've enjoyed an evening of great pride an' immeasurable wealth. They 've been praisin' my hoss, an' two men from New York are comin' to buy him. I 'm a Crœsus. For the Lord's sake, lemme go to bed with the money!"

I lay awake thinking what a singular sort of slavery was going on in that house.

III

In a way, Henry Dunbar was like Texas, whence he had come with his sister Florence to go to school in Griggsby. Colonel Buckstone had often referred to him as "The Lone Star." He was big, warm-hearted, and brave; he could turn a handspring, and was the best ball-player at the academy. He could also smoke and chew tobacco.

"Have a chew?" he asked the first day we met.

I confessed with shame that I was not so accomplished.

"If you get sick, take some more," he said. "That 's the only way. Everybody chews that is anybody."

It was almost true. Many of the leading men went about with a bulge on one side of their faces. An idea came to me. I would show Henry that I had at least one manly accomplishment. So I conducted him to the Smead stable and began rubbing a leg of Montravers. Henry was impressed; he wanted to try it, and did, and thereby the horse got hold of his imagination also.

Next morning at daylight we went down to the fair-ground to see Montravers driven. There were other horses at work, and the shouts of the drivers and the swift tattoo of the hoofs quickened our pulses before we could see the track. The scene, so full of life and spirit, thrilled us. It was fine bait for boys and men. In our excitement we thought neither of school nor of breakfast.

By and by the leading citizens began to arrive in handsome runabouts, and to take their places on the grand stand.

"That 's Colonel Sile Buckstone," Henry whispered.

There was no mistaking the Colonel's bovine head and scarlet blossom. His voice roared a greeting to every new-comer.

His son, our schoolmate Ralph, arrived with his father, and joined us down by the wire. Senator Griggs, Judge Warner, and a number of leading merchants had also arrived. In the use of tobacco, these men had what was called a fine "delivery." Most of them sat in broadcloth and silk hats, expectorating with a delivery at once exact and impressive. There was the resounding Websterian tone, coupled with a rustic swagger and glibness that could be found in every country village. What vocal and pedestrial splendor was theirs as they rose and strode to the sulky of Montravers, who had finished a trial heat! Much of the splendor had been imported from the political centers by Smithers, Brooks, and Buckstone, but more of it was natural Websterian effulgence.

Mr. Smead was right: the trotter was indeed the friend and ally of the "conversationalist." How well those high-sounding names fitted the Websterian tone—Montravers, Hambletonian, Abdallah, Mambrino Chief! And so it was with all the vivid phrases of the race-track. The sleek, high heads and spurning feet of the horses seemed to stimulate and reflect the Websterian spirit. When a man looked at one of those horses he unconsciously tightened his check-rein. If his neck was a bit weary, he felt for his flask or set out for the Palace Hotel.

Those great men complimented Mr. Smead on his horse, and the senator bet a hundred dollars with the congressman that Montravers would win his race.

"Let us bet on that horse," said Henry to me; "we can't lose."

I confessed with some shame that I did not know how to bet.

"That 's easy," said Henry. "I 'll show you how when the time comes."

Then we went round among the stables.

What a center of influence and power was that half-mile track and the stables about it! It was a primary school of crime, with its museum of blasphemy and its department of dirty slang. What a place for tender youth!

There were the sleek trotters passing in and out, booted for their work. In the sulkies behind them were those king-like drivers, in their cursing moods so contemptuous of ordinary men as to be almost sublime, and beyond the reach of our envy. There were the great prancing, beautiful stallions, and the swipes—some of them dog-faced, and all of whom we envied! We became their willing slaves, we boys of the school, fetching water, and sweeping floors for the sacred privilege of rubbing a horse's leg.

We boys began to think that greatness was like a tree with its top in the brain and its roots in the human stomach, and that the latter needed much irrigation. It seemed to us that poker, inebriety, slangy wit, and the lavish hand were as the foliage of the tree; that fame, wealth, and honor were its fruit. Parents, ministers, and Sunday-schools were temporary obstacles to the wearing of beaver hats, the carrying of gold-headed canes, and the driving of fast horses. It would not do for a boy to be swelling around bigger than his father, but when we had become large and strong and worthy, tobacco and the beaver would be added unto us. Some of us got the idea, although none of us dared to express it, that our fathers were not so great or so grand as they might be, and we thought we knew the reason. Luckily, from one of our secret sessions with tobacco I went home sick, convinced that a humble life was best for me.

The next day Florence sent a note to my room, saying that she wished to see me. We went out for a walk together.

"I 'm going to look after you," she said. "You have n't any mother here, and you need me. You 've simply *got* to behave yourself."

She stopped, faced me, and stamped her pretty foot on the ground, and there were tears in her blue eyes. She turned me about and took my arm and held it close against her side as we walked on in silence.

"I will do anything you want me to," I said helplessly.

"Then be a good boy," said she, looking into my eyes.

I did my best after that, not very well, I fear, but my best, all things considered, and kept my heart decently clean for her sake. More than once I wept for sorrow over my adventure through the ice, for it had made me give her up.

That night I told Ralph that Florence loved him, and how I knew. It was a sublime renunciation. After all, what is better than the heart of a decent boy? I wish it were mine again.

"I love her, too," he said, "but I have

n't dared to tell her of it. I 'm going to see her now."

After that, Ralph was a model student and a warm friend of mine.

IV

FAIR-TIME had arrived. The Smead boys had worked every night and morning on the legs and body of that splendid horse. His coat was satin, and his plumes were silk when he went out of the stable; he returned dripping with sweat and foam.

I wonder what Daniel Webster Smead would have accomplished with those boys if they had had the care and training of his "hoss." But they were only descended from Thankful Smead and Remember Baker and Winfield Scott, and what was that in comparison with the blood of Hambletonian X?

I gave to Henry to be wagered a part of the money which my father had provided for the term's expenses. Henry promised that he would surely double it, and that is what happened. Montravers won, our pockets bulged with money, but the horse did not sell. A buyer from New York made an offer, which was refused. Mr. Smead informed us that the buyer had said that if Montravers showed that he could repeat his performance, the price was not too high. Our imaginations began to swell.

The next week the stallion was entered at Higglebury. Henry and I were going over to get rich. Early in the morning of the race we skipped school and took a train to Higglebury. Such riches have never come to me as we had in our minds that morning. We considered what we should do with the money. I secretly decided that I would buy a diamond ring for Florence Dunbar. Henry had his mental eye on a ranch in Texas, near his father's—not a very big one, he explained to me. As Henry knew the art of betting, I gave all my money to him, except a dollar and fifty-four cents.

We spent the morning at the stables, by the track, and endured a good deal of abuse from the swipe boys, who looked down upon us from that upper level of horsedom. We knew it was justified and made only a feeble response. We stood near with eyes and ears of envy while they jested with many a full, round oath. Some one of them would say:

"Here, sonny, keep away f'm thet mare's legs! She 'll kick a hole in ye. If she don't, I will. Come, now, take a walk —run home to yer mammy."

That was the mildest brand of scorn bestowed on us whenever we tried to demonstrate our fondness for the "trottin'-hoss." We found the stall of Montravers, but the trainer would not have us there despite our friendship for the owner. Driven by the contempt of our superiors from this part of the grounds, we haunted the rifle-ranges and the gingerbread- and lemonade-stalls until the grand stand was thrown open. Henry left me for a while, and on his return said that he had wagered all our money on Montravers. I sat in a joyful trance until the bell rang.

The race began with our favorite among the five leaders of a large field. Suddenly the sky turned black. Montravers had broken, and had begun bucking, and acted as though he wanted to kick. He fell far behind, and when the red flag came down before him and shut him out of the race, I had to believe it, and could not. It was like having to climb a tree, with a wolf coming, and no tree in sight.

Now, the truth is, Montravers might have won, but his driver sold the race, as we were to learn by and by—sold it for ten dollars and two bottles of whisky. He pulled and bedeviled the horse until the latter showed more temper than speed. The horse made every effort to get free and head the procession. He was on the square, that horse, but the ten-dollar man kept pulling. The horse was far more decent, more honest, more human than his driver; but the latter blamed the horse, and the New Yorker got him for a thousand dollars less than he would have had to pay by any other method.

The ten-dollar man proved to be one of the few philanthropists in Griggsby. He became one of the great educators of the village. He stood by the gate that opened into the broad way of leisure. His cheap venality was like a club in his hands, with which he smote the head of the fool and turned him away from the race-track. If he had been a hundred-dollar man, everybody would have had a trotting-horse and the farms of the country would have gone to weeds.

Henry and I had only twenty-four cents

between us. We met Mr. Smead coming from the stables. Despite his gay way of taking his misfortune, he was awfully cut up. We soon saw that something like an earthquake had happened to him.

"My education is complete," said he, sadly. "I have got my degree; it is D. F. I have honestly earned it, and shall seek new worlds to conquer. The man who mentions hoss to me after this day shall perish by the sword of my wrath."

He carried his little driving-whip in his hand.

"I have sold everything but this whip," he added; "I keep that as a souvenir of my school-days. Boys, are you ready to join me in a life of industry?"

"We are," said both of us in concert.

"Then, in the language of D. Webster, follow me, strike down yon guard, gain the highway, an' start for a new destination. Boys, we will walk home; let us shake from our feet the dust of Higglebury."

"We have got to walk," said Henry. "We lost every dollar we had on the race."

"We are all of equal rank," said Smead, with a smile. "I will share with you my degree, my new dishonors. Now, let us proceed to the higher walks of life, the first of which shall be the walk to Griggsby."

The sun was low when, beyond the last house in the village of Higglebury, we came out on the turnpike with our faces set in the direction of Griggsby, seven miles away—and destinations far better and more remote.

Henry and I were weary, but the talk of Smead helped us along.

By and by he said: "Boys, as workers of iniquity we are failures; let us admit it. For the weak the competition is too severe. The ill-trained, half-hearted, third-rate, incompetent criminal is no good. He is respected neither by God, man, nor the devil. Let 's be respectable. If we must have something for nothing, let 's go to cuttin' throats, or boldly an' openly an' without shame jump into Wall Street. Then we might have our mansions, our horses, an' our hounds. Whether we died in bed or on the gallows, we should be honored in song an' story, like Captain Kidd."

He gaily sang a verse of the ballad, very familiar in the days of which I am telling:

"Jim Fisk was a man, wore his heart on his sleeve no matter what people might say,
And he did all his deeds—both the good and the bad—in the broad, open light of the day.
If a man was in trouble Jim helped him along to drive the grim wolf from the door,
He often did right and he often did wrong, but he always remembered the poor.

"That 's the thing!" he went on. "Cut the throats of the people, grab a million, an' throw back a thousan' for charity.

"As it is, we are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Satan scorns our aid. I, for one, resent it. After all, a man of my gifts an' attainments deserves some recognition. Le' 's resign our commissions in his army an' go in for reform.

"Le' 's take up the idee o' givin' somethin' fer somethin', an' see how that 'll work. In my opinion, it 'll pay better. For one thing, we shall not have much competition in Griggsby. Of course there are the churches, but they are busy with the sins of the Philistines an' Amalekites.

"Satan has made Griggsby his headquarters as bein' more homelike than any other part of the universe. That is the place to begin operations. We 'll be lonesome an' unpopular, but we 'll raze hell—I mean of course that we 'll cause it to move from Griggsby. There is nothin' else for us to do. We are driven to it. Griggsby is untouched; it is virgin soil. As we have been comin' along, I have been countin' on my fingers the young men of good families who under my eye have gone down to untimely an' dishonored graves in that little village. There are twenty-six that I can think of who have followed the leadin' lights to perdition. Of course there are more, but that is enough. It 's a ghastly harvest, boys. First, we will attack the leadin' lights; we will put them out."

Henry and I were rather deeply impressed by this talk, so new, so different, so suited to our state of mind. It hit us straight between the eyes.

I was in a bad way, and dreadfully worried, without a cent for books or tuition or spending money, or the courage to appeal to my father.

"I 've got some money in my pocket, boys," he went on. "If I could only buy

'The Little Corporal'" (our weekly paper), "it would be just the jaw-bone with which to slay the Philistines. Wholesome publicity is the weapon we need. With it we could both demolish an' build up."

Black clouds had covered the sky, and now we were walking in darkness, with a damp wind coming out of the west. We were some miles from the village of Griggsby when a drenching rain began to fall. We could see a light in a window close by the road, and we made for it.

A woman timidly opened the door as we rapped. Smead knew her.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Bradshaw," said he. "Where is Bill?"

"He an' Sam Reynolds went over to Higglebury fair," said she.

"Well, it is time the prize pumpkins were rollin' home," said Smead; "but I 'm 'fraid we 've rolled about as far as we can to-night. A heavy rain has set in, an' we 're nearly wet through."

"We ain't much to offer you," said the woman, "but if one o' you can sleep with the hired man, there 's a bed for the other two up-stairs."

"Do you think the hired man would sleep with me?" asked Smead, in playful astonishment.

"I guess so," said the woman.

"Well, if you don't think he 'd be offended, if he would n't git mad an' throw me out, I 'd take it as a great compliment to sleep with the hired man."

The woman put aside her sewing, rose wearily, lit a candle, and went up-stairs to make the bed for Henry and me. She moved heavily in big shoes. Her face was pale and care-worn, her hands were knotted with toil. She was another slave.

"Her girl is away teachin' school," Smead explained to us. "One boy has worked his way to the grave—worn out as ye 'd wear out a hoss. Another is workin' his way through college."

We went to bed, but my sorrows kept me awake. Henry and I discussed them in whispers for half an hour. He said that he felt sure his sister Florence could lend us some money. Their bank-account was in her name.

He fell asleep by and by, but I lay thinking of Florence and of my folly. I could hear Mrs. Bradshaw singing softly down-stairs as she rocked in her sewing-chair. Near midnight I heard a carriage, and soon there was an entrance at the front door. Then I heard the woman speak in a low tone, and the angry answer of the man.

Had it come to this? he said with an oath. A man could n't do as he liked in his own house? He would see. Then he proceeded to break the furniture. Oh, the men were always at the bat in those days, an' the women chasing the ball!

When we left in the morning, on a muddy road, Mr. Smead said to us:

"That man is another *Simon Legree*. The women are mostly slaves about here. If they could have their way, how long do you suppose the leadin' lights would be leadin' us? What would become of the trottin'-hoss an' the half-mile road to bankruptcy an' perdition an' the red noses?

"Now, look at me. I went an' grabbed the earnin's o' my wife an' children an' staked 'em on a hoss. Not that I 've anything ag'in' the hoss; hosses would be all right if it wa' n't for their associatin' with men. You put a five-thousan'-dollar hoss in the company of a ten-dollar man, an' the reputation o' the hoss is bound to suffer. If it 's hard on a hoss, it 's harder on a woman.

"Boys, I shall not buy the 'Corporal.' I shall give every dollar in my pocket to Mrs. Smead an' throw in myself. It ain't much, but it may be more."

That week he lettered a placard with great pains, and had it framed and hung in the drawing-room, and it said:

Proclamation of D. W. Smead:

In the name of God, amen. I hereby declare my wife to be a free woman and entitled to the rights of a human being in my home—the same right that I have to be wise or foolish. She shall have a part of the money that she earns by her own labor, and the right to rest when she is weary and to enjoy a share of my abundant leisure. All persons are warned against harboring or trusting me any further at her expense.

(To be concluded)

Drawn by Reginald Birch

THE ART OF REPARTEE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

DOCTOR HOLMES once declared that the bound volumes of comic papers were "cemeteries of hilarity, interspersed with cenotaphs of wit and humor." Probably he would have admitted that only the cypress and the yew could supply appropriate shelving for the second-rate comic plays of the immediate past, brisk enough in the performance not so very long ago, and yet sadly old-fashioned now that our taste in jokes has changed. Still, a wise word or a witty may be gleaned even from these forlorn pieces, which we may dismiss with what the colored gentleman once called "despisery." In a forgotten English comedy of the second half of the nineteenth century, a man, describing the only kind of woman he would be willing to marry, asserted that she must be a clever woman, a very clever woman—"a woman clever enough to begin a conversation with a repartee!" This is evidence that bachelors are ever unreasonable in the demands they make upon spinsters, since there never was a woman clever enough to open a conversation with a retort. Any dictionary will remind us that a mere smart saying, a glittering epigram, a brilliant witticism, is not entitled to be received as a repartee unless it is a rejoinder. The exact definition of repartee is "a clever, ready, and witty retort." That is to say, it is not only the parry of your adversary's lunge; it is a counter-thrust that goes home under his guard. In other words, repartee is really a weapon of self-defense. In fact, it is often the twisting of the adversary's attack so that he is pierced by his own blade—and so much the worse for him if it is poisoned.

In one of the Leatherstocking tales, Cooper narrates that *Natty Bumppo* was engaged in single combat with an adroit Indian foe, and that the redskin finally cast his tomahawk at the white hunter. *Leatherstocking* swiftly stepped aside, and with inconceivable dexterity caught the glittering weapon as it flew through the air, and with unerring aim hurled it back,

to sink into the brain of his supple enemy. That was a true repartee—the rejoinder of the backwoods, the retort in kind, which closes a conversation and renders all further discussion unnecessary. It is therefore quite different from *Leatherstocking's* marvelous feats of marksmanship, when he drew a bead on a distant foe and dropped him in his tracks before the enemy knew what had hit him.

If we accept this distinction, as I think we must, we are forced to rule out a host of unexpected witticisms, spontaneously generated, and yet devoid of this element of rejoinder. They may be as rapid and as recreative as the true repartee, but they lack this necessary element of self-defense, of legitimate reprisal. Congreve once told Colley Cibber that there were many witty speeches in one of Colley's comedies, and also many speeches that looked witty and yet were not really what they seemed at first sight. So there are delightfully sudden flashes of wit which look like repartees, and yet are not when they are examined more closely. They are none the less delightful, but they are to be classified under another head. Here is an example of the instantaneous quip which is not a true repartee, felicitous as it is. Some years ago a friend of Mr. Oliver Herford's was going to Europe on the *Celtic,* and the evening before his departure Mr. Herford called him up on the telephone to say good-by. He asked what ship his friend was going on, and some imp of the perverse prompted the friend to answer that he was sailing on the *Keltic*. Mr. Herford promptly responded, "Don't say that, or you will have a hard C all the way over!"

We come a little closer to the genuine rejoinder, and again without attaining it, in a sharp turn attributed to Voltaire. That arch-wit was once speaking in praise of a certain contemporary man of letters, and a bystander remarked that it was very good of M. de Voltaire to say pleasant things of this man, since he was always saying unpleasant things of Voltaire; whereupon Voltaire smiled sweetly and suggested, "Perhaps we are both of us mistaken." This may be accepted as a retort to an absent adversary. It has the obvious element of self-defense, which is ever the essential quality of the true repartee, and it recalls the wise saying that it is the man who returns the first blow that begins the quarrel.

Voltaire's rejoinder is characteristically neat. It has the dexterity of the Oriental executioner, who seemed only to be flourishing his sword until he presented his snuff-box, whereupon the victim promptly sneezed his amputated head from his unsuspecting shoulders. It is in marked contrast to the surly brutality of Dr. Johnson's verbal boxing, which only too often justified Goldsmith's shrewd assertion that whenever Johnson's pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt. After all, the proper weapon for the accomplished master of fence is the delicate duelling-sword and not the bludgeon or the boomerang, even if these more vulgar instruments may also be wielded with deadly effect. At bottom, what gives to the true repartee its utmost effect is the fact that the engineer has been hoist by his own petard; he is summarily disposed of while the rest of us are dazzled by the unforeseen sparks of the explosion.

Speaker Reed was once discussing the merits of President Harrison with a fellow-congressman, who, remembering that Reed's well-known dislike of the President was heightened by the fact that in the appointment of a collector of the port of Portland Reed's candidate had been turned down for that of the Maine senators, said:

"Of course, Mr. Reed, I know that Mr. Harrison can't say 'No' gracefully."

At which Reed flashed out: "Oh, it 's worse than that. He can't say 'Yes' gracefully."

The mention of Reed leads naturally to the mention of Bismarck, also a master of debate in his own lordly fashion. In the days when the Seven Weeks' War with Austria was already looming in the distance, a French minister at one of the German courts protested against Prussia's conduct and warned Bismarck that, if it continued, it would lead Prussia straight to Jena. Bismarck looked the Frenchman in the eye and asked the simple question, "Why not to Waterloo?"

In like manner the mention of Waterloo leads naturally to the mention of Napoleon and Talleyrand, who were necessary to each other, but who often crossed swords, nevertheless. When Talleyrand was created Prince of Bénévent, he pre-

sented his wife to the emperor. Napoleon knew that the new princess resembled the heroine of the modern problem-play in that she was

A lady with a record
Whose career was rather checkered,

so he expressed his hope that her conduct in the future would be in accord with her exalted rank. And Talleyrand bowed, and responded that Mme. de Talleyrand would undoubtedly pattern her conduct on that of the empress. He knew, and he knew that Napoleon knew that he knew, how much scandal had attached to the conduct of Josephine even after she had married Napoleon.

In one of the bitter scenes of altercation which were not infrequent between Napoleon and his indispensable minister, the emperor declared that Talleyrand probably expected to be chief of the regency if Napoleon died. "But remember this," threatened the irate sovereign, "if I fall dangerously ill, you will be dead before me." And Talleyrand bowed ceremoniously and answered, "Sire, I did not need this warning to address to heaven my most ardent wishes for the conservation of Your Majesty's health."

On another occasion Talleyrand heard a certain general talking contemptuously of a class of persons whom he designated as *pékins*. Talleyrand asked who were the creatures so curtly dismissed as unworthy of regard. The general gladly explained that, "We soldiers call everybody a *pékin* who is not military." And Talleyrand accepted the explanation with his usual suavity. "I see," he said, "it is just like what we do when we call anybody military who is not civil."

Many of the best of Talleyrand's good things are to be classed as true repartee; but on occasion he was tempted by his readiness of wit to puncture pretenders even when he himself had not been attacked. When a silly young fellow, seated between Mme. de Staël and Mme. Récamier, had the folly to insult both ladies by the remark that he was now between wit and beauty, Talleyrand could not resist the temptation. "Yes," he remarked, "and without possessing either." At first glance this may look like an unprovoked assault; and yet it may be defended really as a repartee, since it was due to the desire to avenge a thoughtless slur on two ladies to whom he was greatly attracted. Indeed, Mme. de Staël, when she was most intimate with Talleyrand, was not a little jealous of Mme. Récamier. Once she inquired of Talleyrand which of them he would fish out of the water if she and Mme. Récamier happened to fall in at the same time. And again Talleyrand was equal to the occasion. With his most flattering smile he replied, "Ah, Madame, you swim so well."

There is a charming subtlety about this which seems characteristically French. It is as different as possible from the straightforward, knockdown blow which might have been expected from Dr. Johnson, with his Anglo-Saxon robustness of retort. And yet the Anglo-Saxon can now and again attain to an easy felicity that a Frenchman might envy. When the late Maurice Barrymore was once holding forth with his exuberant humor, an intoxicated bystander rudely interrupted by crying out, "You 're a liar!" Barrymore was known to be a handy man with his fists, and the spectators expected a swift blow from the shoulder. It came only from the lips. Barrymore saw the man's condition, and with a light laugh responded, "Surely not—if you say so!"

This may be accepted as the repartee in all its nakedness. In fact, the repartee is almost always an ingenious variation of the everlasting retort, "You 're another!" It is contained in its simplest form in the ancient and honorable dialogue which begins, "You 're no gentleman!" and which ends, "You 're no judge!" There is a variant of this which describes the fisticuffs of two rude fellows of the baser sort, one of whom is heard to declare, "I 'll learn you to behave like a gentleman!" whereat the other insists, "I defy you to do it." And we may discover an analogy between these two masculine repartees and a feminine repartee credited to a British suffragette. A puny male offensively thrust himself forward and interrupted the lady's eloquent address with the irrelevant query, "Would n't you jolly well like to be a man?" And the champion of the fair sex instantly proved its superiority by the counter-question, "Would n't you?"

By the side of this intersexual retort

may be placed several international repartees, all credited to that anonymous but fascinating entity, the American Girl. Once when a Beef-eater at the Tower of London was displaying its treasures to a party of transatlantic pilgrims, he drew special attention to a certain gun, "captured at the battle of Bunker Hill, ladies and gentlemen!" And then the American Girl rose to the occasion. "I see," she said meekly, "you have the cannon, and we have the hill." This is perhaps a little sharper and less obvious than another of her retorts, called forth by the remark of an English lady to the effect that she could see "no reason why you Americans seem to think so much of your own country." Then the American Girl replied languidly, "I suppose it must be because we have seen some of the other countries." Closely akin to this is her swift response to another British dame who had read in the London papers horrible details about evil doings in the United States and who was thereby moved to suggest that if things did not improve, it might be necessary to send over an army to chastise us. Whereupon the American Girl affected surprise and asked, "What —again?"

When Oscar Wilde came to the United States to lecture on esthetics in his highly esthetic velvet costume,—and incidentally to prepare the public mind for the proper appreciation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," in which the esthetic movement was held up to ridicule,—he used to complain that America was very uninteresting since it had "no antiquities and no curiosities." But he ventured on this disparagement once too often, for in the course of his travels he uttered it to the American Girl, and she replied with the demure depravity of candid innocence that this was not quite a fair reproach, since "we shall have the antiquities in time, and we are already importing the curiosities."

Lamb once declared that it was some compensation for growing old that in his youth he had seen the "School for Scandal" acted by the incomparable cast that illuminated the original performance; and perhaps the present writer may discover a like compensation in the fact that he can recall the elder Sothern's rich and mellow rendering of "The Crushed Tragedian." Hazlitt—writing, it is true, before the full flowering of the modern novel—asserted that "to read a good comedy is to keep the best company in the world, where the best things are said and the most amusing happen." Yet even better than the reading of a good comedy, entertaining as that may be, is the recalling of its performance, with the echo of its best things in our ears and with the memory of its amusing happenings rising unbidden before our eyes. "The Crushed Tragedian" was not a very good comedy, taken as a whole; but Sothern's performance of the broken-down old actor was a delight that no one who ever enjoyed it would willingly forget. Rising on the top wave of joyous recollection is the superb attitude of triumph assumed by Sothern as the old actor transfixes one of the other characters with what he believes to be a master stroke of repartee. The other character is an old banker, who, when he learns that Sothern is an actor, makes the lordly remark that "it is twenty years since I have been in a theater." This gives the crushed tragedian his chance, and with immense scorn he hurls back the withering words, "It is about the same time since *I* have been in a *bank!*"

This is transcendental in its sublimity. It is very much more felicitous than the more obvious rejoinder in one of Augier's comedies, in the course of which two friends discover that they have made a mistake. "What fools we have been!" one of them admits; and the other, a little nettled, replies, "Put that in the singular." "Certainly," the first retorts; "what a fool *you* have been!" Obvious as this is, and inexpensive as it must be allowed, it falls completely within the definition of the repartee. Not a few other examples might be picked from the pages of the younger Dumas and Beaumarchais, as well as from those of Sheridan and Congreve. Perhaps it is because actors are in the habit of taking part in the amusing happenings of good comedies, and of uttering the good things prepared for them by the authors, that they are encouraged to achieve good things of their own. During the run of the "Blue Bird" in New York last winter, a friend of the late Jacob Wendell (who played the part of the faithful *Dog* in Maeterlinck's fairy allegory) met him at The Players. This

friend praised Wendell's performance of the canine character, with the sole reservation of the barking. That, the volunteer critic insisted, was not so true to life as it should be; he declared finally, "I could just naturally bark better than that myself." And Wendell gravely expostulated, "Ah, but, you see, I had to learn *my* bark."

This may be taken as an example of the retort courteous, although it is not as gentle as one of Thackeray's. When the novelist made his single attempt to be elected to Parliament, he happened one day to meet the rival candidate, who parted from him with the familiar Anglo-Saxon phrase, "May the best man win!" To this Thackeray instantly responded, "I hope *not!*" Thackeray's collaborator in the pages of *Punch,* Douglas Jerrold, was incapable of a suave rejoinder of this sort. Jerrold was in fact a little like Dr. Johnson, in his disregard for the feelings of others and in his willingness to give pain for the pleasure of his own wit. When Bentley the publisher told Jerrold that he had at first intended to call his new magazine the "Wit's Miscellany" but had finally decided to style it "Bentley's Miscellany," Jerrold smiled bitterly and said, "Well, you need n't have gone to the other extreme." This is not a true repartee, since it was wholly gratuitous, being entirely without provocation.

The sole justification for the bold retort is that it is a weapon of self-defense. Tennyson, so we were told, used to delight in narrating a rejoinder of a certain more or less disreputable man about town, named Trumpington, who was a crony of George IV. Once when the king came down to a seaside resort, he met his friend with the remark, "I hear you are the biggest blackguard in the place." And Trumpington bowed and responded, "I hope Your Majesty has not come down here to take away my character." By the side of this may be put a remark of Ben Butler's during the Crédit Mobilier debate of 1873, perhaps not strictly a repartee by the definition insisted upon in these pages, and yet so near to the margin of the definition that it deserves mention here. Butler had objected to an elaborate and unduly distended speech of an opponent, who expostulated, with the plea that he had expected to divide time with the honorable gentleman opposite. To this Butler retorted: "Divide time? It looks to me more like dividing eternity."

There is an epigram often attributed to Sheridan, but really composed by Lewis, the author of "The Monk," which preserves in rhyme a repartee that may have been due originally to Sheridan himself:

Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
Called a wife, "a tin canister tied to one's tail."
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt by his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister 's useful and polished and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide—
That 's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

On one occasion, at least, Sheridan and Lewis sparred, and the author of the "School for Scandal" countered neatly on the author of the "Castle Specter." This last piece was a tawdry melodrama which had proved very attractive at Drury Lane, although it had not brought to Lewis what he believed to be a proportionate share of its profits. By chance the manager and the author had a dispute about some question of the hour, and Lewis offered to back his opinion with a bet. "I 'll make a big bet," he cried; "I 'll bet you what you have made by my play." "No," retorted Sheridan, "I 'll make only a little bet. I 'll bet you what your play is really worth."

It is an interesting fact that Sheridan, prodigal as he was of wit in life as in literature, was sparing of repartee, or at least that his repartee was rarely or never offensive. His humor was good humor also, and that can rarely be said of a wit. Moore, in his memorial poem, declared that Sheridan's wit

Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Sheridan was liked by those he laughed at. He was that rare character, a wit, ready at repartee, and yet not feared. He was popular, notwithstanding Chesterfield's wise remark that to be known as a

wit "is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself and do her a mischief." If wit is a gun, repartee is sometimes a gun that kicks and sorely bruises the shoulder of him who fires it. A weapon of self-defense it may be, but, like other weapons, it sometimes proves a dangerous possession. Perhaps a time may come when men will not be allowed to carry wit concealed about their persons without a special permit from the municipal authorities, to be granted only to those who can bring testimonials to the gentleness of their character.

Even this will not safeguard international relations. While the immense majority of recorded repartees are oral, the repartee may be epistolary. It may be a long-range engine of war, killing its man far beyond the borders of the country where the original offense was given. Sometimes the epistolary repartee is confined to the postscript of the letter, a sting in the tail of it. Sometimes it is condensed into the letter itself, which then needs no appendix. A score of years ago a British poetaster, who here may be termed Mr. Black, sent a volume of his verses to an American acquaintance, who may here be called Mr. White. The American recipient immediately acknowledged the gift courteously, put the book on his shelves, and thought no more about it, until a month or two later he read an adverse notice of it in a weekly paper, which may here be styled the "Bookreviewer." Three weeks thereafter, or just long enough an interval for that number of the weekly to get across the Atlantic and for a letter to return, the American received this missive from the British versifier:

Dear Mr. White:

Sorry the "Bookreviewer" attacked me in such a spiteful manner. Why was it?

Faithfully yours,
A. BLACK.

P.S. I presume it would be your copy of the book that they reviewed, as my publishers did not send a copy to the "Bookreviewer."

Five minutes after the American had read this wail of woe, his answer was in the hands of the post-office. It was not encumbered by any postscript; and it read as follows:

Dear Mr. Black:

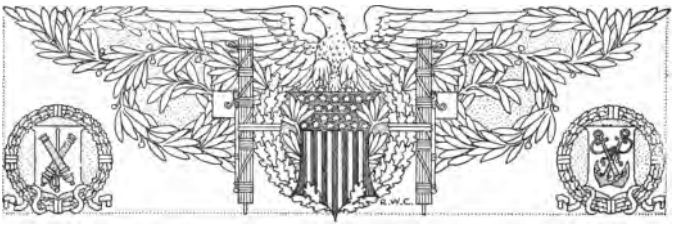
I hasten to assure you that it was not my copy of your book which the "Bookreviewer" had, as that copy has not been read by anybody.

Yours cordially,
B. WHITE.

SILENCE

BY EDITH WILLIS LINN

I AM the warden of the seals of sleep,
Grim shepherd of the restless hours that stray
Like lambs along a tranquil country way.
Mine are the vigils that the lonely keep;
Dead cities where the desert sands drift deep;
Songs man once sang, prayers that he used to pray.
Mine is to-morrow, mine is yesterday,
The stars that beckon and the mists that creep.
I claim alike the singer and the song.
The ancient sphinx that guards life's riddle I.
All hopes that triumph upward from the clod,
All deep creative powers, to me belong.
Alpha, Omega, in my bosom lie.
Safe in my keeping have I hidden God.



CLEVELAND AND THE CIVIL-SERVICE REFORMERS

HIS ATTITUDE AS SHOWN IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND

THESE letters from President Cleveland have a natural unity. They were all written to his friend Colonel Burt, now President of the New York Civil Service Reform Association, and bear upon the President's relations to that reform. Remembering the obstacles with which he had to contend in his own party in his support of the merit system, one can hardly read these letters without emotion, or without regret that so much heroism and devotion to the public good should apparently, at the moment, sometimes have been ill requited. Mr. Cleveland must have had some sympathy with the saying of the New York "Sun"—which, we believe, invented the appellation of "Mugwump" for the Independent Republicans who first elected him—that "after all, the exasperating thing about the mugwump is not so much his wumpishness as his muggery." Happily the President lived to know how deeply not only those stanch, if exigent, reformers, but the whole country, appreciated his great services to this cause of the people against the spoilsmen.

The expression of weariness in one of the letters recalls a similar utterance by John Hay. In reply to one who went to see him at the State Department to suggest his taking up a literary task after the close of his official work, Mr. Hay said: "No, I shall never do that. When I leave this office, the brief remainder of my life will not be sufficient for recovery from the burden of weariness I have piled up here."

The magnanimity of Mr. Cleveland shown in these letters reminds one of Abraham Lincoln.—THE EDITOR.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
Sept. 10, 1885.

My dear Sir:

Your letter was received to-day at the moment that I was hesitating whether to write to you again or to ask Mr. Codman[1] to come and see me. I feel that I should know pretty soon his determination and it seems to me very natural that he should want to talk with me before he decides, unless his acceptance of this public service is positively beyond possibility—which I earnestly hope is not the case.

Since this matter has thus far been in your hands I want you in addition to what you have already done to say to Mr. C—— that I should be exceedingly glad to see him on this subject at any time to suit his convenience—only suggesting that I be notified in advance of his coming.

Thanking you for your efforts & fully approving your work thus far, I am,

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Silas W. Burt, Esq.,
Naval Officer,
New York.

[1] Mr. Charles Russell Codman, of Boston, to whom the President had offered the presidency of the United States Civil Service Commission. Mr. George William Curtis was desirous that he should accept, and Mr. Codman came to Washington to see the President, but after some delay declined the appointment, much to the regret of both the President and Mr. Curtis, then President of the National Civil Service Association.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
Nov. 8th, 1885.

My dear Sir:—

The information which Mr. Lamont[1] brought me in relation to the estimate both you and Mr. Godkin[2] have of one of the old Civil Service Commissioners, and two letters received from you since then, have filled me with astonishment. The same afternoon that Mr. L—— returned from N. Y. I heard something in the same direction; but I looked in the face of the man who addressed me, and thought he was lying. God forgive me for such uncharitableness!

Up to the very day that I issued to him a new Commission, I had been left to an unshaken belief that Mr. —— was the incarnation of Civil Service Reform. When Mr. Godkin came to me to urge the reappointment of Mr. Pearson [as postmaster at New York] he brought Mr.—— with him to represent, I supposed, the Civil Service Reform idea involved in the subject. I have consulted him at all times in matters connected with this reform and have had the utmost confidence that if I kept near to him I was safe. I have found no fault with any idea of his which seemed to me perhaps a little impractical and have thought I did God and the Cause service when I agreed with him. I have tried to convince many people that —— was not a bad man at all, and that he was endeavoring to do his whole duty —all because I believed it, and for the good of the Cause. Not a word, not a hint to the contrary of the belief I entertained as to the high place he held in Civil Service Reform circles, did I receive until less than three days ago. It 's rather a rude awakening this.

I am entirely aware that the enforcement of the Civil Service law rests largely with me. Those who do not believe that I am sincere in my efforts to do this, I may be pardoned, I hope, for saying, ought not to be found among the prominent friends of the reform.

I hope that we are all seeking the same result. If we differ, let us be tolerant. You will not take it amiss, I hope, if I say that it is absurd to claim that if it is thought best to send all those who have passed the weigher's examination to the collector, Civil Service Reform will thus receive a fatal wound; and the dogs of criticism ought not to be let loose on me if I think differently.

I have heard it objected to the methods of the law that they are too secret, and it has been suggested that more publicity as to those who have passed the examination, etc. would not be hurtful. I am not prepared to say that there is anything in this talk; certain it is however that heretofore the policy has been against such a course, until the present examination for a weigher on the Brooklyn Water Front; and now the names and standing of those passed are not only known but published. Not content with this, the person to be appointed is selected for the Collector, Civil Service reformers are interviewed on the subject, and the whole matter seems to have been taken in charge by a self-constituted committee entirely outside of the Commission and regardless of the instrumentalities which the law provides for its enforcement.

If this is well intended it certainly implies a distrust which is ungenerous; in any event it threatens mischief.

Let us have things done decently and in order.

I confess to writing in a mood of annoyance; but nothing has yet occurred which ought to disturb the regard I have for you and other good friends of Civil Service Reform.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

To
Silas W. Burt, Esq.,
Naval Officer,
New York.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
January 28, 1886.

My dear Sir:

The time is at hand when the designs of an unfriendly and political point-seeking Senate will be at issue with me, and I am only anxious that the plain people of the land, who are substantially all the friends I have, shall understand the question.

After withstanding my party every hour since I came into office and refusing their demands in the full belief that I was do-

[1] Daniel S. Lamont, President Cleveland's private secretary, and later Secretary of War.
[2] E. L. Godkin, editor of "The Evening Post."

ing something for the good of the Country and the purification of politics, I am to be treated like a thief and required to answer to the Senate for official acts the responsibility of which rests entirely upon me. Who made this arrogant body, far removed from the people, with granted privileges but no representative rights, the censor over the acts of a branch of the government elected by the people and answerable to them?

And some of our reform friends seem to think that I should always be with my hat in my hand saying to the Senate and everybody else "Please think well of me and don't abuse me. I 'll show you everything and you shall see what a good boy I have been."

I think it 's about time I should be trusted by the people without the intervention of a purgatorial Senate. And there is something due to the great office I hold. The obligation to hold this unimpaired and transmit or hand it over to my successor with its functions and rights intact is just as much a part of my sworn duty as anything that can be presented to my official life.

I have not suffered all the perplexities and annoyances of my course and still been engaged in cheating the people.

I don't know hardly what I have written and a room full of patriots await me, so that I cannot even read this over.

Yours sincerely
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hon. Silas W. Burt.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
March 2, 1886.

My dear sir:

Mr. Potts[1] has sent me some resolutions passed by the Civil Service people. I think they are very inopportune. Can they not see that the Spoils System is involved in my controversy in the Senate? and that the fight of the majority is based upon the most utter contempt of everything which our Civil Service friends profess to desire?

They should not do the things which are calculated to weaken me just at this moment. I have the right to ask as the man did of God when he was fighting the bear, "If you can't help me, don't help the bear."

I have propositions almost every day looking to speedy confirmations if I will say that my suspensions have been made simply and only because the removed officials were republicans.

Why should the factious majority be encouraged to resort to open sessions for executive business merely to further vex me? I suppose such a thing could not be carried, but if it was, anybody ought to see that the principle I contend for would be the same and the only result would be annoyance to me and the misleading of some good people.

I liked the Times on yesterday's message very much and I wish you would express my appreciation.

Yours truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Silas W. Burt, Esq.,
Naval Officer.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
Oct. 13, 1886.

My dear Sir:

I have received your letter enclosing one written to Mr. Curtis by a Mr. M——, a retired federal official, and a pamphlet prepared by Mr. [Lucius B.] Swift.

Notwithstanding the effort to appear fair which is plainly seen in the letter of Mr. M——, there can be as plainly discerned therein the spirit so common to all dismissed office-holders. He means nothing but mischief. He seems to suppose he will interest Mr. Curtis by alleging that foreigners and Catholics have been appointed to office in Minnesota; and yet he does not complain that they are disreputable or unfit. He speaks of my motives and designs as if he was in my counsels and his letter contains as a matter of course several mis-statements which I have not time to specify or refute. If officials appointed by me have been violating their duty or any order of mine for their guidance I am ready to proceed against them and investigate any charges that are presented. But I cannot start after every allegation or sensational report I see in newspapers. When I issued my warning

[1] Mr. William Potts was the Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform Association and the New York Civil Service Reform Association under both Mr. Curtis and Mr. Carl Schurz. He was succeeded as Secretary by George McAneny, now President of Manhattan Borough.

to office-holders[1] it was done in the full expectation that I was inviting much annoyance and vexation from republican sources and from democrats who want to see any effort to better the conditions of political affairs fail. And so it has been. But in the midst of all, there does not come to me any charges in a shape that are of any use to me. These people do not want that. They send in loose assertions upon which they can base the charge that I am not sincere and do not mean to correct the abuses which I condemn. Mr. Swift has lately lodged with me some charges which on their face appear serious and which are alleged with some particularity. Hardly an hour elapsed before steps were taken to investigate them. I don't know what to make of Mr. Swift. He made charges against the P.M. at Indianapolis, and after they had been fully examined by the Civil Service Commission still insisted that I should examine and act upon them. And in the case now before me he gives the names of some persons as witnesses which make me doubt his good faith or sense. And I am told that the next morning after the charges were left with me the whole matter was published in the N. Y. World, that delectable sheet devoted to Civil Service Reform and reeking with friendliness to the administration. Still all this does not imply that the charges are false; and an honest effort will be made to ascertain the facts involved in his complaint.

The best thing I 've seen lately is Mr. Curtis' letter to a man in Brooklyn who complained to him that he had been discharged from the post office there. He wrote me too and sent me Mr. Curtis' letter which I advised him to carefully read again. The order to office holders has done an immense deal of good. It has been much misapprehended and has been the occasion of much malicious talk and unfriendly innuendo. I have no idea of dodging the consequences of it and I do not propose to have it defied; and yet I am by no means certain that it will be in all cases strictly observed. I don't expect that it will be observed at all in a manner to suit democrats who have not been nominated for offices which they sought at conventions of their party, republicans who have been dismissed from office, or those on both sides who are watching for opportunities to satisfy their revenges against the administration.

I enclose you a document which mainly, though not entirely, presents the proof upon which Mr. M—— was removed. Notice the dates of some of the articles taken from his paper. I am willing to leave to you or Mr. Curtis, after reading his [M——'s] post election utterances, and leaving out of account his dirtiness during the campaign, the question whether a man in such relations to an administration should be retained.

And while this case is but one Mr. Curtis and you have stumbled upon, it is but one of hundreds which we have had to consider. Surely these are not the men you expect us to be surrounded with, if we are to accomplish any good results. And yet this man says, "While publishing a radical Republican paper, I can challenge the production of any proof that I was an 'offensive partisan' according to the President's definition of that term."

You speak of 1888. I look forward impatiently to that period as near the time when instead of assuming further official cares, I may lay aside the burdens of this dreadful position. My daily prayer is that I may be the means of doing some good during the remainder of my term and that I may save my life to bid God speed to my successor.

Will you be good enough to return the document relating to the removal of Mr. M——. I should be glad to have Mr. Curtis see it.

I wish you would assure Mr. Curtis that I have been much encouraged and comforted by some things which he has lately written. I feel that we are making progress; if I was not sure of this I should be completely discouraged.

I hope the result in Massachusetts will not be such as to permit any contempt for the strength of the independents.

I return Mr. M——'s letter.

Yours sincerely,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hon. Silas W. Burt,
New York City.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
Aug. 17, 1887.

My dear Sir:

I am inclined to think from a perusal

[1] Forbidding offensive partizanship.

of your last letter to me, that you put too serious an aspect upon my letter to Mr. Graves.[1]

I wrote it under considerable irritation and I have no doubt used language fully as strong and I guess a little stronger than the case in hand required or perhaps justified. The outcome at Newport[2] fulfilled my prediction exactly. If you had been there and had attempted to say a good word for me you probably would have been accused of being bought with an office. Did you see how quickly the World and some of the rest of the Democratic spoils papers joined the Tribune and such thick-and-thin Republican papers and became champions of Civil Service Reform under the inspiration of Mr. Curtis' speech?

I was afraid that he had injured the Cause very badly but do not think so now, though I think he has given encouragement which will bear bad fruit. We shall see. He certainly has made it a little harder for me, but I expect that continually. And yet I know well that Mr. Curtis is sincere, and as far as he thinks he ought to be, I believe he is friendly. I construed his speech at Newport quite differently from those who desired to make capital out of it against the administration.

I have but very little time to write letters and merely intended to-day to say to you that I have no fault to find with you or anybody else and that my faith in your loyalty and friendship is absolutely untouched.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hon. Silas W. Burt,
Quogue, L. I.

Executive Mansion, Washington,
Dec. 6, 1888.

Hon. Silas W. Burt,
My dear Sir,

I don't know that I shall have occasion to write to you again during my continuance in office,[3] and I therefore desire to thank you now for the manner in which you have discharged your official duties.

I enclose you a slip which I have just this moment read. I see Mr. Godkin's name on the upper margin and am thus led to suppose that it was sent me from the office of the Evening Post. I don't know who Mr. L—— is, but I do know that he is a base calumniator and as far as his influence goes, a dangerous man. I have marked a passage as full of lies as any pot house campaign speech of the late most mendacious campaign.

It is a shame that a man who writes in such a way should be allowed to stand for Civil Service Reform.

My personal gratification when I contemplate my release from the duties of this killing office is by no means lessened by the fact (as personally affected) that Hill is elected while I am defeated. I am not disturbed by the accusation that I have violated party obligations and turned a deaf ear to partisan requirements. I calmly undergo the "I told you so" of those who attribute failure to these things. But the treatment I have received from the advocates of Civil Service Reform makes my blood boil. Never in the history of the world has a public man been treated more unjustly and brutally.

I should have thrown aside all effort to do more than keep within the strict letter of the law long ago, if I had not believed in the spirit as well as the letter. I know what I have done and what I have suffered in this cause and with that I am satisfied as I retire from the struggle. I hope the next man will be better treated by those who assume to be apostles of the Reform. The cause is worth much—very much; but the people who stand ready to attribute every mistake in selection of officers to wanton violation of principle and assume to know more of conditions, motives and intents than those charged with responsibility, are worth nothing.

And as for the people who write such vile lies as I have marked in the enclosed slip, they ought to be horsewhipped with the rest of the dirty, mendacious gang who come to the surface in the disturbance of a political campaign.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

[1] The late Edward O. Graves of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, against whom some criticism had been directed, but whom Mr. Cleveland wished to retain as an object lesson of efficiency.

[2] Referring to the Annual Meeting of the National Civil Service Reform Association at Newport, at which Mr. George William Curtis made certain strictures upon Mr. Cleveland's relations to the merit system.

[3] Mr. Cleveland had been defeated for reëlection in November.

September 7, 1892.

Silas W. Burt, Esq.,

My dear Sir:

I have received your letter of September 3, giving me a brief account of the last days and the burial of our good friend Mr. Curtis. I was very much shocked to learn of his death, for in some way I had gained the impression that there was a chance for his recovery.

While his loss was national in its character, and while no citizen of the United States can fail to sorrow over the death of a man who did so much in his life and service to ornament our national character, I cannot but feel a special personal grief in the loss of this good friend. I have never failed to appreciate that at all times and in all places his motives were sincere and his intentions of the highest character, and I confess that his approbation has been a great encouragement and incentive to me.

I was exceedingly sorry to hear a few days ago of the serious illness of Mr. Schurz. I hope that the alarming reports which came to me are exaggerated, and that he may be restored to health and vigor. Such men as he and Mr. Curtis are men that we can ill afford to lose.

Thanking you for your letter, I am,

Very truly yours,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A MAN TO BE PROUD OF

DOWN to the close of the two conventions, the conduct of the Presidential campaign has not afforded much ground for American pride. On the contrary, it has furnished foreign detractors of the country with not a few strings for their bows of poisoned arrows. But it is a wholesome sign that, without reference to alien opinion, we feel of our own accord the deep humiliation of bandied epithets and violent personalities. Even the man in the street recognizes that this year the plane of political manners has been appreciably lowered and welcomes any sign of return to the ordinary rules—we dare not say urbanities—of our quadrennial Olympics. With the promulgation of the party platforms it is to be hoped that the line of cleavage will be more clearly along the line of principles, of which there are plenty worth a difference of opinion, rather than along the line of personal acerbities. Moderate and candid expression is not inconsistent with strong convictions as to public policies.

Out of this political confusion of tongues has come one clear and ringing voice that has revived our pride, and has reminded us that, as Dr. Woodrow Wilson said of Carlyle's historical method, "all history is not running to a fire." From the serene atmosphere of the Supreme Court comes an utterance of dispassionate detachment as of one whose vision had the perspective of centuries, forward as well as backward. Justice Charles E. Hughes, responding to the alluring temptation of a Presidential nomination, says, in effect:

> The Supreme Court must not be dragged into politics. A Judge of the Supreme Court should not be available though he be nominally eligible for elective office. The moment he assumes the judicial office he ceases to be a partisan and knows, or should know, no partisan obligation. . . .
>
> More important than the outcome of the present political contest, however large it looms at the present, is the perpetuating of the organic institutions or sovereignty of the Republic. One such institution, coördinate with the executive and legislative, is the judicial. The people rightly believe in the integrity and incorruptibility of the Supreme

Bench. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are privileged by virtue of their office to render service of the highest order to the Nation.

The performance of that service and the maintenance of the dignity of that office depend in largest part upon the will of the members of that court to suffer no personal ambition for elective office—however great their gifts and though their fitness be in every other respect beyond question—to influence their judgment or to affect the attitude of the Nation to the Supreme Court, as a tribunal, which, without personal aims and above private ambitions, seeks to interpret the law upon the basis of the Constitution of the United States.

The exact words of Mr. Hughes are thus quoted, in conclusion:

"I hope that, as a Justice of the Supreme Court, I am rendering public service, and may continue to do so for some years, but the Supreme Court must not be dragged into politics, and no man is as essential to his country's well-being as is the unstained integrity of the courts."

What patriotism, what scruple, and what dignity are here revealed! Such a declaration, which, in the circumstances, was well-nigh a renunciation of the Presidency, gives an object-lesson of the highest type of American citizenship. As Rabbi Wise, through whom this message to the people was delivered, well concludes, "Justice Hughes remains a moral asset of the Republic."

A DUTY OF THE SOUTH TO ITSELF

APROPOS OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS

WHEN the periodical and disastrous overflow of the Mississippi River shares with the miasmic swamps of Florida the dignity and importance of becoming the basis of appeal for support by a candidate for the Presidency, it is indeed time to consider preventive and remedial measures. In such a consideration it would be useful to know whether the spring floods of the Mississippi have existed from the time of its discovery, and how they have been affected by the denudation of the distant watersheds in the course of settlement. It would not be surprising to find that the demonstrated theory of to-day that deforestation is productive of floods was as true a hundred and fifty years ago as it is at the present time. In other words, had a scientific policy of forest-cutting prevailed in the opening of the West, the lower Mississippi would perhaps not now be subject annually to an appalling loss of life and property.

One of the first qualities of a statesman is imagination, and one of the first signs of imagination is the perception that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. It would be too much to say that the South holds in its hands the power of forever preventing the floods of the Mississippi; but we sincerely believe that it has the unused power of greatly reducing them. The recent calamities and the commercial future of the South as related to the immanent completion of the Panama Canal make it desirable to consider how this power can be utilized.

It has been seriously proposed to meet the emergency by deepening the channel of the river. The labor of Sisyphus would not be more ineffectual. What would be accomplished one year would largely have to be done over the next. The shifting soil of the great river must be conquered at its sources. The melting snows of the Rockies and the Appalachians, augmented by atmospheric storms, carry down to the lower river not only a flood of great magnitude, but a body of silt which in the course of years raises the level of the river bottom, and thus doubly exposes the surrounding country to disaster. Modify the flow at the sources, and every dollar thus expended is worth ten in dredging or in heightening levees below.

One of the chief points of danger at present is the State of West Virginia. Probably no other part of the Union is engaged in so fierce and suicidal a policy of forest destruction. Already, by reason of this, the brimming rivers that flow into the Ohio every spring become a menace to the cotton-fields of Louisiana and Mississippi. The perpetual sound of the sawmills of West Virginia can almost be heard in the Capitol at Washington. Would that it could, for then the South might be awakened to the dangers that lurk in the neglect of a protective policy of forest preservation.

The wisest thing that has been written of the tragedy of this year's floods is this

trenchant paragraph from a pamphlet prepared in the West:

There is not a river or stream flowing into the Ohio River the flow of which could not be regulated by preserving the forests and woodland cover on the watersheds, preventing denudation and erosion, storing the excess flood flow in artificial lakes, and thereby regulating and, so far as possible, equalizing and standardizing the flow throughout the year. This system of control would develop power for industrial purposes that would more than justify the State and National governments in carrying out the project solely for power for industrial uses and in aid of navigation and interstate commerce, with supplemental excess storage provided for unusual floods.

Our interest in this phase of conservation is not new. In THE CENTURY for December, 1904, we said editorially:

The time has come when initial steps should be taken for the extension of the reservation policy to the Eastern mountain-ranges. . . . If the cis-Mississippi States are wise, they will lose no time in setting on foot a policy similar to that so fortunately carried out by the National Government. Almost the whole of the higher Sierra has been reserved: why not reserve the whole of the higher Appalachians?

Again, in an editorial entitled "Blind Mouths," in the number for November, 1907, we said:

What is to be done? We have already proposed in these pages that a systematic effort should be made to procure coöperation among the Eastern States looking toward a *reservation of the higher altitudes of the whole Appalachian range,* such as has been made by executive order in the Sierra. The President [Mr. Roosevelt], whose public service in this cause entitles him to the gratitude of the whole country and particularly of the West, might well take the initiative in such a movement by inviting a conference of the governors of the States concerned.

Although our idea of coöperation was admirably and successfully elaborated by President Roosevelt and Mr. Pinchot, then United States Forester, into the White House Conference of Governors on Conservation of May, 1908, curiously enough, the original suggestion was put aside as impracticable, and the large scheme of saving the forests of the East is no nearer realization than when it was proposed. But it is not impracticable, though from Maine to Alabama every State should have to adopt a different method of coöperation in a colossal general scheme. It behooves every governor and legislature and every senator and representative from the South to consider the responsibility which rests upon him for the peril to the Southwest, as well as to the Atlantic seaboard, from the unrestricted and indiscriminate cutting of the Appalachian forests. History is full of warnings. Science is lavish with proffers of help. The Government contains on its roster many scientific men competent to present and deal with every practical aspect of the subject. Statesmanship is working out the preservation of the national forests in the West: who will move to save by coöperation of the States the forests of the East? Nearly eight years have passed since THE CENTURY first pleaded for such an imaginative and comprehensive policy. Every year will add to the difficulty of establishing it. Gentlemen of the South: "A duty is binding upon one from the moment it is conceived."

ONE WAY TO HELP THE AMERICAN STAGE

ABOUT four years ago a number of generous and public-spirited citizens of New York set on foot the project of the New Theater, with the object of giving productions free from ordinary commercial considerations and of raising the level of the American stage. They made a brave if brief fight, and, though the multifarious elements were not "kindly mixed," the experience will not be merely money lost in a good cause. Much has been learned from the failure of the experiment. The one fact which remains insistent is the crying need of better actors.

Obviously, of the many elements of theatrical success the three most important are good plays, intelligent stage production, and trained actors. The first and second are less difficult to obtain than the third. What can be done to recruit the number of those who can be relied upon

to give adequate interpretations? We venture a suggestion.

Suppose that at the conception of the project a "Conservatory of Acting" on the French model had been established—open at a small fee to the entire profession—and that as adjunct instructors, from time to time there had been secured the best actors of Europe, say, the veteran Tommaso Salvini, now retired, one of the very greatest actors, an artist whose ordinary conversation, to say nothing of his detailed advice, would be a liberal education to his craft; or Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, now the most distinguished warder of the traditions of the French school; or Mme. Eleanora Duse, exquisite in both comedy and tragedy; or M. Maurice Renaud, master of the art of acting; or Mme. Milka Ternina, the great *Isolde:* what would this not have meant in the inspiration and training of American actors and actresses, most of whom are, so to speak, pitchforked upon the stage by chance and left to scramble for themselves without other guidance than the few tenets of their slightly more experienced comrades! To be sure, as Richard Mansfield said, "no one" without dramatic ability and personality "can be taught to act"; but, even through an interpreter, personal contact with the minds and experience of such great artists as we have named—and there are others of only less distinction—would be of inestimable value to the profession in America. As it is, our stage is largely recruited from school-girls and novices who aline themselves to third-rate standards, without that substitute for experience which in other professions is afforded by the instruction of minds of the first order of talent.

With unlimited financial resources at command, we believe the suggestion was, and to a large extent is, thoroughly practicable. Fancy the effect upon an audience of actors of a series of morning conferences, for example, by Salvini, with brief illustrative recitations! An interpreter would be needed only for the language: everything else—the music, flexibility, and finesse of the unforgetable voice, the distinction of bearing and walk, the range, nobility, and appropriateness of gesture, the subtlety and effectiveness of expression—would be transparent, and would be a liberal education in skill and manners. Add to this the opportunity to obtain the judgments of such a master on points suggested by the discourse, and the effect upon the profession would be incalculably fine. For here is an actor to whom there is no closed page in the book of expression. Differ as one may with his interpretations of Shakspere, no one has ever claimed that he was not able to give the proper exponent to any emotion or passion. Who that heard the mellow beauty of *Hamlet's* advice to the players, as he gave it, can fail to appreciate what such a veteran, hale at eighty, might still do for American actors were it now possible for him to be here. And yet to most of these he is hardly less of a tradition than Macready or the elder Booth. A dozen such conferences would be worth their cost if they were only to fix his genius immutably in the minds of his auditors. And so with the others named above.

Another reason for desiring an endowed dramatic conservatory on the highest plane—a reason at which we can only hint—lies in the resultant fortifying of the self-respect of the stage. A woman trained to her professional work has a command of the situation which is impossible to a callow girl with little but her beauty, and with everything to learn. Nothing would do more to raise the standard of the profession, in its own eyes, as well as those of the public, than such authoritative and inspiring instruction. Students of social affairs realize that for millions of our people the stage has already become the chief educator in manners and morals, and that nothing is too important to be done which gives it right direction. We have still a few actors of great ability, but before the theater's message of manners and conduct can be delivered, it must learn the art of delivering effectively any message whatever.

SINCE the foregoing was written, we have heard of Mr. David Belasco's plan for a conservatory of acting in New York, which includes the idea of conferences by prominent actors and actresses, planned, however, on a more modest scale than would have been possible to the sponsors of the New Theater. In the hands of that veteran stage manager it has every prospect of being of large service to the profession.

OPEN LETTERS

ON GUTTER VERSE

From an Unsympathetic Country Gentleman to his Town Cousin, who Writes for Magazines

My dear Gerald:

You are right. I am a narrow kind of person. No doubt it comes from living out of doors a great deal, not among thousands of people whom one does n't know, and is glad not to know, as city people must live. I am old-fashioned; perhaps that is why I still take poetry so seriously.

All the same, there is something not a little amusing in the recent discovery so many of you young poets have made that the streets of an American city have their beauty, after all, and that if this beauty is not always classical, the street is at least brightly colored with the strangeness and antithesis dear to all romantics. The strangeness, the antithesis, lend themselves to literary uses, as where one of you sings, "The Subway: 96th Street to 137th Street," not without cataloguing all the unpleasant types, male and female, who brush against you in the stage-coach of the under-world.

But it is not the strident note, Gerald, that amuses me, and certainly not any sense of the comic displayed by your band of urban laureates. It is your complacent manner of seeming to tell outsiders like me, "I have discovered all this—no one before me!" Granted that Manhattan is, as a friend of yours has cried out in a magazine, "a mysterious and lovely true city of romance," was it any one of you who found it out? Has the "bad eminence" of the town as poetic material been left so long to be discovered?

It would be unkind of a country cousin who spends his winter evenings in his library to presuppose a knowledge of Villon on any city man's part, yet Villon put Paris at its muddiest into rimes. Of course I realize that very few modern magazinists (which is the newest neologism, I believe) read anything in French literature earlier than Zola; but does n't Zola himself praise city streets as "enough for any poet"? Some of you don't read French. Very well, then; there is Browning, there is James Thomson, there are Kipling and Henley, Davidson and Arthur Symons, and the rest; they have turned out not a little gutter verse, and good verse at that. In America, Aldrich wrote gloomily and Whitman triumphantly of Ellis Island and "mast-hemm'd Manhattan," river and sunset, and "scallop-edg'd" waves of flood-tide. In prose, Whitman describes the town as "endless humanity in all its phases" that are, in combination, "comforting, even heroic, beyond statement." Do you know Stedman's "Pan in Wall Street"? Do you know Gilder's verse? For Gilder brought ideality to every theme he touched.

Whitman is, you say, the only modern Titan. I don't agree with you in all your enthusiasm, but I won't contradict you. Whitman, the democrat, the optimist, saw the artistic possibilities of the great city no more clearly than did a pessimist like Lafcadio Hearn, appalled though Hearn was by the "cascading thunder" of your streets, to which he came out of the lazy West Indies; the harshness of your rushing civilization, the oppressive sense of world-force and mind-power, as he called it all. "The houses eleven stories high," he wrote (he would make them higher now), "that seem to be trying to climb into the moon, the tremendous streets and roads"—all these things crushed him to earth. To Gorky, coming to New York out of Russia, the city sky-line suggested "a pair of great jaws, with molars and bicuspids." And you poets who, since all these writers, have glorified Manhattan, dwell for the most part upon the cruelty of its strength; upon its wastefulness of human life, human hopes, human character. Despite all that, you would have us love it, this monster, as

Indian fanatics loved their fearsome Juggernaut. You have the air of saying, with the Goncourts, "Nothing is less poetic than Nature and natural things." You translate Boileau's "Etudiez la cour et connaissez la ville," "Know the town by heart and study the back yard." Always you subscribe to Baudelaire's sentiment, "Je t'aime, O capitale infâme!" Baudelaire being your archpriest of

Hospitals, brothels, prisons, and like hells.

"Strong" though some of you realistic poets seem to timid nostrils, you are not really strong. You are imitators of one another, and of greater, naughtier predecessors. It is impossible to take you seriously, Gerald. Little though there is of it to place in evidence, great poetry may no doubt be inspired by dun towns, as by green fields. Either the one or the other is, according as you envisage and depict it, commonplace or exotic. Larger sincerity is what you city poets should strive for to-day; John Masefield, in England—for all he is a bar-room Byron—has it, however ugly his theme and coarse his language. As for his American competitors, let them understand *themselves* before they try to interpret the Babel of all their fellow-citizens. Let them learn, too, to write verse that is not noisier than the hurdygurdy in the back street and the motor-siren in the avenue. You have no good cause for self-congratulation in having escaped criticism, either self-applied or from without. Absurd to a degree is the prejudice which your public entertains in favor of anything in poetry, or painting, that drags in Brooklyn Bridge, the Third Avenue Elevated, or a boxing exhibition under the Frawley Act. It is a phase of our culture, healthy enough as a phase. "How clever he is!" we say of the young poet, "to have heard iambic pentameters in the racket of a Times Square New Year's Eve, or to have vibrated with a rhythmic beauty in the McAdoo Tube!"

But is n't contemporaneous admiration of these artistic acrobatics a little like an earlier generation's weakness for a wine-closet that looked like a bookcase, and for folding-beds closely resembling grand pianos in repose?

Forgive me, Gerald, if only as a doddering old mossback. I 'm better than some people, anyway: I do read your verses!

René Laidlaw.

ON THE CANDID ADVERTISER

From a Retiring Theorist to a Manipulator of Publicity

My dear Lewis:

In the pleasant hill country where I am spending the summer there is an inn for city guests which bears, in large letters, the words, THIS IS THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS HOTEL IN THE STATE. That is why the present letter is written. The connection may not stare you in the face, but you will be patient with me, as a young man should be with his elders.

But first of all I want to congratulate you on the new responsibilities and new opportunities that have fallen to you because of your father's sudden longing for escape from work, which comes upon us like a thief in the night. The commercial fortunes of your house were built up out of humble beginnings through years of wise and resolute effort by methods which we of an older generation considered highly enterprising. On that point, however, I know you have your own opinions. Where we saw system, you have sometimes found mere routine plodding. Here and there you have even detected symptoms of dry rot. Among other things you have chafed at your father's failure to recognize the value of that potent factor in the world of modern business—advertising. At the present moment—this much I gather from such excerpts from your letters as your father chooses to favor me with during the hour of noonday communion on the hotel veranda—you are planning an elaborate campaign of publicity involving the expenditure of sums which are to me positively disconcerting. But your father has faith in you, and so have I.

Well, then, if it 's advertising, let me call your attention to what I consider a happy little piece on the back cover of the current number of the "Continental Magazine." Who am I to speak of such matters? My dear boy, it is the advertising pages in the magazines that I read almost exclusively nowadays. I find in them a sense of reality which I miss too frequently in the body of the magazine. But more than that, I find

in the advertising pages almost the only survivals of English prose as Thackeray used to write it. There is about our present-day magazine authors a demonic energy, a vivid intensity of style, a flash, and a whir that make me both wonder and afraid. When I want to call up the charm of those easy, amiable days when Warrington lectured to Pendennis on the ways of the world and Fred Bayham buttonholed you for the loan of five shillings on the stairway, then I go to the advertising supplement. I find there the atmosphere of half-bottles of port, churchwarden pipes, and mellow, persuasive talk. A matter-of-fact world? Perhaps, but also a very real world, in which men speak in simple terms about common needs that touch on the elementals of life. But I must not wander.

The little piece in the "Continental Magazine" to which I have referred, is a quarter-page notice of some new mechanical device for office use. Beneath a picture of the invention there is just one sentence: "We do not assert that this machine cannot be surpassed; not even to satisfy our own vanity would we set a limit to the capacities of civilization." The sentence stuck. I thought it such an admirable example of the new art of advertising which is fast driving from the field the old circus style of publicity. You know the text, set to a calliope accompaniment, concerning the best, cheapest, greatest, most universally acknowledged and most totally unprecedented razor ever offered to bearded mankind. It was a style that deceived very few people other than the advertiser; and he, too, has now awakened to its futility. Only the other day a convention of advertising men declared against the kind of publicity that makes use of misrepresentation. Misrepresentation was bad tactics, as well as bad ethics. "The only second-class hotel in the State!" Can you adequately gage the wisdom of that innkeeper?

Ah, those bad, blatant days of stupid assertion! Those automobiles that could be run on the Sahara Desert and on seven cents a day! Those brain-giving patent foods that would turn a yokel into a college president! Those physical-culture systems that turned a dry-goods clerk into a Hercules by the mere act of taking thought! Houston—you remember Fred Houston, who has done so well with the Axiom Chemical people?—Houston and I were walking down Broadway one afternoon when he was seized with a vast longing for a handsome leather portfolio in a shop window. It was only five dollars, but we were assured it was worth three times as much.

"How?" asked Houston.

Well, it was made by a manufacturer who overproduced and got into difficulties, and was sold to a wholesaler who had overstocked and gone bankrupt, and so landed with this retailer, who was anxious to put in a new line, and so willing to sell at a loss.

"I don't believe I 'll take the bag," said Houston. "I should n't like to pick it up every little while and be reminded of so much human misfortune."

The man of sense is distrustful of miracles. It was Houston who refused to purchase a $1500 automobile that was represented as being equal to any $5000 machine. "I refuse," he said, "to subscribe to a principle that would justify the president of the Axiom Chemical company in replacing me with a $1500-a-year man who is just as good as I am."

Please do not misunderstand me. I do not wish to reduce the science of advertising to a mere dull statement of specifications and price. Imagination and the art of persuasion must go together. The point is that one should imagine not falsities, but possibilities. In a certain highly important sense, there is implanted in all of us the desire of getting not something for nothing, but something for a little less than the next man can get it for. It is not every one that can taste the rare joy of picking up a piece of Wedgwood or Chippendale at a bargain. The average man must be content to derive that satisfaction from picking up a silk umbrella, a new spring suit, or, let us say, a modest, little electric runabout at something less than its normal value.

And frequently the opportunity for getting a cut price does present itself to the man in the street. But more often it is not by cutting prices, but by enhancing the use value of your commodity, that customers are made. It seems odd for an amateur like myself to be advising you on business methods. But if I were advertising a new edition of Dickens's novels in a handsome binding, I would not make the claim that my fifty-dollar set could not be duplicated for three hundred dollars. I would admit that finer bindings and better paper are to be had, but I would not hesitate to fix the whacking sum of ten thousand dollars as representing the value of the joy and the solace, the felicitous days and nights, the splendid spiritual adventures, that are to be derived from my fifty-dollar Dickens. I would be candid, but I would also be imaginative. If I were selling a popular book of reference, I would not hesitate to remind the father of the American small boy of the part a few useful books have played in the making of a Lincoln, a Herbert Spencer, or

a James Watt. And if I were selling a $1500 automobile, I would not claim that it was as highly finished, as durable, and as speedy a machine as any $5000 machine. I would affirm that my machine was honestly built, and then ask the public to imagine what a wealth of recreation and enjoyment my car, if carefully handled, held for the owner and his wife and his children. No one will believe you when you say that a $1500 car is as good as a $5000 car, but no one will deny your assertion that one can be as happy in one as in the other. In the realm of psychological values the initial cost does not count. Be candid as to facts, and you win your customer's confidence. Be imaginative as to the value his own personality can impart to his purchase, and you flatter his pride. An Irish friend of mine summed up the science of salesmanship when he said: "Don't take a man by the throat. Take him by the buttonhole; that 's the only way to lead him to the water and make him drink."

With the best wishes for your success,

Walter J. Smith.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"SAY, MISTER, LET 'S HAVE A LOOK! DON'T KEEP IT ALL TO YERSELF"

OLD DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MC ENERY STUART

THE FRIZZLED CHICKEN

DAT frizzledy chicken, he steps so spry,
An' he totes 'is head so pompious high,
Like as ef he tries, wharever he goes,
To rise above dem rough-dried clo'es.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE WREN

SHE 's a citizen-bird, Sis little brown Wren,
She nests in de spring an' de fall again;
"Race suicide" talk nuver fazes her,
'Ca'ze she 's good for 'er ten little wrens a year.
An' she ain't by 'erself, my ladies, in dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat!

THE SUMMER GIRL AND THE SAND

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Summer Girl was a body of beauty, entirely surrounded by men. They all lounged on the sand; she wore a bloonwite bathing-suit, and the men wore plain blue.

The conversation had only one trend. They were trying to convince her of their eligibility, and she was trying to bang it into their heads that she would n't marry any of them, if every one of their numbered hairs were hung with a diamond.

Of course this was not a matter of bald, definite proposal and refusal. That had many times been done before with each one. But, all undismayed, they showed patience, perseverance, and pertinacity in whatever way offered at the moment.

There were four suitors present this morning, and in their rudimentary costumes, you could scarcely tell them apart.

But, as a matter of fact, one was a millionaire, one was a dandy, one was a genius, and one was a brute.

Naturally, the girl liked the brute best, but she had no intention of marrying him.

Well, they pressed their suits, if you know what I mean, subtly and blatantly, spasmodically and everlastingly, till the girl was nearly crazy.

At last, in desperation, she said: "I 'll tell you what! I 'll be a princess in a fairy-tale, and I 'll marry whichever one of you will answer truly a question I shall ask."

"Go on!" said the brute, scowling at her, while the others looked askance or something like that.

"I will marry whichever one of you," she said, beaming impartially upon the quartet, "can tell me truly whether the number of sands on the sea-shore is odd or even."

"Huh!" said the other three, but the genius looked at her earnestly.

"Will you promise that?" he asked in tense, thrilling accents.

"Yep," replied the girl, carelessly; "but of course you must prove your answer to be true."

"Oh, of course. And I 'll even do more than you 've asked. You know, there 's more or less change in shifting sands, so I 'll tell you whether the number is odd or even at a given moment, and at another given moment. And I shall assure you beyond all doubt that I am telling you the truth. If I do this, will you marry me?"

"Yep," said the girl, humoring his bluff.

The genius sprinkled a few grains of sand on his blue-flannel knee.

"Observe," he said quietly, "this is one moment." Then, with a sharp penknife, he divided a rather large, flat grain of sand into two grains. "It is now another moment. I assert positively that in one of those moments just passed the number was odd and the other moment it was even. Can you doubt or deny it?"

"But which was which?" asked the millionaire, pettishly.

"I did n't agree to tell which was which," said the genius. "Girl, you are mine!"

"I am yours," agreed the girl; "and I 'm glad of it. With such diabolical ingenuity as that to help me, I feel sure I can manage to retain my position as president of our woman's club."

A LAY DIETETIC

(In form Rossettic)

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

"WHY did you boil my H_2O,
Sister Helen,
And hide my chop with a face of woe?"
"Ptomaines and germs the test-tubes show,
Little brother."
(*O Wiley, Doctor Wiley,*[1]
No rest from germs between here and heaven!)

"This morn you threw my milk away,
Sister Helen;
The cream was thick, but you said me nay."
"Bacilli frisked in the cream to-day,
Little brother."
(*O Wiley, Doctor Wiley,*
How trust in milk between here and heaven?)

"Why do you burn my sugared bun,
Sister Helen?
Yellow and sweet and scarce begun!"
"Nay, but with chrome was the dough fordone,
Little brother."
(*O Wiley, Doctor Wiley,*
What hope for eggs between here and heaven?)

"See, see, the jam glows roseate,
Sister Helen!
What lies within that you gaze with hate?"
"Coal-tar and soda benzoate,
Little brother."
(*O Wiley, Doctor Wiley,*
Glucose, alas! between here and heaven!)

"Pickles and pie and milk and meat,
Sister Helen;
Can there be aught that you 'll let me eat?"
"Nay, let us fast, that our doom be fleet,
Little brother."
(*O Wiley, Doctor Wiley,*
Not ninety years between here and heaven!)

[1] Readers outside of the United States are reminded that Dr. Wiley was until lately chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, which deals largely with the pure-food problem.

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

XI—THE ORATORICAL CRAB

SAID the crab: " 'T is not beauty or birth
That is needed to conquer the earth.
To win in life's fight,
First be sure you are right,
Then go sidewise for all you are worth."

XII—THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE

"I HAVE often been told," said the horse,
"Of man's intellectual force,
A thing, if correct,
I should never suspect
From the people I meet at the course."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"THE UNREST OF SPRING WAS IN HIS VEINS"

He went away, and Archer returned to his work with a better spirit, and in the call of his tasks had momentarily forgotten the matter when, two hours later, a figure pausing at his side caused him to look up. It was George, the head office-boy. He smiled eagerly as he held out an open paper. Archer took it and, opening it, read a challenge to the men of the office to play a game of base-ball with the boys' club of the "Universe Magazine." Archer laughed.

"All right, George," he said; "I think we can manage it. When would you want to play?"

"We 've got an open date on Saturday," George replied. "If you could play then—"

"Call it Saturday, then," Archer agreed.

Later in the day Joe came back eager and enthusiastic.

"Everybody 's on the job," he said gaily. "Even Mr. Boyd and Mr. Carter 'll go, though they won't promise to play. I did n't encourage 'em none; told 'em I guess they 'd do more good whooping it up in the grand stand. Why, even the women are wild about it, and are going."

Throughout the week the game was the chief topic of conversation in the office. Archer, as one vaguely understood to know all about sports, and Joe, who had an unlimited amount of enthusiasm for the management of matters apart from his normal work, tacitly took charge of affairs. One of the men who lived in a near-by town in New Jersey engaged grounds, and the bookkeeper kindly provided a cousin with the courage to officiate as umpire. There was of course no opportunity for the men to practise together, and consequently no possibility of judging their relative merits in assigning them positions. As far as possible, therefore, each one was given the place he considered himself best able to fill, and modesty was in consequence at a discount. One extremely tall and silent youth for once awoke to garrulity with stories of his prowess as a player and his nightly practice in his back yard with a younger brother. Rejected by both men and boys as being neither fish nor fowl, he came to the game, however, where he stood in conspicuous loneliness behind third base, but before the game was well started stalked away in what was presumed to be pain at the quality of skill displayed.

Saturday came in gloriously, and nearly the whole office force made its way to the scene of conflict. In their regulation suits the boys looked imposing, and wore an air of confidence that their inferior positions in the office of the great magazine led

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A PITCHER FULL OF CREAM

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "A Marriage of Convenience," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT was Monday morning and May, and as Archer seated himself at his desk he glanced through the window at the soft radiance of a sky that was all invitation. He had come in early, but in no mood for work: the unrest of spring was in his veins. From the packing-room there came to him the drawl of the janitor's voice and the higher-pitched tones of the office-boys in unintelligible, but disturbing, contention. And Archer sighed impatiently and turned to the mass of proof and manuscript that littered his desk, trying to shut out at once both the call of the outer world and the jarring discord of the wrangling voices. Then the janitor shambled into his room.

"Them kids out there think they can play base-ball," he said sneeringly; "but I was a-telling 'em that us men could learn 'em as much in an hour as would keep 'em going all summer."

Archer looked up and smiled.

"What did they say to that?" he asked.

"Oh, just yapped like other young puppies," scornfully replied the janitor. He sighed, and looked up at the glorious blue of the sky. "Blame' if I would n't like to show 'em!" he said longingly. "Spring kind o' makes a man look back, don't it? He wants to do the things he used to do."

Archer, too, looked up at the sky, and the old joy of youth set his thoughts wandering. His mind ran rapidly over the office force.

"It would be sport to play again," he said at last, "and I should think we might get up a fair team. Suppose you inquire around a bit, Joe." He mentioned the names of a few who might be possible players. "Ask them; I think they 'd be glad to play."

"I 'll go in," Joe promised. "I guess it would do me good. I went on the water-wagon in the early part of the winter; but I kind o' let one foot drag, and mebbe a little exercise would brace me up. I 'll sashay round and speak to the men about the game."

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Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"THE UNREST OF SPRING WAS IN HIS VEINS"

He went away, and Archer returned to his work with a better spirit, and in the call of his tasks had momentarily forgotten the matter when, two hours later, a figure pausing at his side caused him to look up. It was George, the head office-boy. He smiled eagerly as he held out an open paper. Archer took it and, opening it, read a challenge to the men of the office to play a game of base-ball with the boys' club of the "Universe Magazine." Archer laughed.

"All right, George," he said; "I think we can manage it. When would you want to play?"

"We 've got an open date on Saturday," George replied. "If you could play then—"

"Call it Saturday, then," Archer agreed.

Later in the day Joe came back eager and enthusiastic.

"Everybody 's on the job," he said gaily. "Even Mr. Boyd and Mr. Carter 'll go, though they won't promise to play. I did n't encourage 'em none; told 'em I guess they 'd do more good whooping it up in the grand stand. Why, even the women are wild about it, and are going."

Throughout the week the game was the chief topic of conversation in the office. Archer, as one vaguely understood to know all about sports, and Joe, who had an unlimited amount of enthusiasm for the management of matters apart from his normal work, tacitly took charge of affairs. One of the men who lived in a near-by town in New Jersey engaged grounds, and the bookkeeper kindly provided a cousin with the courage to officiate as umpire. There was of course no opportunity for the men to practise together, and consequently no possibility of judging their relative merits in assigning them positions. As far as possible, therefore, each one was given the place he considered himself best able to fill, and modesty was in consequence at a discount. One extremely tall and silent youth for once awoke to garrulity with stories of his prowess as a player and his nightly practice in his back yard with a younger brother. Rejected by both men and boys as being neither fish nor fowl, he came to the game, however, where he stood in conspicuous loneliness behind third base, but before the game was well started stalked away in what was presumed to be pain at the quality of skill displayed.

Saturday came in gloriously, and nearly the whole office force made its way to the scene of conflict. In their regulation suits the boys looked imposing, and wore an air of confidence that their inferior positions in the office of the great magazine led

them to chasten within sufficiently decorous limits. Making no change from their office suits, the men were less inspiring in appearance, though none the less confident in their knowledge that they had once played the game and that there were kings before Agamemnon. The local man who had engaged the grounds followed up his good works by placing a tub of iced lemonade in front of the stand occupied by the ladies. It was noticeable that no player visited the tub after a misplay, but the hero of the moment was always conspicuously thirsty, and quaffed his glass with modest blushes, under a fire of applause from the stand. Early in the game, however, Archer, as pitcher, in running wildly outside the base-lines for a foul fly, fell into the tub, which put the lemonade out of commission for squeamish souls.

The boys at once took the field for practice, and after ten minutes were called in, while Archer, who, like Martha, was troubled with much serving, took upon himself the task of sending the men out for a like purpose. He encountered opposition from the older or less athletic members, who declared their unwillingness to suffer without glory. They were willing to die winning or losing, but not in preparation for winning or losing. The practice, therefore, was a failure.

"Ah, they 'll do better in the game," Joe hopefully declared. "They ain't woke up yet."

Joe was confident that he could pitch, while Archer was equally confident, though expressing a total inability to catch behind the bat. Joe, with a larger faith in his power to cope with the unknown, therefore accepted the task, and the game began with the men at the bat. Archer and Joe had made up the batting-order.

"Put yourself down as four and me five," Joe had advised, "and then if some of them duffers manage to get their bases, we 'll line the ball out and give 'em a chance to toddle home."

Benson, the advertising man, was sent first to the bat. He was a large man, and he swung his bat in a mighty swing at the first ball pitched. There was a sharp crack as bat met ball, a treble cheer from the ladies' stand, and Benson ran. He saw nothing, heard nothing, as he ponderously circled the bases, and came panting home, striking the plate with elated heel.

"Score one!" he gasped, and flung himself down on the sod.

"Score nothing!" Joe fairly shrieked. "That was a foul. We thought you was scart of it, and was trying to git out of the way. Now git up and see if you can hit ahead of you as well as you can hit behind. Turn your back to the pitcher, if you can do better that way; but git a move on."

But Benson absolutely refused; he said

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"THE HERO OF THE MOMENT WAS ALWAYS CONSPICUOUSLY THIRSTY"

he was dying, he thought, and he hoped they 'd let him die in peace. He trusted he was enough of a hero to die on the battle-field unnoticed; he preferred them to go on with the game. So the umpire promptly declared him out, while Joe in a loud aside declared he 'd gladly go to his funeral, throwing the game like that.

The next man up was Atkinson, the proof-reader, a very exact man. He stood correctly at the plate, held his bat properly, then, facing the awed pitcher, politely called, "High ball."

The pitcher wound himself up, and, unwinding, threw a swift ball straight over the place at the height of Atkinson's knee.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

Atkinson turned to him in pained surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he said icily; "I called for a high ball."

"Scotch or rye?" asked the boys' catcher, a precocious youth, who glanced grinningly about for signs of appreciation of his joke, but, encountering the thoughtful gaze of the president, fell into blushing confusion.

But Atkinson had turned to the pitcher again.

"High ball," he repeated with dignified severity, and took up his accurate position again. Then he sighed, and drew back his bat as the ball came low over the plate again.

"Strike two!" called the umpire, and Atkinson now turned to him furiously.

"Do you understand that I have twice called for a high ball?" he demanded.

"Wow! he ust to play ball in de Ark!" yelped little McKay, the short-stop. "Brace up, Japhet, old man!"

Being coldly informed by the umpire that the rule allowing the batsman to call for a low or high ball had gone out years before, Atkinson asked for a remission of his two strikes and permission to make a fresh start; but, being refused, allowed the third ball pitched to pass him unstruck at, and in sad disgust retired.

"Order a 'plate change,' old man!" jeered McKay. "You want a period there, not a commer. Oh, you 're easy! De 're all easy."

Then the men had a stroke of luck. Although confessing that he knew nothing of the game, Mr. Boyd, the president of the magazine company, was courteously accorded the third place on the batting-list. He held himself at the plate with so unfamiliar an air that the boys' pitcher merely tossed the ball in, thinking that any other course would be needless and cruel. But, curiously enough, Mr. Boyd hit the ball at last with sufficient force to send it rolling toward third base, and the guardian of that territory furthered the president's progress by throwing the ball high above the first baseman's head. Prayerfully urged on by Joe to continue his bewildered way to second base, Mr. Boyd overran the bag, and in smiling uncertainty stood two yards beyond it, still holding his bat, and innocently watched the pitcher hurl the ball to the second baseman.

Now, the second baseman was a recent comer to the office, and had, moreover, a reverent awe for authority even when out of place. He caught the ball and stood in doubtful distress, like one who felt keenly that the high gods were needlessly unkind to him in thrusting upon him the great responsibility of touching the august president so guilelessly away from his base. With a woebegone countenance he gazed at Mr. Boyd, who returned a smile of encouraging innocence. It must always be supposed that the boy interpreted the smile as a threat, for, deaf to the cries of his own side to "Touch him! Why don't you touch him!" and the derisive jeers of his opponents, he turned in bewildered doubt toward first base, where, beyond the coaching-line, he encountered the gaze of Joe, his immediate superior in the office. Joe was threateningly beckoning to him, and, like one hypnotized, he walked toward the beckoning hand. Archer, meanwhile, catching the eye of the president, beckoned him on toward third. The president obeyed the call, and reached the base before the befogged second baseman could be induced by his excited team-mates to part with the ball.

The boys' pitcher, a tall, gloomy youth, was almost in tears as he flung himself down on the ground, and lay prone, the world forgetting, though not by the world forgot. His opponents jeered, while his team-mates implored.

"Aw, get up, Billy, and go on," his catcher admonished. "There are two out; he 'll never get home."

"Yes, go on, Billy," yelped little Mc-

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'HIGH BALL,' HE REPEATED WITH DIGNIFIED SEVERITY"

Kay. "De next batter 's easy; you kin see his knees shakin' from here." He turned to the second baseman. "Say, young feller," he jeered, "the next time a big muckamuck gits to your base, I 'll interduce you, if you 're scart to speak first, see."

"Aw, Billy, play ball!" rose in a chorus of despairing wails from different points of the field.

So Billy rose, and, in a sort of ecstasy of rage, threw the next four balls so viciously and wildly that he gave the batsman his base on balls. Being then excitedly scored by his fellow-players with trying to throw the game, he tossed in the next ball so truly over the plate that Archer, the next man up, smote it far afield, and reached third base almost simultaneously with the previous batsman, whereupon the two persuaded the still smiling but inactive president to accompany them home, scoring three runs.

To the contentious plea of the entire boys' team that as Archer had really reached home before the other two, he had technically run them off their bases, and they were therefore out, and no runs had been scored, the umpire had calmly declared that as the ball had not yet been fielded in, Archer's speed had been as enthusiasm rather than a necessity, and therefore the three were safe, and three runs had been scored. The boys' gloom did not lift until Joe, the next batsman, hit the ball gently toward first. No fielder was near it, and Joe, in an excess of humor, kicked it far out toward the ladies' stand as he passed it. Being promptly called out by the umpire, he became furious; said he did n't see it, and, anyway, no one was near it. But the umpire was firm, and declaring that the game was degenerating through too much red-tape, Joe disconsolately took his place behind the home plate, and the boys came in to bat with their good nature restored by Joe's error.

Joe donned his catcher's paraphernalia, and Archer went in to pitch. He was left handed and he pitched a slow ball, but whether it was true or not, as some of the boys said after the game, that they waited for it so long after it left Archer's hand that they got tired and fell into a doze by the time it floated by them, the fact remains that the first three boys to bat made nine strikes in quick succession. Yet all reached their bases in safety; for while Joe always caught the first and second strike, in every case he missed the third. The fourth man came to the bat, therefore, with the bases filled and none out. It was a dubious situation for the men's team, for the fourth man up was George, the head office-boy, big and strong

and the heavy batter of the team. Little McKay danced about on the coaching-line as George took his place with a confident smile.

"Lose the ball, George!" McKay yelled. "Lose it! See, dat pitcher 's sayin' good-by to it now. 'Little White one run in rather than to let him hit it fairly and perhaps clear the bases. But George had the confident pride of reputation, and did not mean to be deprived of his chance to win glory. Stepping aside quickly, he struck at the ball fiercely, and met it fair and hard. There was a sharp

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"WITH A WOEBEGONE COUNTENANCE HE GAZED AT MR. BOYD, WHO RETURNED A SMILE OF ENCOURAGING INNOCENCE"

pigeon, are you goin' to fly home?' " he jeered in a high falsetto voice, and every one shrieked with laughter; for in his deliberate pause before pitching the ball, Archer was holding it with both hands cuddled close under his chin. He reddened under the taunt and the laughter, and, hastily drawing back his arm, threw the ball hard, but wild.

He purposely threw wild, feeling it wiser to give George his base and force crack, and Archer's hands rose instinctively to protect his face. And somehow, he never knew how it happened, the ball was in his hands.

He staggered back under the impact and for an instant stood dazed, glancing wildly about him. Then becoming aware that the men on the bases were running, he threw the ball to his third baseman, who quickly tossed it to second, and three men were out.

The field was at once in a wild tumult, the men coming shouting in from the field, and the boys crowding about their catcher with bitter recriminations for giving the order for the men on the bases to run.

"Why, I thought the ball went right through Mr. Archer," he said. "Nobody could see it. He thought so himself. He did n't know he had it. He looked scart."

"Oh, you thought, you *thought!*" jeered Joe. "You ain't got no business to think in base-ball; you 've got to *know* —little white pigeon! 'Little white pigeon, are you goin' to fly home?' Well, I guess." He grinned ecstatically upon them as he added: "Now, little white pigeons, are you goin' to take the field, or do you want to fly home at once? Oh, you 're easy!"

And George, the boys' captain, followed little McKay to his station at short-stop, lecturing him on coaching impropriety. "And now that name will stick to us all the season," he lamented bitterly. "What do you want to lug in poetry stuff like that for? Think you 're an editor? I supposed you had more sense."

Nothing of moment happened in the next two innings, and the men went in to bat at the beginning of the fourth with the score 8 to 6 in their favor. Archer, the first man up, knocked a hot, bounding ball straight toward George, who was playing about twenty feet off first base. George was inclined to essay an airy, nonchalant style in the field, and he tried it now. He stopped the ball with a careless swoop to meet it, but slipped to his knees. For the next two seconds, to imaginative people, his legs bore a striking resemblance to the piston-rods of an engine on a slippery track on a steep up-grade: there was rapidity of action, but no progress. Then his despairing eyes saw Archer speeding toward first, and he lost his head. With the ball in one hand, he made a desperate attempt to reach first on his hands and knees. But as he started on all fours, from every part of the grounds there arose a chorus of whistles, as when a straying dog wanders upon a field where an expectant throng sits waiting for some event, and instantly relieves its sense of ennui by trying to distract the dog. In a fury of chagrin, George flung the ball at Archer, who sped on to second before the ball could be recovered.

George went back to his station with a red face, but to the humorous remarks of the next few minutes he seemed wholly oblivious. When a moment later, however, Mr. White of the art department was running to first, closely following the slow ball that George stood grimly awaiting, and little McKay, still sore under the thought of his reproof, shrieked, "Look out for the dog, Mr. White!" George straightened up, letting the ball go past him. He looked at McKay reproachfully.

"You 're awfully funny, ain't you!" he said, and the field shrieked with laughter.

George had his revenge a little later, however, when, with the score 10 to 6 against his team, with two of his men on bases he knocked out a home run. The next ball struck was a high foul to the right, and Archer's laudable run for it fell short of success through his stumbling over the lemonade tub and passing more or less completely through it. It was the heartening the boys seemed to need, for when the inning ended, eight runs had been added to the boys' score, and hot and weary with chasing the ball the men came in from the field.

Benson was also extremely thirsty, but now scorning the lemonade, he demanded a substitute, and with the president, who had left the game after the first inning, wandered forth into the town. A near-by ice-cream saloon attracted them. The cooling refreshment brought to Benson's mind the picture of his late companions still toiling on the hot field, and pity moved him to instant generosity. Five minutes later the proprietor of the saloon disappeared in the direction of the base-ball field with a hand-cart filled with boxes of ice-cream in bricks and with cake. When he appeared on the field, Joe was at the bat. Two were already out, and two strikes had been called on Joe. It was clear that the boys' pitcher had found himself.

But the game was called at once, and for the next twenty minutes the base-ball field bore a striking resemblance to a Sunday-school picnic in full action. With the tacit understanding that he ought not to exert himself with unnecessary activity, the boys' pitcher was accorded a seat on the ground in close proximity to the hand-cart, and with a large, round cake in one

hand and a brick of ice-cream in the other, he presented a spectacle of the conservation of energy united with intense pleasure. The dropping of the paper that had inclosed a brick of ice-cream was with him only the preliminary movement of his long arm toward the cart, where other bricks lay waiting. Toward the end, however, he simplified even this procedure, contenting himself with demanding of some one of his team-mates to pass him a brick—"one of that other kind," he would say, being catholic and impartial in his taste. Once or twice he paused for an instant to rub his forehead above his eyes, and when at last the cart was taken away and he rose and walked slowly to the pitcher's box, his face wore the look of one who listens to some call.

"Ain't you had enough, Billy?" George asked.

The pitcher glanced toward the cart.

"I guess so," he said slowly. "I—" then he wandered aimlessly on.

Joe, having an orderly mind, insisted that the boys should pick up the papers that littered the ground, and five minutes passed before the boys took their stations on the field and Joe went to the plate with his bat. Then the pitcher had to be aroused. He was lying prone on the grass, and he seemed in deep slumber. But when he was at last on his feet and the ball was tossed to him on the bound, he leaned toward it, but straightened up at once, exclaiming irritably:

"Can't you get it up better 'n that?"

He waited patiently while the second baseman recovered it for him and with exaggerated care placed it squarely in his hand; then he turned toward the batsman. His usual formula for delivering the ball was to raise both hands high above his head, lift one knee high in air, swing his right arm round in two forward circles, then reverse to two backward circles, straighten his lifted leg, and let the ball go. He essayed all this now. But as he raised his hands he dropped them again to his chin; his right foot rose jerkily, but dropped to the ground again, and over his face there flashed a look of pained surprise. Joe, waiting patiently for the ball, had a momentary suspicion that the pitcher's belt might not be performing its full duty in preventing a hiatus between the parts of the clothing it was supposed to secure. Then quickly, without any preliminary movement at all, the pitcher flung the ball.

It dropped at Joe's feet, and the umpire called, "Ball one." Three balls followed in quick succession, and Joe trotted to his base. The next batter hit safely, and the third sent up a little pop fly half-way to the pitcher's stand, while the motionless pitcher, amid a chorus of reproaches from his team-mates, with pained eyes watched it fall to the ground; and when the next batter hit far beyond the outfielders and four runs were scored, he seemed unaware that anything untoward was happening, though George excitedly called to him that that tied the score. Like Jeanne d'Arc, he seemed to be listening to "voices."

He braced up to the extent of hurling the next four balls in with great speed, but so wildly that the batsman took his base on balls; but when the next man made a home run, and two men crossed the plate, he seemed to crumple together, and, lifting his voice in a kind of wail, said, "I don't feel good," and sank to the ground, rocking back and forth in pain.

Of course that ended the game. When, an hour later, in the drug-store where he had been carried, a physician had brought him some measure of relief, and he had recovered sufficiently for coherent speech, he solemnly declared that he had been poisoned. Several of his team-mates who felt far from well looked concerned. Though later they were disposed to consider this a slight exaggeration, on the train going home the entire boys' team went into secret session and bitterly denounced Benson, who, in the hour of their success, had taken an underhand method of bringing about their downfall. For weeks after, Benson used daily to get into a rage over the unwarranted slowness with which the boys of the office answered his bell. And though in the course of a week or two their suspicion of foul play became sufficiently overlaid with a desire for revenge to demand a return game, Joe and the other men remained distinctly cold to the suggestion. Their memory of sore and stiffened muscles in the days following the game was too vivid a reminder that for them at least the spring of life had passed.

THE INNER PASSION

BY ALFRED NOYES

"In Art, also, there is an inner Olivet, a secret hill of sacrifice."

THERE is a Master in my heart
To whom, though oft against my will,
I bring the songs I sing apart,
And strive to think that they fulfil
His silent law, within my heart.

But he is blind to my desires
And deaf to all that I would plead:
He tests my truth at purer fires
And shames my purple with his need.
He claims my deeds, not my desires.

And often, when my comrades praise,
I sadden; for he turns from me!
But, sometimes, when they blame, I raise
My eyes to his, and in them see
A tenderness too deep for praise.

He is not to be bought with gold,
Or lured by thornless crowns of fame;
But when some rebel thought hath sold
Him to dishonor and to shame,
And my heart's Pilate cries "Behold,

"Behold the Man!", I know him then
And all those wild thronged clamors die
In my heart's Judgment Hall again,
Or, if it ring with "Crucify,"
Some few stand faithful, even then,—

Some few sad thoughts. One bears his cross
To that dark Calvary of my pride,
Or stands far off and mourns his loss,
And one poor thief on either side,
Hangs on his own unworthy cross;

And one,—O, truth in ancient guise—
Rails, and one bids him cease alway,
And the God turns his hungering eyes
On that poor thought with *"Thou, this day
Shalt sing, shalt sing, in Paradise."*

THE CHÂTEAU OF PIERREFONDS

THE ENCHANTING FOREST OF COMPIÈGNE

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "An Old Maid's Corner," "The Surprising Madame Dubosc," [1] etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BERNARD B. DE MONVEL

A FOREST in France is something more than a mere collection of trees. To those living within view of its verdure, it is a dominating influence affecting every thought and habit, while to the Government, its invariable proprietor, it is a source of such substantial revenue as to be reckoned one of the nation's great assets. Thus the Forest of Compiègne, though a realm of beauty and enchantment to its lovers, is yet made by the state to yield an annual income of one hundred million francs.

It lies in the northeastern part of France, and may be seen by travelers who, journeying from Paris to Brussels or Antwerp, skirt for half an hour or so the banks of the small river Oise. It is thirty-five miles in circumference and ten miles in diameter, and on each side it nods across wide reaches of sunny fields to various companions, the forest of Villers-Cotterets in one direction, and in the other that of De l'Aigue, this part of France being distinguished by its woodlands, as the Midi is by its vineyards and mountain peaks.

No straggling approaches of underbrush lead up to it. Close to its edges huddle towns and gardens, and you enter, as

[1] The scene of this story is laid at Pierrefonds on the edge of the forest.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

THE NEW INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

BY REV. SAMUEL McCOMB, D.D.

Author of "The Power of Self-Suggestion," co-author—with Elwood Worcester—of "Religion and Medicine"

"Every dream, even the most trivial, has a logical, rational, and coherent meaning."—FREUD.

GERHART HAUPTMANN in his famous novel, "The Fool in Christ," makes a remark which derives profound significance from the investigations of modern science. He says: "To understand all the different sorts and degrees of dreams is to know the human soul more profoundly than we have yet learned to know it."

A few years ago a well-known expert in abnormal mental states was called in to examine a poor woman who had been frustrated in an attempt at suicide by drowning. He found that, after a prolonged stupor, the memory of the events of her whole previous life, from the date of her birth, was completely obliterated. Names, persons, scenes, events in her past experience, all had vanished and were as though they had never been. But now comes the strange sequel. She slept and in her sleep she dreamed. One of these dreams was taken down verbatim from the patient, and is here given as she told it:

"It seems as though a man and woman came to see me and told me they were relations of mine and were willing to take care of me. So they took me off with them, and we traveled quite a distance. On part of the road there seemed to be trees growing on both sides, not very close together. And after a time they came to a house, and after they took me inside the man commenced to beat me and the woman to pull my hair out. The man had coarse whiskers, and I think I 'd know the woman if I should see her."

Some months afterward the patient was taken to her old home, but she failed to recognize any of the scenes of her childhood and early youth. When, however,

The surface of the forest is broken by a succession of high hills and valleys, and throughout its extent are scattered many small villages. There are several lakes, with indescribably beautiful shadows, and everywhere there are placid streams, never tle. Yet apart from it all stands the forest solemn and majestic, no sign of man's presence suggested to those who from summits look down on the green roll of its billowy tree-tops, stretching to endless distances like the sea.

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

A FOREST VISTA

on the rush, never tumbling, content in passing to bathe the feet of those giant trees the unsullied images of which they carry on their gentle bosoms. In every direction run both highroads and paths; automobiles whirl under the shadows; hunters and wood-cutters abound, and half a dozen times a day locomotives whis-

And it *is* like the sea, this great forest, with its ever-changing colors and sounds. Even now as I write, the wind in its branches is the noise of the surf on our New England coast. To-morrow it may be as silent as a church, for its moods are the sea's moods. Sometimes it seems as though the waters that once covered its

hilltops had, in receding, left among the shells still found there one of its own children to sing and entice, to beckon and allure. For do as one will, one who knows the forest can never escape, in its mystery

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

A WOOD-CUTTER'S HUT IN THE FOREST

and majesty, in its promises and might, the sense of that strange and subtle kinship to the sea. And just as from time immemorial the sea has been both battle- and play-ground to the nations, so, too, has been this forest. Under its solemn trees, as under the moving tides, lie records of dynasties long extinct: crumbling

altars, broken arches, telling of Druid and of Roman, of priest and of king, each of whom has here played out his little day. None of these human or historical associations are present to confuse us in what are left of our forests at home. Here they are the things which make description so difficult, and the choosing of any one point of view only an entailment of disappointments over others that must be left neglected.

To the Government, with its yearly revenues to collect, the forest makes no

poetical appeal, being only so much given territory to be administered to the greatest profit. For this purpose, then, it appoints seven *brigadiers* and twenty-seven *gardes-forestiers* besides several *gardes-cantonniers*. The cantonniers look after the roads, the guards protect the rights rented to the sportsman and wood-cutter, —the two great clients from whom these revenues are derived,—two hundred thousand francs a year being paid by the sportsman and eight hundred thousand francs by the wood-merchant. The guards must also see that these two groups of clients never encroach on each other's rights, for though the sportsman may hunt on the wood-merchant's land, he cannot carry from it a splinter of green wood; while the wood-merchant would have a suit brought against him if he were to pocket so much as a rabbit found burrowing under one of his dearly purchased trees. And some of these trunks *are* dear, one of oak frequently costing him a thousand francs.

So far as the question of revenue is concerned, *la chasse* is made to designate every right, whether of fishing or hunting, which is rented to the sportsman. As a diversion, however, it means to its votaries two distinct kinds of hunting, the most important and picturesque being the *chasse à courre,* or hunt by pursuit, and in whatever direction the stag may lead. This takes place twice a week after the cold has set in, and always on horseback, with a following of hounds. Then the woods are gay with brilliant uniforms and carriages, and hills and valleys ring with the notes of the horn. Deer are chased, and the right to kill the wild boar is included in the lease, though I have reason for believing that there are not ten in the forest. This chasse à courre is never rented except to a single person, and usually for six years, at an annual rate of 17,300 francs. When the lessee is frugal, as he occasionally is, he sublets it.

On the other hand, the *chasse à tir,* or hunt with fowling-pieces, is divided into twenty-five "lots," and rented for various prices from twenty francs or more, and includes the right to shoot, within certain limits, hare, rabbits, doe, pheasants, and wild birds. The opening and closing of the chasse is decided every year by the *prefet,* as our Thanksgiving day is by our President, though it is generally on the last Sunday of August that one hears the report of the first authorized gun. The event is one of almost national importance, chronicled by every newspaper in the land, and discussed by every Frenchman high or low, rich or poor. When the season opens a picturesque feature is lent to the forest by the stretching of ropes called *banderoles* between one rented district and another, these ropes being strung throughout their entire length with first a square of flaming red cotton, then three of white, each the size of a soldier's handkerchief, and all intended to keep the timid pheasant from wandering out of one preserve and into the range of a rival's shot.

To Louis XIV, by the way, France is

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

A WOOD-CARRIER'S CART DRAWN BY NORMANDY STALLIONS

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

"A ROYAL RELIC, THE MOST ADORABLE OF LITTLE VILLAGES, KNOWN AS ST.-JEAN-AUX-BOIS"

said to be indebted for the importation of its pheasants, and on that side of the forest, nearest to Compiègne, is a *faisanderie* covering many hundreds of acres in which the breeding of these birds, begun under his protection and further encouraged by Charles X and Louis Philippe, is now carried on by a private person, who rents his right to do so from the state. I have never seen a place so shut in and protected by wire fences and locked gates, stone walls and more gates, special guards in special houses, police dogs, guns, and traps. There is even a thick kind of double mattress, made to cover the guards, who in winter must sleep out of doors in watching for poachers. I have never seen institutions for human beings better planned in the way of nurseries and attendants, hygienic laws, and systems of feeding. The pheasants, when finally shot, must have a wonderful flavor, and in a single day as many as a thousand are often shot within those walls, each one of the thousand having cost its owner the sum of forty francs to raise.

From these almost royal prices it is amusing to descend to those paid to the Government for fishing in the lakes. Twenty francs a year entitles a man to angle with a single line from June to November, ten francs being charged for every additional line. But a man can also rent for fifteen days, or only for eight, when the right will cost him exactly four francs, or ten cents a day! These little economical shavings, so incomprehensible to us, I find one of the interesting features of French life, and when once understood, they are seen to be wise and trouble-saving. Close to the edge of the forest, within sight of my windows, for example,

there is an acre of marshy land owned by a rich and prominent man. Not to lose his interest on it, he has had it divided into little bits not much larger than a good-sized table-cloth, each bit being rented for forty cents a year to peasants who wish to cut greens for their rabbits.

As may be supposed, with so many interests to protect, the forest guards must be forever on the watch for both wood-stealers and poachers. Indeed, a series of minor engagements is always taking place between peasants and guards, and those depredations which the officials are powerless to prevent they are forced to "tolerate." Sometimes, however, a guard is boastful. I heard one say: "The rich hunt the deer and the pheasants, and pay the Government for the right; but *I* hunt the women, and the Government pays *me*. For it is twice as hard to catch a woman as it is to catch a deer." I have wondered since if he were not rather stupid, for I am always catching women chopping down small trees, their faces hidden in their mufflers and their outposts of children ranged at intervals near by. When one of them catches sight of me, a signal is given, the woman stops chopping, and holds on to her head as though she were suffering, while the children squat silently, like a group of rabbits, their eyes on my figure till I pass.

I have never caught poachers at work, though I have seen them walking between gendarmes on their way to prison. Some of them are as famous as great hunters, and there was one, not long dead, whose chronicles have appeared in French journals. For his constant poachings he had one hundred and forty suits brought against him, and spent full thirty of his sixty-five years in a cell. Both his widow and his son live to carry on his work, but the glory of the house is departed. Only the other day I saw the wife, poor thing, trying to earn an honest sou by helping to unload a wagon of wood and store it in a neighbor's cellar.

Of the three ways of poaching, with

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

ONE OF THE GREAT OAK TREES

the gun, the ferret, and the snare, that with the snare is simple enough for a child. All one has to do is to carry to a given place a piece of wire readily concealed in a leg of one's trousers or in a petticoat. As all wild animals follow set paths in the woods, all that is necessary is to make a slip-knot in the wire, place the loop on one of these paths, cover it with leaves, fastening the free end of the wire securely to the ground. When game of any kind once sets foot in this loop, every effort to free itself only draws the wire tighter. Many hundreds of these snares are yearly found by the guards, though quite as many more are left to do their damage. Conscience regarding government property is never anywhere a vitalizing factor in human conduct. *"Pas vu, pas pris,"* says the poacher to himself—and to *you* whenever you question the dangers he has risked in acquiring plunder which he wishes you to buy.

No perquisite in the way of game is ever allowed the peasant, but three times a week, except for a short while in summer when the young game would be disturbed, he may gather all the fagots he wishes. These fagots must never exceed twenty centimeters in diameter, and the law is so strict regarding the cutting or carrying away of green wood that, as a guard once told me, even my garden scissors, since they could cut, are illegal in the forest. For all that, no tree ever falls in a storm without whole communities hurrying out like wreckers on a sea-coast to strip it bare, the guards, helpless to prevent the pillage, having no redress except not to look!

Even within the last ten years it was still the custom to carry these fagots home on the back, and I remember an old woman of eighty-five who for the world would not have missed her daily trip to the woods and her return journey with her bundle strapped to her shoulders. Among the younger generation, however, the wheelbarrow, now general, was even then coming into vogue, a much deplored innovation, since the heavy strain on the muscles of the arm and neck often causes the goiter. It is a pitiable sight to see little children, the veins of their necks swollen into distortion by their struggles up high hills, pushing wheelbarrows of wood too heavy even for a man to handle.

Every year the inspector decides what wood must be cut and sold. Accompanied by a guard, he makes a tour of the forest, indicating certain trees, which the guard then marks with the sign of the state; and every tree so marked must be cut by the wood-merchant to whom the district is rented before the expiration of his lease on April 15. Trees too small to be sold are also marked, the better to preserve records reduced to a fine point and in which all wood is estimated as coming under certain marketable heads; as, for instance, that for manufacturing purposes, for firewood, for the making of charcoal, and, last of all, fagots. Whole districts are often sold outright, and I know few things sadder than to come upon a once superb hillside suddenly denuded of its enormous trees. It looks like a battle-field, with fallen giants everywhere—purple-gray beeches, stripped of their branches and prostrate among the ferns, reminding one of pictures of the jungle in which elephants lie slain.

To see those same tree-trunks, however, handled by the wood-carrier, is an inspiring sight, as with wonderful skill he chains four or five of them, each one over sixty feet in length, to a two-wheeled cart, so balancing their heavy ends that they neither drag behind nor dip in front. To this cart are then harnessed tandem Normandy stallions, never less than three, and sometimes as many as eight, their leaders decked out with red tassels and fur. The crack of the driver's whip is like the report of small cannon, as walking beside them, he guides the load down the steep wood-roads through ruts often hub-deep in mud. No horse ever suffers a blow, the cruelty of the Paris "cabby" being unknown here, where trees teach gentler lessons.

Out of the traffic in wood spring many of the most picturesque features of forest life. Strike off well into the shadows some day, and you will come across the huts of the wood-cutters, a class by themselves. Built of logs, these huts are made so warm by their blankets of turf, that whole families may live comfortably in them for a couple of seasons. Chickens scratch before the door, women do their washing on the paths, and children play among the leaves. Happy people, they all seem, with low-pitched voices and cleanly habits. The forest makes *that* demand on

them, at any rate; or perhaps it is the kindly air, for one is never shocked by dirt, as in village streets.

But you would have to be as clever as a small boy hunting larks' nests if you wanted to find the tents of the charcoal-burners, for they never camp along the borders of the highways, as do the Gipsies, who appear every year. The color of their primitive tents, moreover, is that of the dead leaves raked up to make their beds. That which betrays their presence is the acrid odor, from somewhere near by, of covered logs being burned for charcoal. Or it may be the barking of the chained dog, so different from that of a hound in pursuit. The dog is there to protect the wife and baby, and hearing your footstep long before you suspect his presence, he "gives the whole situation away." Except for his constant vigilance, how carefree the life, the open-air kitchen made by simply tying the stovepipe to a tree! No smell of frying fat offends the perfumed air, and if you get near enough, you will see that only green vegetables and salads are being prepared for the table. So delightful will it all seem to you that you will wish to return again and again. You never can, for of a sudden tent, dog, kitchen stove, wife, and baby will have disappeared into the wild unknown. Neither will you find any record of their stay save that near-by charred circle on the ground where the charcoal was burned, and, above that again, the still wider circle of charred trees—sentinels dead at their posts, regarding with eyes that see no more the havoc that has been made. When I come upon a circle of these trees, with their almost human attitudes of suffering and amazement, I begin to understand what Maeterlinck meant in "The Blue Bird" by the revolt of the trees against man.

No coast-dweller gets more out of the sea than a peasant out of this forest. Ferns are cut for the cattle's winter bedding, and piled away in masses as high as ricks of hay. Dried leaves are gathered for flower-beds, herbs for maladies, mushrooms for the market, and once in so many years the beechnut, or *faîne*. Now the Government declares that this nut must be kept as food for its game, while the peasant insists that, as it makes the best of all salad-oils, he must have this nut for himself. Out of these two conflicts of opinions arises many an amusing skirmish with the guards, especially on the high plateaus where the ferns grow to a height of eight or ten feet, and the officials are always chasing and threatening, yet seldom finding the women concealed in the brakes, who, leaving their wheelbarrows on a path, pretend, when discovered, that they are only out after wood.

A kind of mild madness possesses these nut-gatherers. Day in and day out for a fortnight or more, women, dressed in their warmest and shabbiest clothes, will kneel on scraps of old carpet scratching with bare hands among the wet leaves and mosses. Rains may come and drench them, the cold may nip their fingers, cramps get into knee-joints, but nothing daunts them. They are out after nuts, as many as possible for themselves, and, at all costs, more nuts than their neighbors. Great rivalries arise among the kneeling figures, and frequent jealousies divide old friends, some of whom are not above trying to trick one another by getting up on frosty dawns for a few hours' extra scratch. Their infatuation is like that of gold-diggers. Even persons living on incomes are not above joining in the hunt, since it is only once in so many years that the crop is good. The Government, helpless against the mania, tries in several ways to compromise. It charges two francs a season for the right to gather these nuts by hand, and five francs a season when they are swept up, leaves and all, into a sieve. When it is remembered that twelve liters of sifted nuts must be carried to a mill and ground in order to make one liter of the oil, and that most people, of whom there are hundreds, average half a dozen or more liters, it is easy to see not only how eagerly the peasants work, but also the necessity for state vigilance, if its game is not to starve.

Like coast people turning to the sea, too, those about the forest turn to it for every distraction and diversion except such as a fête-day provides on the *place*. On Sundays whole families, in their best clothes, are found strolling along its paths, babies in carriages being pushed up the steepest hills, and everybody coming home refreshed. Invalids are wheeled into its depths, and children are sent there to play. Before the church lost its best privileges,

Drawn by Bernard B. de Monvel

CHILDREN PUSHING WHEELBARROWS FILLED WITH WOOD

many of its picturesque celebrations, associated with games about bonfires, were held under these trees. For all that, no native woman, unless well advanced in years, goes alone to the forest. My solitary walks are forgiven me, I suppose, on account of my nationality.

There have been times when these walks have carried me miles without my meeting any one but a stray stag or a couple of screaming pheasants. There is nothing, by the way, that can scream louder than one of these cocks. When frightened from his hiding-place in the ferns by your footstep, he flies out of cover with a harsh cry, his long tail-feathers waving behind him as, still screaming, he rises into full view before alighting on a branch. The hen is much cleverer: she hides and says nothing. I have seen one at my approach stealing in among the grasses near a wall, and though I have poked over apparently every inch of the way with a stick, she has never stirred; but the moment I had walked to a safe distance, out from her cover she ran.

It is one of the curious influences of the forest that, however much one may love the solitudes, he never escapes a certain interest in the people he meets on a path. For only so much as a *"Bonjour,* Madame. The day is fine," an old woman will stop and pour out her heart to you, and her story, as she stands there against a background of trees, will have a meaning for you that neither the fireside nor the street corner could lend. I have yet to see a priest stop and say anything to man or beast. In his long black skirts and wide-brimmed hat he strides rapidly along the sun-flecked path, his nose in his prayer-book, his eyes never lifted for what the trees could teach. But I know a nice old gentleman who always pauses for a chat with me and my dog, and then a few confidences about himself. "I walk here every day with my Vergil," he said to me when we first met, as he took a well-worn copy from his pocket. "These trees give me quiet to enjoy. Madame knows perhaps that for thirty years I taught in a city school. It was too much. I was tired. I had to come here to rest."

"A lovely place to rest in," I answered. "And for how long have you been here, Monsieur?"

"It is now twenty-three years, Madame; and it seems only a day."

I have wondered since if he knew that story of a monk to whom a three hundred years spent under these very same trees seemed even less than a day. Driven because of his gluttony out of the convent, and told to feast his soul on nature, he sat down to look about him. His soul expanded, and he drank to the full of beauty. When at last he roused himself and thought of going home, he found, like our own *Rip Van Winkle,* everything changed, even the monastery. But, then, legends, like heartaches, I find, are the same the world over.

Those of you who are not forest lovers may laugh at all this, but that is because the spell of the shadows has never possessed you, never set your veins throbbing nor held your thoughts captive. Once yield to this spell, and though oceans roll between the forest and you, you will never escape the influence. Suddenly on some city street at home the longing for it grips you, and you feel something like visible cords pulling at your heart. To resist is impossible, and you come back to it. Its unfailing arms are held out to you, and in its tender embrace you find quiet. The old sense of peace steals over you, brightened by the discovery of new beauties in

the branches, new tones in leaf and vine, new music in the trees. A great peace comes to you as you listen to the stillness when not a breath is stirring and faint lights flicker through high-arched branches, as from cathedral windows. And again there will come to you a great exhilaration when your very soul will revel in the thrash and peal of its storm-music, as up against the angry skies the giant trees raise their heads. Among the tops is their battle-ground, where, like the waves of an ocean lashed into pain, they will be tossed relentlessly, while underneath,—and here is the wonder and the marvel of it all—underneath you can sit in safety, the quiet of your green retreat unbroken, not even the frond of a fern rustling at your side, nor a dead leaf driven from its last year's resting-place.

Then the colors! The deep mauve, not of the air as the impressionist sees it, but of the very earth on its wood paths; the gold of its October leaves showering you like rain; the weird red of its pine branches; the splash and smear of its purples and yellows on brown trunks edged with moss, varied by a vast variety of soft grays and greens, playing on your senses, stirring and exciting you as with the notes of orchestral instruments.

And then the perfumes, subtle, permeative, seductive, those of the oak and the pine, those of flowering vine, of dying leaf, and of the very earth itself. And best of all, incomparable and rare, that odor, stinging, biting, stimulating, of fresh-cut white-birch bark drying in the frosty air.

They, too, must have listened and reveled, those people of long ago who played and fought here; and that, I fancy, is why even the great have been drawn back to its retreats so often for other pleasures than those of the hunt; why so many monasteries, now in ruins, have been built here, and so many wood paths and roads have been laid out by royalties with a memory to keep fresh.

The latest of these, a charming highway running from the village of Pierrefonds through that of Vieux Moulins, past the ruins of the Druids, and so on to Compiègne, was built by Napoleon III, who called it after his young wife, the Route Eugénie. After her, too, he named the hunting-lodge it passes as it runs by the lakes he made by draining swamp-lands. For he loved this part of the country, and did many a generous act for the public welfare, as those who knew him have told me. It was under his direction, by the way, that the famous feudal Château of Pierrefonds, at the very edge of the forest, was restored by Viollet-le-Duc, not, alas! with the beautiful stone roofs of the period, and still to be seen on the old churches of this part of the country, but with the purple-gray slate that he used on the Hôtel de Ville in Paris.

Many a hunted stag tries to escape across the waters of these lakes, pursued by hounds, swimming as wild ducks fly, a leader at the head, and a triangle of dots behind. Along the lovely borders fishermen sit for hours, each at his or her own rented station, and in some quiet corner young men escaping Paris heat will pitch their tents. Then you will hear, as their boats put out from shore, the sound of singing, a rare pleasure in rural France. When at night the colored lanterns are lighted about their tents, the effect of the colors themselves against the black of the woods, and of the reflections engulfed in the black of the water, is that of some brilliant fairy circle, framed by a vibrant darkness.

Over the hills, some miles to the west, there is another royal relic, the most adorable of little villages, known as St.-Jean-aux-Bois, bewitching in its quaintness, and so clean and delightful as to make it one of the great attractions for a drive. Beside the door of its exquisite, spireless church, stands the tomb of Blanche of Castile.

Now and then some one fresh from the wilds of a Russian forest will tell me that, by comparison, this one of Compiègne seems a gentleman's park. I have only this answer: the wildness here has been tempered by generations of men and women who, having found it beautiful, have dwelt in it, and who, as a reward for days well spent, have been permitted, so the legend says, to return once more to earth, and make their habitations in the trees.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

THE NEW INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

BY REV. SAMUEL McCOMB, D.D.

Author of "The Power of Self-Suggestion," co-author—with Elwood Worcester—of "Religion and Medicine"

"Every dream, even the most trivial, has a logical, rational, and coherent meaning."—FREUD.

GERHART HAUPTMANN in his famous novel, "The Fool in Christ," makes a remark which derives profound significance from the investigations of modern science. He says: "To understand all the different sorts and degrees of dreams is to know the human soul more profoundly than we have yet learned to know it."

A few years ago a well-known expert in abnormal mental states was called in to examine a poor woman who had been frustrated in an attempt at suicide by drowning. He found that, after a prolonged stupor, the memory of the events of her whole previous life, from the date of her birth, was completely obliterated. Names, persons, scenes, events in her past experience, all had vanished and were as though they had never been. But now comes the strange sequel. She slept and in her sleep she dreamed. One of these dreams was taken down verbatim from the patient, and is here given as she told it:

"It seems as though a man and woman came to see me and told me they were relations of mine and were willing to take care of me. So they took me off with them, and we traveled quite a distance. On part of the road there seemed to be trees growing on both sides, not very close together. And after a time they came to a house, and after they took me inside the man commenced to beat me and the woman to pull my hair out. The man had coarse whiskers, and I think I 'd know the woman if I should see her."

Some months afterward the patient was taken to her old home, but she failed to recognize any of the scenes of her childhood and early youth. When, however,

she saw the home where her brother and sister lived, she exclaimed, "That is the house of my dream." On being confronted with her sister, though failing to recognize her as her sister, she did recognize her as the woman of her dream. It was afterward discovered that the patient had reproduced in her sleep an episode which had occurred in her past life, but of which she had no memory in her waking state.[1] This means that in the sleeping condition her conscious life was unified, whereas when she was awake its continuity was broken, or in technical language, "dissociated." To the average man such a story conveys little or nothing beyond the notion that the mind is subject to strange vagaries. For the student of mind it is pregnant with meaning and opens up some of the most difficult and delicate problems of the inner life. Many persons turn from dreams with a smile of disdain. Why try to explain things which have no meaning to explain? Dreams are simply the phantasmagoria of idle brains. And yet were this true, how strangely paradoxical would the history of man appear! For if we are to accept the theory of Herbert Spencer, it is out of these senseless vagaries, these meaningless messages, conjured up when the head is on the pillow, that primitive men shaped their beliefs concerning the supernatural, beliefs that have developed into the religions and philosophies of humanity.

Certainly many, even among the thoughtful in all ages, have been exceedingly curious as to the hidden meaning of dreams. Ancient peoples, such as the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, have left their dreams written on papyri, or graven on stone. So insistent were dreams that even priesthoods were created for the sole purpose of reading their secret, a secret which was believed to carry men beyond the world of earthly experiences into the realm of the supernatural. We have a survival of these beliefs in the popular dream-books which are sold by the thousands to the uneducated and superstitious, and, even among the more enlightened, we have at the present time a current theosophical doctrine which teaches that in sleep the self may leave its physical organism, visit scenes of surpassing beauty, converse with friends far distant in space, or long since dead,—in a word, range at will through the universe, free of all the entanglements of space and time!

Now as a rebuke at once to the high transcendental speculations of the mystery-monger and the contemptuous skepticism of men who are educated in all else except the nature of their own minds, there has arisen to-day a new science, the new psychology, as it is called, which scrutinizes dreams as they have never been scrutinized before, and which reads off to us their hidden meaning. Thus a new type of diviner has arisen, and with the knowledge of the time, and with skill in the most delicate analytic procedures, he is a modern Daniel or Joseph, able to interpret to us the visions that visit us in the night. We owe to the genius of Professor Sigmund Freud of Vienna the remarkable discovery, which in this realm is so revolutionary that it makes all preceding discussions almost obsolete, *that every dream, even the most trivial, has a logical, rational, and coherent meaning.* His book on the "Interpretation of Dreams," which has not as yet appeared in English dress and is therefore known only to specialists, is among the epoch-making works of the day. For the first time dreams are seen to be in continuous relations to our waking experiences—nay, to be the inevitable outcome of psychological antecedents, each bound to each in accordance with laws that are as rigorous as the regularities of the physical universe.

Professor Freud's fundamental dogma is that there is nothing senseless, irrational, or accidental in our psychic experiences, but that to the seeing eye the most fantastic imagery, the most incongruous absurdity, can be reduced to an intelligible and orderly scheme. Still further, he has abundantly shown that when dreams are interpreted, they are seen to rise out of our deepest life and to reflect our inner desires, our conflicts, the subconscious or unconscious trend of character which is hidden from us amid the preoccupations and interests of the waking day. Thus the analysis of dreams in the hands of a master is the most powerful instrument for probing the deepest secrets of the soul, for laying bare, not merely the concealed motives and expressions which subconsciously affect the normal life, but also

[1] See I. H. Coriat's "Abnormal Psychology," pp. 120-122.

the morbid processes which set up hysteria, multiple personality, abnormal fears, and various types of loss of memory. Hence we are witnessing at the present time the rise of a School of Psychological Medicine whose chief business it is to explore the hidden depths of personality by an analysis of the dreaming consciousness.

According to Professor Freud, dreams are the symbolic speech of the unconscious. This symbolism takes place because by it are pictured matters which could not be expressed in a more direct and literal fashion, such matters, for example, as the love feelings of early childhood and their later repression as demanded by the conventions of society. Dreams are sexual symbols, but—and this distinction is important—Professor Freud does not limit the word "sex" to the instinct which is necessary to the preservation of the race. He uses it with a broader consideration which need not be further discussed here. The great majority of psycho-pathologists, while accepting Professor Freud's theory of the mechanism of dreams, do not accept his view that all dreams are preëminently of sexual origin.

Professor Freud's theory of the mechanism of dreams is difficult and highly complicated, yet the average reader can gain a fair understanding of its salient features. He starts out, as has been indicated, with an assumption that dreams, like other mental processes, have a psychic history, and that this history may be traced with as much accuracy and truth as that of any other mental act or state. The method by which this is done is technically called "Psychoanalysis," a term so recently coined that it is not to be found in any of our dictionaries. When any dream is analyzed it is found to consist of two elements, (1) the dream as it presents itself to the dreamer's consciousness, full, it may be, of absurdities, impracticalities, and contradictions, and (2) the essential underlying thoughts which are part and parcel of the dreamer's waking mental life. The dream as it unrolls itself before the sleeper's consciousness is an allegorical or symbolical expression of the ideas which belong to his thought world. Why should dreams take on an allegorical dress? Why are they not, as a rule, a literal transference of events and experiences from a waking state to a sleeping state? The answer is, because the normal waking consciousness which acts as a kind of check upon painful or disagreeable thoughts and feelings, relaxes its activities during sleep, and allows these thoughts and feelings to pass into consciousness, only, however, when their motives have been disguised under a hidden mass of symbolism. If it were not so, if dreams literally reflected the conflicts and yearnings of the work-aday world, they would set up such emotional excitement as would arouse the waking consciousness and so make an end of sleep. Hence the valuable reflection is forced upon us that dreams fulfil the important function of preserving sleep. They are thus seen to bear vitally upon our health and happiness. A dream is then an allegory like the Pilgrim's Progress, which, indeed, with unconscious insight, its author sets forth under the guise of a dream. "As I walked through the wilderness of this world," says Bunyan, "I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream."

But how is the allegory formed? What is the machinery by which the disconnected experiences of the day are translated into a drama which awakens within the sleeper at times curiosity and astonishment? There are, according to Professor Freud, three mental processes by which the experiences of the day are turned into the phantasmagoria of the night.

The first is that of *condensation.* Just before falling asleep, or in the act of falling asleep, we sometimes see faces, so strange, so terrible, so marred by malice, cunning, and evil passion, that on thinking of them afterward, we are absolutely convinced that never have we looked upon such countenances in real life. They are so utterly foreign to our experience that we cannot account for them. No wonder that ancient men thought that such images were visitants from another world. What really appears to happen is that features from one face seen by us in actual life are added to features taken from another face known to us, and these constitute a third, which of course has never come within our actual experience.

The second process is *displacement.* This is one of the most curious characteristics of nocturnal visions. The element in the dream which seems of overwhelming

interest to the dreamer, as a matter of fact, goes back frequently to the least important of the underlying thoughts that give rise to the dream, and so too, the other way roundabout, an insignificant feature of a dream may be the symbol of thoughts that are of the deepest interest in the conscious life of the dreamer.

The third and perhaps the most impressive process whereby waking experiences are allegorized, is that of *dramatic representation.* It is as though a stage were set up within the mind on which actors, who play their respective parts in a drama constructed by a playwright other than the dreamer, are able to know the end from the beginning. The dreamer is himself the creator of the puppets, the stage-manager, and the actors, all in one; yet he reasons about the scenes that pass before him and is even surprised at the dénouement. As has been said, it is as if Sheridan while he was writing his "School for Scandal" wondered why on earth a screen was to be placed on the stage in Act III, and discovered the purpose, with a shock of surprise, when he caused the screen to fall. One of the most striking of these dramatic creations is the famous Guillotine Dream of the French investigator Maury. After reading a book about the Reign of Terror, he fell asleep for a moment. During that moment he dreamed that he was arrested, arraigned, and tried before the Revolutionary tribunal. He saw the judges and marked the faces of the jury. He heard the indictment and the evidence supporting it adduced by the public prosecutor. He listened with horror to the sentence of death. Then he saw himself taken into the Death Cart to the place of execution. He mounted the scaffold amid the jeers of the mob. Samson laid him on the fatal board, the knife fell—and he awoke. This dream, which in actual experience would take many hours of the day, was transacted in the fraction of a moment. Maury's mother had seen a lath fall from the top of the bed and graze his neck. The dreamer had simply taken over the scenes of the book which he had been reading, and had transferred them to himself.

Now by a process of analysis Professor Freud maintains that every dream can be shown to be a symbolical representation of the imaginary fulfilment of the wish which in actual experience has not been gratified. In other words, in our dreams we do the things we would, but cannot. We gain the prizes that we yearn for, but find beyond our reach in waking experience. The more this theory is examined, the more it commends itself as a rational and satisfying interpretation. Let us apply it to a concrete case. We will take this striking dream recorded by Mr. Frederick Greenwood in his charmingly written, but somewhat uncritical "Imagination in Dreams":

A long time ago a gentleman, who may be called A, lost a child by death. He had been very fond and proud of the boy, who was seven or eight years old, I think, when he died. Indeed, between the two there had always been a strong sympathy, and when the child was taken the father was plunged into the deepest grief. Like many another in the same situation, his thoughts by day and night were tortured by the question, "But yet is he still in existence? Is there a place in this vast universe where I may think of him as living—no matter how infinite the distance, or even if we are parted not only now but for ever and ever?"—The third anniversary of the child's death had come around. A dreamed that he had awakened about dawn, and, thinking of nothing but the hour to rise, had drawn his watch from under his pillow. In doing so he saw that it had been completely shattered. But how could it have been broken so violently, lying where it had been snugly placed a few hours before? A reasonable but an injurious conjecture occurred to him: at some time in the night the watch had been taken from beneath his pillow by his wife, who had allowed it to fall. Satisfied that there could be no other explanation, he was about to drop asleep again, to get rid of ill-humor at the accident (this is all in the dream, be it understood), when the door opened and in came a foreman of works to whom A gave instructions every day, and between whom and himself there was great liking. It seemed as if the man had come for the usual draft of work to be done, and it did not strike A as anything out of the way that he should be visited in his bedroom for it. But he *was* struck by the mysterious look of inquiry on the man's face. The next moment he connected this

look with the broken watch, and drew it out again; the glass was gone, the hands swept from the dial, but seeming less like his own watch now. What was the meaning of it? While A was asking himself the question in a sort of expectant trepidation, the foreman of works said, "Put it to your ear, sir," meaning, of course, the broken watch. This A did; and as he listened to the even beat within, the other said, "Sir, we know how much you are troubled, and this is our way of showing you that though every sign of life is destroyed, life may still be going on." Whereupon A woke all of a tremble, heard the tranquil *tick-tick*-ing of his watch under his pillow, and when he could compose himself to take it forth, saw that the hands stood at within five or eight minutes of the time when his boy died on the same day in the calendar.

The narrator of this story plays with the thought that the supernatural may have had something to do with the dream process; that in fact the child may have returned from the world of spirits to comfort his distressed father. But before this hypothesis is accepted, every other should be exhausted. An examination of the dream will show that it is a symbolic affirmation of the father's deepest wish. He had been perplexing himself with speculations about immortality. For months this internal debate had been going on. His profoundest desire was that somewhere in the universe the child should be alive. Now the dream was the fulfilment of this desire and at the same time an answer to the doubts which had assailed his faith. The result was that the dream brought peace to the troubled heart and mind of the dreamer.

A friend supplies me with another illustration of the same dream-principle. He writes: "I was at a boarding-school and had just lost my father, who was a very noble character and the strongest affection of my life. I once dreamed that his death had been all a dream, and in an ecstasy of happiness I awoke to the terrible reality." Here we have an instance of a dream within a dream—a well-known phenomenon—in which, as it were, the subconscious plays a trick upon itself, that the fundamental desire of the working life may become realized.

Has Professor Freud solved one of the great world riddles? An ultra-Freudian would say, "Yes," but cautious, critical observation would suggest the answer, "Not quite." Nevertheless, the fact remains that he has thrown a flood of light upon one of the mysteries of our inner life, and has opened a path for further investigation. As a matter of experience we know his theory covers many, perhaps the majority of our most significant dreams. But I cannot agree that it covers them all. We all dream dreams which have nothing to do with the fulfilment of a wish, whether the wish is repressed or accepted in the waking life. For example, one common form of dream is the dramatic expression of a fear or an anxiety. Indeed there is a whole class of nocturnal phenomena which may be called the nightmares of professional men. After some inquiry I have discovered that each profession has its own peculiar nightmares. That many professional men are haunted in their dreams by chimeras which have occurred to them in the discharge of the duties incident to their calling. Physicians find themselves unable to conduct the simplest and most familiar medical examination of a patient when called upon to do so in their dreams. A distinguished nerve specialist has told me that he was once tormented in a dream by an utter inability to examine the knees of a patient, though he was quite able to touch every other part of the body. For a long time, as it seemed to him, he wrestled with this inability, but at last, being compelled to abandon the examination, he awoke with a sense of confusion and humiliation. Lawyers complain of their inability to conduct the simplest lawsuits, or set forth the most familiar line of argument before a judge and jury conjured up in the visions of the night. The man of law finds that the word that he needs escapes him, or that the fact that he wishes to emphasize gets lost amid a mass of irrelevant detail, and he is forced to resume his seat amid the jeers and laughter of the court-room. Clergymen, too, have their slumbers turned into misery by an embarrassing distortion of their waking duties.

Here is a nightmare which sometimes makes my own night miserable. It is Sunday morning. The congregation, which seems larger than usual, fills the church. I announce a lesson from the Bi-

ble, which I am about to read, let us say the familiar fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. The congregation waits for me to begin, but, alas! it waits in vain, for, for the life of me, I cannot find the chapter. I turn over the pages feverishly, but the page I want escapes me; my misery and humiliation increase, while I make the most desperate efforts to discover the place. At last, it seems to me, I am about to succeed: I find the fifty-second chapter and the fifty-fourth chapter. With a sigh of relief I turn the page,—only to find that it is a blank. This is too much, and I am mercifully relieved by a return to consciousness.

One of the worst of clerical nightmares was related to me by a friend. He dreamed that he was preaching one evening in a very large church, thronged with an immense audience. It is worth noting in passing, by the way, as though in confirmation of Professor Freud's view, that no minister ever dreams of addressing a small congregation. In the present instance the people not only filled the pews but sat quite informally on the floor. The subject of my friend's address had given him some anxiety in advance. He entered the pulpit and, opening his immense portfolio, discovered it to be filled with loose pages, treating of a great variety of disconnected topics. If he succeeded in making anything out of one sheet, the next would start an entirely new subject. In spite of his earnest efforts, he could not help noticing the unfavorable impression which his medley was producing on the congregation. Many left the building, others gave emphatic indications of weariness and disgust, while others loudly called upon him to spare them and desist. That, however, he was unable to do. He felt himself forced onward by an inner necessity. At this point of the dream, just as he had found a theme that seemed to promise a little better, a blast of air struck his unfortunate papers, which fluttered away like birds over the church, refusing to be caught. To add to his chagrin, a gentleman from the congregation came up, and began a long and animated discussion with the clergyman who was assisting my friend. In vain the dreamer begged the two combatants to cease their sparring. Their voices rose higher and higher until the whole congregation ceased to listen to my friend, preferring to try to overhear what the other two speakers were saying. At his wits' end, my friend ordered the clergyman to be silent, when he arose with a sardonic smile, put on a high hat which looked very droll over his surplice, and walked down the aisle smiling, shaking his head with great vivacity, and stopping to talk with every one he met. As he passed the pulpit, he cruelly turned off the gas, leaving the dreamer speechless, gazing after him in the dark.

These nightmares are illustrations of the fact that dreams are sometimes the dramatized expression of fears that have doubtless entered the mind of the subject when he was about his ordinary duties, and become disconnected, as it were, with his normal consciousness, and sink down into the region of the subconscious. In sleeping we enter a subconscious state, and are thus brought face to face with thoughts and apprehensions that had never been realized in real life.

Mr. Havelock Ellis has recently called attention to the curious fact, which is implied in what has already been said, that we reason in our dreams. Every dream is made up of action and reaction between ourselves and an imaginary world. We spend our time in reasoning about the things we witness in this world, and in trying to make some rational account of them. "One might almost say," says Mr. Ellis, "that in dreams the subconscious intelligence is playing a game with the conscious intelligence, offering it problems, and bidding it guess solutions." All dreams are ego-centric, that is, their central interest is for the dreamer himself. One does not dream about the conflicts, the desires, the fears of others. The world of dreams is a world of one's self. Hence it often happens that in dreams, lost memories are recalled, events and incidents which have wholly escaped the power of waking recollection or recall. We may conceive of the subconscious as a storehouse, filled with the pictures of the scenes and faces of the past, and with the thoughts and feelings which these scenes and faces have aroused within us. Our waking consciousness can, at any moment, illumine only a small portion of this realm. By far the greater part of it is wrapped in darkness. It is in this dark realm that the dreamer lives over again his past which shapes itself now in accordance

with what we most desire, and now in accordance with what we most dread.

It is asserted by many that dreams take place only in the lighter sleeping states; that in our deepest sleep there are no dreams. But as there is always, even in the deepest slumber, a certain amount of brain activity, we must assume that there is always a corresponding element of psychic experience. The mere fact that we do not remember dreams which come to us when we are most unconscious is no proof that they do not exist. Because, as Dr. Coriat remarks, "In deep hypnotic states mental activity goes on, yet there is no memory of this activity on regaining the normal waking condition." The same might be true of deep sleep. Indeed evolutionary science teaches that dreaming is the normal condition of all minds, and that out of dreaming has been developed the wakefulness and definite thinking of the human race.

Another interesting question which modern investigation has been able to answer is, Out of what materials are dreams constructed? What is the stuff of which they are made? Whence comes the tremendous scenery, as De Quincy says, with which our dreams are peopled? Nothing can come into our dreams that has not entered into our past experiences. It has been shown that many dream factors are simply the distorted reproduction of the events and scenes of the preceding day. More particularly, as has been proved by Dr. Morton Prince, there enter into dreams those floating ideas that come and go in the mind, immediately before falling asleep. The thoughts of the mental state immediately preceding sleep are hard to recover afterward, but when they are recovered they are found to persist in our dreams. But we may go further than this. There is nothing incredible in the supposition that, written, as it were, with invisible ink on our nervous systems are characters inherited from our most distant ancestors.

"Every one," says Menaceine, "sometimes dreams of acts, thoughts, and desires in direct contradiction with his whole character, his convictions and tastes. He dreams of things which give him horror when awake and fill him with disgust. The best and most honest of men sometimes execute in their dreams the most dishonest and cruel deeds. The best explanation of these strange imaginings is that in dreams we share, so to say, a larger consciousness, the consciousness of the race. We are plunged into a prehistoric past and live over again the wild impressions and savage deeds of primitive man. This theory does not put a greater strain upon our powers of belief than does the scientifically established fact that the individual is developed from a germ which had within it all the organic qualities of his ancestors, even to the color of the eyes and the formation of the chin."

Yet, when all is said, there exists an unexplored remainder in our dreaming consciousness. There are still mysteries in the nightly activities of our brains, which it is hard, if not impossible, to explain. How are we to account, for example, for the fact that difficult mathematical problems which defy the waking powers of mind to solve have been cleared up by the mathematician in his sleep? What is the explanation of the experience of Professor Hilprecht, who tells us that an Assyrian inscription which he could not decipher by all his waking efforts was made intelligible to him through the instrumentality of a priest who appeared to him in his dreams? What is the mechanism which produces "prophetic" dreams—dreams which, as we say, come true? We have all had experiences of this type of dream, and so profound has been the impression which has been made upon our mind, that, in spite of theories of coincidence or lapsed memories, we return again and again to the thought that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of, even in the latest philosophy of dreams.

WHEN HE CAME HOME

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

Author of "The Yes-Man"

HE had been in prison a year and eight months. Now he was free, and he was going home.

It was the usual story. He had had a position in a wholesale business, with fairly good prospects. He had made the acquaintance of a set of young fellows who followed the "ponies." The excitement of the race-track obsessed him. He won a little money at first, then he lost a little. He fell into the hands of professional touts, and lost heavily. He was deeply in debt, so he borrowed from his employer. Clumsy at that sort of thing, he was soon under arrest.

The trial was the single dramatic event of his life. The pitiless precision of the prosecuting attorney; his own lawyer's feeble attempts to perplex the witnesses; the searching, impatient glance of the trial-weary judge—these were vivid recollections. And the uselessness of it all! Several times he felt like crying out: "Stop this nonsense. I stole the money. Send me to prison and have it over with."

Now he was going home; not back to the city, where he had blundered so stupidly in his attempt to grasp life, but to a big farm-house in a New England village where he was born. His mother and father were there. It was nearly five years since he had left the old place. It seemed much longer.

When he got out at the dingy little station, he saw his father there with the carriage at the end of the platform. There was little outward demonstration of emotion. The older man grasped his son's hands in his own tightly for a moment and said:

"It does me good to see you, Henry."

"I 'm mighty glad to see *you,* Father," was the reply. "How is Mother?"

"She 's pretty well."

A group of men and boys lounging about the station looked on curiously. They nudged one another and spoke in hoarse whispers. This meeting had been the object of speculation among the townspeople since the trial and sentence. Now that they had seen it, it did not seem anything worth speaking about.

Henry Caldwell got into the carriage with his father, who flicked the horse lightly with the whip. They rattled away from the depot-yard, the deliberate movements of the horse accenting the age and shaky condition of the wagon.

"Seems like the carriage needs greasing up a bit," said the young man.

"Yes; I 've been trying to get at it ever since last fall. I never seem to get around to fixing it up. The days don't appear to be long enough to do all the work there is to do, Henry."

Henry looked furtively at his father. He was surprised to see how much older he looked than when they parted five years before. His recollection of his father did not include that stoop of the shoulders, now made doubly evident by comparison with the straight back of the carriage seat. And were these his father's hands as he had known them? These were thin and claw-like. The veins stretched across the back in bluish ribs; the finger-joints were so much distended that it made the hands look warped and deformed; the knuckles were sharp and prominent.

They passed another carriage, driven by an old man with a venerable, white beard and keen, pleasant eyes.

"Morning, Judge," nodded Mr. Caldwell.

"Good morning, James," replied the man; and he also nodded to Henry.

The father said:

"You remember him—Judge Aiken?" Then he paused, and a confused look came into his face. His thin cheeks were reddened. It had occurred to him that this reference to a judge was unhappily chosen.

But the young man replied:

"Yes; I remember him. I bowed to him. He looks just the same, does n't he?" He had observed his father's confusion, however, and understood the cause, and it depressed him.

For this was what he dreaded most in coming home—this endless evasion, this constant watchfulness against an unfortunate reference, an unlucky choice of words, of phrases, of subject of discourse. He knew that the thoughts that were uppermost in the minds even of his father and mother would be smothered, unexpressed. There would never be any more frankness, for frankness might lead to the introduction of the dreaded topic. Even the most commonplace remarks might carry a concealed blade. This was the thing he had feared, and thus early he felt an example of it.

The gossip of the neighbors he could endure. Not only that; he could accept it philosophically. There would be meaning glances cast in his direction; faces would be dimly seen behind curtains as he passed up and down the roads; those men who felt that in his earlier days he had done them an injury might now retaliate with coarse accusations and epithets. All these were inevitably included in his cup of experience, and he had braced himself to put it to his mouth and drink it down. No; he knew that the danger lay not there, but at home, where a man and woman, striving to show him their tenderness over and over again and day after day, would keep him aroused to his failure.

He roused himself from these unpleasant thoughts and asked:

"How old is the mare, Father?"

"She must be older than you be, Henry. She may be twenty-seven or eight; I don't rightly know. I almost hate to drive her any more; but she seems to like to get out on the road. I don't use her much, of course. Still, she 's almost past her usefulness."

"The old place has n't changed much, I suppose?"

"No; nothing to speak of. I pulled down the old carriage-shed. Let 's see, it was two years ago I did that. It was n't good for anything; it would have fallen down under another heavy snow, I guess. That old Dominick rooster—you don't remember him?—he got so ugly we had to kill him. He used to fly at Ma when she fed the chickens. We b'iled him, and b'iled him, and finally we throwed him out. He was the toughest customer I ever see. I don't know as there 's anything else."

"How 's Mother's doves?"

"Darn those doves, Henry! They 're the worst pest around the place. They eat up the chickens' feed before they can get any of it. There 's more of them every year. Your ma and I have a squabble most every week about the miserable, good-for-nothing things. I 've threatened to shoot the whole lot of them time and again."

Henry looked at his father and smiled. This gentle feud was of years' standing.

"You have n't shot them yet?"

The father grinned.

"No, I have n't yet. But, by gosh! I will. I wish you 'd take your ma in hand some day, Henry, and tell her what miserable pests them doves be. See if you can do something with her, will you?"

"I 'll speak to her. But I don't think it will do much good. Mother 's pretty fond of her pigeons."

When they drove into the neat, grassy

yard, under the shelter of two great, sprawling willow-trees, there was a woman waiting. Henry jumped out of the carriage, ran to her, and took her in his arms. When they parted, after a long embrace, she lifted a corner of her gingham apron and wiped her eyes.

"You look just the same, Harry." He had been "Harry" to her since he had first walked.

"You have n't changed either, Ma."

The woman turned to go into the house. But as she saw him standing there, her boy, whom she had not seen for so long, the resolutions of self-restraint that she had made melted, and she ran to him, pulled him down to her, and kissed him again and again. They both wept, then hand in hand went into the house together. And thus Henry Caldwell came home.

The kitchen was neat and clean-smelling. Tireless efforts with the mop had made the maple floor white and smooth. The old stove had been freshly blacked, the cooking utensils hung shiny in their places back of the stove. The door of the buttery was open, displaying shelves laden with shallow tins of milk and cream. There was all about the faintly pungent odor common to old houses, and a familiar scent of syringas from the great bush near the well which sheltered the back door. In the shed, adjoining the buttery, there were high, even stacks of squarely sawed wood for the kitchen stove; and these had a fresh, pleasant odor, too. The parlor was chill, somewhat damp. It was always so—a room scarcely ever used. The old, vibrant clock, from the yellow face of which Henry had learned to tell the time, was ticking on the wall of the sitting-room. He had been away only a little while, yet he was somewhat surprised to find everything unchanged.

Dinner was ready, and they sat down to eat, the two men in their shirt-sleeves. And now again the strain of cautious conversation made itself felt. There were questions too timidly uttered, replies that were too obviously weighed. A thousand homely sentiments, natural to a home-coming of this kind, were strangled by the fear of making the welcome lean too heavily toward those later years of which nothing must be said. And the worst of it was that those years seemed to reach out and include every trivial incident that offered a possible relief.

Joe Briggs, down at the Four Corners, had left his wife and gone away to some place unknown; but that line of conversation stopped abruptly at the mention of the fact that Mrs. Briggs was suing for divorce, for at that place the courts grimly entered. At any other time it would have been possible to dwell upon the fresh vegetables from the garden—how city folks would like to go out and pick them and eat them the same day. But this was only pointing the way that Henry Caldwell had traveled since he went away. And father, mother, and son glanced at one another timidly lest even their eyes tell too much. Little food was eaten. It was a relief when they rose from the table and the mother began to clear the dishes away.

"Did you plant much this year, Father?"

"Not so much as I used to when—before. I find I can't take care of so much, with the chores and going to town once a week with the butter. I 've got some mighty fine-looking potatoes on that piece up on the hill, though. I was going to hoe them a little this afternoon."

"I feel as though I could hoe a little myself," said Henry.

"Oh, come now, Henry, you rest up a bit. Don't you go to hoeing potatoes today. You fetch out the hammock, and put it on those hooks there under the maples. You 'll put in enough work afore you die, even if you don't do a stroke today."

Nevertheless the young man got a hoe from the shed and went along with his father. This was just what he wanted. He wanted to burrow back into the soil, to feel its warmth under his feet, to see the long lines of growing things stretch out before his eyes and challenge his strength. This was what he had come home for—this, and to see his father and mother. He even insisted on going barefoot, as he had used to do when hoeing in the fields.

When Henry Caldwell had finished a row of potatoes, he stood up and drew a long breath. He felt better. This was work that sent the blood through his veins and brought the sweat out on his face and neck. It was good. There was only one drawback: once in a while there flashed into his mind the image of some one, with

a shot-gun thrown carelessly over one arm, standing guard over him. He would glance up quickly every time this image occurred to him; but he saw only his father, with bent back, pushing and pulling the hoe vigorously about the plants.

When Henry finished the second row, his father called out to him banteringly: "I 'll give you a dollar seventy-five a day, Henry, and found. Want to hire out?"

Henry laughed. "I don't think I 'm worth so much money," he shouted back. "I 've sort of lost the knack. Make it a dollar and a half, and I 'll hire out to you."

Once during the two or three hours that they worked on the patch of potatoes James Caldwell laid down his hoe and went over and stood beside his son. He watched him a few moments, and then said:

"You have n't forgotten, Henry." Then he added shyly what he had really come to say, "How long do you think you can stay with us?"

"I don't know, Father. I have n't thought of any particular time of going away. Maybe, if you 'd like it, I 'll stay on the farm—for good."

The older man's eyes glistened with pleasure.

"Do you mean it? Honest? You really want to? Gosh! that would tickle us to death, Henry."

"I mean it, Dad. That 's what I 've been thinking of."

In a few minutes the father laid down his hoe again.

"You don't happen to have a chaw of tobacco, do you?"

Henry laughed.

"No; I don't chew," he said. "I 've got some smoking, but that 's down at the house."

"Well, I got to have a chaw. I 'll go down to get it, and be right back."

As he went down the hill Henry looked after him and smiled. He knew that his father had never yet come out hoeing without enough tobacco. He knew why his father had gone back to the house. He knew what his mother would say, how her face would light up, when she heard the news that he was going to stay at home. It made him feel better. He began to live again. He straightened up, threw back his shoulders, and then went on hoeing.

The sun was getting low when they returned to the house; then his mother took him in hand. There were the chickens to see, and the young turkeys; the two eight-weeks-old pigs which Arthur Spaulding had brought over the day before; the queer place where Limpy—a lame hen—had stolen her nest and hatched out fourteen lively chicks; the Japanese climbing-rose, which, to tell the truth, was not showing much climbing ability—all these and many other simple novelties were pointed out by Mrs. Caldwell to her son. What surprised Henry more than anything else was the fact that all these trifles really interested him. He had pondered often over this point, and wondered whether these inevitable attentions and humble interests would bore him.

They did not bore him; he felt at ease—a strange serenity with all the objects about him save his father and mother. When they spoke of the horse, the cattle, the woods, the fields, he was content. It was when they spoke of him, with their voices and their hearts, that he was nervous and embarrassed.

Then his mother took him up-stairs and showed him his room—the room in which he had slept since he was a child up to the time he left home.

"Nobody has been here while you were gone, Harry—nobody but me when I dusted and swept. Does it look natural?"

There was the wooden bed, with snow-white pillows, spread, sheets, and the old-fashioned comforter, worked out of hundreds of different pieces of cloth. On the walls were pictures which as a boy he had clipped from illustrated papers—half-tones of base-ball heroes, explorers, and here and there a pugilist, with arms in threatening posture, the decorative quality of which his mother had doubted at the time, but finally permitted.

This room made Henry feel old. He was only twenty-six; but as he rummaged over the fishing-tackle, one-sided base-balls, empty shot-gun shells, and the hundred other reminders of youth, it all seemed far away. This was his room. He had slept here; he was going to sleep here again.

They had supper, unrelished because of that same tense vigilance that guarded

their speech. After a few brief comments, the conversation lapsed into an uneasy silence again.

Henry sat looking at his plate, aware that the other two were looking straight down at theirs, and, like himself, searching blindly for the right word, the sure footing, that would lead them safely on.

"This can't go on," thought the son. "If we could only talk it out, have it over with, put it in the background, and keep it there; if I only dared to tell them how I feel, not hopeless because of this thing, but eager to get to work, to forget it, to let others forget! But I can't do it. Good God! they have suffered enough. It might kill them."

And the father and mother, who had spoken of the thing only once since the crushing news came, had planned this home-coming as it was; bonded themselves to a silence that would last forever for fear of wounding the boy still more. He had been hurt enough. Thus the barrier was reared between parents and child.

The house was in the hills. Even in June the nights are cold there, and the quick fire, made of pine kindlings, was pleasant. They sat about the air-tight stove in the sitting-room. They spoke of to-morrow's weather, then of the prospects of a long, dry summer, such as they usually had in the hills. After that no word was spoken. When it became quite dark, a kerosene lamp was lighted. Soon afterward the mother went up-stairs to bed.

The two men sat smoking awhile. They felt a little freer, with the woman away. James Caldwell told his son a few events of minor importance that were talked about in the village; but neither felt inclined to talk much, after all.

The father rose. "I guess I 'll be going up to bed, Henry. We never sit up much after dark, Mother and me." He went over to the stairs. There he stopped a second in thought. Henry got up and walked over to him.

"Father, you 've got something on your mind. Why don't you speak it out?"

"I have got something on my mind, Henry. I would like to speak it out; but I guess not. I guess not. Good night, Henry."

He held out his hand. The young man grasped it, and pulled his father to him. He led him over to the table and forced him into a chair.

"Now, Dad, we 're going to talk. I 've just come from prison." The older man shuddered and turned his head away.

"I don't want to hurt you, Father. But let 's not dodge. Let 's say the words just as they are. I 've been a fool. I don't want to be a fool any longer. You think perhaps I feel as if I had been wronged. No; they treated me fair and square all the way through. They might have stretched a point because—because I was only a young fellow with a light head that got turned easily. Perhaps so. Perhaps they might; but they did n't. And I was sent—away. I had lots of time to think, and I did think. I did n't feel sorry for myself after the first week or two as I did, Dad, for you—and Mother. I thought of you and her, up here, thinking about me, serving my time for me. That 's what you were doing, I know—serving my time for me. Three of us sent to prison! That 's the damnable part of it; that 's the awful thing.

"Father, let me have your hand. Look at me. You 've been thinking I was innocent, perhaps, and thinking it was all a great, horrible mistake? No; I stole the money. I did. Oh, what a fool! But I want to tell the truth. I want you to know it all—and from me."

He was through. There was a moment's pause. Then his father pulled him down to him, and put his arms about the big fellow, just as though he were a child.

"Henry," he said, "you could n't have said anything that would of pleased me more. I been thinking about all those things. I been wondering. So has Mother. but we did n't talk about them. You done wrong, Henry. Let it go at that. You own up to it like a man. You tell the truth to your father, just like I used to want you to when you was a boy. Why, darned if I ain't honestly prouder of you than ever, Henry! I am. I feel better.

"But here now, Henry. Listen to me. Don't tell your mother that—that you really did it—what they said. You know how women are. She could n't understand. It would hurt her terribly. I 'll tell her it 's all right. She 'll see by the way I act. You must n't ever tell her, though. Good night, Henry."

Henry heard him creaking up the stairs.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THEN HIS FATHER PULLED HIM DOWN TO HIM, AND PUT HIS ARMS ABOUT THE BIG FELLOW, JUST AS THOUGH HE WERE A CHILD"

He sat down and thought a while. Then he blew out the light, and went up-stairs to his room, undressed quickly, and got into bed. The windows were open, and the breeze, cool and refreshing, rattled the curtain and filled the room with the odor of dewy leaves and clover and grass. He lay quiet awhile. There was no sound save the noises of insects in the fields.

Suddenly he felt the presence of some one beside the bed. It was his mother. She knelt down beside him and spoke his name softly.

"Yes, Mother."

"Were you asleep?"

He laughed softly.

"No."

"I 'm awful glad you 're home, Harry."

"I 'm glad to be home, Mother."

"You may—you think you 'll stay?"

"I think so."

"Right along?"

"Yes."

There was a pause, then she said:

"Harry."

"Yes."

"Was it true—what they said—that you—"

He thought quickly. It had come. That was what was on their minds, both of them; that was the question that had gnawed their hearts. It was the uncertainty. He had made his resolve. It must be told. He replied:

"Yes, Mother, it was true. I stole the money. They were right. I was guilty."

He half expected that his mother would fall to the floor lifeless. He was prepared to cry out to his father for help.

But he felt her lips seeking about on his face until they found his own.

"My boy! I 'm so glad—so glad you said that! I knew you would n't lie to your mother, Harry. You never lied to your mother."

He wished with all his heart he had not; but this was the beautiful egotism of motherhood. It ignored everything it did not wish to believe. He was silent.

"I 'm so happy, Harry. Now I 'm going back—to sleep. I can sleep now. But promise me you 'll never tell your father. He would never understand. He has always believed the other way. I know it. Don't you ever tell him any different. Will you, Harry?"

He patted her head. She was gone.

He felt better. There was a load gone from his chest. The breath came and went freely. His head was clearer. This was good. These were clean sheets all about him. He smelled them. The odor was fresh and pure. They felt good. How fine it was to stretch out upon them, to let the muscles relax, to feel sleep coming, not to be afraid of the morning! He was home again. This was his room, his own room. He was going to work. Those potatoes on the hill—how good it had seemed to get the hoe into the ground! To-morrow—

A SONG OF WOMEN

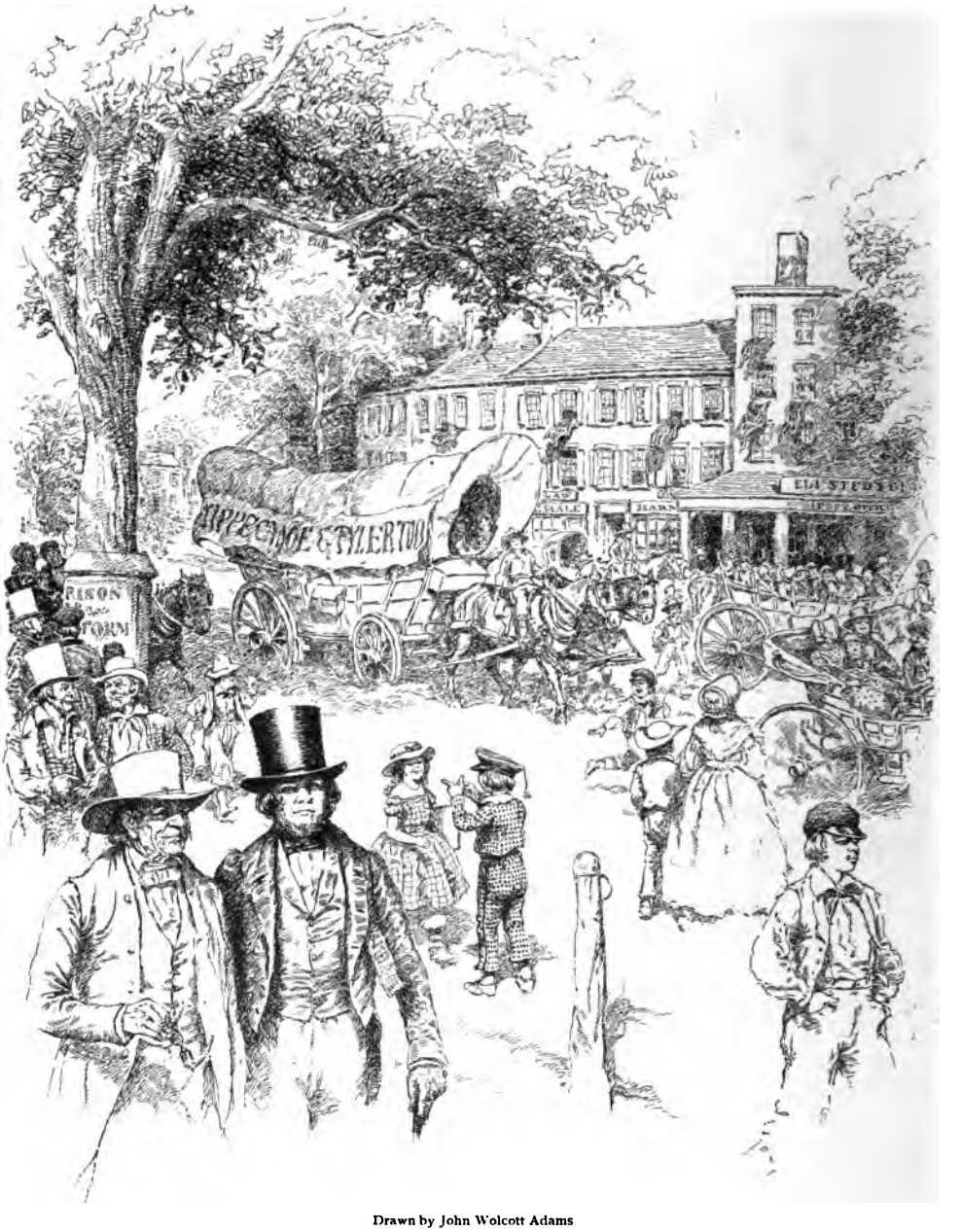
BY WITTER BYNNER

MAN'S courage for the hour,
And woman's for the year,
Make his the lesser power
And hers the lesser fear.

Strength deeper lies than motion;
And women, bearing men,
Are like the floor of ocean
That lifts the wave again.

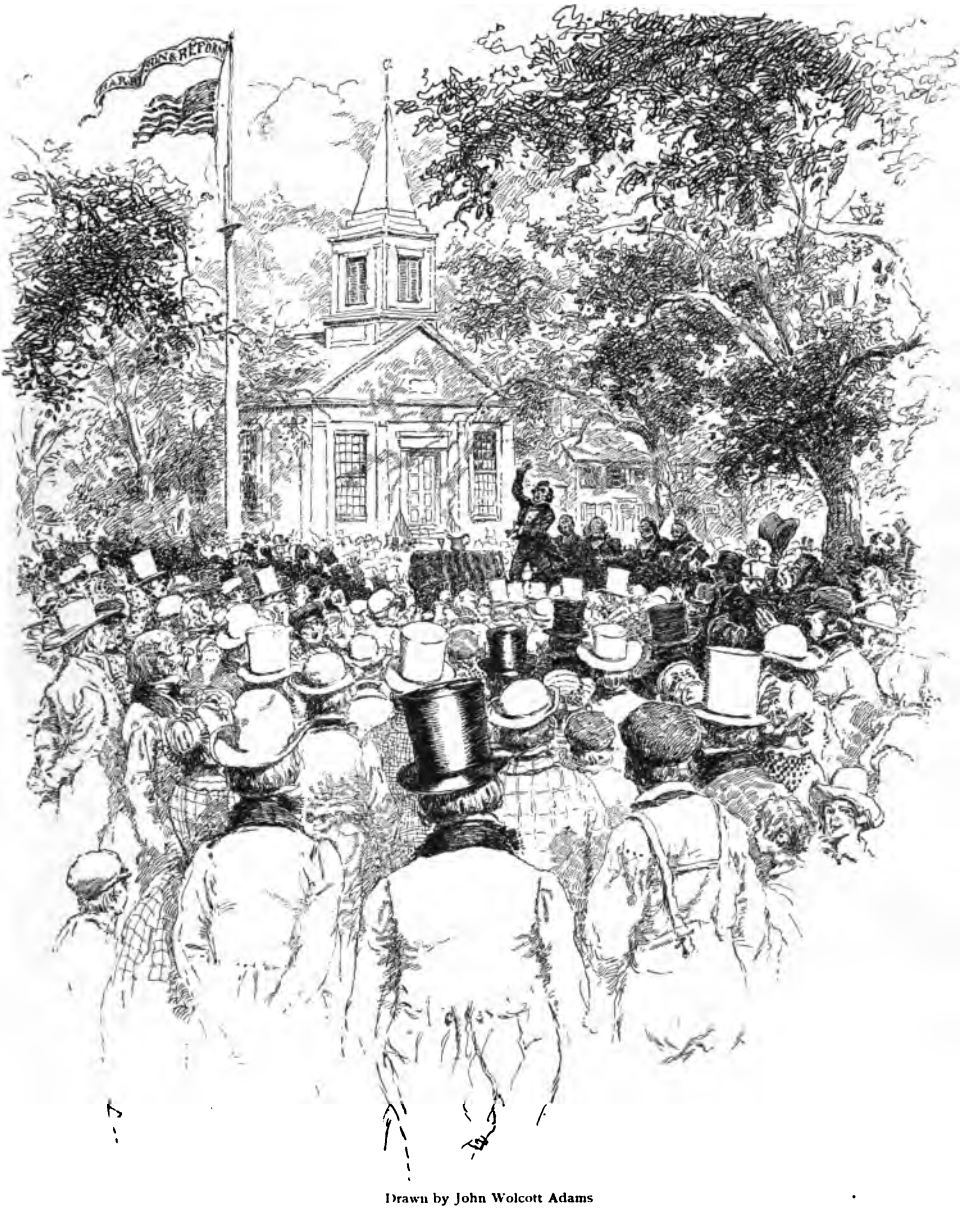
THE HARD CIDER CAMPAIGN of 1840

DRAWINGS
by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



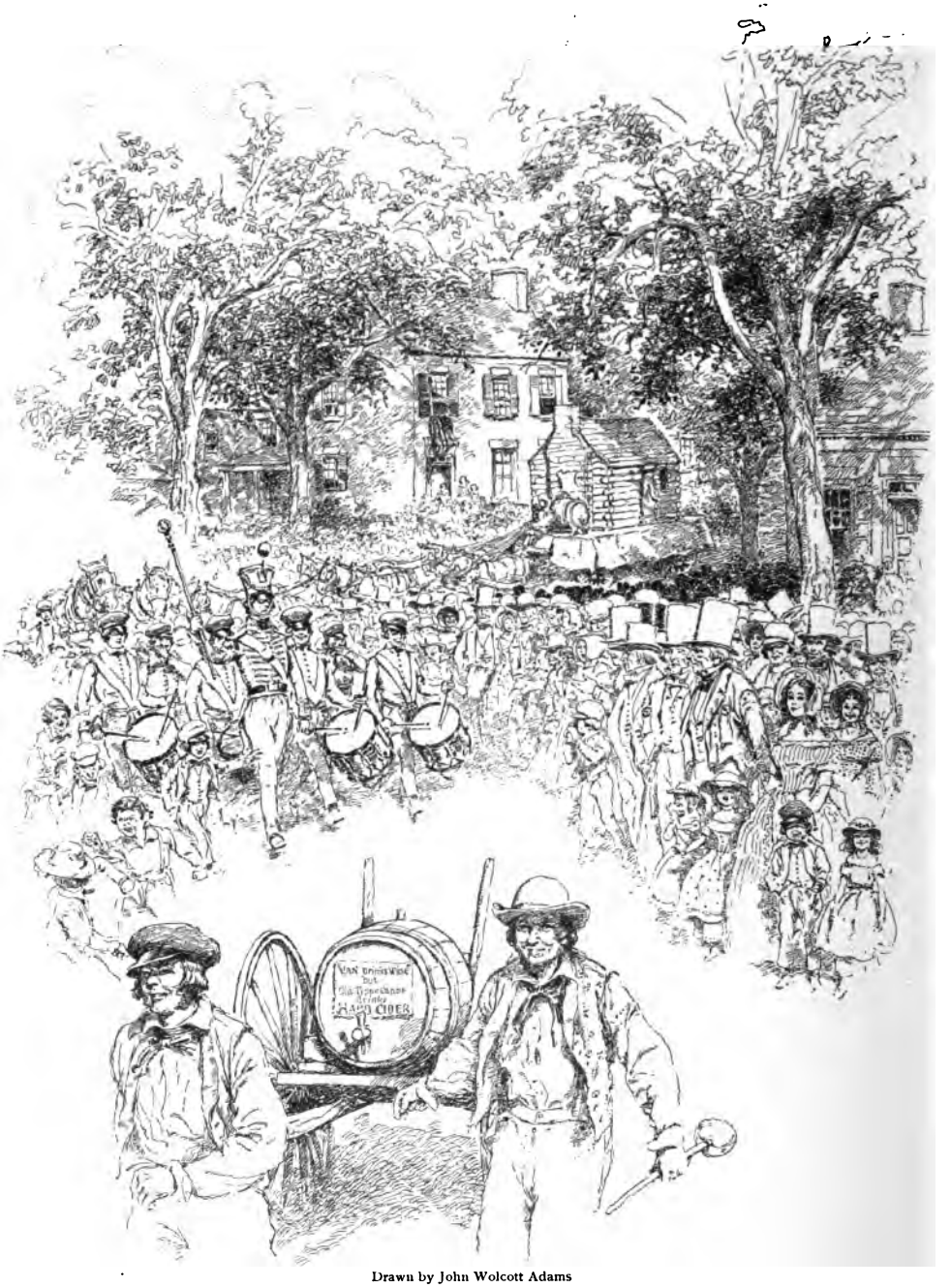
Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

COMING TO TOWN FOR A MASS-MEETING DURING THE HARD CIDER CAMPAIGN—HARRISON AND TYLER *VS.* VAN BUREN AND JOHNSON



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

A MASS-MEETING DURING THE HARD CIDER CAMPAIGN



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

A WHIG PARADE DURING THE HARD CIDER CAMPAIGN

HOLIDAYS IN HAWAII

NATURE IN A PACIFIC PARADISE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

Author of "The Gospel of Nature" (THE CENTURY for June), "Wake Robin," "Signs and Seasons," etc.

"ON the edge of the world my islands lie," sings Mrs. Frear (wife of the Governor of Hawaii) in her little Hawaiian lyric, and on the edge of the world they lie in my memory after my return, basking there in that tropical sunlight, forever fanned by those cooling trade-winds, and encompassed by that morning-glory sea. With my mind's eye I see them rising from the abyss of the Pacific, volcanic mountains miles deep under the sea, and in some cases miles high above it, the scene of long-gone cosmic strife and destruction, now the abode of rural and civic peace and plenty. They ascend from the border of the Tuscarora Deep, and one can fancy how that huge pot must have boiled back in Tertiary times, when the red-hot lava of which they are mainly built up was poured out from the interior of the globe.

Softer and lovelier and more balmy grew the air every day, more and more placid and richly tinted grew the sea, till, on the morning of the sixth day, we saw ahead of us, low on the horizon, the dim outlines of the mountains of Molokai. The island of Oahu, upon which Honolulu is situated, was soon in sight. It was not long before we saw Diamond Head, a vast crater bowl, eight hundred feet high on its ocean side, and half a mile across, sitting there upon the shore like some huge, strange work of man's hand, running back to the hills with a level rim, and seaward with a sloping base.

We were approaching a land that was fire-born and rain-carved, and many of the features were new and strange to us. The mountains looked familiar in outline, but the colors of the landscape, the soft lilacs, greens, and browns, and the whole atmosphere of the scenes, were unlike anything we had ever before seen. And Diamond Head, what a feature it was! Had it only had a head, one could easily have seen in it a suggestion of a couchant lion, bony, huge, and tawny, looking seaward, and guarding the harbor of Honolulu, which lies just behind it. Into this harbor, in the soft morning air, our big iron steamer soon found its way, and the monotony of the sea was quickly succeeded by human scenes of the most varied and animated character, not the least novel of which were the swarms of half-amphibious native boys who surrounded the vessel as she lay at the wharf, and with brown, upturned faces and beckoning hands tempted the passengers to toss dimes into the water. As the coins struck the surface, they would dive with the ease and quickness of seals, and seize the silver apparently before it had gone a yard toward the bottom. Holding the coins up to view between the thumb and finger, they would slip them into their mouths and solicit more. On shore we were greeted with the music of the Royal Hawaiian Band, and a motley crowd of Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and Americans, bearing colored leis, or wreaths of flowers, which they waved at friends on board, and with which they bedecked them as soon as they came off the gang-plank. It was a babel of tongues, in which the strange, vowel-choked Hawaiian language was conspicuous.

duction from the States—the Texas horn-fly, which had recently made its appearance. The poor beasts were driven half crazy by it, as their sunken eyes and poor condition plainly showed.

The trail became rougher and steeper as we ascended, and the grass and trees gave place to low, scrubby bushes. We were half an hour or more in the cloud-belt, where the singing skylarks did not follow us. The clouds proved to be as loose of texture and as innocent as any summer fog that loiters in our valleys; but it was good to emerge into the sunshine again, and see the jagged line of the top sensibly nearer, and the canopy of clouds unroll itself beneath us. Through rifts in it we caught occasional glimpses of the Pacific, blue, vague, mystical gulfs that seemed filled with something less substantial than water. On the other hand was the vast crater of Haleakala, two thousand feet deep, and many miles across, in which the shadows were deepening, and which looked like some burned-out Hades.

We stood or sat on the jagged edge and saw the day depart and the night come down, the glory of cloud and sea and sunset on the one hand, and on the other side the fearful chasm of the extinct volcano, red and black and barren, with the hosts of darkness gathering in it. It was like a seat between heaven and hell. And later, when the Southern Cross came out and rose above the awful gulf, the scene took on a new impressiveness.

The crater of Haleakala is said to be the largest extinct crater in the world. To follow all its outlines would lead one a distance of more than twenty miles, but it is so irregular in shape that one gets only a poor conception of its extent in a view from its brink. At its widest part it cannot be more than four or five miles across. It was evidently formed by the whole top of the mountain having been blown out or else sunk down in recent geologic times. The fragments of jagged rock that thickly strew the surface all about the summit look as if they might have fallen there. The floor of the interior of the crater is thickly studded with many minor craters, through which the internal fires found vent after the crater as a whole had ceased to act. They are the shape of huge haystacks, with a hole in the top, and looked soft and yielding in outline, and in color as though they were composed of soot and brick-dust. One of them is much larger than any of the rest. I thought it might be two hundred feet high. "It is eight hundred," said our guide, yet its summit was more than a thousand feet below the rim upon which we sat.

There has been no eruption in Haleakala since early in the last century. Over a large area of the interior the black lava, cracked and crumpled, meets the eye. Miles down one of its great arms toward the sea, we could see the green lines of vegetation, mostly rank ferns, advancing like an invading army. Far ahead were the skirmishers, loose bands of ferns, with individual ferns here and there pushing on over the black, uneven surface toward the secondary craters of the center. Vegetation was also climbing down the ragged sides of the crater, dropping from rock to rock like an invading host. The ferns, those pioneers of the vegetable world, appear to come first. Their giant progenitors subdued the rocks and made the soil in carboniferous times, and prepared the way for higher vegetable forms, and now these striplings take up the same task in this primitive world of the crater of Haleakala. Their task is a long and arduous one, much more so than in those parts of the island where the rainfall is more copious; but give them time enough, and the barren lava will all be clothed with verdure. When decomposed and ripened by time, it makes a red, heavy soil that supports many kinds of plants and trees.

The ferns come slowly marching in from without, but in the center of the crater, on the slopes of the red cones and at their bases, is another plant that seems indigenous, born of the ash and the scoria of the volcano, and apparently has no chlorophyl in its make-up. This is a striking plant, called the silver sword from the shape and color of its long, narrow leaves. They are the color of frosted silver, and are curved like a sword. It is a strange apparition, white and delicate and rare, springing up in the crater of a slumbering volcano. A more striking contrast with the atmosphere of the surroundings would be hard to find—a suggestion of peace and purity above the graves of world-destroying forces, an

highway, then into the woods on the mountain-side along a trail that was muddy and slippery from the recent showers, and most of the time was buried out of sight beneath the high, coarse stag-horn fern and a thick growth of lantana that met above it as high as our shoulders. A more discouraging mountain climb I never undertook. The vegetation was all novel, but it had that barbaric rankness of all tropical woods, with nothing of the sylvan sweetness and simplicity of our home woods. There were no fine, towering trees, but low, gnarled, and tortuous ones, which, with their hanging vines, like the broken ropes of a ship's rigging, and their parasitic growths, presented a riotous, dishevelled appearance.

From a photograph by Baker

A PRIVATE ROADWAY OF ROYAL PALMS IN HONOLULU

Nature in the tropics, left to herself, is harsh, aggressive, savage; looks as though she wanted to hang you with her dangling ropes or impale you on her thorns, or engulf you in her ranks of gigantic ferns. Her mood is never as placid and sane as in the North. There is a tree in the Hawaiian woods that suggests a tree gone mad. It is called the hau-tree. It lies down, squirms, and wriggles all over the ground like a wounded snake; it gets up, and then takes to earth again. Now it wants to be a vine, now it wants to be a tree. It throws somersaults, it makes itself into loops and rings, it rolls, it reaches, it doubles upon itself. Altogether it is the craziest vegetable growth I ever saw. Where you can get it up off the ground and let it perform its antics on a broad skeleton framework, it makes a cover that no sunbeam can penetrate, and forms a living roof to the most charming verandas—or *lanais,* as they are called in the islands—that one can wish to see.

But I saw and heard one thing on this walk that struck a different note: it was one of the native birds, the Oahu thrush. The moment I heard it I was reminded of our brown thrasher, though the song, or whistle, was much finer and richer in tone than that of our bird. The glimpse I got of the bird showed it to be about the size and shape of our thrasher, but much brighter in color. It seems as though the two species must have had a common origin sometime, somewhere. I was attracted by no other native bird on this walk. In the valley below we had seen and heard the Chinese workmen going about their rice-fields making strange sounds to drive away the rice-birds, a

a network of roots in the soil that defies anything but a steam plow. The soil is a red, heavy clay, and it made the farmer in me sweat to think of the expenditure of labor necessary to turn a lantana bush into a pineapple field. The redness of this volcanic soil is said to be owing to the fact that the growth of vegetation brings the iron into new combinations with organic acid.

From Mr. Aiken's home one has a view of the great wall of mountains that form the western and older—older geologically—end of the island, in which lies the famous Iao Valley, which I have already described. We infer from the much deeper marks of rain erosion that this end of the island is vastly older than the butt-end upon which Haleakala is situated. Haleakala is eroded comparatively little. On all its huge northern slope there is only one considerable gash or gully, and this is probably not many thousand years old; but the northwestern end of the island is worn and carved in the most striking manner. Looking at it that morning, I compared it to my extended, relaxed hand, the northern end being gashed and grooved like the sunken spaces between the fingers, while the southwest end, not more than ten miles distant, was scarcely grooved and more like the solid wrist and back hand. All the rains brought by the northeast trades fall upon the northeast end of the islands. The mountain-peaks on the end hold the clouds and strip them dry, so that little or no rain falls upon the south and southwest sides. This is true of all the islands. One end of each is arid and barren, while the other is wet and verdant. One of the smaller islands, Kahoolawe, I believe, dominated by Maui on the northeast, is said to be drying up and blowing away by inches.

What a spell the mountains do lay upon the clouds everywhere,—the robber mountains,—in these islands exacting the last drop of water of all the ocean-born vapors that pass over them! On the northeast side of the Lahaina district there are valleys four or five thousand feet deep; on the southwest side there are no valleys worth mentioning. The difference in this respect was forcibly brought to me when, later in the day, we made an automobile trip from Wailuku to Lahaina on the southwest side; in going less than twenty miles we quickly passed from the region of verdant valleys and mountain-slopes into a hard, raw, barren unweathered region, where there was no soil, and where the rocks looked as crude and forbidding as they must have looked the day they flowed out from the depths as molten lava. In outline the island of Maui suggests a truncated statue, the west end representing the head, very old and wrinkled and grooved by time and trouble, the peninsula the well-proportioned neck, and broad-breasted Haleakala forming the trunk. What a torso it is, fire-born and basking there in the tropic seas.

The oldest island of the Hawaiian group is Kauai, called the garden island, because it has much the deeper and more fertile soil. It shows much more evidence of erosion than any of the other islands. The next in point of erosion, and hence in point of age, is Oahu. Then come Molokai and Maui, the two ends of the latter being of vastly unequal age. Hawaii, the largest of them all, nearly as large as Connecticut, is the youngest of the group, and shows the least effects of erosion. When it is as old as Kauai is now, its two huge mountains, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, will probably be cut up into deep valleys and cañons and sharp, high ridges, as are the mountains of Kauai and Oahu. The lapse of time required to bring about such a result is beyond all human calculation. Whether one million or two millions of years would do it, who knows? Those warm, tropical rains, aided by the rank vegetation which they beget and support, dissolve the volcanic rock slowly, but inevitably.

In the afternoon we availed ourselves of the five or six miles of narrow gage railway, the only one on the island, to go from Paia to Wailuku, where we were met by another automobile, which hurried us to Lahaina, where we were to meet the steamer that was to convey us to Hilo, on Hawaii. I say "hurried," but before the journey of twenty-odd miles was half over, we realized the truth of the old adage, "The more haste, the less speed." The automobile began to sulk and finally could be persuaded to go on only the low gear, and to rattle along at about the speed of a man with a horse and buggy. We reached Lahaina just as the boat was entering the harbor.

The next morning we found ourselves steaming along past the high, verdant shores of Hawaii. For fifty miles or more the land presented one unbroken expanse of sugar-cane, suggesting fields of some gigantic yellow-green grass. At Hilo the sun was shining between brief showers, and the air was warm and muggy. It is said to rain there every day in the year, and the lush vegetation made the statement seem credible. Judge Andrews met us at the steamer, and took us to his home for rest and dinner, and was extremely kind to us.

In the mid-afternoon we took the train for Glenwood, thirty miles on our way to the volcano of Kilauea. A large part of the way the road leads through sugar plantations, newly carved out of the koa and tree-fern wilderness that originally covered the volcanic soil. Clusters of the little houses of the Japanese laborers, perched high above the ground on slender posts, were passed here and there. Everywhere we saw wooden aqueducts, or flumes, winding around the contours of the hills and across the little valleys, often on high trestle-works, and partly filled with clear, swift-running water, in which the sugar-cane was transported to the mills.

At Glenwood stages meet the tourists and convey them over a fairly good road that winds through the tree-fern forests to the Volcano House, ten miles away. The beauty of that fern-lined forest, the long, stately plumes of the gigantic ferns meeting the eye everywhere, I shall not soon forget. I saw what appeared to be a large, showy, red raspberry growing by the roadside, but I did not find it at all tempting to the taste.

It was dark when we reached the Volcano House, and we saw off to the left a red glow upon the fog-clouds, like the reflected light from a burning barn or house in the country, and we inferred at once that it came from the volcano, which it did. From my window that night as I lay in bed I could see this same angry glow upon the clouds. The smell of sulphur was in the air about the hotel, and very hot steam was issuing from cracks in the rocks. A party of tourists on horseback, in the spirit of true American hurry, visited the volcano that night, but we chose to wait until the morrow.

The next morning the great crater of Kilauea was filled with fog, but it lifted, and the sun shone before noon. We put in a pleasant forenoon strolling along the tree-fringed brink, looking down eight or nine hundred feet upon its black lava floor, and plucking ohelo-berries, which grew there abundantly, a kind of large, red huckleberry that one could eat out of hand, but that one could not get excited over. They were better in a pie than in the hand. Their name seemed to go well with the suggestion of the scenes amid which they grew. Kilauea is a round, extinct crater about three miles across and seven or eight hundred feet deep. It has been the scene of terrific explosions in past ages, but it has now dwindled to the small active crater of Halemaumau, which is sunk near the middle of it like a huge pot, 200 or more feet deep, and a thousand feet across.

In the mid-afternoon a party of eight or ten of us on horseback set out to visit the volcano. The trail led down the broken and shelving side of the crater, amid trees and bushes, till it struck the floor of lava at the bottom. In going down I was aware all the time of a beautiful bird-song off on my left—a song almost as sweet as that of our hermit-thrush, but of an entirely different order. I think it was the song of one of the honey-suckers, a red bird with black wings that in flight looked like our scarlet tanager.

Our course took us out over the cracked and contorted lava-beds, where no green thing was growing. The forms of the lava flow suggested mailed and writhing dragons, with horrid, gaping mouths and vicious claws. The lava crunched beneath the horses' feet like shelly and brittle ice. At one point we passed over a wide, jagged crack on a bridge. As we neared the crater, the rocks grew warm, and sulphur and other fumes streaked the air.

When half a mile from the crater we dismounted and, leaving our horses in charge of the guide, proceeded on foot over the cracked and heated lava rocks toward the brink of this veritable devil's caldron. The sulphur fumes are so suffocating that it can be approached only on the windward side. The first glance into that fearful pit is all that your imagination can picture it. You look upon

the traditional lake of brimstone and fire, and if devils were to appear skipping about over the surface with pitchforks, turning their victims as the cook turns her frying crullers in the sputtering fat, it would not much surprise you. This liquid is rather thick and viscid, but it is boiling furiously. Great masses of it are thrown up forty or fifty feet, and fall with a crash like that of the surf upon the shore. Livid jets are thrown up many feet high against the sides and drip back, cooling quickly as the lava descends. We sat or stood upon the brink, at times almost letting our feet hang over the sides, and shielding our faces from the intense heat with paper masks and veils. It is probably the only place in the world where you can come face to face with the heart of an active volcano. There are no veils of vapor to hide it from you. It appears easy enough to cast a stone into the midst of it, but none of us could quite do it.

The mass of boiling lava is said to be about one and one half acres in extent. Its surface is covered with large masses of floating crust, black and smooth, like leather or roofing-paper, and between these masses, or islands, the molten lava shows in broad, vivid lines. It is never quiet. When not actually boiling, there is a slow, circulatory movement, and the great flakes of black crust, suggesting scum, drift across from one end to the other, and are drawn under the rocks. At one moment only this movement is apparent, then suddenly the mass begins to boil furiously all over the surface, and you hear dimly the sound of the bursting bubbles and the crash of the falling lava. When this takes place, the black, floating masses are broken up and scattered as they are in boiling maple-syrup, but they quickly reunite, and are carried on by the current as before.

Looking upon this scene with the thought of the traditional lake of fire and brimstone of our forefathers in mind, you would say that these black filthy-looking masses floating about on the surface were the accumulation of all the bad stuff that had been fried out of the poor sinners since hell was invented. How much wickedness and uncharity and evil thought it would represent! If the poor victims were clarified and made purer by the process, then it would seem worth while.

That huge kettle of molten metal, mantling and bubbling, how it is impressed upon my memory! It is a vestige of the ancient cosmic fire that once wrapped the whole globe in its embrace. It had a kind of brutal fascination. One could not take one's eyes from it. That network of broad, jagged fiery lines defining those black, smooth masses, or islands, of floating matter, told of a side of nature we had never before seen. We lingered there on the brink of the fearful spectacle till night came on, and the sides of the mighty caldron, and the fog clouds above it, glowed in the infernal light. Not so white as the metal pouring from a blast-furnace, not so hot, a more sullen red, but welling up from the central primordial fires of the earth. This great pot has boiled over many times in the recent past, as the lava beds we traveled over testify, and it will probably boil over again. It has been unusually active these last few years.

About nine o'clock we rode back, facing a cold, driving mist; the back of each rider, protected by the shining yellow "slickers," glowing to the one behind him, in the volcano's light, till we were a mile or more away.

The next morning came clear, and the sight of the mighty slope of Mauna Loa, lit up by the rising sun, was a grand spectacle. It looked gentle and easy of ascent, wooded here and there, and here and there showing broad, black streaks from the lava overflows at the summit in recent years; but remembering that it was nearly four thousand feet higher than Haleakala, I had no desire to climb it. This mountain, with its companion, Mauna Kea, form the highest island mountains in the world.

The stage rolled us back through the fern forest to the railway station, and thence on to Hilo again, where, in good time, in the afternoon, we went aboard the steamer, and the next morning were again in the harbor of Honolulu, glad we had made the inter-island trip, and above all glad that we had seen Haleakala.

ties peculiar to itself, showing what a factor isolation is in the evolution of new species. The governor and his wife, and a young man who had specialized in conchology, plucked them from nearly every bush and tree; but my eye, being untrained in this kind of work, was very slow in finding them.

Coming down from these Hawaiian mountains is like coming out of a dripping tent of clouds into the clear, warm sunshine. The change is most delightful. Your clothing dries very quickly, and your chilliness gives place to genial warmth. And the prospects that open before you, the glimpses down into these deep, yellow-green, crater-like valleys, checkered with neat little Chinese farms, the panorama of the city and the sea unrolling as you come down, and always Diamond Head standing guard there to the east—how the vision of it all lingers in the memory!

In climbing the heights, it was always a surprise to me to see the Pacific rise up as I rose, till it stood up like a great blue wall there against the horizon. A level plain unrolls in the same way as we mount above it, but it does not produce the same illusion of rising up like a wall or a mountain-range; the blue, facile water cheats the eye.

One of the novel pleasures in which most travelers indulge while in Honolulu is surf-riding at Waikiki, near Diamond Head. The sea, with a floor of lava and coral, is here shallow for a long distance out, and the surf comes in at intervals like a line of steeds cantering over a plain. We went out in our bathing-suits in a long, heavy dugout, with a lusty native oarsman in each end. When several hundred yards from shore, we saw, on looking seaward, the long, shining billows coming, whereupon our oarsmen headed the canoe toward shore, and plied their paddles with utmost vigor, uttering simultaneously a curious, excited cry. In a moment the breaker caught us and, in some way holding us on its crest, shot us toward the shore like an arrow. The sensation is novel and thrilling. The foam flies; the waters leap about you. You are coasting on the sea, and you shout with delight, and pray for the sensation to continue. But it is quickly over. The hurrying breaker slips from under you, and leaves you in the trough, while it goes foaming on the shore. Then you turn about and row out from shore again, and wait for another chance to be shot toward the land on the foaming crest of a great Pacific wave.

From a photograph by Baker

A PARTY OF VISITORS IN THE CRATER OF HALEAKALA ON MAUI

duction from the States—the Texas horn-fly, which had recently made its appearance. The poor beasts were driven half crazy by it, as their sunken eyes and poor condition plainly showed.

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We stood or sat on the jagged edge and saw the day depart and the night come down, the glory of cloud and sea and sunset on the one hand, and on the other side the fearful chasm of the extinct volcano, red and black and barren, with the hosts of darkness gathering in it. It was like a seat between heaven and hell. And later, when the Southern Cross came out and rose above the awful gulf, the scene took on a new impressiveness.

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There has been no eruption in Haleakala since early in the last century. Over a large area of the interior the black lava, cracked and crumpled, meets the eye. Miles down one of its great arms toward the sea, we could see the green lines of vegetation, mostly rank ferns, advancing like an invading army. Far ahead were the skirmishers, loose bands of ferns, with individual ferns here and there pushing on over the black, uneven surface toward the secondary craters of the center. Vegetation was also climbing down the ragged sides of the crater, dropping from rock to rock like an invading host. The ferns, those pioneers of the vegetable world, appear to come first. Their giant progenitors subdued the rocks and made the soil in carboniferous times, and prepared the way for higher vegetable forms, and now these striplings take up the same task in this primitive world of the crater of Haleakala. Their task is a long and arduous one, much more so than in those parts of the island where the rainfall is more copious; but give them time enough, and the barren lava will all be clothed with verdure. When decomposed and ripened by time, it makes a red, heavy soil that supports many kinds of plants and trees.

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AN HAWAIIAN NATIVE PEDDLING TARO, THE PLANT FROM WHICH A NATIVE FOOD IS MADE

From photograph by Baker

A FIELD OF TARO

This photograph shows how taro is usually grown under shallow water.

age, and my slumbers were undisturbed. A wireless message had gone to Mr. Aiken, on the island of Maui, to meet us with his automobile in the morning at the landing at Kahului. We were taken to the shore on a lighter, along with the horses and cargo, and there found our new friend awaiting us.

The great mountain of Haleakala rose up in a long line against the sky on the left, and the deeply eroded and cañoned mountains of the older, or west, end of the island on our right. Toward the latter our guide took us. It was a pleasant spin along the good roads, in the fresh morning air, near the beach, to Wailuku, the shire town of the island, two or three miles distant. Here we were most hos-

From a photograph by A. Gartley

A VIEW IN THE OLOKELE CAÑON

pitably entertained in the home of Mr. Penhallow, the director of a large sugar plantation.

Here for the first time in my life I saw a gang of steam plows working, pulled by a stationary engine at each end of the field, and turning over the red, heavy, volcanic soil. The work was mainly in the hands of Japanese, and was well done. We afterward saw Japanese by the score, both men and women, planting a large area of newly plowed land with sugar-cane.

After we were rested and refreshed, and had sampled the mangos that had fallen from a tree near the house, Mr. Aiken took us in his automobile up into the famous Iao Valley, at the mouth of which Wailuku is situated. It is a deep, striking chasm carved out of the mountain

by the stream, rank with verdure of various kinds, and looked down upon by sharp peaks and ridges five or six thousand feet high. We soon reached the clear, rapid, brawling stream, as bright as a Catskill mountain trout brook, and after a mile or two along its course we came to the end of the road, where we left the machine and took a trail that wound onward and upward over a slippery surface and through dripping bushes, for we here began to reach the skirts of the little showers that almost constantly career over and about the interior of these mountains. I neither saw nor heard a bird or other live thing. Guava-apples lay on the ground all along the trail, and one could eat them and not make faces. Some of the sharp, knife-blade ridges that cut down toward us from the higher peaks were very startling, and so steep and thin and high that they could be successfully scaled only by the aid of ropes and ladders. A more striking object-lesson in erosion by rain would be hard to find. There were no naked rocks; short, thick vegetation covered even the steepest slopes, and the vegetable acids which this generated, and the perpetual rains, weathered the mountains down. It soon became so wet that we stopped far short of the head of the valley, and turned back. I wished to look into the great, deep, green amphitheater which seems to lie at the head, but had glimpses of it only from a distance. How many millenniums will it be, I said to myself, before erosion will have completed its work here, and these thin, high mountain-walls will be in ruins? Surely not many.

We returned to the hospitable home we had left, and passed the midday there. In the afternoon Mr. Aiken, guiding our eyes by the forms of trees that cut the horizon-line on the huge flank of Haleakala, pointed out the place of his own homestead, twenty or more miles away. From this point the great mountain appeared like a vast landscape tilted up at an easy angle against the horizon. One could hardly believe it was ten thousand feet high. The machine climbed easily more than half the distance to Mr. Aiken's plantation, which we reached in good time in the afternoon, and where we passed a very enjoyable night. It was a surprise to find swarms of mosquitos at this altitude, so free from all mosquito-breeding waters. But the house was well protected against them. Mosquitos, as well as flies and vermin, are not native to the island. They came in ships not very long ago, and are now very troublesome in certain parts. They came around the Horn. Mr. Aiken's house itself came around the Horn seventy or eighty years ago. It was a quaint, New England type of house, and had a very homelike look. In front of it, near the gate, stood a Japanese pine which was an object of veneration to all Japanese who chanced to come that way. Often their eyes filled with tears on beholding it, so responsive are the little yellow men to associations of home.

In the morning Mr. Aiken drove us in a wagon to a place he has called Idlewild, six miles farther up the great slope of the mountain. This slope of Haleakala is like a whole township, diversified with farms and woods, valleys and hills, resting on its elbows, so to speak, and looking out over the Pacific. We could look up to the cloud-line, about seven thousand feet above the sea, and occasionally get a glimpse of the long line of the summit through rifts in the clouds. At Idlewild our expedition, consisting of six mules and four people, was fitted out, and in the early afternoon we started on the trail up the mountain.

For several miles our way led over grassy slopes where cattle were grazing. All the way till we reached the cloud-belt, we had the larks pouring down their music from the sky above us. They seemed specially jubilant. It was May in England, too, and they sang as though the spirit of those downs and fells was stirring in their hearts, under alien skies, but true to the memories of home.

Before we reached the summit we came upon another introduction from overseas —the English pheasant. One started up from some bushes only a few yards from the trail, went booming away, and disappeared in a deep gully. A little later another sprang up, uttering a cackling cry as it flew away. We saw three altogether. The only home thing we saw was white clover in patches here and there, and it gave a most welcome touch to the unfamiliar scenes.

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duction from the States—the Texas horn-fly, which had recently made its appearance. The poor beasts were driven half crazy by it, as their sunken eyes and poor condition plainly showed.

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angel of light nourished by the ashes of the demons of death and darkness.

It is claimed by the people of the island that this plant is found in no other place on the globe, but this can hardly be possible. If its evolution took place in one crater, it would take place in another. It consists of a great mass of silvery-white, bristling leaves resting upon the ground, from which rises a stalk, strung with flowers, to the height of five or six feet. It is evidently of the yucca type of plant, and has met with a singular transformation in the sleeping volcano's mouth, all its harsh and savage character turned into gentleness and grace, its armament of needles and daggers giving place to a soft, silvery down. We did not see the plant growing except at a great distance, through field-glasses, but we saw a photograph of it and a dried specimen after we came down from the summit.

It is an all-day's trip down into the crater and return, climbing back over sliding sands and loose scoria, and our time was too limited to undertake it. We passed the night on the summit in a rude stone hut which had a fireplace where the guide made coffee, but we had only the volcanic rock for floor.

I arose about two o'clock, and made my way out into the star-blazing night. Such glory of the heavens I had never before seen. I had never before been lifted up so near them, and hence had never before seen them through so rarefied an atmosphere. The clouds and vapors had disappeared, and all the hosts of heaven were magnified. The Milky Way seemed newly paved and swept. There was no wind and no sound. The mighty crater was a gulf of blackness, but the sky blazed with light.

The dawn comes early on such a mountain-top, and before four o'clock we were out under the fading stars. As we had seen the day pass into night, surrounded by these wonderful scenes, now we saw the night pass into day, and the elemental grandeur on every hand reborn before us. There was not a wisp of cloud or fog below us or about us to blur the great picture. The sun came up from behind the vast, long, high wall of the Pacific that filled the eastern horizon, and the shadows fled from the huge pile of mountain in the west. We hung about the rim of the great crater or sat upon the jagged rocks, wrapped in our blankets, till the sun was an hour high.

After breakfast we still haunted for an hour or more the brink of the great abyss, where one seemed to feel the pulse of primal time, loath to tear ourselves away, loath also to take a last view of the panorama of land and sea, lit by the morning sun, which spread out far below us. To the southeast we could dimly see the outlines of the island of Hawaii, with a faint gleam of snow on its great mountain Mauna Loa, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. In the northwest a dim, dark mass low in the horizon marked the place of Oahu. The ocean rose in the vast horizon and blended with the sky. The eye could not tell where one ended and the other began.

The mules had had a comfortable night in a rude stone stable against the rocks, and were more eager to hit the down trail than were we. The descent proved more fatiguing than the ascent, the constant plunging motion of the animal's shoulders being a sore trial. We dropped down through the belt of clouds that had begun to form, and out into the grassy region of the singing skylarks, past herds of grazing cattle, and at noon were again at Idlewild, resting our weary limbs and comforting the inner man.

In the afternoon Mr. Aiken drove us back to his home farm, where we again passed a very pleasant night. In the morning I walked with him through his pineapple plantation. It was a new kind of farming and fruit-growing to me. I forget now how many hundred thousand plants his field contained. They are set and cultivated much as cabbage is with us, but present a strangely stiff and forbidding aspect. The first cutting is when the plants are about eighteen months old, one large solid apple from each plant. The second crop is called the raggoon crop, and yields two apples from each plant, but smaller and less valuable than the first. The field is then reset. I also walked with Mr. Aiken over some new land he was getting ready for pineapples. It had been densely covered with lantana scrub, and clearing it and grubbing it out had been a heroic task. The lantana takes complete possession of the soil, grows about four or five feet high, and makes

a network of roots in the soil that defies anything but a steam plow. The soil is a red, heavy clay, and it made the farmer in me sweat to think of the expenditure of labor necessary to turn a lantana bush into a pineapple field. The redness of this volcanic soil is said to be owing to the fact that the growth of vegetation brings the iron into new combinations with organic acid.

From Mr. Aiken's home one has a view of the great wall of mountains that form the western and older—older geologically—end of the island, in which lies the famous Iao Valley, which I have already described. We infer from the much deeper marks of rain erosion that this end of the island is vastly older than the butt-end upon which Haleakala is situated. Haleakala is eroded comparatively little. On all its huge northern slope there is only one considerable gash or gully, and this is probably not many thousand years old; but the northwestern end of the island is worn and carved in the most striking manner. Looking at it that morning, I compared it to my extended, relaxed hand, the northern end being gashed and grooved like the sunken spaces between the fingers, while the southwest end, not more than ten miles distant, was scarcely grooved and more like the solid wrist and back hand. All the rains brought by the northeast trades fall upon the northeast end of the islands. The mountain-peaks on the end hold the clouds and strip them dry, so that little or no rain falls upon the south and southwest sides. This is true of all the islands. One end of each is arid and barren, while the other is wet and verdant. One of the smaller islands, Kahoolawe, I believe, dominated by Maui on the northeast, is said to be drying up and blowing away by inches.

What a spell the mountains do lay upon the clouds everywhere,—the robber mountains,—in these islands exacting the last drop of water of all the ocean-born vapors that pass over them! On the northeast side of the Lahaina district there are valleys four or five thousand feet deep; on the southwest side there are no valleys worth mentioning. The difference in this respect was forcibly brought to me when, later in the day, we made an automobile trip from Wailuku to Lahaina on the southwest side; in going less than twenty miles we quickly passed from the region of verdant valleys and mountain-slopes into a hard, raw, barren unweathered region, where there was no soil, and where the rocks looked as crude and forbidding as they must have looked the day they flowed out from the depths as molten lava. In outline the island of Maui suggests a truncated statue, the west end representing the head, very old and wrinkled and grooved by time and trouble, the peninsula the well-proportioned neck, and broad-breasted Haleakala forming the trunk. What a torso it is, fire-born and basking there in the tropic seas.

The oldest island of the Hawaiian group is Kauai, called the garden island, because it has much the deeper and more fertile soil. It shows much more evidence of erosion than any of the other islands. The next in point of erosion, and hence in point of age, is Oahu. Then come Molokai and Maui, the two ends of the latter being of vastly unequal age. Hawaii, the largest of them all, nearly as large as Connecticut, is the youngest of the group, and shows the least effects of erosion. When it is as old as Kauai is now, its two huge mountains, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, will probably be cut up into deep valleys and cañons and sharp, high ridges, as are the mountains of Kauai and Oahu. The lapse of time required to bring about such a result is beyond all human calculation. Whether one million or two millions of years would do it, who knows? Those warm, tropical rains, aided by the rank vegetation which they beget and support, dissolve the volcanic rock slowly, but inevitably.

In the afternoon we availed ourselves of the five or six miles of narrow gage railway, the only one on the island, to go from Paia to Wailuku, where we were met by another automobile, which hurried us to Lahaina, where we were to meet the steamer that was to convey us to Hilo, on Hawaii. I say "hurried," but before the journey of twenty-odd miles was half over, we realized the truth of the old adage, "The more haste, the less speed." The automobile began to sulk and finally could be persuaded to go on only the low gear, and to rattle along at about the speed of a man with a horse and buggy. We reached Lahaina just as the boat was entering the harbor.

The next morning we found ourselves steaming along past the high, verdant shores of Hawaii. For fifty miles or more the land presented one unbroken expanse of sugar-cane, suggesting fields of some gigantic yellow-green grass. At Hilo the sun was shining between brief showers, and the air was warm and muggy. It is said to rain there every day in the year, and the lush vegetation made the statement seem credible. Judge Andrews met us at the steamer, and took us to his home for rest and dinner, and was extremely kind to us.

In the mid-afternoon we took the train for Glenwood, thirty miles on our way to the volcano of Kilauea. A large part of the way the road leads through sugar plantations, newly carved out of the koa and tree-fern wilderness that originally covered the volcanic soil. Clusters of the little houses of the Japanese laborers, perched high above the ground on slender posts, were passed here and there. Everywhere we saw wooden aqueducts, or flumes, winding around the contours of the hills and across the little valleys, often on high trestle-works, and partly filled with clear, swift-running water, in which the sugar-cane was transported to the mills.

At Glenwood stages meet the tourists and convey them over a fairly good road that winds through the tree-fern forests to the Volcano House, ten miles away. The beauty of that fern-lined forest, the long, stately plumes of the gigantic ferns meeting the eye everywhere, I shall not soon forget. I saw what appeared to be a large, showy, red raspberry growing by the roadside, but I did not find it at all tempting to the taste.

It was dark when we reached the Volcano House, and we saw off to the left a red glow upon the fog-clouds, like the reflected light from a burning barn or house in the country, and we inferred at once that it came from the volcano, which it did. From my window that night as I lay in bed I could see this same angry glow upon the clouds. The smell of sulphur was in the air about the hotel, and very hot steam was issuing from cracks in the rocks. A party of tourists on horseback, in the spirit of true American hurry, visited the volcano that night, but we chose to wait until the morrow.

The next morning the great crater of Kilauea was filled with fog, but it lifted, and the sun shone before noon. We put in a pleasant forenoon strolling along the tree-fringed brink, looking down eight or nine hundred feet upon its black lava floor, and plucking ohelo-berries, which grew there abundantly, a kind of large, red huckleberry that one could eat out of hand, but that one could not get excited over. They were better in a pie than in the hand. Their name seemed to go well with the suggestion of the scenes amid which they grew. Kilauea is a round, extinct crater about three miles across and seven or eight hundred feet deep. It has been the scene of terrific explosions in past ages, but it has now dwindled to the small active crater of Halemaumau, which is sunk near the middle of it like a huge pot, 200 or more feet deep, and a thousand feet across.

In the mid-afternoon a party of eight or ten of us on horseback set out to visit the volcano. The trail led down the broken and shelving side of the crater, amid trees and bushes, till it struck the floor of lava at the bottom. In going down I was aware all the time of a beautiful bird-song off on my left—a song almost as sweet as that of our hermit-thrush, but of an entirely different order. I think it was the song of one of the honey-suckers, a red bird with black wings that in flight looked like our scarlet tanager.

Our course took us out over the cracked and contorted lava-beds, where no green thing was growing. The forms of the lava flow suggested mailed and writhing dragons, with horrid, gaping mouths and vicious claws. The lava crunched beneath the horses' feet like shelly and brittle ice. At one point we passed over a wide, jagged crack on a bridge. As we neared the crater, the rocks grew warm, and sulphur and other fumes streaked the air.

When half a mile from the crater we dismounted and, leaving our horses in charge of the guide, proceeded on foot over the cracked and heated lava rocks toward the brink of this veritable devil's caldron. The sulphur fumes are so suffocating that it can be approached only on the windward side. The first glance into that fearful pit is all that your imagination can picture it. You look upon

the traditional lake of brimstone and fire, and if devils were to appear skipping about over the surface with pitchforks, turning their victims as the cook turns her frying crullers in the sputtering fat, it would not much surprise you. This liquid is rather thick and viscid, but it is boiling furiously. Great masses of it are thrown up forty or fifty feet, and fall with a crash like that of the surf upon the shore. Livid jets are thrown up many feet high against the sides and drip back, cooling quickly as the lava descends. We sat or stood upon the brink, at times almost letting our feet hang over the sides, and shielding our faces from the intense heat with paper masks and veils. It is probably the only place in the world where you can come face to face with the heart of an active volcano. There are no veils of vapor to hide it from you. It appears easy enough to cast a stone into the midst of it, but none of us could quite do it.

The mass of boiling lava is said to be about one and one half acres in extent. Its surface is covered with large masses of floating crust, black and smooth, like leather or roofing-paper, and between these masses, or islands, the molten lava shows in broad, vivid lines. It is never quiet. When not actually boiling, there is a slow, circulatory movement, and the great flakes of black crust, suggesting scum, drift across from one end to the other, and are drawn under the rocks. At one moment only this movement is apparent, then suddenly the mass begins to boil furiously all over the surface, and you hear dimly the sound of the bursting bubbles and the crash of the falling lava. When this takes place, the black, floating masses are broken up and scattered as they are in boiling maple-syrup, but they quickly reunite, and are carried on by the current as before.

Looking upon this scene with the thought of the traditional lake of fire and brimstone of our forefathers in mind, you would say that these black filthy-looking masses floating about on the surface were the accumulation of all the bad stuff that had been fried out of the poor sinners since hell was invented. How much wickedness and uncharity and evil thought it would represent! If the poor victims were clarified and made purer by the process, then it would seem worth while.

That huge kettle of molten metal, mantling and bubbling, how it is impressed upon my memory! It is a vestige of the ancient cosmic fire that once wrapped the whole globe in its embrace. It had a kind of brutal fascination. One could not take one's eyes from it. That network of broad, jagged fiery lines defining those black, smooth masses, or islands, of floating matter, told of a side of nature we had never before seen. We lingered there on the brink of the fearful spectacle till night came on, and the sides of the mighty caldron, and the fog clouds above it, glowed in the infernal light. Not so white as the metal pouring from a blast-furnace, not so hot, a more sullen red, but welling up from the central primordial fires of the earth. This great pot has boiled over many times in the recent past, as the lava beds we traveled over testify, and it will probably boil over again. It has been unusually active these last few years.

About nine o'clock we rode back, facing a cold, driving mist; the back of each rider, protected by the shining yellow "slickers," glowing to the one behind him, in the volcano's light, till we were a mile or more away.

The next morning came clear, and the sight of the mighty slope of Mauna Loa, lit up by the rising sun, was a grand spectacle. It looked gentle and easy of ascent, wooded here and there, and here and there showing broad, black streaks from the lava overflows at the summit in recent years; but remembering that it was nearly four thousand feet higher than Haleakala, I had no desire to climb it. This mountain, with its companion, Mauna Kea, form the highest island mountains in the world.

The stage rolled us back through the fern forest to the railway station, and thence on to Hilo again, where, in good time, in the afternoon, we went aboard the steamer, and the next morning were again in the harbor of Honolulu, glad we had made the inter-island trip, and above all glad that we had seen Haleakala.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN

FROM UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, JOHN G. NICOLAY

BY HELEN NICOLAY

THE great bulk of my father's notes and memoranda about Lincoln were of course used in the biography written in collaboration with John Hay. There are, however, others that he meant to print in a volume called "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln." But he was unfortunately not able even to begin the work. In what follows I have grouped together some of these notes which have a special personal interest.

LINCOLN'S CHOICE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY

I BEGIN with a memorandum which shows how my father came to be Mr. Lincoln's private secretary.

"From the spring of 1857 to 1860 I was a clerk in the office of the Hon. O. M. Hatch, Secretary of State of Illinois, who in that capacity occupied a large and well-appointed room in the old State House at Springfield. The State Library, of which the Secretary had charge, was in an adjoining room, also large and commodious, which by common consent was used by all political parties when assembled at State conventions, or during sessions of the legislature, as a political caucus-room, the entrance to it being through the Secretary's main office. This office of the Secretary of State was therefore in effect the State political headquarters, and a frequent rendezvous for prominent Illinois politicians, more especially for those of the Republican party, to which Mr. Hatch belonged. Mr. Lincoln was of course a frequent visitor, and, when he came, was always the center of an animated and interested group. It was during the years mentioned that I made his acquaintance. All the election records were kept by the Secretary of State, and I, being Mr. Hatch's principal clerk, had frequent occasion to show Mr. Lincoln, who was an assiduous student of election-tables, the latest returns or the completed record-books.

"As soon as the Chicago Convention was ended, I was filled with an ambitious desire to write a campaign biography of the Republican candidate for President, and was greatly disappointed and chagrined to learn that that honor had already been promised to a young Ohioan, then little known, but now famous in American literature,—William D. Howells,—who performed his task much more worthily than I could have done.

"My compensation soon came. Only a day or two later Mr. Lincoln appointed me his private secretary, without any solicitation on my part, or, so far as I know, of any one else, and, I presume, simply on account of the acquaintance formed as above stated."

He does not go on to relate how the knowledge that he was chosen for this

close personal office came to him—how Mr. Hatch, seeing that something was amiss, questioned him, and found out his disappointment, and then, laying his hand kindly on the young man's arm, changed the disappointment to joy by saying, "Never mind, Nicolay; you are to be private secretary." But I have heard him tell of it, his voice softening and his eyes aglow with the happiness that came to him in that far-off hour.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY

MR. LINCOLN'S sadness was not a foreboding of personal disaster, but a deep recurring melancholy that came upon him in moments of quiet; and, after he entered the Presidency, a sense of the almost crushing responsibility that lay upon him. To make life possible under this leaden weight, he had his inextinguishable sense of humor and his kindly genuine interest in the people about him. He really liked men, and with them he was as other men are, cordial, direct, and hearty. "His manner," my father says, "was in no wise exceptional or peculiar. His moods varied with time and circumstance, as do those of ordinary men. He was always natural and simple, took note of commonplace matters, as they happened, in a commonplace way, his humor bubbling out frequently unless some serious topic happened to be under discussion."

LINCOLN AND RELENTLESS FATE

IT is not the fashion in these days to dwell on the pagan idea of fate—an enveloping, encompassing atmosphere of doom from which man can no more escape than he can from the air about him. Yet if there is one man in history whose story vies with the heroes and martyrs of Greek drama in emphasizing this idea, it is Abraham Lincoln. A shadow hung over him from childhood. It darkened and lightened and darkened again, but never left him. His innate cheerfulness and common sense strove constantly against it, his brilliant wit pierced it repeatedly; but it could not be dispelled. After a time it ceased to be a mere personal fate, and became the foreboding of a nation's tragedy. This was in 1860. Five years later its fulfilment plunged the world in gloom.

An entry in my father's note-book, dated Springfield, October 18, 1860, runs as follows: "Among the many things said in a general way to Mr. Lincoln by his visitors, there is nearly always an expressed hope that he will not be so unfortunate as were Harrison and Taylor, to be killed off by the cares of the Presidency, or, as is sometimes hinted, by foul means. It is astonishing how the popular sympathy for Mr. Lincoln draws fearful forebodings from these two examples, which, after all, were only a natural coincidence. Not only do visitors mention the matter, but a great many letters have been written to Mr. Lincoln on the subject."

The sinister fate, all undreamed of, was yet felt, and the feeling found expression in sayings and doings of the people, as popular feelings will. It was not merely in letters and historical parallels that their unconscious forebodings found expression. A homely and naïve instance is given in a little scene observed by an eye-witness [1] as he sat in the Governor's room at the State House, where Lincoln received his visitors during that campaign summer. "One day several weeks ago," this man wrote, "two country boys came along the dark passage that leads to his room. One of them looked in at the door, and then called to his fellow behind, saying, 'Come on; he is here.' The boys entered, and he spoke to them. Immediately one of them said that it was reported in their neighborhood that he [Mr. Lincoln] had been poisoned, and their father had sent them to see if the report was true. 'And,' said the boy, with all earnestness, 'dad says you must look out, and eat nothing only what your old woman cooks; and mother says so, too.'"

The candidate sent them away with a smile and a reassuring word, for though his destiny might envelop him like a gloomy mantle, he was far too unselfconscious and simple-minded to imagine that fate had any special concern with him.

The two country boys passed on, and Lincoln turned to greet the next comer, and the next, and the next, of all those who visited the Governor's room that long summer. He was keenly interested in them as men, or friends, or political

[1] The Rev. Albert Hall, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Illinois.

allies, or opponents—had a smile for one, a story or an earnest word for another, a hearty hand-clasp for each, and never a thought of the grim personal destiny that set him apart from them all.

Old neighbors who trusted him, political friends who admired him, men bent on questioning or cajoling him, doubters who came from a distance to see for themselves what manner of Western mountebank a freak of popular favor had made candidate of the great Republican party, passed before him, and each instinctively felt the kindness and honesty that shone from his deeply furrowed face—that wonderfully expressive face of his, mirthful, shrewd, melancholy, suffused with emotion by turns, homely in its rugged uncompromising outlines, almost divinely beautiful in the tenderness of expression it could assume, ineffably sad in the look it habitually wore in repose. It was like nothing in nature so much as a grand mountain range on which the mystery of the illuminating sun works its transformations. The neighbors knew it of old, and loved it, though they would probably have called it ugly. The new-comers marveled at it, but soon forgot to question whether it were handsome or not, it so expressed the man, with his reserves of strength and power that gave his gentler qualities their force.

The gay repartee, the quick crossing of wits, the hand-clasps, the earnest words, went on, and behind them loomed the shadow—a dread of what the future had in store not for himself, but for his country, now in the hands of men incapable, if not disloyal, and drifting toward great peril.

My father made note of Lincoln's "quick changes from gaiety, story-telling, and laughter to sadness and earnestness when the door closed on his departing visitors"—how "he would sometimes sit for an hour in complete silence, his eyes almost shut, the inner man apparently as far from him as if the form in his chair were a petrified image." No wonder, in view of what came to pass, that, as the door closed, the jest and smile died from his lips, and a sadness like that of night settled upon him.

"Lincoln's prevailing mood in later years," he says again, "was one of meditation. Unless engaged in conversation, the external world was a thing of minor interest. Not that he was what is called absent-minded. He did not forget the spectacles on his nose, and his eye and ear lost no sound or movement about him when he sat writing in his office, or among the people he passed on a sidewalk. But while he noted external incidents, they remained secondary, subservient; his mind was ever busy in reflection, and his soul absent in the wide realms of thought."

PERILOUS DAYS BEFORE THE STORM

THE election came, with its triumph, and its added care. The shadow drew a long step nearer. On him rested the responsibility of rescuing the country when he became President. But by the fourth of March what would be left to save?

One of the notes gives a vivid picture of a scene enacted in Buchanan's presence in those troublous days, as told to Mr. Lincoln in the very room where it occurred, by one who strove to prevent the wrong Buchanan's weakness caused, and afterward labored heroically with Lincoln to right it. The President and the Secretary of War were talking about the surrender of Fort Donelson, of which news had just come.

"'What a pity Floyd escaped!' some one suggested.

"'I am sorry he got away,' said Stanton. 'I want to catch and hang him!' Continuing, he said: 'The last time I saw Floyd he was in this room, lying on the sofa which then stood between the windows yonder. I remember it well. It was on the night of the nineteenth of last December. We had had high words, and almost come to blows in our discussion over Fort Sumter. Thompson was here. Thompson was a plausible talker, and, as a last resort, having been driven from every other argument, advocated the evacuation of the fort on the plea of generosity. South Carolina was but a small State, with a sparse white population. We were a great and powerful people and a strong and vigorous government. We could afford to say to South Carolina, "See, we will withdraw our garrison as an evidence that we mean you no harm."

"'I said to him, "Mr. President [Buchanan], the proposal to be generous implies that the government is strong, and that we as the public servants have the

confidence of the people. I think that is a mistake. No administration has ever suffered the loss of public confidence and support as this has done. Only the other day it was announced that a million dollars had been stolen from Mr. Thompson's department. The bonds were found to have been taken from the vault where they should have been kept, and the notes of Mr. Floyd were substituted for them. Now, all I have to say is that no administration, much less this one, can afford to lose a million of money and a fort in the same week."

"'Floyd lay there and never opened his mouth. The next morning he sent in his resignation, and he never came into the room again.'"

Perilous days truly! And Lincoln, though elected to be the next President, was as unable to prevent the wrongs as though he were a child unborn. Until the fourth of March should come, he had no power, and could only stand by and see the shameful work go on.

Then followed the journey to Washington, with its cheering thousands flocking about him and shouting themselves hoarse in his honor, and at the end a menace so threatening to his bodily safety that men whose opinion he could not disregard insisted that he should enter the nation's capital by stealth. After that the inauguration pageant, stately and imposing, a climax of honor for the man who had risen with no help but his own sterling worth from the lowest place to the highest in the nation's gift; and, as he entered the White House, the shadow came and rested beside him, never to withdraw. Again my father's notes, brief as they are, give a picture in Lincoln's own words of what he felt, and the problem that confronted him on the threshold of his new office.

"Washington, July 3, 1861. This evening the President, in conversation with Mr. O. H. Browning, to whom he had just read his message, not yet completed, said:

"'Browning, of all the trials I have had since I came here, none begin to compare with those I had between the inauguration and the fall of Fort Sumter. They were so great that, could I have anticipated them, I would not have believed it possible to survive them.

"'The first thing that was handed to me after I entered this room, when I came from the inauguration, was the letter from Major Anderson, saying that their provisions would be exhausted before an expedition could be sent to their relief.'"

LINCOLN AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS

Besides the great and crowning anxiety, there were countless lesser ones—the harassment of beginning the new administration, the uncertainty as to whom he could trust at this time when ordinary standards were set aside and men professed loyalty and worked treason. Not the least of his problems was hearing and answering and withstanding the throngs of office-seekers who pressed upon him with claims of promised places, demands for favors, and services of all sorts. "I am looking forward with a good deal of eagerness," my father wrote, "to when I shall have time to read and write my letters in peace, and without being haunted continually by some one who 'wants to see the President *for only five minutes.*' At present this request meets me from almost every man, woman, and child I see, whether by day or night, in the house, or on the street."

"I shall go to Washington, if at all, an unpledged man," Mr. Lincoln had told the friend who looked on at his interview with the boys. Then, as the latter gave him his hand to take leave, he held it and added: "Mr. Hale, I have read my Bible some, though not half as much as I ought, and I have always regarded Peter as sincere when he said he would never deny his Master. Yet he did deny him. Now, I think I shall keep my word and maintain the stand I have taken; but, then, I must remember that I am liable to infirmity, and may fall." The same humility that prompted this, and the thankful pressure of the still-clasped hand with which he answered Mr. Hale's, "May He who kept Peter in the right after the terrible experience of his fall, keep you firm and faithful without any such experience!" led him, now that he was President, to see and listen patiently to them all, no matter how absurd the request or how insistent the demand. His kindliness, his sense of humor, and his self-control led him to meet the avalanche with serenity.

"But," my father says, "while Lincoln's manner was one of almost unfailing good-humor and quiet tolerance of even discourtesy toward himself, there were occasions when he gave indications that there was a limit even to his patience. In the early days of his first term, when the rush of office-seekers was at its height, there came a delegation to urge some California appointments which were earnestly opposed by Colonel E. D. Baker, then United States Senator from Oregon. The delegation had for its spokesman an ex-Californian who was a violent enemy of Baker, who both in the verbal interview and in the papers he presented made coarse and criminal accusations against Colonel Baker's integrity and honor. Now, the President and Baker had been intimate personal friends and political associates in their early years at Springfield, and Lincoln therefore knew the accusations to be groundless. He intimated as much to the accuser, but the latter persisted with all the more vehemence. Mr. Lincoln heard him through in silence, and when he had finished, handed him back his papers; but the latter refused them saying: 'I wish you to keep them, Mr. President. They are yours.'

"'Mine to do with as I please?' said Lincoln.

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"The President stepped to the fireplace and thrust the papers between the blazing brands, and as the room was lighted up with the fresh flame, he dismissed the interviewers with a stern look and a simple 'Good morning, gentlemen.'"

HOW LINCOLN SHOULDERED HIS RESPONSIBILITY

Of his days as President, after the shadow took on the lurid gloom of war, of the endless disappointments, the few, far-scattered gleams of joy, the strain of keeping up the courage and spirit of a whole nation during the weary days and months and years when victory lagged and malice and faint-heartedness took counsel against him, who can write with sufficient feeling? His gaunt face assumed other and still deeper lines, his shoulders seemed to bear the weight of the whole struggle, his heart the burden of all the sorrows brought about by the long and dreadful war. People criticized him for all he did and all he left undone, for following this policy or not pursuing that. He went on day by day, listening to all, yielding to none, guided only by his own uncompromising conscience. Just here another of the fragmentary notes comes in—a memorandum of a conversation with Senator Lot M. Morrill of Maine long after Mr. Lincoln's death. Senator Morrill had been Governor when Lincoln was nominated. He accepted him then as the lesser political evil, but he came to regard him at his true worth.

"'I remember,' he said, 'that I went into his office one day.

"'"Well, Governor," Mr. Lincoln asked jestingly, "who has been abusing me in the Senate to-day?"

"'I replied, "Mr. President, I hope not any of us abuse you knowingly or wilfully."

"'"Oh, well," said he, "I don't mean that,—personally you are all very kind,—but I know we don't all agree as to what this administration should do and how it ought to be done." And then our talk branched off on the general situation. Finally he said with great impressiveness: "I don't know but that God has created some one man great enough to comprehend the whole of this stupendous crisis and transaction from end to end, and endowed him with sufficient wisdom to manage and direct it. I confess I do not fully understand and foresee it all. But I am placed here where I am obliged to the best of my poor ability to deal with it. And that being the case, I can only go just as fast as I can see how to go."

"'That,' continued Mr. Morrill, 'was the way he saw this thing—as a stupendous movement, which he watched, and upon which he acted as he might best do when in his judgment the opportune moment came. I was satisfied he comprehended it as thoroughly as any man living could do. He saw that it was an immense affair, that in his dealings with it he must be backed by immense forces; and to this end it was his policy to hold the nation true to the general aim, to disregard petty deviations and delays. He saw the progress we made from time to time in its larger and more important aspects and relations. He moderated, guided, controled, or pushed ahead as he

saw his opportunity. He was, in short, the great balance-wheel that kept the ship true to its course.'"

Of Lincoln the man in those same days it is even harder to write—of the grief that came to him in the death of his son, the weariness of soul and body, the tender-heartedness that made him adopt other people's sorrows as his own. For him holding the Ship of State true to her course was not following cast-iron precedent in matters small or great: it was following the Golden Rule, and that other divine injunction that he who would be great among his fellow-men must serve them.

It was this that made him pore over the endless court-martials, and pardon every soldier if the evidence made it possible, despite the War Secretary's choleric declaration that such leniency was ruining the army. One of the notes shows that it was in labors of this kind that Lincoln spent the morning after his triumphant reëlection to the Presidency. The shadow was too deep to let him dwell upon his own success.

ONE SON RETURNED TO A PLEADING MOTHER

THE conviction that he was President, not to be hedged about with ceremony, but to serve the people, made him feel that he must be freely accessible to them. So no matter how dark the shadow that lay across his threshold, or how heavy the burden of care, his door was almost daily opened between certain hours, and all who would might enter and speak with him. This brings me to perhaps the most interesting of all the notes—that of a conversation with the Hon. James Speed, one of Mr. Lincoln's oldest friends, in which he told of a happening in the Executive Office during one of my father's infrequent absences.

"'It is extremely difficult,' said Mr. Speed, 'to portray adequately the exquisite pathos of Mr. Lincoln's character as manifested in his action from time to time. There was, for instance, the incident of granting a discharge to the woman's sons.

"'"Is that all?" he asked of Edward, the usher, after the usual multitude of daily visitors had entered and presented their requests, petitions, or grievances.

"'"There is one poor woman there yet, Mr. President," replied Edward. "She has been here for several days, and has been crying and taking on, and has n't got a chance to come in yet."

"'"Let her in," said Mr. Lincoln.

"'The woman came in and told her story. It was just after the battle of Gettysburg. She had a husband and three sons in the army, and she was left alone to fight the hard battle of life. At first her husband had regularly sent her a part of his pay, and she had managed to live. But gradually he had yielded to the temptations of camp-life, and no more remittances came. Her boys had become scattered among the various armies, and she was without help. Would not the President discharge one of them, that he might come home to her?

"'While the pathetic recital was going on, the President stood before the fireplace, his hands crossed behind his back, and his head bent in earnest thought. When the woman ended and waited a moment for his reply, his lips opened, and he spoke, not indeed as if he were replying to what she had said, but rather as if he were in abstracted and unconscious self-communion.

"'"I have two, and you have none."

"'That was all he said. Then he walked across to his writing-table at which he habitually sat, and, taking a blank card, wrote upon it an order for the son's discharge; and upon another paper he wrote out in great detail where she should present it, to what department, at what office, and to what official, giving her such direction that she might personally follow the red-tape labyrinth.

"'A few days later, at a similar close of the general reception for the day, Edward said, "That woman, Mr. President, is here again, and still crying."

"'"Let her in," said Lincoln. "What can be the matter now?"

"'Once more he stood in the same place before the fireplace, and for the second time heard her story. The President's card had been like a magic passport to her. It had opened forbidden doors, and softened the sternness of official countenances. By its help she had found headquarters, camp, regiment, and company. But instead of giving a mother's embrace to a lost son restored, she had arrived only

in time to follow him to the grave. The battle at Gettysburg, his wounds, his death at the hospital—the story came in eloquent fragments through her ill-stifled sobs. And now would not the President give her the next one of her boys?

"'Once more Mr. Lincoln responded with sententious curtness, as if talking to himself, "I have two, and you have none," sharp and rather stern, the compression of his lips marking the struggle between official duty and human sympathy. Then he again walked to his little writing-table and took up his pen to write for the second time an order which would give the pleading woman one of her remaining boys. And the woman, as if moved by a filial impulse she could not restrain, moved after him and stood by him at the table as he wrote, and with the fond familiarity of a mother placed her hand upon the President's head and smoothed his wandering and tangled hair. Human grief and human sympathy had overleaped all the barriers of formality, and the ruler of a great nation was truly the servant, friend, and protector of this humble woman, clothed for the moment with a paramount claim of loyal sacrifice. The order was written and signed; the President rose and thrust it into her hand with a choking ejaculation, "There!" and hurried from the room, followed so long as he could hear by the thanks and blessings of an overjoyed mother's heart. The spoken words of the scene were few and commonplace, but a volume could not describe the deep, suppressed emotion or the simple, pathetic eloquence of the act.'"

So in works of wisdom and kindness his life went on to the end, when the sun was darkened for millions of his fellow-men; but for him fate was fulfilled, and the shadow was lifted. As he lay in the sleep of death, the sadness had departed from his face; only the benignity remained.

THE PILLARS OF LINCOLN'S FAME

ONE more note of my father's I must give in closing—a summary in his own handwriting, made when writing had become well-nigh impossible for him, of what his dearest friend and greatest hero achieved and died for.

"LINCOLN'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

"Turned his defeat for the Senate into a success for the Presidency.

"Took into the cabinet his rivals, and made them his ministers and servants.

"Conquered the Rebellion.

"Liberated the slaves.

"Outwitted all the intrigues against him in cabinet and camp.

"Gave his implacable rival the Chief-Justiceship.

"Disarmed all criticism by shouldering all faults.

"Consolidated his party and increased his majorities.

"Held the people to their great task.

"Made the strongest argument for peace, and the best defense of war.

"Gave in his Springfield Prayer, his Gettysburg Address, and his Second Inaugural the most pathetic and eloquent utterances of his time.

"Forcible in speech and faultless in logic, he enriched the language with new thoughts, new definitions, new maxims, new parables, and new proverbs.

"Was a true type and exemplar of his country, his race, and his government.

"Wore honor without pride, and wielded power without oppression.

"Lived like a peasant by necessity of birth and fortune, reigned like a monarch by right representative instincts, native intellect, the wisdom of humility, and love of his fellow-men.

"Died a martyr, and was wept by the civilized world."

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus,". "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONSTABLE, dragging the feet of an old hound, mounted the stairs behind Stellamaris and followed her into the sea-chamber, and to the south window, whither she went instinctively to gaze out over her beloved sea, now gray and choppy, as the sky was overcast and a fresh breeze was blowing. He had been the most unhappy dog alive, they told her, during her absence. Since his dim, far-away puppyhood not a day had passed without his spending hours in her company. She had been the reason of his existence. The essential one gone, there was nothing to live for; so at first he had wandered round in a bewildered way looking for her, and then, not finding her, he had refused food and pined, and, had she stayed away much longer, would have died of a broken heart, after the manner of deep-natured dogs. When she arrived, he was at the gate to meet her. At her magical appearance he tried to prance as in his youthful days, and lashed the whip of his tail against the iron railings so that it bled. Sobered by age, he had not had what Stella used to call a "bluggy" tail (the disability of his race) for years. But as prancing and tail-lashing and whinnying do not accord with the muscles and wind of an old dog, and as his heart was full, he had lain down at her feet, his snout beyond his paws, trembling all through his great bulk. And it was only after she had knelt on the ground beside him, thereby blocking the path to Sir Oliver and Lady Blount, to say nothing of Morris, the maid, and Simmons, the gardener, and the hand luggage, and had caressed and kissed him, that he had found strength to stagger to his feet and make way for his fellow-humans. After that he had not left her for a second. Who could tell but that she might vanish again into thin air, this time not to be reincarnated? Descartes, who said that the lower animals were automata, could never have known the wonder of a dog's love.

Constable followed Stella to the window and snuggled his great head into the curve of her waist. Her arm, soft and precious, drooped about his neck. Constable and the sea and she had been secret-sharing companions since the world was young. So she stood for a long time by the open window, drinking in the salt of the sea-breeze, and communing, in her own way, with the elemental spirit of the waters. Presently she turned with a sigh, bent down, and took the old hound's slobbering chaps between her hands and looked into his patient eyes.

"Are you glad I 'm back, dear High Constable darling? Very glad? Not gladder than I am, dear. No; you can't be. You 've never been to London. Oh, you would hate it. It pretends to be a beautiful place, but it is n't. It 's a sham, dear. I 'm sure you 've never heard of a whited sepulcher; but that 's what it is. And London 's the world, my precious, and the world is n't a bit like what you and I were led to expect. It 's full of ugliness and wickedness, and nobody can get at the truth of anything." Still fondling him, she sat on the window-seat. "Yes; you and I are very much better off here. If you went abroad, you 'd be such a miserable Constable. You would, darling." She looked tragically at him, and he, responsive to the doleful tones of her voice, regarded her in mournful sympathy.

Then she laughed, and kissed him between the eyes. "But I do so want to be happy. I 'll tell you a secret—oh, a great, great secret—that no one knows." She lifted the velvet flap of his ear and whispered something below her breath, which Constable must have understood, for he laid his cheek against hers; and so they stayed until Morris, intent on unpacking, disturbed their peace.

Then came a day or two of rest during which she strove to reconcile the irreconcilable,—her dreams in the sea-chamber and the realities outside,—using her newly-found love for talisman. And just as she was trying to forget the ugliness of the world, a domestic incident cast her back into gloom and doubt.

One morning she entered the morning-room on a scene of tragedy. Sir Oliver stood with his back to the fire, looking weakly fierce and twirling his white mustache; Lady Blount sat stern and upright in a chair. A bulky policeman, bareheaded, stood at attention in the corner,—there is something terrifically intimate about an unhelmeted policeman,—while, in front of them all, a kitchen-maid in a pink cotton dress sobbed bitterly into a smudgy apron.

Stella paused astonished on the threshold. "Why—" she began.

"My dear," said Sir Oliver, "will you kindly leave us?"

But Stella advanced into the room. "What is Mr. Withers doing here?"

Mr. Withers was the policeman, and a valued acquaintance of Stellamaris.

"Go away, darling," said Lady Blount. "This has nothing to do with you."

But Stella had been accustomed to rule in that house. Anything that happened in it was her concern. Besides, she would have ugly things hidden away from her no longer; and here was obviously an ugly thing.

"No, my dears," she said in her clear voice; "I must stay. Tell me, why is Eliza crying?"

"She 's a wicked thief," said Lady Blount.

Then Stella caught sight of a couple of rings and a brooch and a five-pound note lying on a table.

"Did she steal those?"

Sir Oliver explained. The articles had been stolen during their absence in town. He had applied to the police, with the result that the theft had been traced to Eliza.

So that was a thief—that miserable, broad-faced girl. Stella looked at her with fearful curiosity. She had heard of thieves and conceived them to be desperate outcasts herding in the sunless alleys of great cities, their hideous faces pitted with crime, as with smallpox; she never imagined that they came into sheltered homes.

"What is Mr. Withers going to do with her?"

"Take her to prison," said Sir Oliver, whereat the culprit wailed louder.

"What is prison?" asked Stella.

"A place where they lock you up for months, sometimes for years, in a stone cell, and make you sleep on a plank bed, and you have to pick oakum all day long, and are known by a number, and—er—"

"Please, Oliver!" remonstrated Lady Blount.

"I want to know, Auntie," said Stella, a gracious, white-clad figure standing in the midst of them. She turned to the policeman.

"Are you going to take her to prison?"

"If Sir Oliver charges her, miss."

"Of course I 'm going to charge her," cried Sir Oliver. "It 's my duty." He drew himself up. "I should be failing in it if I did n't."

"Then it depends on you, Uncle, whether she is locked up or goes free?"

"That 's so, miss," replied the policeman. "I can't arrest her unless some one charges her."

"What do you say, Auntie?"

"It 's very painful, dear. That is why I did n't want you to come in. But people who do these things have to be punished."

"But why have they to be punished?" Stella asked, feeling curiously calm and remote from them all.

"They must be made examples of, dear. They must n't be let loose on society," said Sir Oliver. "It 's a duty to one's country, a duty to one's neighbors. I 'm afraid you don't understand, Stella. I implore you to leave this matter in our hands."

It was strange how the girl whom they had reared in blank ignorance of life remained supreme arbiter of the situation. She said:

"You are afraid that if she were set free, she would rob somebody else?"

"Of course she would," said Sir Oliver, testily.

"Would you, Eliza?" asked Stellamaris.

Thus appealed to, the guilty little wretch threw herself on the ground, in horrible abasement, at Stella's feet.

"Oh, Miss Stella, don't let them put me in prison! For God's sake! don't let

them put me in prison! I 'll never do it again. I swear I won't. Save me, Miss Stella!"—She clutched the white skirts—"Don't let them send me to prison!"

She continued in terrified reiteration. Stella felt an icicle in her bosom in place of a heart. She had never before seen humanity lowered to the depths.

"Why did you do it?"

The crouching thing did not know. The drawer of the dressing-table had been left unlocked. She had been tempted. It was the first time she had stolen anything. She would never do it again. And then she cried again, "Don't let them send me to prison!"

"Julia, can't you prevent her making such a noise?" said Sir Oliver.

The bulky policeman, desiring to carry out Sir Oliver's wishes, came forward and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder. She screamed. Stella touched him on the arm, and he stood up straight. Then she opened the door.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Withers, for your trouble; but we are not going to have this girl put in prison."

The kitchen-maid lay a huddled, sobbing mass on the floor.

"You 're doing a very foolish thing, Stella," said Sir Oliver.

"You had much better let your uncle and me deal with this," said Lady Blount.

"My dears," said Stella, very white, very dispassionate, cold steel from head to foot, "if you put this girl in prison, I shall go mad. All the things you have taught me would have no meaning. We say every day, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' "

"But, my darling child, that 's quite different," said Sir Oliver. "That 's a form of words referring to spiritual things. This is practical life."

"Is that true, Auntie?"

"No, dear, not quite. It 's most difficult to know how to act," replied Lady Blount, resting her weary old head on her hand. "Do as you like, child. What you do can't be wrong."

Stella turned to the policeman, who had been looking from one to the other and wondering from whom he should take his final instructions.

"We sha'n't need you any more, Mr. Withers."

"Very good, miss."

He saluted and went away. Stella shook the girl by the arm.

"Get up," she commanded, "and go to your room. Don't speak. I can't bear it. Go."

The maid picked herself up and rushed out of the room. Stella confronted the two old people. The morning sun streamed through the casement window, and the light fell full on Sir Oliver's wrinkled old face and spare form, and Stella, through the semi-military jauntiness and aristocratic air of command produced by the thin features and white mustache and imperial, saw, as by means of X-rays, all the weakness, the foolishness, the pomposity, the vanity, that lay beneath. And yet she knew that he loved her more dearly than any one in the world. She looked at her aunt, and, in the awful flash of revelation that at times sweeps through the young soul, she knew her to be a woman of little intelligence, of narrow judgment, of limited sympathies; and yet, she, too, loved her more dearly than any one in the world. Over them, she, Stella, had achieved a tranquil victory. Ashamed and hurt to her inmost heart by the stabbing consciousness of the humiliation she must have brought on these two poor ones so dear to her, she had not a word to say. Nor could they speak a word. There was a tense silence. Then reaction came. All the love of a lifetime flooded Stella's heart, and she threw herself by the side of Lady Blount and, her head in the old woman's lap, burst into a passion of tears. Sir Oliver, with a palsied gesture of his hand, left the women to themselves.

Once more poor Lady Blount, with her commonplace little platitudes, preaching obedience to the law, tried to comfort Stellamaris, whose intelligence had been scrupulously trained to the understanding of nothing but obedience to the spirit. And once more Stellamaris went away uncomforted. Guilt must be punished—a proposition which she found it hard to accept; but, accepted as a basis of argument, was it not punishment enough to reduce a human being to such groveling degradation? Did not the declared intention of sending that wretched girl to prison imply pitilessness? Thenceforward hardness and suspicion began to creep into Stella's judgments. Dreams of evil began

to haunt her sleep, and brooding by her window, she began to lose the consolation of the sea.

Three week-ends passed, and John did not come to the Channel House, making varied excuses for his defection. He wrote cheerily enough, but Stella, with poor human longing for the magic word that would set her heart beating, found a lack of something, she scarce knew what, in his letters. Her own, once so spontaneous, so sparkling with bubbles of fancy, grew constrained and self-conscious. John seemed to be eluding her. One of the Sundays Herold came down. The Blounts told him of the episode of the kitchen-maid and of the way in which Stella had taken the law into her own hands.

"I never imagined she had such a spirit," Sir Oliver declared. "Egad! she stood up against us all like a little reigning princess."

"But she broke down afterward, poor darling!" said Lady Blount.

Herold tried to question Stella on the subject, but met with no response.

"Let us talk of pleasant things," she pleaded.

He went away sorrowful, knowing the conflict in her soul—knowing, too, that the strong soul has to fight its battles unaided.

Meanwhile Stella put on a smiling face to the world,—for, after all, the world smiled on her,—and she was gentle with Sir Oliver and Lady Blount. She mingled in such social life as the neighborhood afforded—a luncheon party, a garden party, where young men fell at her feet in polite adoration, and young women put their arms round her waist and talked to her of hats. She liked them all well enough, but shyly evaded intimacy. They belonged to a race of beings with whom she was unfamiliar, having passed their lives in a different spiritual sphere. They frightened her ever so little; why, she did not know, for her unused power of self-analysis was not sufficiently strong to enable her to realize the instinctive shrinking from those, strangers to her, who had been drenched from childhood in the mysterious and dreadful knowledge of evil. She met them only on the common ground of youth and talked of superficial things, fearing to inquire more deeply into their thoughts and lives.

"I love to see her enjoying herself," said Lady Blount.

Sir Oliver rubbed his hands, and agreed for once with his wife.

"There 's nothing like a little harmless gaiety for a girl," said he. "She has been shut up with us old fogies too long."

"She 's beginning to realize now," said Lady Blount, "the happiness that lies before her in the new condition of things."

One day when Stella was returning, unattended, from a small shopping excursion in the village, a thin-lipped woman in black crossed the road just before the turn that led to the gate of the Channel House and accosted her.

"Miss Blount?"

"Yes," said Stella, coming to a halt.

She had noticed the woman for some little time walking on the opposite side of the way, and had been struck by a cat-like stealthiness in her gait. Now, face to face with the woman, she met a pair of pale-green, almost expressionless eyes fixed on her with an odd relentlessness. The woman's lips were twisted into the convention of a smile.

"Could I have the pleasure of a few words with you?"

"Certainly," said Stella. "Will you come into the house with me? We are almost there."

"If you will excuse me, Miss Blount," said the woman, holding up a deprecating hand,—she was well-gloved and was dressed like a lady,—"I would rather not go in with you. I have my reasons. I must speak with you entirely in private. If we go round here, there is a comfortable seat."

Near the point at which they were standing the road up the cliff diverged into two forks. The upper fork led to the gate of the Channel House. The lower one was a pathway round the breast of the cliff. The woman pointed to the latter. Stella hesitated.

"What have you so private to tell me that we can't talk in the garden?"

"It 's something about John Risca," said the woman with the thin lips.

Stella put her hand to her heart. "John —Mr. Risca? What is the matter? Has anything happened to him?"

"Oh, he 's in perfect health. Don't be alarmed. I only don't want us to be in-

terrupted by Sir Oliver or Lady Blount. Do come with me. I assure you it 's something quite important."

She moved in the direction of the lone path, and Stella, drawn against her will, followed. They reached the seat. Below, sheer cliff sank to the rocks on the shore. Above, sheer cliff rose to the crest on which stood the Channel House. The sea sparkled in the sunshine. In the far distance a great steamer, her two funnels plumed with gray, sped majestically down Channel. The woman looked about her with nervous swiftness. They were out of sight of human creature. Then she turned, and the cold face changed, and Stella shrank from its sudden malignity. The woman clutched the girl by her arm.

"Now, my lady, do you know who I am?"

"No," said Stella, shrinking back terrified, and striving to wrench herself free.

"I am John Risca's wife."

Stella looked at her for an agonized moment, then, as white as paper, collapsed on the seat, the woman gripping her arm.

"John—married—you—his wife!" she stammered incoherently.

Louisa Risca bent down and scrutinized the white face.

"Do you mean to say you did n't know?"

Stella shook her head in frightened negation. Her ignorance was obvious, even to the criminal woman now on the point of carrying out the fixed idea of years. Gradually the grasp on her arm relaxed, and the woman stood upright.

"You did n't know he was a rotter, did you?"

The word smote Stellamaris like a foul thing. She shivered. Mrs. Risca kept her eyes fixed on her for a few seconds until, as it were, some inspired thought flashed into them a gleam of joy.

"It 's jolly lucky for you that you did n't know. There 's a nice little drop from here down to the rocks. I 've been here often before."

Stella sprang to her feet and thrust her hands against the woman's breast.

"Let me pass! Let me pass!" she cried.

But the woman barred the downward path. A few steps beyond the bench it narrowed quickly upward until it merged into the cliff-side.

"I 'm not going to. You 've got to stay here," said Mrs. Risca, seizing Stella's wrists in a grip in which the girl's frail strength was powerless. "If you struggle and make a fuss, you 'll have us both chucked over. Don't be silly."

Then Stella, calling to her aid her pride and courage, drew herself up and looked the evil woman in the face.

"Very well. Say what you have to say. I will listen to you."

"That 's sensible," said Mrs. Risca, dropping her wrists. "I don't see why you should have gone on so. I only wanted to speak to you for your good and your happiness. You sit down there, and I 'll sit here, and we 'll have a nice, long talk about John."

Stella sat on the extreme upper edge of the bench, Mrs. Risca on the lower, and smiled on her victim, who drew a convulsive breath.

"He has been making love to you, has n't he?" she asked, enjoying the flicker of pain that passed over the delicate features.

"Go on, if I must hear," said Stella.

"And all the while he 's been a married man, and I 'm his shamefully neglected and deserted wife."

"How am I to know that you 're his wife?" said Stella.

"I thought you 'd ask that, so I 've brought proof."

She drew two papers from a little bag slung over her arm, and handed one to Stella. It was a certified copy of the marriage-certificate. Stella glanced over it. Ignorant as she was in things of the world, she recognized the genuineness of the official document. Her eyes were too dazed, however, to appreciate the date. She passed the slip of blue paper back without a word.

"Here 's something else."

Mrs. Risca gave her a discolored letter, one which she had kept, Heaven knows why; perhaps in the vague hope that it might one day be turned into an instrument against her husband. It was an old, old, violently passionate love-letter. Stella's eyes met a few flaming words in John's unmistakable handwriting, and with a shudder she threw the letter, like something unclean, away from her. Mrs. Risca picked it up from the path and restored it, with the marriage-certificate, to her bag.

"He 's a pretty fellow, is n't he? Fancy his kidding you all the time that he was a single man. And you believed him and

thought him such a noble gentleman. Oh, he can come the noble gentleman when he likes. I know him. I 'm his wife. He wants to be taken for a rough diamond, he does. And he 's never tired of showing you what a diamond he is. And for all his rough diamondness, he 's as vain as a peacock. Have n't you noticed it, darling?"

She paused, and smiled horribly on Stellamaris. Stellamaris, from whose brown pools of eyes all translucency had gone, looked at her steadily. The girl's face was pinched into a haggard mask.

"I don't think you need tell me any more. Will you please let me go?"

"I have n't nearly finished, darling," replied Mrs. Risca, finding a keener and purer delight in this vista of exquisite torture than in the half-confessed intention of throwing the innocent interloper over the cliff. "I want to be your friend and warn you against our dear John. He 's the kind of male brute, dear, that any silly young girl falls in love with. I know I did. He has a way of putting his great arms around you and hugging you, so that your senses are all in a whirl and you think him some godlike animal."

Stella shuddered through all her frame at a memory hitherto holy, and clenched her teeth so that no cry could escape. But the woman gloated over the setting of the jaw and the tense silence.

"That 's John, my pretty pet. And he likes us young. He took me young, and because I would n't hear of anything but marriage, he married me, and then threw me over, and deserted me, and brought me into terrible trouble, and all that he or any one else may say against me is a lie. And with you he bided his time. I know all about you. This is n't the first time I 've been to Southcliff. And as soon as you could get up and go about,—he knew all along that you would n't lie on your back forever—trust him,—he comes and makes love to you and kisses you, does n't he? And he can't marry you, because he 's already married."

Stella rose, and straightened her slim figure, and threw up her delicate head.

"I have heard enough. I order you to let me pass."

But the woman laughed at the childish imperiousness. She knew herself to be of wiry physical strength. To catch up that light body and send it hurtling into space would be as easy as kicking a Yorkshire terrier over the edge of a pier. She had once done that.

"You 'd make your fortune as a tragedy queen. Why don't you ask Mr. Herold to get you on the stage? Sit down again, darling, and don't be a little fool. I 've got lots more to tell you."

"I prefer to stand," said Stella.

"It does n't matter to me whether you stand or sit, my precious pet," said Mrs. Risca. "I only want to tell you all about your dearly beloved John. Oh, he 's a daisy! They 'll tell you all sorts of things about me—about me and Unity—"

"Unity?" cried Stella, taken off her guard.

"Yes, darling. You went and saw her the other day, did n't you? Oh, no matter how I know. I only mention it to let you see that I 'm telling the truth. They 'll tell you all sorts of things about me and her; but they 're all lying. What do you think of our friend John's relations with Unity?"

"Mr. Risca is Unity's guardian," said Stella in a cold voice.

The woman laughed again. "You little fool! She 's his mistress."

Unity again, with the baffling mystery surrounding her! The woman spoke directly, as if in complete revelation. Yet Stella was still in darkness, and the uncontrollable feminine groped toward the light.

"I don't understand what you mean," she said haughtily.

"You mean to tell me you don't understand what a man's mistress is?"

It took her a few moments to appreciate the virginal innocence of the white and rigid thing in woman's guise. When she did appreciate it, she laughed aloud.

"You pretty lamb, don't you know what a wife is?"

Stella stood, the cliff above her, the cliff below, midway between her sky and her beloved and dancing sea, a hard-eyed statue. The supreme and deliciously unexpected moment of the criminal woman's life had come. She rose and held Stellamaris with her pale-green eyes, and in a few brutal words she scorched her soul.

CHAPTER XIX

A WHISTLING youth who lumbered up the path saved Stellamaris. There was

nothing about him suggestive of the dragon-slaying and princess-rescuing hero of the fairy-tale, nor did he at any time thereafter dream that he had played the part of one; but at the sight of him the she-dragon fled, her ultimate purpose unfulfilled. Stella sank quivering on the bench. The knight-errant touched his cloth cap, and, unaccustomed to the company of princesses, lounged in awkward self-consciousness a few yards away, with his hands in his pockets, and pretended to admire the view. Stella, aware of deliverance from physical danger, drank in the unutterable comfort of his presence. After a while he turned and was moving off, when a cry from her checked him.

"Please don't go!"

He advanced a step or two. "Is anything the matter, miss?"

She reflected for a moment. "I came over rather faint," she said. "I don't know whether I can get down to the house alone." She was too proud to confess to fear of the evil woman.

The youth offered help. He could easily carry her home. To have carried the mysterious lady of the Channel House would make him the envy of the village. Such aid, however, she declined.

"Shall I tell them at the house, miss?"

She sprang to unsteady feet.

"No, don't do that! See, I can walk. You go in front, and if I want you, I 'll tell you."

The youth, somewhat disappointed, lounged ahead, and Stella followed, with shaking knees; so had she progressed during her early lessons in the art of walking. At the turn of the path Stella held her breath, dreading to come upon the woman; but no woman was in sight. She walked more freely. At last they reached the gate of the Channel House, which the youth held open for her. She thanked him, and once within the familiar shelter of the garden she sped into the house and up the stairs into her room, where she fell exhausted on the bed.

The sensation of physical peril was gone,—of that she felt only the weakness of reaction,—but the woman had scorched her soul, shriveled her brain, burned up the fount of tears. The elfin child of sea-foam and cloud lay a flaming horror.

They found her there, and saw that she was suffering, and tended her lovingly, with many anxious inquiries; but she could not speak. The touch of ministering hands was torture, almost defilement. All humanity seemed to be unclean. Dr. Ransome, summoned in haste, diagnosed fever, a touch of the sun, and prescribed sedatives. For aught she cared, he might have diagnosed a fractured limb. Of objective things she was barely aware. Figures moved around her like the nightmare shapes of a dream, all abhorrent. She heard their voices dimly. If only they would go! If only they would leave her!

Her High-and-Mightiness, the nurse, long since relieved of her occupation, was telegraphed for from London. She came and bent over the familiar bed and put her hand on the hot forehead. But Stella withdrew from the once-cooling touch, and closed her ears to the gentle words, for they seemed to be the touch and the words of the woman with the pale, cruel eyes and the thin lips. All night long she could not sleep, tormented by the presence of the watcher in the room. Outside the night was dark, and a fine rain fell. Within, the lamp of Stellamaris burned in the western window of the sea-chamber. For the first time in her life she longed for the blackness; but she could not speak to the watching shape, and she clenched her teeth. Her brain, on fire, conceived the notion that she was caught in one of the Cities of the Plain, and far above her floated a little, dazzling, white cloud, which mockingly invited her to mount on its back and soar with it into the infinite blue.

After the dawn had broken, she fell asleep exhausted, and the sun was high when she awoke.

The nurse, who had been watching her, bent down.

"Are you feeling better, dear?"

She smiled at the well-known face.

"Yes, High-and-Mightiness," she said. They were the first words she had spoken since the day before.

She raised her head, and suddenly memory awoke, too, and the horror swooped down upon her like a vast-winged, evil bird. She sank again on the pillow and hid her eyes with her hand.

"The light too strong, dear?"

Stella nodded. Words and shapes were now clearly defined. The nurse took her temperature. It was virtually normal.

"It must have been a touch of the sun, darling, as the doctor said," remarked the nurse. "But, thank Heavens! you 're better. You gave us all such a fright."

"I 'm sorry," said Stella. "It was n't my fault."

It was a new and baffling Stellamaris that entered the world again. She went about the house silent and preoccupied. Joy was quenched in her eyes, and her features hardened. The lifelong terms of endearment from the two old people met with no response. Their morning and evening kisses she endured passively. They had become to her as strangers, having gradually undergone a curious metamorphosis from the Great High Excellency and Most Exquisite Auntship of her childhood into a certain Sir Oliver and Lady Blount, personages of bone and flesh of an abominable world, in whom she could place no trust.

One evening before going up-stairs, she picked up a French novel which Sir Oliver had left in the drawing-room.

"Don't read that, Stella dear," said Lady Blount.

"Why?" asked Stella.

"I don't think it 's suitable for young girls."

"Is it unclean?"

"My darling, what an extraordinary word!" said Lady Blount.

"Is it unclean?" Stella persisted.

"It deals with a certain side of life that is not wholesome for young girls to dwell upon."

"You have n't answered my question, Auntie."

"The fact that your uncle and I have read it is an answer, dear," said Lady Blount, with some dignity.

"Then I will read it, too," said Stella.

She took it up to her room and opened it in the middle; but after a few pages her cheeks grew hot and her heart cold, and she threw the book far out of the window.

It was a foul, corrupt world, and all the inhabitants thereof save herself gazed upon its foulness, and took part in its corruption, not only without a shudder, but positively with zest. In the sane lucidity of her mind, humanity was scarcely less intolerable than in the nightmare of her day and night of horror.

To perform an act of ethical judgment, no matter how rough and elementary, one must have a standard. The fact, too, of ethical judgment being inherent in the conditions of human existence, implies faultiness in those conditions. In an ideal state of being, such as the evangelical heaven, where there is no faultiness, there can be no possible process of judgment, and thereby no standard whereby to measure right and wrong. If a dweller about the Throne were to visit the earth, and even limit his visit to Cheltenham or a New England township, the record of his impressions would be, from our point of view, both grotesque and unjust. He would have no standard, save the infinite purity of the Godhead (and an infinite standard is a contradiction in terms) whereby to measure human actions. He would be a lost and horrified seraph. His opinions would not be a criticism, but an utterly valueless denunciation of life.

Stellamaris, for all the imperfections inseparable from humanity, had been a dweller about the Throne in her mystical Land of Illusion. Evil, or the whisper of evil, or the thought of evil, had never by the unwritten law been allowed to enter the sea-chamber. She issued therefrom, like the unfortunate seraph, without a standard. Her impressions of life (from our worldly point of view) were grotesque and unjust. John was condemned by her unheard. Like the seraph, she was lost and horrified. But, unlike the seraph—and here lies the tragedy, for no one of us would break his heart over the horrification of a seraph, as he has only to fly back whence he came to be perfectly happy—unlike the seraph, Stellamaris was just poor human clay, and she could not fly back to her Land of Illusion, because it did not exist. It was her fate to lead the common life of imperfect mortals, feeling the common human physical and spiritual pangs, with all the delicate tendrils of her nature inextricably intertwined in human things, and to focus the myriad sensations afforded by the bewildering panorama of life from the false and futile point of view of the seraph. In consequence, she suffered agonies inconceivable—agonies all the more torturing because she could not turn for alleviation to any human being. She shrank from contact with her kind, wandered lonely in the garden, save for the attendance of the old dog, and sat for

hours by the window of the sea-chamber looking with yearning eyes at sea and sky.

But no more could sea and sky, cloud and sunset, foam and mist, take Stellamaris into their communion. She had put on mortality, and they had cast her out from their elemental sphere. The seagulls flashed their wings in the sun and circled up the cliff and hovered at her window, fixing her with their round, yellow eyes, but they were no longer the interpreting angels of wind and wave. The glory of all the mysteries had faded into the light of common day, and the memory of them was only the confused and unrecallable tangle of a dream. And Stellamaris cried passionately in her heart for the days when she had not set foot in the world of men, and when she lived somewhere out there in the salt sea-spray, and felt her soul flooded with happiness great and exquisite. But such days could never dawn again. She, too, had become bone and flesh of an abominable world.

Herold came down again, and found her white and pinched, with dark lines beneath her eyes. She scarcely spoke, replied in monosyllables, only made such appearances as the conventions of life demanded, and craftily avoided meeting him alone. She was no longer Stellamaris.

"What 's the matter with her, for pity's sake?" asked Herold.

"She has not yet got over that touch of the sun," said Sir Oliver.

"This has nothing to do with the sun," Herold declared.

Lady Blount sighed. "Perhaps it 's a phase. Young girls often pass through it, though earlier. But Stella is different."

Herold saw that they did not understand, and, knowing their limitations, felt that even if they were enlightened, they would do more harm than good. As soon as he returned to town he tracked John to his office. John looked up from proof-sheets.

"Just back? I nearly ran down yesterday. I should have done so if I had n't promised my aunt to go to church with her."

"You 've quite taken to church-going lately," said Herold, dryly.

John laughed. "It pleases the old soul."

"And keeps you in Kilburn."

"It might be something worse," John growled. Then he banged the table with his fist. "Can you realize what it means to keep away from her? I think of her all day long, and I can't sleep at night for thinking of her. It 's idiotic, weak, disgraceful, wicked, any damned thing you like, but it 's so." And he glowered up into Herold's face. "I am eating myself out for her."

Herold laid down hat and stick and lit a cigarette.

"What about Stella?" he asked.

"That you can tell me. You 've just come from her. I don't know. I 've kept away scrupulously enough, Heaven knows, and my letters are just footling things. But I 've not heard from her for over a week. I waylay the postman and look over my letters like a silly ass of a boy."

"Have you told her about your marriage?"

"No," said John.

Herold drew a deep breath and turned away and pretended to study a proof of the contents-bill of the next number of the Review that was pinned against the wall. He had come there to ask that question. He had half expected and wholly hoped for an answer in the affirmative. Stella's knowledge might have accounted for her metamorphosis.

"She must be told at once," he said, returning to the table.

"Why?"

"Because she loves you. You fool!" he exclaimed, "have n't I seen it? Has n't she all but told me so herself? And she has told you, in some sort of way, only you have made up your mind not to listen. Let me put matters plain before you. She says good-by to you here in London, and goes home full of happiness and looks forward to your coming down invested in a new halo, and to your letters,—you know what sort of letters a man writes to the woman he loves,—and instead of all that you never go near her and you write her footling notes. What do you imagine she 's thinking and feeling? What do you think any ordinary decent girl would think and feel in the circumstances?"

"Stella is n't an ordinary girl," said John, leaning back in his writing-chair and looking at Herold from beneath his heavy brows.

"For that reason she thinks and feels a thousand times more acutely. She 's ill, she 's changed, she 's the shadow of herself," he went on fiercely, "and it 's all through you."

He broke off and, as John said nothing, he put both hands on the table and leaned over and looked into John's eyes.

"I 'll tell you another thing. The whole lot of us have caused her endless misery. We 've fed her all her life on lies. God knows how I hated them! Her coming out into the world has been a gradual discovery of them. She has had shock after shock. She has n't told me,—she 's too proud,—but I know. I can read it in her face, in her eyes, in the tone of her voice. And now she 's going through the biggest disillusion of all—you."

"Do you mean," said John, frowning heavily, "that she thinks I 'm a blackguard because I seem—you put the phrase in my head by talking of the ordinary young woman—because I seem to have thrown her over?"

"She 's wondering whether you are a lie, like most other things. And it 's killing her."

"What am I to do?"

"Tell her straight. You ought to have done so from the first."

"If she feels it as deeply as you say, it might kill her outright."

"It won't," said Herold. "She 's made of metal too fine. But even if it did, it were better so, for she would die knowing you to be an honest man."

John put his elbows on the table and tugged at his hair with his big fingers. He could not resent Herold's fiery speech, for he felt that he spoke with the tongue of an archangel. Presently he raised a suffering face.

"You 're right, Wallie. It has got to be done; but I feel as if I 'm taking a knife to her."

He rose and pushed away the pile of proofs. "All this," said he, "is going to the devil. I 've got to work through it over and over again, because I can't concentrate my mind on anything." He walked about the room and then came down with his hands on Herold's shoulders.

"For God's sake, Wallie, tell me that you understand how it has all come about! Heaven knows she has had the purest and the highest I 've had to give her. I 'm a rough, selfish brute, but for all those years she stood to me for something superhuman, a bit of God fallen on the earth, if you like. And then she came out in woman's form and walked about among us —I could n't help it. Say that you understand."

"I can quite understand you falling in love with her," said Herold, quietly.

"And you 'll help to set me right with her—as far as this damnable matter can be set right?"

"You two are dearer to me than anything in life," said Herold. "There is nothing too difficult for me to undertake for you; but whether I succeed is another question."

"I wish I were like you," said John. He shook him with rough tenderness and turned away. "God! It is n't the first time I 've wished it."

"In what way like me?"

"You 've kept your old, high ideals. She 's still to you Stellamaris—the bit of God. You have n't wanted to drag her down to—to flesh and blood—as I have."

Herold grew white to the lips and took up his hat and stick. "Never mind about me," he said, steadying his voice. "I don't count. She 's all that matters. What are you going to do? See her or write?"

"I 'll write," said John.

Herold went out, carrying with him the memory of words he had spoken to John many years before—words of which afterward he had been ashamed, for no man likes to think that he has spoken foolishly, but words which now had come true: "I have walked on roses all my life; but my hell is before me . . . my roses shall turn into red-hot plowshares, and my soul shall be on fire." And he remembered how he had spoken of the unforgivable sin—high treason against friendship. But in one respect his words had not come true. He had said that in his evil hour he would have a great, strong friend to stand by his side. He was walking over the plowshares alone. And that evening, in their wait on the stairs during the first act, in retort to some jesting reply, Leonora Gurney said:

"I believe you 're the chilliest-natured and most heartless thing that ever walked the earth, and how you can play that love-scene in the third act will always be a mystery to me."

"Perhaps that 's the very reason I can play it," said Herold.

His heart wrung in a vise, John wrote the letter to Stellamaris. He was "killing the thing he loved." Good men, and

even some bad ones, who have done it, do not like to dwell upon the memory. He posted the letter on his way home from the office. It dropped into the letter-box with the dull thud of the first clod of earth thrown upon a coffin. At dinner Miss Lindon talked in her usual discursive way on the warm weather and sun-spots and the curious phenomenon observable on the countenance of a pious curate friend of her youth, who had spots, not sun-spots, but birth-marks, on brow, chin, and cheeks, making a perfect sign of the cross. But the dear fellow unfortunately was afflicted with a red tip to his nose, wherefore a profane uncle—"your great-uncle Randolph, dear,"—used to call him the five of diamonds.

"But he was a great gambler—your uncle, I mean. I remember his once losing thirty shillings at whist at a sitting."

To all of which irrelevant chatter John made replies equally irrelevant. And Unity dumbly watched him. She had been at great pains to prepare a savory dish that he loved. He, ordinarily of Gargantuan appetite, as befitted the great-framed man that he was, scarcely touched it. Unity was distressed.

"Is n't it all right, Guardian?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; delicious."

Yet he did not eat, and Unity knew that his heart was not in his food. It was elsewhere. He was unhappy. He had been unhappy for some time. Two lines had come between the corners of his lips and his chin, and there was a queer, pained look in his eyes. A far lesser-hearted and weaker-brained thing in petticoats than Unity would have known that John loved the radiant princess of Wonderland. Unity dreamed of it—the love between her king and her princess. Of herself she scarcely thought. Her humility—not without its pride and beauty—placed her far beneath them both. Her king was suffering. The feminine in her put aside such reasons as would have occurred to the unintuitive male—business cares, disappointed ambition, internal pain, or discomfort. He was suffering; he went about with a mountain of care on his brow that made her heart ache; he answered remarks at random; he had no appetite for the dish he adored—lamb-chops *en casserole,* which she had learned to make from a recipe in "The Daily Mirror." He was pining away for love of Stellamaris.

So deeply engaged was Unity with these thoughts that it was not until she had switched on the light in her bedroom and was preparing to undress that she remembered, with a pang of dismay, that the Olympian tobacco box (old pewter, a present years old from Herold), one of her own peculiar and precious cares, was empty. She went down-stairs to the store-cupboard, where she hoarded the tobacco, and, with it in her hand, she proceeded to the study, and opened the door softly.

Her guardian, her king of men, her beginning and end of existence, sat in his writing-chair, his head bowed on his arms, folded on the table. A blank sheet of paper lay on the blotter. She saw that his great shoulders shook. As he did not hear her enter, she stole on tiptoe to the table, and laid the packet of tobacco on the corner. She tiptoed back to the door, and turned and stayed there for a moment, watching him, soul-racked with futile longing to bring him comfort.

She caught muffled words. She knew in her heart that nothing she could do would be of any avail. In an instinctive gesture she stretched out her hands piteously toward the bowed head and went out of the room, noiselessly closing the door behind her.

That night, she cried as she had never cried before, not even when hot irons had seared her flesh.

An hour or so afterward John Risca put out the lights in his study and went up-stairs to bed. He could not sleep, and he thought, after the poor, but human, manner of men, not so much of the killing of the thing he loved, as of the unimaginable, intolerable blank in his own life when the thing he loved should be killed.

In the morning he said to himself, "She has got my letter," and fell into a frenzy of speculation.

That day he watched the post for an answer, and the next day and the next and the next; but no answer came. For the irony of fate had so ordained that, as with the other unanswered letters, Stellamaris, her finger-tips quivering with shame and horror at contact with the envelop, had destroyed it unopened.

(To be continued)

Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'YOU 'VE GOT TO STAY HERE,' SAID MRS. RISCA, SEIZING STELLA'S WRISTS" (SEE PAGE 708)

Monsieur Vidoq Steps up

by John S. Reed

Author of "The Man from the Seine"

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

"*EH bien, quoi?* What is the matter with thee?" demanded Madame Vidoq, consumed with curiosity, looking up for the fiftieth time from the bowl of dough in which her pretty arms were plunged.

"Nothing, nothing," returned her spouse, absently, continuing to pace up and down the floor of the *boulangerie,* and to twist upward fiercely the points of his mustache.

Let us peer beneath the breast of the restless Vidoq. For seven years, happily married to a little woman like a wren, he had been a contented baker in a jewel of a shop on the Rue de Seine. They had been bothered with no children. Were I to draw a picture of that *foyer,* one would behold a model of conjugal felicity. The *boulangerie* had prospered; Vidoq had grown plump. He was blessed with a pleasant tenor voice, and it was his delight to sing all the day long, admired, nay, worshiped like a divinity, by his Julie. Now he sang not. And it had been their custom to dine every Sunday night on the sidewalk *chez* Thélème, and to go Monday mornings, when the weather was nice, to wander hand in hand, like young lovers, through the woods at St. Cloud. This week he had actually forgotten to come home till late Sunday evening; and as for Monday morning, he had not thought of it at all!

And now he paced. Julie continued to study him as she had for the last three days. She knew very well that he was honest, trustworthy, and faithful. It was, then, evidently something which had no direct connection with her and the business. So, being a more than ordinarily wise woman, she did not question him further.

Whisper it! The vile worm of ambition was now gnawing at the lyric spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq.

It all dated from that Saturday morning when the good Vidoq, in all the shininess of a clean shave and his fête clothes, had gone to deposit his month's earnings at the Crédit Lyonnais. It was not often that he went over to the right bank, so, as was his custom on these innocent excursions, he strolled along the *grands boule-*

vards, stopping to take a *vin blanc citron* on the *terrasse* of the Napolitaine, and generally expanding under the influence of the warm May weather and the passing crowd from all the four corners of the world. Thus had he come to the Madeleine, and noticed the crowd that swarmed about its classic doors. Thus had he been drawn within by curiosity to see the "lying in state" of Georges Grandet, chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, Honorary Colonel of the Garde Républicaine, and chief of police of the city of Paris. Vidoq now remembered having read of his death in "L' Intransigeant." He filed along with a great concourse of moving people into the gloom and splendor of the interior. Enormous *Suisses,* garbed like admirals, with gold-topped staves, stood by the door. Hats came off, and there he lay, under glass, his bier heaped about with lilies. The cross of the Légion was on his breast, the tasseled sword of his office by his side. It was an inspiring sight to the baker. In reminiscent mood, he remembered how often he had seen this heroic figure riding before the twelve horses and six postilions of the presidential carriage when the genial Fallières was wont to take his triumphal way down the Champs-Elysées.

Ah, there was glory for you! Kings, emperors, sultans—what had they more in external splendor than this man, whose life, moreover, was passed in upholding the laws, in preserving the state, as head of the great army of civilization, the police! It was assuredly the greatest office in Europe.

But to ride so, before the president, to wear the *cordon,* and finally to have a funeral, *Mon Dieu,* to lie in state in the Madeleine, while all Paris came to mourn! It was magnificent. And as he went briskly down the Avenue de l'Opéra, a most astounding desire was born in the brain of Vidoq.

"*Dis, donc,*" he exploded bruskly, a thing unusual enough, "perhaps thou canst think of something."

"Perhaps," she assented tranquilly, smiling to herself, as she poured the dough into molds.

"I am going to become *préfet de police.*"

"*Alors?*" She would not have been astonished if he had declared his intention of becoming Emperor of Germany. Why not?

"Bah! the women!" he commented, disappointed. "You do not comprehend public affairs. As if that were the easiest thing in the world. *'Alors'* she says! *B'en,* what then? One does n't make oneself *préfet de police* of Paris by merely saying so."

"*Naturellement.* One must first be a policeman: *sergent de ville, sous-brigadier, officier de la paix,—*"

"Evidently, evidently," he cried with impatience. "*Nom d'un Nom!* I have thought of all that. For three days I have thought of nothing else. But how? It is not for me, Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq, to go through police apprenticeship—to serve then six miserable months as *auxiliaire* at three francs a day. And the *bon Dieu* himself knows that my record in the army was not such a one as to recommend me to Monsieur the Préfet. It remains then *en effet,* it is how one becomes an *agent* at once, without formality."

Julie suspended action on the *petits fours* for a moment and thought hard. It was easy to see from the way her husband watched her that he was accustomed to rely upon her powers of intellect.

"*Ça y est,*" she said finally. "My mother—"

"*Bon! Ça y est!*" shouted the baker, his face all upset with joy. "Thy mother by all means! Go then! *Tout de suite!*" And he leaped across the kitchen to her, and embraced her wildly. So Madame, with her hair all twisted up on the top of her head in the mode of the *Quartier,* took her shawl and departed for the *bureau de tabac* kept by her mother in the Rue Jacob.

Madame the Mother, sitting withered and gnarled behind the counter where she sold *Marylands Jaunes* and postage-stamps and ten-sou wisps of tobacco to all the quarter, was what remained of Ninon, once beautiful dancer at the Folies, darling of Paris, when Daubigny held the portfolio of the Interior in a certain famous ministry. Now, it is a lovely and worthy custom in France that favorites of the stage who have at the same time been favorites of the ministry shall be recompensed. Undoubtedly it is out of the question to decorate them, so they are often given little state tobacco shops.

Drawn by R. B. Birch

"HE FILED ALONG . . . INTO THE GLOOM AND SPLENDOR OF THE INTERIOR"

That of the Rue Jacob was an exceedingly desirable one; Ninon had been a great favorite.

The old lady laughed sardonically when she had heard of her son-in-law's insane ambition.

"*Mon mari—*" said Madame Vidoq.

"Thy husband is a kind of an *abruti,*" remarked her mother, sourly; "but then, the police are a corps of blockheads. We shall see."

During the two days that followed, Monsieur Vidoq was a changed man. All day he sang like a bird, he cracked a million jokes, he sold cakes to hungry students at less than the regular price, he consumed vast quantities of *babas,* he kissed his wife upon every opportunity. And she was content. She had never seen him so deliriously happy or so loving since the first days of their marriage.

Then on Wednesday night the old lady came to dine with them. In honor of the event, they all went to Thélème's, and there Madame the Mother satisfied their raging curiosity. Had she been to the office of the minister? She had indeed; and by all the saints, she had seen the minister himself—*soi-même!*

"Ah!" breathed Julie, impressed.

"It was nothing," said her mother, contemptuously. "He is not the man Daubigny was. Ah, there was a man! A *cochon* beside Daubigny. There were real men in the world in those days."

"*Tiens,*" cried her son-in-law, losing patience. "And what did he say, *Belle-mère?*"

"I don't like thy manner of talking," answered the old lady, severely. "Don't interrupt me while I speak. However, he did not appoint thee *agent.*"

"*Imbécile!*" said the Vidoqs in chorus.

"But he said to me, in all confidence: 'Madame, it would give me the greatest pleasure to serve you. But you realize that now one is holding investigations. *Alors,* it is necessary that I exercise unusual discretion. No doubt *your* son-in-law' "—and here the old lady gazed proudly around—" 'would make a most excellent defender of the peace; but my hands are tied. Give your son-in-law my compliments,' he said to me, 'and tell him that the only method I know by which he can hope to become an *agent* is for him to distinguish himself, as every citizen should, in keeping order, or in apprehending some malefactor against the laws of the republic. Tell him to set himself to the capture of some of the criminals now unfortunately at large in the city. Tell him to make some magnificent capture; in short, to do some splendid deed worthy the recognition of a grateful government—' "

"*Milles tonnerres!*" cried Vidoq, pounding his chest. "It is my opportunity! I will do it."

"That is not all," continued Ninon, producing a folded paper. "With the greatest difficulty I persuaded him to give me this—"

"Give! *Par l'amour de Dieu!*"

Vidoq unfolded it and read: "*The bearer is in my service.*

RÉGNIER
à l'Intérieur."

"*Merci,* my mother!" said Vidoq, tenderly.

"Don't add that to the things people call me," said the old lady, tartly.

Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq rose the next morning incredibly early. He shaved himself carefully. He gazed tenderly upon his Julie sleeping there. What glory would he bring home to lay at her feet in the evening. He had not the slightest

Drawn by R. B. Birch

"'*MERCI,* MY MOTHER!' SAID VIDOQ"

doubt but some great criminal would come under his vigilant eye during the day, and fear was unknown to him. Through his sanguine brain raced vision after vision—tableaux depicting the infallible intellect of Vidoq unraveling the most profound mysteries, Vidoq entering the most dangerous den of Apaches to hale forth some desperate murderer, Vidoq grappling single-handed with twenty *escrocs* at midnight on the fortifications. His hands clenched and unclenched, and he went out to the nearest café for *petit-déjeuner*.

"Ha!" he cried, as he spread open the "Matin"; so loud that the proprietor asked him with sarcasm if he were seized with the colic. In great letters that traveled across the entire top of the paper he read:

Drawn by R. B. Birch

"ARMAND PERGOT, *AGENT* OF THE *ARRONDISSEMENT*, BEGAN TO REGARD HIM WITH SUSPICION"

"DARING THEFT

Another Bank-Messenger Devalisé in Full Daylight

"Another *garçon de recette* . . . in the full center of Paris, on the Rue de Provence, . . . in going from the bank of Hottinguer & Cie to the Crédit Foncier . . . robbed of a satchel containing 200,000 francs in notes . . . two men who leaped from a passing automobile . . . escaped . . . police of Paris think they have a clue . . ."

Thus did his eyes leap from phrase to phrase. He jumped up, paid for the coffee he had neglected to drink, crammed the paper into his pocket, pulled his hat over his forehead, gave his mustache an upward twist, and was off for the scene of action.

Patiently he patrolled the route from the Crédit Foncier clear to the office of Hottinguer & Cie. Perusing the diagram printed in the paper, he found the spot marked with a cross, and stood so long upon it, scrutinizing each door and window, each inch of sidewalk, that Monsieur Armand Pergot, *agent* of the *arrondissement*, began to regard him with suspicion, and finally cried:

"Eh, mon vieux." "Circulate, circulate!" and the baker, with a start, moved on.

Vidoq forgot to eat any luncheon. He walked, or rather slunk along, peering into the faces of the passers-by, as if he hoped to pick out the robber from the street crowd. More than one honest *ouvrier* stopped and wanted to argue the matter with him, but Vidoq hurriedly apologized and went on. He investigated every corner of the street; he dogged three bank-messengers so closely that the police began to dog him; he penetrated dark alleys, to be met by the shrill curses of *concierges*, and one time, by a pitcher of something poured on him from a window. And all that day not a crime occurred.

Toward evening he went home, and sat down to dinner with his head in his hands.

"Fancy!" he said wearily. "Not a thing has happened. *Mon Dieu*, the thieves of all France took their weekly rest-day this day and went to mass. I am desolated. Never will I make myself *agent*."

Drawn by R. B. Birch

"A HUSH FELL. EVERYBODY TURNED TO LOOK AT THE NEW-COMER"

For answer Julie kissed him on the bald spot of the top of his head.

"Thou great idiot," she purred, lovingly. "Is there not to-morrow? Thou hast done wonderfully. *Sapristi,* one does not make oneself *sergent de ville* in twenty minutes."

By the next morning he had recovered from his abject despair. He set off buoyantly, this time with the ambitious project of covering all the routes in Paris between bank and bank. How he prayed that some miserable *voyou* might assault a bank-messenger! But of course none did. He tramped miles,—he had n't realized there were so many banks in Paris,—in fact, by six o'clock in the evening he had covered about half the stipulated distance, and was dropping with fatigue. He was ready to give up.

"But I believe in thee," cried his wife. "There is yet all the time in the world. Rest thou in bed to-morrow, and read a dictionary of thieves' slang. It is necessary to know what the prisoners will speak." So the good baker bathed his feet and stayed in bed all day long, reading a book of the *Langue Verte.* From it he learned that to *faucher au pré* or to *buter un panté* meant to kill a man; that to *faire le barbot* meant to go through a dead man's pockets; that *la tire au chicane* was the adroit stealing of a man's watch with your back turned; that to *rincer une cambriole* was to clean out a room by way of the second-story window; that to talk too much was to *balancer le chiffon rouge;* that *faiseurs* were genteel pickpockets, *francs bourgeois* sneak-thieves, and *anges gardiens* scouts who lured unsuspecting drunkards into low dives. All this so excited the imagination of Vidoq that toward evening he determined to sally forth again. This time he put on his old clothes,

pulled his coat collar up to his ears, and took the Metro for the Halles Centrales, the great markets of Paris, near which the Apaches are rumored to have their dens. He browsed cautiously around for some time, and finally taking his courage in his teeth, pushed open a door over which the legend "Caveau des Innocents" flickered dimly in the wind, and went down noisome subterranean stairs. At last! They sat huddled around wooden tables, the Apaches and their women, drinking absinthe. He knew they were Apaches, for they were dressed just as he had seen them on the stage. Some of them actually had broad-bladed knives in their hands, carving grotesque names on the tables and the plaster of the walls, such as "Casque Rouge" and "Mimi de la Bastille." It was thrilling. The heart of Vidoq thumped and thumped. And then, imbecile that he was!—and then, down the stairs came a well-dressed man with a cane, and after him other well-dressed men, evidently foreigners, and behind these, *ladies*. The well-dressed man stopped and waved his cane.

"This, *Messieurs et 'dames,* is the famous den of the Apaches."

It was the tourist party of Thomas Cook!

And just as Vidoq rose bitterly to flee, one of the Apaches tried to sell him postal cards!

It was too much. For several days thereafter, he sulked in the *boulangerie*. Madame became worried about him. He grew thin and pale. He was unable to return to his former contentment in life. He sang no more. He hardly ate. Obviously something must be done.

"Cheri," cooed Julie one evening, when they sat in the pleasant kitchen, she knitting, he gnawing the ends of his mustache. "Thou art no longer in search of thieves and malefactors?"

"Thieves!" said her husband, contemptuously. "Thieves indeed! There are no thieves in Paris!"

Drawn by R. B. Birch

"IN A BOUND THE PRÉFET HAD LEAPED ACROSS THE ROOM AND THROWN HIS ARMS ABOUT VIDOQ"

"But the newspapers," she objected. "Here is an account of the robbing of the house of M. Frepillon."

"Lies!" said Vidoq, bitterly. "All lies. The journalists invent them. Not that I blame them," he went on charitably. "*Parbleu,* they must fill their paper."

"But the Apaches?"

"The Apaches!" cried Monsieur Vidoq with a sardonic laugh. "The Apaches are play-actors hired by Thomas Cook."

"*Entendu.* But there are still *fripons, escrocs, vagabonds, cambrioleurs.* It is probable that they have come to know you—that they hide. You have pursued them desperately. *Alors,* another method is necessary. *Se camoufler!* To disguise yourself!"

And with joy she saw the spark of ambition lighting slowly in his eye.

So it came about that on the following morning Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq, not without lamentations, shaved off the *beau moustache* that had been his pride for so many years. And now came his first adventure.

He had taken the tram to Passy, descended at the Trocadero, and quite mechanically fallen in behind a *garçon de recette.* The messenger walked briskly past the palace, up over the hill, and finally turned to the right up the Rue de la Tour, Vidoq trailing behind. The day was soft and overcast; the guardian of the peace felt himself growing uncomfortably warm. Several times when pretty women passed, he attempted to twist up his mustache, only to have dawn on him each time the astonishing fact of its absence. He began to wonder irritably if he had n't been a little foolish. The persistent sense of failure that had embittered his last few days suddenly returned with double force. Cursing below his breath, he increased his speed, passed the bank-messenger, and turned sharply to the left down the Rue Francisque Sarcey. There he stopped in the angle of a doorway and mopped his face with a handkerchief. Tremendously depressed, he drew out a cigarette and was just about to light it, when he happened to look up and see the messenger pass along the other end of the street and disappear around the corner. I don't know what made him stand there, listening, with a burning match in one hand. Suddenly it came,—as if he had been expecting it,—a sharp cry, the sound of a tremendous blow, then hoarse shouts and the pound of many feet, running. Vidoq ran for the corner, and without warning collided violently with a person tearing along from the opposite direction. Both men stopped, swiftly sizing each other up. Vidoq noticed with a thrill that the man's eyes were blazing with excitement, that his coat bulged at the side.

"*Pardon,* Monsieur," he said sternly, advancing toward the other.

"Monsieur," said the man, with perfect calm, though his voice was tense, "I pray that you do not delay me. Frightful murder and robbery has been done. I am in search of an *agent.* Is it that you are a detective in *bourgeois?*"

"No, *mais—*"

"The robber!" cried the other suddenly. "There he goes! After him!"

Vidoq wheeled around. People were running.

"Where?" he said.

"There!" cried the other, already some rods down the street.

"*Merci!*" called Vidoq, his heart leaping in excitement, and ran plump into a rabble of citizens coming around the corner.

Home he went with sparkling eyes. It had been a real adventure, and with a criminal! Almost a capture! Let the criminals watch out; he, Vidoq, was at last on their trail. It was now merely a matter of hours.

"Thou art inimitable!" he cried, embracing the radiant Julie. "It was indeed that! The loss of my mustache is but the price of the Prefecture!"

It can be imagined that nothing was necessary to urge his departure in the morning. Singing, he rose and prepared himself,—blithely he set out across the Pont Royal, went through the two arches of the Tuileries and the Place du Carrousel, and came out upon the Rue de Rivoli, where it joins the Avenue de l'Opéra. There was a genuine Parisian sparkle in the air; Vidoq felt cocky, extremely well able to take care of himself, and of the rest of the world. It was as if Providence suddenly swooped down and drove two taxicabs together, smashing a lamp and locking their back wheels, right in front of him.

There is a great deal of traffic at the

intersection of these two streets at that time of the morning; and it was as if a wall of stone had dammed half the Niagara River. Only one stream of vehicles, going one way, could pass at a time. Cabs, delivery vans, post-office wains, automobiles, at once piled up in a tremendous jam, and a thousand voices were uplifted in sarcasm, protest,—that wonderful voice of Paris that roars up in any excitement. An omnibus bound for Montmartre swept out from the arch and stopped. The conductor got off and came forward, passengers on the top stood up and gave their advice. Chauffeurs, bakery-boys carrying great sticks of bread, old women peddlers, the nondescript warp-and-woof of the Capital of the World, gathered and surrounded the two drivers of the interlocked taxis, who were now on the ground, shouting at each other and brandishing their fists.

"Espèce d'idiot!" cried one, fairly pale with wrath. "Did n't I make thee signal to go to the right? Hast no eyes in thy wooden head, son of a green monkey?"

"For two sous I 'd break thy fat nut of a farmer."

The crowd cheered, waiting for the fight, which never by any chance occurs.

"Messieurs, messieurs!" cried an *agent,* forcing his way through. "Surely this affair can be settled peaceably, without loss of blood. It only needs that one disentangle the wheels."

"Bon," said several of the crowd, sagely.

Now, Vidoq had seen many such blockades, but he had never before seen one through the eyes of a *gardien de la paix.* His blood was up. It seemed to him inconceivable that an *agent,* wearing a sword-bayonet, and having behind him the heavy-handed justice of the city of Paris, should so bow down to popular idiosyncrasies. The Ministre had said "to preserve order."

"You, there!" he said in a commanding voice, shouldering his way into the mob. *"Bon Dieu,* do you think you can stand there all day arguing in the middle of the street? Get down there and untangle those wheels!"

A hush fell. Everybody turned to look at the new-comer, wondering if he might not be the Ministre of the Intérieur or the Préfet of the Seine *en bourgeois.* The two combatants stopped out of curiosity. As for the *agent,* he had to be specially diplomatic. He saluted uncertainly, and bending over, asked in a hoarse whisper,

"Monsieur is—?"

"A good citizen," roared Vidoq at the top of his voice. "I have only done what every good citizen should do,—preserve order and keep the laws of the République. My name is—"

But the rest was lost. When he had first begun to speak, there was a silence of stupefaction. Then a murmur, swelling into a roar, curled upon him. "Fool! Idiot! *Cochon! Insensé!* Clown! Kill him! Drunkard! Pickpocket!" they shouted. "Ah, here 's the Napoleon of Imbeciles! Throw him in the Seine! Spy! German! *À bas les Juifs!"* First came the two taxi-drivers, now brothers in arms. He fought them off for a space, but others struck and pulled him from behind, tearing his clothes. Everything was forgotten except this new excitement. The uproar was frightful. Vidoq was a man of courage, and he stood them off as well as he could,—but finally, whirling to the edge of the crowd, he saw the free street, and took to his heels up the Rue de Rivoli.

For a long time they followed him, stringing out over the course with yells, but finally, in the vastness of the Place de la Concorde, he lost the pack,—and turning into the Tuileries Gardens, found a corner and sank upon a bench. All was over, then. It was definitely decided. How could an honest, courageous man ever hope to become an *agent* in a city where even the *agents* were cowards,—where the people roamed the streets like mad wolves! He would go back to the little *boulangerie* of the Rue de Seine, and there would lie and rot the superb qualities which an ungrateful République had scorned. He had a moment of intense pity for the République.

Most of the day Vidoq stayed there, either brooding darkly on a bench or wandering up and down. His clothes were torn, his spirit was lacerated. Children came with their governesses and played: the baker turned upon them a lack-luster eye. Birds sang: he heard them not. Everything stirred with the late spring, but it was winter in the heart of Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq.

Finally the men came to lock up the Gardens for the night. So he went by the little gate that opens on the street along the Seine. As he strolled miserably

down toward the Pont des Arts, the dusk came down. Little lights pinked out in a regular row along the farther bank. The air was crisp and fine, an atmosphere to fill a man's veins with gladness; but Vidoq shivered. The spirit had gone out of him.

So plunged was he in utter gloom that he came to himself to find that he had passed the end of his bridge. It would be quicker now to cross by the Pont Neuf.

He was abreast of the dark wall of the Louvre. All at once he was startled by a hissing noise; and in the shadow of the wall, he observed a man dart out, look around, and disappear; the hissing came again. Then a hoarse whisper "*Gare!* Look out! *Marchands* [Police]." The man reappeared, this time shuffling along the wall.

With a faint curiosity rising through the heaviness of his brain, Vidoq noticed that a small door in the Louvre, a door which he never remembered to have seen open before, stood ajar. He crossed the street, all his faculties now fully awake; and just as he peered within, a burly figure hurtled through, almost knocking him down.

"*Prends!* Quick! They 're after us!" The figure thrust into his hands a long roll of something that felt like leather and was gone in the twilight. Vidoq turned it dazedly over in his hands. It was evident that he had been mistaken for some one,—probably, he reasoned, the person whom he had seen shrinking along the wall.

"It 's a mistake—" he began, when all at once arose a shout. Men came running,—others precipitated themselves from the door. They leaped upon him, pinioning his arms.

"*Mais—*" he protested.

"Silence!" cried the *Sous-brigadier,* and the *agents* closed around.

Oppressed by the inevitability of his fate, the unhappy Vidoq said no more. Straight they marched to the Prefecture.

Through swinging doors they came into a great bare room, the *permanence* as it is called, where a high officer holds police court night and day. Monsieur Trémouille was interrogating a slatternly woman who had stabbed a man; behind her were three others guarded by *agents,*—the gleanings of the police drag-net.

"*Monsieur l'Inspecteur Principale—*" cried the *Sous-brigadier,* interrupting.

"You must wait, Monsieur," said the *Inspecteur.*

"One has robbed the Louvre . . . of a priceless painting . . . a Titian. . . ."

"What?" roared the other, rising from his seat. "*Vite, vite,* remove this *canaille!* And now, Monsieur?"

"And here we have the criminal!"

"You are sure?"

"Absolutely. He waited outside the little door of the Louvre and received the spoil from his confederate."

"And the picture?"

"Here it is. *Voilà!*" The officer grasped the canvas by its edges, and let it fall, unrolling. Sensation! Gasps of excitement filled the room as the attendants pressed forward to see.

"Your name?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq. . . . I am *boulanger. . . .*"

"Fine chance," laughed the officer.

"Search him!" Vidoq felt them going through his pockets. He who had thought himself worthy to be an *agent!*

The door suddenly burst open and some one entered,—a man of great height, of commanding appearance; everybody immediately stood up very straight and saluted. It was the new Préfet of Police.

"Trémouille!" he exclaimed. "Things very serious have happened. The Louvre has been robbed. Their Excellencies the Ministre of the Intérieur and the Sous-Secrétaire of Beaux-Arts will be here in ten minutes. But what have we here?"

And as the *Inspecteur* was about to explain, the *Sous-brigadier* who had been staring open-mouthed at a paper which he had discovered in the prisoner's pocket, stepped uncertainly forward and handed it to the great man. The Préfet in his turn gaped at the paper, then the picture, and back again. He read aloud faintly:

"*The bearer is in my service*
RÉGNIER
à l'Intérieur."

In a bound the Préfet had leaped across the room and thrown his arms about Vidoq.

"*Voilà* a true patriot!" he shouted.

"JULIE! JULIE!" cried Napoleon Bonaparte Vidoq, groping like a drunken man into the apartment in the small of the night.

"*Eh b'en, cheri?*" she called sleepily.

"Thanks to God, I am *agent.* It is now but a little step to the Prefecture!"

KEEPING UP WITH DAN'L WEBSTER

IN TWO PARTS: PART II

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Keeping Up With Lizzie," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY F. C. YOHN

V

THE physical as well as the mental and moral boundaries of the community of Griggsby, in northern Vermont, were fitted to inspire eloquence. The town lay between two mountain-ranges, crowned with primeval forests, and near the shore of a beautiful lake, with the Canadian line a little north of it. There lived among us a lawyer from the State of Maine who had sung of its "forests, lakes, and rivers, and the magnificent sinuosities of its coast," but he had been silenced by Colonel Buckstone's "towering, cloud-capped, evergreen galleries above the silver floor of our noble lake."

There were also our mental and moral boundaries: on the east, hard times and history; on the west, the horse-traders of York State, mingled with wild animals and backed by pathless woods; on the north, the Declaration of Independence; on the south, the Democratic Party; while above was a very difficult heaven, and beneath a wide-open and most accessible inferno.

Our environment had some element that appealed to every imagination, and was emphasized by the solemn responsibilities of the time. Our ancient enemies in the South had begun to threaten the land under the leadership of Tilden and Hendricks. The oratory of New England was sorely taxed.

My own imagination had been touched by all these influences, and by another—the dear and beautiful girl of whom I have said not half enough. There was no flower in all the gardens of Griggsby so graceful in form or so beautiful in color as Florence Dunbar. I felt a touch of the tender passion every time I looked into her eyes. No, she was not of the "sweet Alice" type; she was too full-blooded and strong-armed for that. She never entered a churchyard without being able to walk out of it, and if she had cared for "Ben Bolt," she would have got him, to his lifelong happiness and advantage. She was a modest, fun-loving, red-cheeked, sweet-souled girl, with golden hair and hazel eyes, and seventeen when I saw her first. Candor compels me to admit that she had a few freckles, but I remember that I liked the look of them; they had come of the wind and the sunlight.

The father of my chum Henry and his sister Florence had gone West from Griggsby with his bride in the early fifties, and had made a fortune. Florence and her brother had grown up on a ranch, and had been sent back to enjoy the educational disadvantages of Griggsby. They could ride like Indians, and their shooting had filled us with astonishment. With a revolver, Florence could hit a half-dollar thrown in the air before it touched the ground.

Her brother Henry, who was two years older and as many inches taller than I, had begun to emulate the leading lights of the neighborhood. He and Ralph Buckstone, the handsome and gifted son of the great colonel, were friends and boon companions.

The morning of our return from the horse-races at Higglebury, having been chastened by misfortune like the great Dan'l Webster Smead, and being in dire need of money, we went straight to Florence's room and confessed our ruin and the folly that had led to it. She was kind, but, in addition to our conviction of guilt, she awoke in us a sense of idiocy which was hard to bear. I secretly resolved to keep my brain unspotted by suspicion thereafter, whatever might happen to my soul. We gladly promised to be good. We would have given our notes for a million acts of virtue. Henry agreed to be as saintlike as he possibly could, which, as he observed to me later, gave him another chance. Then Florence lent us the amount of our losses.

"I am afraid that Mr. Hall may send you both home," said she, and that indeed was our great fear.

I have tried to make it clear that there were some good men in Griggsby, and I must not fail to tell of one of them, the Reverend Appleton Hall, head of the academy, a plain, simple, modest citizen. What a splendid figure of a man he was —big, strong-armed, hard-handed, with black eyes and the head of a demigod, with wavy masses of hair and a beard as yellow as fine gold! What a tower of rugged strength and fatherly kindness! We loved the touch of his hand and the sound of his voice—when we did not fear them. As he stood with his feet in the soil of his garden and his collar loose at his throat, he reminded me of that man of old, of whom it was written, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

For the sake of the boys he fought against the powers of darkness. He was handicapped; he could not denounce the great men of the village by name as pestilential enemies of decency and order. Perhaps that should have been done by the ministers of religion. Old "App" Hall, as some called him, warned and watched us, but with his rugged figure, his old-fashioned clothes, and his farmer dialect, he had not the appeal—the dazzling appeal of Websterians like Griggs and Colonel Buckstone. However, there was something fatherly about him that made it easy to confess both our truancy and our money loss. Of course he forgave us, but with stern advice, which did not get under our jackets, as had that of Dan'l Webster Smead. He said we were fools, but we knew that, and would have admitted more.

I began to attend to business as a student, but Henry went on with his skylarking. Dan'l Webster Smead went to work buying produce for the Boston market, and spent every evening at home. He got his wife a hired girl, and the poor woman soon had a happier look in her face. The children wore new clothes, and a touch of the buoyant spirit of the racer Montravers, now cast out of his life, soon entered the home of Smead.

Ralph Buckstone and I had become the special favorites of Appleton Hall. For some time Florence had managed to keep me out of mischief. Naturally my love for her had led to a respect for decency and honor, which meant that I must do the work set before me and keep on fairly good terms with myself. It was Florence, I am sure, who had had a like effect upon Ralph. We took no part, thereafter, in the ruder pranks of the boys, and did fairly good work in school.

One evening Ralph came to my room and told me that he had had a quarrel with his father. It seemed that a clever remark of Florence about the last spree of the colonel had reached his ears. In the presence of his son the colonel, boiling with indignation, had made some slighting reference to her and all other women. High words and worse had followed, in the course of which the sacred, gold-headed cane of the colonel, presented to him by the Republican electors of the town, had been splintered in a violent gesture. The cane had been used not for assault, but for emphasis. Ralph had been blamed by the colonel for the loss of his temper and the loss of his cane. The great man might have forgiven the former, but the latter went beyond his power of endurance. So he turned the boy out of doors, and Ralph came directly to my room, where his father found and forgave him with great dignity in the morning, and bade him return to his home.

There was some drunken brawling in the streets by night, and now and then a memorable battle, followed by prosecution and repairs. About then Appleton Hall gave a lecture on the morals of

Griggsby which was the talk of the school and the village for a month or more. People began to wake up.

Our preachers came back from Samaria and Egypt, "from Afric's sunny fountains" and "India's coral strands," and began to think about Griggsby. At last they seemed to recognize that foreign heathen were not so pressingly in need as the home-made article—that they were not to be compared with the latter in finish and general efficiency. They turned their cannons of oratory, and altered the range of their fire. A public meeting was held in the town hall, and the curses of the village were discussed and berated. A chapter of the Cadets of Temperance was organized, and Ralph and I joined. We carried torch-lights in a small procession led by Samantha Simpson, and cheered and shouted and had a grand time; but we failed to overawe the enemy. Nothing resulted that could be discerned by the naked contemporary eye save the contempt and ridicule that were heaped upon us. If one wanted to create a laugh in a public speech, he would playfully refer to the Cadets of Temperance. Good people were wont to say, "What 's the use?"

The people are a patient ox. A big woolen mill polluted the stream that flowed through the village. It was our main water-supply. The people permitted the pollution until the water was not fit to use. Then they went back to the wells and springs again. There was some futile talk about the shame of it. Letters of complaint were printed in "The Little Corporal," our local paper. By and by a meeting was held and a committee appointed to see what could be done. They made various suggestions, most of which were ridiculed, and the committee succeeded only in getting themselves disliked.

As a matter of fact, the leading merchants and lawyers, and even the churches, derived a profit from the presence of the woolen mill. Then, too, about every man in Griggsby had his own imperishable views, and loved to ridicule those of his neighbor. Indolence, jealousy, and conceit were piled in the path of reform, which was already filled with obstacles.

Now, in those evil days a thing happened which I wish it were not my duty to recall. Unpleasant gossip had gone about concerning Florence and me. As to its source I had my suspicions. Colonel Buckstone had seen us sitting together by the roadside adjoining the meadow where we had gathered flowers. To Colonel Buckstone that was a serious matter, especially in view of the fact that Florence had expressed strong disapproval of his general conduct. Men like him are ever trying to hold the world in leash, and to pull it down to their own level.

Griggsby was like most country towns. The county fair had passed, the trotters had retired, Colonel Buckstone, with unusual sobriety, had not fallen from grace for some time, and the material for conversation had run low; somebody had to be sacrificed. The inventive talent of the village got busy. It needed a gay Lothario, and I was nominated and elected without opposition. I was voted at heart a base and subtle villain.

Florence naturally turned to me for advice, and I felt the situation bitterly.

"You poor thing!" said she, with a tearful laugh; "I 'm sorry for you, but don't worry. Your honor shall be vindicated."

"I 'll fight the colonel," I said.

"You shall not fight him," said she. "Go and fight somebody else. I want to save *him* for myself."

That is the way she took it, bravely, calmly. She did not ask any one to be sorry for her. A less courageous spirit would have given up and gone home in disgust; but she stood her ground, with the fatherly encouragement of Appleton Hall, and stored the lightning that, by and by, was to fall from her hand upon the appalled citizens of Griggsby.

I was at work in my room one evening when Dan'l Webster Smead came to my door.

"Florence Dunbar and a friend have called to see you," he said. "They are waiting in the parlor."

I went down to meet them at once. Florence and Miss Elizabeth Collins, Colonel Buckstone's stenographer, rose to greet me. Then came their story.

Before going home that evening, the colonel had dictated a letter to Roswell Dunbar, Florence's father, calculated to fill his mind with alarm, and cause him to recall her from Griggsby. Miss Collins had left the office with her employer, who had put the letter with others in his

pocket, intending to mail them in the morning, the post-office having closed for the night. She said that the colonel had been imbibing freely that day, and had gone to the Palace Hotel for supper.

"I have decided to start for home in the morning," said Florence. "I must reach there before the letter does, and probably I shall not come back."

"Don't go," I said. "I 'll attend to the letter."

"How?" she asked.

"I don't know, but in some way," I said with the strong confidence of youth in its own capacity. "I only ask that you give me permission to consult my friend Dan'l Webster Smead in strict confidence. It won't do to let the colonel drive us out of town. He is the one to be driven out."

Florence agreed with me, and I walked home with the girls, and left them in a better frame of mind.

I asked Smead to come to my room with me, and laid the facts before him. He sat smoking thoughtfully, and said not a word until I had finished. Then he said in that slow drawl of his:

"I take it that you are willing to suffer, if need be, for the sake of decency and fair women."

"I am," was my response.

"Then again I ask you to follow me," he said, rising, and together we left his house as the old town clock was striking ten.

"I shall fight the colonel if necessary," I suggested.

"Hush, boy! Let us first try eloquence," said he. "It is only the vulgar mind that resorts to muscle when the tongue may do as well. Eloquence, my dear boy, is the jimmy of Griggsby; it is also the gold brick, the giant-powder, the nitroglycerin of Griggsby. Let us see what it can accomplish."

We went on in silence, and soon heard sounds of revelry in a bar-room. We stopped and listened a moment, after which he led me farther up the street.

"The colonel began to slide from his eminence to-day," my companion whispered. "I doubt not he is still sliding, and what I hope to hear are sundry deep-voiced remarks about the 'witchin' hour of night.' "

We came soon to the lighted windows of the Palace Hotel, through which a loud and mirthful joy floated into the still night. We listened again. I could hear the rumbling words, "When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead."

"We 're lucky," Smead whispered. "You sit down in the office; I 'll go in to the bar. Come on."

We entered. About the stove in the office were the usual crowd of horsemen with meerschaum pipes. I took the only vacant chair by the side of a maudlin old soldier, who did chores for his keep, and who addressed me with incoherent mumbles. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke and the odor of rum and molasses. "Rat" Emerson, a driver, was telling how he had worn out a faster horse than his in the scoring, and won a race. Through the open door of the bar-room I could see Colonel Buckstone standing in a group of friends, with his glass raised. He was saying in a deep, stentorian voice:

" 'T is now the witchin' hour of night,
When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."

Then loud laughter, and another took the floor with:

" Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm."

This tournament of orators was interrupted by Smead, who was suddenly and almost simultaneously embraced by every member of the group, while the barkeeper was preparing to minister to his needs.

"Again I am in the grasp of the octopus of intemperance," I heard Smead say, whereat the others roared with laughter.

Soon I saw him retire to one side of the room with the colonel. An hour passed; Dan'l W. came out of the bar-room door and left the Palace Hotel. I joined him on the street.

"My plan is that you take this, an' go home an' go to bed, an' sleep the 'sleep of the just,' " he whispered as he handed me the letter.

I was amazed, and so delighted that my eyes began to dampen.

"You can commit a robbery either with eloquence or a six-shooter," he went on. "The former method is perhaps less honorable, but it is safer and more gentlemanly. I asked the colonel for the letter, and he gave it to me. He would have given me anything. It was a crime to take it, but perhaps it would have been a greater crime to leave it. The colonel will probably never think of it again."

We walked on in a silence that was soon broken by Smead: "I 'm glad to get out of that nest of tragedians and statesmen. You must never tell what you know about this—not a word, not a syllable."

Early in the morning Mr. Smead went to the dormitory with a note that I had written to Florence. When I met her she took my hand, but did not speak. I knew why. For a long minute we walked together in silence; then she said rather brokenly:

"Havelock, you are the most wonderful boy that I ever met, and I owe you everything. What *can* I do for *you?*"

The words were a new blow to me, for, as the reader will understand, they put her farther away.

"Please take that back," I said almost woefully. "Please do not think that you owe me anything. I don't want you to feel that way. I did n't—"

I was about to say that it was not I who had obtained the letter from the colonel; but I halted, suddenly, remembering my promise.

"You strange, modest boy!" she exclaimed. "Don't you want me to be grateful to you?"

"Florence," I said with all the seriousness of my nature, "I 'd almost rather you 'd hate me."

I have never forgotten the look in her face then, and how quickly it changed color. A sorry fool I was not to have understood it; but, then, what did I know about women? She, too, knew as little of the heart of a Puritan lad who had grown up in the edge of a wilderness.

VI

Dan'l Webster Smead was right. Colonel Buckstone never thought of the letter again. He went to New York next day, and Ralph went with him. Weeks passed, and they were still absent. Then the truth came to me and to Florence in a letter from Ralph which she asked me to read. It ran as follows:

Dearest Florence:—I 'm having a hard time with the governor. I want you to know that I do not believe a word of all I 've heard about you, and that I shall never care about anybody else. I 'm going to England with my aunt. Dad suddenly decided that for me here in New York, and we 've had an awful row. It seems as if I ought to be there with you, but I can't. Luck is against me. I should have to walk to Griggsby and go to work for my living, for I should have no home. Don't worry; everything will come out all right. Dad says I may write to you and come home in a year. What do we care what people say so long as we are true to each other, which I will always be? Dad says that Henry is leading me astray. What do you think of that?

Then he added his signature and his London address.

The girl was game. Her eyes flashed with indignation.

"Never mind," said she; "my turn will come by and by."

She said that she had written to Ralph, and I knew, without saying it, that he would receive no letter from her, for I suspected that the cunning old politician would have laid his plans to discourage him with her silence. Two other letters came from Ralph, the last of which complained of what he called "her indifference"; and although I wrote him, as did she, again and again, I happen to know that Ralph looked in vain for a letter.

Yes, it was the old, old plan, and more easily managed in those days, when England was very far from us, and one who had crossed the ocean was more of a curiosity.

"Ralph ain't the right timber for a hero," said Smead as we sat together one day. "He won't do."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Too easily bamboozled. For one thing, a hero has got to be bigger than his father, especially when his father is only knee-high to a johnny-cake. If I were young an' full o' vinegar, I 'd jump in an' cut him out."

I made no answer.

"You 're a good jumper," he suggested; "why don't ye jump for this big prize? The girl has beauty an' character an' wit an' wealth. Don't be afraid; hop in an' take her."

"It 's impossible," I said. "She does n't care for me; but that 's only one reason."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed.

"She told me so," I insisted.

"Young man, I maintain that a lady cannot lie; but it ain't always best to believe her. You did n't expect that she was goin' to toss her heart into your lap at the first bid, did ye? They don't do that, not if they 're real cunnin'. They like to hang on to their hearts an' make ye bid for 'em. They want to know how much you 'll give; and they 're right—absolutely right. It 's good business. A girl has to be won."

I sat in a thoughtful silence, and Smead went on:

"It 's a kind of an auction-sale. 'How much am I bid?' the girl says with her eyes. You say, 'I offer my love.' It is n't enough. You offer houses an' lands. Still she shakes her head no. By an' by you speak up with a brave voice, an' offer the strong heart of a hero an' a love as deep an' boundless as the sea, an' you mean every word of it. That fetches her. You see, love is the biggest thing in a woman's life—or in the world, for that matter. So you 've got to say it big an' mean it big. Feeble words an' manners won't do when you 're tellin' the best girl in the world how ye love her. Now, you 've got the goods—the hero's heart an' all. Why don't ye offer 'em?"

I wish I had told him why; but I did not. In the first place, I knew that I was no hero, and, again, I was like most Yankee boys of that time—I could not bear to say much about my heart's history. It was full of deep sentiment, but somehow that was awfully sacred to me. Then, too, I was not much of a talker. I could not have said those pretty things to Florence. My words had never been cheapened by over-use or by lying. I remember that every one of them was worth a hundred cents on the dollar, and any sort of hyperbole would have made me ashamed of myself.

I decided to leave school soon, and go to New York to seek my fortune. So I should have done but for my next adventure.

VII

THERE were days when there was a mighty ferment in the minds of Griggsby.

On a gray, chilly Saturday in the early autumn the village was full of farmer-folk who had come to market their produce. With these people and the mill-hands Saturday was apt to be a busy day, with all doors open until eight or nine o'clock. Most of the farmers went home in good order after their selling and buying. Some, however, squandered the proceeds, and went home reeling in their wagons, with horses running and lathering under the whip.

Late in the afternoon Henry Dunbar and I were walking down the main street when we saw a crowd gathering and heard an outburst of drunken profanity. We ran with the crowd, which was surrounding the town bully, a giant blacksmith, of the name of Josh, noted for his great strength and thunderous voice, and a farmer from an Irish neighborhood above the village. Both had been drinking, and the blacksmith was berating the farmer. We mounted a wagon that stood near, where we could see and hear. The blacksmith had rolled up his right shirt-sleeve to the shoulder, and stood with his huge arm raised, as the foul thunder of his wrath broke the peace of the village.

The farmer rushed in, striking with both fists. Josh seized him about the shoulders, and the two wrestled for a moment, then fell, the farmer underneath. Josh held him by his hair and ears, and was banging his head on the stone pavement. It was now like a fight between bulldogs; blood was flowing. The farmer had the blacksmith's thumb between his teeth, and the latter was roaring with pain. There were loud cries of "Stop it!" Two bystanders were tugging at the great shoulders of Josh.

Henry and I leaped from the wagon, pushed our way through the crowd, and, by laying hold of his hand, pulled the blacksmith from his victim. The farmer was surrounded and pushed away, while the mighty Josh started for me. I was minded to run away, but how could I, after all that Smead had said to me? I expected to be killed, but I could not run

away. I ran straight at the giant, and, as I met him, delivered a blow, behind which was the weight and impulse of my body, full in the face of that redoubtable man. It was like the stroke of a hundred-and-sixty-pound sledge-hammer. The man toppled backward and fell into a cellar-way, head foremost, burst the door at the foot of the stairs, and stopped senseless on the threshold of a butcher's shop. It was a notable fall, that of this town bully, and his pristine eminence was never wholly recovered. Henry, too, was set upon, and was defending himself when the town constable reached the battle-field, and arrested Josh and the farmer and me for a breach of the peace. But the incident was not closed.

Friends of the fighters began to discuss the merits of the men and their quarrel in the bar-rooms and stable-yards of Griggsby. Feeling ran high, and there was noisy brawling in the streets.

Soon after nightfall a fight began in a bar-room between the two factions represented by farmer-boys and hostlers, and was carried into the back yard, where one young man was kicked in the chest until he was nearly dead. Word ran through the town that a murder had been committed. The Websterian age of Griggsby had come to its climax, and naturally.

Next day Henry was arrested for his part in the affray. His father, who happened to be in Boston at the time, was summoned by a telegram from Florence. He came, and the result of his coming was the purchase of "The Little Corporal" for his daughter. I sat with him and his son and daughter when Dan'l Webster Smead told him the story of that day with the insight of a true philosopher.

"The old town is in a bad way," said Dunbar, when the story was finished.

"But it can be set right," said Smead, "an' you 're the man to do it."

"How?"

"Buy 'The Little Corporal' for your daughter, an' we 'll do the rest," said Smead.

Mr. Dunbar shook his head. "I 'd rather she 'd marry some fine young fellow and settle down," said he.

"What 's the matter with her doin' both?" Smead asked.

"Give me the 'Corporal,' and I 'll attend to the young fellow," said Florence.

"Well, if you 'll agree to help her in both enterprises," said Dunbar to Smead, "I 'll buy the paper. But you and Havelock must agree to help with the newspaper, and make no important contracts without my consent."

So I agreed to work for the "Corporal," and changed my plan of leaving Griggsby.

Immediately I began to suffer an ill-earned and unwelcome adulation. The Dan'l Websters touched their hats when I passed, and one likened me to Achilles; small boys followed me in the streets, and gazed into my face. Fortunately, my alleged crimes were soon forgotten. That is one curious thing about the Yankees: they may use a lie for conversational purposes, but they never believe it. They rarely love a man until they have taken him apart and put him together again by the surgery of conversation. They want to know how he stands it.

VIII

Good food, and plenty of it, were required to maintain the talents for leisure, racing, and Websterian grandeur that distinguished the men of Griggsby. As a rule, the women, therefore, were overworked. Men who could not afford the grandeur or the sport indulged in dreams of it, and surrendered their lives to inelegant leisure. Some left their farms and moved into the village to make Dan'l Websters of their sons. Some talked of going West, where the opportunities were better. You could hear men in blue denim dreaming of wealth on the pavements and cracker-barrels of Griggsby, while their wives battled with poverty at home.

Wifehood was still a form of bondage, as it was bound to be among a people who for generations had spent every Sabbath and the beginning and the end of every other day with Abraham and his descendants. Their ideals and their duties were from three to four thousand years apart—so far apart that they seldom got acquainted with each other. Among the highest of their ideals was Ruth, of the country of Moab. Did she not touch her face to the ground to find favor with the man she loved? Did she not glean in the fields till even, and thresh out her bundles, and then lie down at the feet of Boaz?

In love and fear the wives of the Yankees were always gleaning. They found a certain joy in trouble. Sorrow was a form of dissipation to many, disappointment a welcome means of grace, and weariness a comforting sign of duty done. Their fears were an ever-present trouble in time of need. They were three: idleness, God, and the poorhouse. Whatever the men might do or fail to do in Griggsby, it was the part of the women to work and save. They squandered to save—squandered their abundant strength to save the earnings of the family, the souls of husbands, sons, and daughters, the lives of the sick. If ever they thought of themselves, it was in secret. Their hands were never idle.

The Yankee was often an orator to his own wife at least, and had convinced his little audience of one of two things, either that he had achieved greatness or was soon to be crowned. The lures of politics, invention, horsemanship, speculation, religion, and even poesy, led their victims from the ax and the plow. In certain homes you found soft-handed, horny-hearted tyrants of vast hope and good nature, and one or more slaves in calico. In my humble opinion, these willing slaves suffered from injustice more profound than did their dark-skinned sisters of the South.

You might see a judge or a statesman strutting in purple and fine linen, or exchanging compliments in noble rhetoric at a mahogany bar, while his aproned wife, with bare arms, was hard at work in the kitchen, trying to save the expense of a second hired girl. And you would find her immensely proud of her rhetorical peacock. His drinking and maudlin conduct were often excused as the sad but inevitable accessories of Websterian genius.

But the Websterian impulse had begun to show itself in a new generation of women. It flowered in resounding rhetoric.

Now and then Florence Dunbar called at the home of the Smeads, and had learned to enjoy the jests of Dan'l, and especially his talk about social conditions in Griggsby. It was there that she got the notion of buying the "Corporal" and hiring Smead to help her reform the town.

One evening a number of my schoolmates were asked to meet the daughters of Smead, who had attended the normal school before going out to teach.

"Ruth, won't you get up and give us a piece?" Mrs. Smead asked one of her daughters.

"Mince, apple, or pumpkin, Mother?" Dan'l W. inquired playfully.

"Oh, stop your joking!" said Mrs. Smead.

The young lady stepped to the middle of the floor, after the fashion of Charlotte Cushman in the sleep-walking scene of *Lady Macbeth*. She gave us Warren's "Address," trilling her *rs* and pronouncing *my* like me.

"There 's the makin' of another D. W.," said Smead, soberly.

Ruth did not get the point, and he went on: "She makes the boys and girls roar like cottage organs up there at the red school-house. They know how to work every stop in the organ, too, Patriotic Defiance, Hatred, Sorrow, Despair, Torpid Liver, Pious Rant. They need two more stops on the organ, Humor and Sanity."

Betsy, the younger sister of Ruth, would not speak "a piece," and I was glad of it. She sat by me and modestly told of her work, and now and then gave me a look out of her lovely, blue eyes that would have moved the heart of a stone. What a mouth and face she had, what a fair, full, soft crown of hair! I liked her; that is the most I can say.

Two other young ladies possessed by the demon of elocution shook out a few faded rags of literature with noble gestures and high-flavored tones. Yet these ladies of Griggsby were content with the intoxication of whirling words, while their husbands, sons, and brothers indulged in feelings of grandeur not so easily supported. But I do not wish you to forget that the women were always busy. If it had not been for them, Griggsby would long ago have perished of dignity, indolence, and katzenjammer.

To sum up: the women stood for industry, the men sat down for it; the women worked for decency, and every man recommended it to his neighbor. But the women had no voice in the government of the town.

A year had passed since Ralph's departure. For months no word from him had come to me, or to Florence, as she informed me.

"I 'm very sorry," I said as we were walking together.

"I 'm afraid I 'm not," she surprised me by saying.

I turned, and looked into her eyes.

"For a long time I 've been trying to make a hero of Ralph, but it 's hard work," she went on; "I fear it 's impossible."

"Why?"

"He does n't help me a bit; he does n't give me any material to work with."

There was a moment of silence in which the girl seemed to be trying to hold her poise. Then she added:

"Either he does n't care or he is very easily fooled."

I said nothing, but I heartily agreed with her.

Congress had adjourned, and the colonel had returned to his native haunts with all his Websterian accessories. There were moral-weather prophets in Griggsby who used to say, when the colonel came back, that they could tell whether it was going to be a wet or a dry summer by the color of his nose and the set of his high hat. "Wet" was now the general verdict as he strode down the main street swinging his gold-headed cane.

On a lovely May day I tramped off into the country to attend Betsy Smead's last day of school and to walk home with her. The latter was the main part of it. She was glad to see me, and I enjoyed the children, and the songs of the birds in the maples of the old school-yard.

In the middle of the afternoon a stern-faced old man, with a hickory cane in his hand, entered the school-house, and Betsy hurried to meet and kiss him. Then she helped him to a seat at the teacher's desk. He was stoutly built, and wore a high collar, a black stock, and a suit of faded brown. There was a fringe of iron-gray hair above his ears, with tufts of the same color in front of them. The rest of his rugged, deep-lined face was as bare as the top of his head. His stern, gray eyes quizzically regarded the girl and the pupils.

"Describe the course of the Connecticut River," he demanded of a member of the geography class.

To my joy, the frightened girl answered correctly.

"Very well, very well," said he, loudly, as though it were a matter of small credit, after all.

A member of the first class in arithmetic was not so fortunate. To him he put a problem.

"Go to the blackboard," the old gentleman commanded. "A man had three sons —put down three, if you please.

"To A he willed half his property, to B a quarter, and to C a sixth. Now, his property consisted of eleven sheep. The sons wished to divide the sheep without killing any, so they consulted a neighbor. The neighbor came with one of his own sheep and put it in with the eleven, making twelve in all. Then he gave ½ to A, making 6, ¼ to B, making 3, ⅙ to C, making 2, a total of 11, and drove back his own sheep. Now, tell me, young man, what is the matter with that problem—tell me at once, sir."

The boy trembled, looked stupidly at the blackboard, and gave up.

"Huh! that will do," snapped the old gentleman.

Here was the grand, stentorian method applied to geography and mathematics.

At last school was dismissed. The tears of the children, as they parted with Betsy, seemed to please the old gentleman. His face softened a little.

"Ah, you 'll make a good mother, Betsy," he said rather snappishly as he came down from his seat, drawing his breath at the proper places of punctuation, and touching his right leg as though he had a pain in it. "Do ye know how to work, eh?"

"I 've always had to work," said Betsy.

"That 's good, that 's good," the old man exclaimed. "Your grandmother was a good woman to work."

"Grandfather, this is Mr. Havelock," said Betsy, as she presented me.

"How d' do?" snapped the old gentleman, looking sharply into my face. Then he turned to Betsy and said: "Don't be in a hurry to get married. There are plenty of fish in the sea, girl—plenty of fish. Huh! Tell your father that I am very much pleased with the last news of him—very much pleased; but I shall not trust him again, never, nor any of them except you."

A man was waiting for him in a buggy outside the door. I withdrew a little, and waited while Betsy spoke with the old gentleman. The girl joined me as her grandfather drove away, and together we

walked down the hills to Griggsby that lovely afternoon of the early summer. We talked of many things, and always when I have thought of that hour, I have heard the hum of new life in ponds and marshes, and seen the light of a day's end glowing on windows, woods, and hills, and felt the joy of youth again.

"You are a friend of Florence Dunbar," said Betsy as we were crossing a field. "She has told me lots about you."

"I fear that I 'm not much of a success either as a subject or a predicate," I said.

"She thinks you are a great hero, and there are others who think it, too."

I blushed and stumbled a little in trying to say:

"Well—it—it is n't my fault. I 've —I 've done my best to—to keep her from making any mistake."

"We 've been hoping that you and she would make a match," the little schoolteacher went on.

"It 's—it 's impossible," I said bitterly.

"Impossible? Why?"

"Well, she—she feels so horribly grateful to me that—that if I asked her to be my wife, I—I suppose she would think it her duty to say yes."

Betsy laughed, and we walked along in silence for half a minute. Then she stopped, and her glowing eyes looked into mine as she said very soberly:

"Havelock, you 're a strange boy. I don't want to spoil you, but I think—well, I won't say what I think."

So I never knew what she thought, but I well remember there were tears in her eyes and mine as we walked in silence. She was the first to speak.

"If Florence said yes, it would be because she loves you," said Betsy.

"But you do not know all that I know," was my answer.

We were nearing the village, and had begun to meet people, and while we had a little distance to go, our serious talk went no further.

IX

GRADUATION day had arrived, when Florence was to complete her course at the academy. The best women, as though by general agreement, had combined to right the wrong done her. No girl so noble and splendid had ever stood on the platform of the old academy. That very day she assumed control of "The Little Corporal" and began her work, with Dan'l Webster Smead as associate editor.

The first issue of the paper under its new management had an editorial to this effect:

Things are going to happen in Griggsby —things that have never happened before in Griggsby or elsewhere. We have a large, distinguished, and growing list of drunkards whose careers thus far have suffered from neglect, concealment, and a general lack of appreciation.

Full many a brawl of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed depths of Griggsby bear;
Full many a spree is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the midnight air.

It shall be so no longer. We propose to fathom the depths. Hereafter the adventures of our merry gentlemen shall be duly chronicled so that the public may share their joy, and give them credit according to their deserts.

We have a number of idlers and gamblers in Griggsby whose exploits have also been shrouded in obscurity. They, too, may rejoice that at last full justice is to be accorded them in this paper, so that their winning and losing shall no longer be a subject of inaccurate knowledge. Some are blamed who ought not to be blamed, and some are not blamed who ought to be blamed, and there is no health in the present situation.

We have a large number of young men who are looking to their elders for an example worthy of emulation. *The Little Corporal* will let its light shine hereafter upon the example set by the elder generation of Griggsby, to the end that none of it may be lost.

We have seven saloons and three drug stores that have violated the law with notable and unnoted persistence. They, too, may be assured that their achievements will no longer be overlooked.

But the biggest thing we have in Griggsby is a *conscience*. That, too, may rejoice that its findings are no longer to be unknown and neglected. It shall be busy night and day, and its approval shall be recorded with joy and its condemnations with deep regret in the *Corporal*. But both shall be duly signalized and set forth.

It is recorded of Napoleon, who was himself known as *the Little Corporal,* that one night, having found a sentinel asleep at his post, he took the weapon of the latter and stood guard for him until he awoke. That this paper will try to do for the conscience of Griggsby when it is weary and overworked.

Well, things did begin to happen in Griggsby. The Mutual Adulation Company that had paid its daily dividends in compliments and good wishes at the bar of the Palace Hotel went out of business. The souls of the leading citizens ceased to flow. The babbling brooks of flattery ran dry.

In the next number of the "Corporal," among other items, appeared this:

Jerry McMann attacked his horse in the street the other day, and, without any provocation that the bystanders could observe, beat him over the head with the butt of his whip, for which he has had to pay the utterly inadequate fine of five dollars. The *Corporal* hereby adds to his fine the distinction which his act has won. This beater of a helpless animal is probably the most brutal man in the township and the most arrant coward.

"The Little Corporal" passed from hand to hand, and waves of joy and consternation swept over the community. Thoughtful and worried looks gathered under the hats of silk and beaver. Colonel Buckstone smote the bar of the Palace Hotel, and roared about the "Magna Charta of our Liberties," as he viewed his image in a mirror among the outlines of a bird drawn in soap.

Now, there lived in the village of Griggsby a certain lawyer of the name of Pike—G. Washington Pike. He was the most magnificent human being in that part of the country. He shone every day in broadcloth, a tall beaver hat, and a stock and collar. He greeted one with a low bow and a sweeping gesture of the right hand, and said "Good morning" as though it were a solemn and eternal verity. His distinguished presence graced every public occasion, and he was made up as the living image of Dan'l Webster. At one time or another many who lived in the village had been nudged and asked, "Who is that grand-looking man?" It was a query not so easy to answer. He was a lawyer without visible clients, whose wife was the leading dressmaker of Griggsby.

I was sitting in the office of the "Corporal" with Smead when the great man entered, bowed low, and cut a scroll in the air with his right hand.

"Good morning, Editor Smead," said he, oratorically.

"Good morning, Mr. Pike," was the greeting of Smead.

"On this occasion it is *Lawyer* Pike, who presents his compliments to *Editor* Smead, and begs to confer with him on a matter of business," said the great man.

"Go ahead, *Lawyer* Pike," said the editor.

"While *Mr.* Pike has the highest personal regard for *Mr.* Smead, *Lawyer* Pike takes issue with *Editor* Smead in behalf of his client, Mr. Jeremiah McMann, and demands a retraction of certain words in the 'Corporal' of last week calculated to injure the reputation of said McMann."

Then the great Dan'l said:

"*Editor* Smead refuses the request of *Lawyer* Pike, and suggests that he and Horse-killer McMann should join hands and jump into the air as high as possible."

And so ended the first bluff in the new life of Griggsby.

A great public meeting was held in the town hall in support of the candidacy of Colonel Buckstone for the post of consul at Hong-Kong. The merchant princes and Dan'l Websters, representing the beauty and fashion of Griggsby, the women, representing its industry and sturdy virtue, were on hand. So were many mill-workers and students from the old academy.

Judge Warner was chosen to preside, and opened the meeting with sober, well-chosen words. Then followed a great and memorable tournament of the D. W's. Floods of impassioned eloquence swept over the crowd and out of the open windows, and at every impressive pause we could hear birds chattering as they slipped from their perches in the tree-tops that overhung the eaves.

The great Bill Smithers was telling of the poor, barefooted boy who came down from the hills long ago and bade fair to

rise to the highest pinnacle of statesmanship.

Among other things he said: "Think of this poor boy who used to feed the chickens and milk the patient cow. Since then he has fed the multitude of his fellow-citizens with political wisdom, and milked the great Republic for their benefit."

He soared and roared in praise of the manly virtues of the colonel.

A stray cow began to bellow in the streets. Mr. Smithers, who was speaking, paused to inquire if some one would please stop that beast.

A voice in the gallery shouted, "Give the cow a chance." Another said, "It 's the cow that Sile milked." The crowd began to laugh, and the situation was critical; but fortunately the emotions of the cow subsided.

The Rev. Sam Shackleford came next, and tears rolled down his face while he told of the great talents and the noble heart of his distinguished fellow-townsman.

In due time Colonel Buckstone rose to acknowledge the kindness of his fellow-citizens. He spoke of the affairs of his native town and presently referred to the newspaper, which had always been a power for good in the village. He hoped that it would continue to be so, but had his fears. A certain editorial had already injured the fair fame of Griggsby. There was not a scintilla of evidence in support of its veiled and open charges, not one. He challenged Mr. D. W. Smead to prove that Griggsby was any worse than other communities.

In the name of heaven, what new assault was to be made upon the Magna Charta of our liberties, secured by the blood of our fathers? He would defend it. He served notice then and there that he would pour out his life's blood, if need be, rather than see the liberties of the citizens of Griggsby abated by one jot or tittle. No, he would rather see his right arm severed from his body.

That dear old Magna Charta was often on his lips. Indeed, the chart of his liberties was so great and so threatening that Moses and the prophets had to get out of its way. Every day he referred to "jots and tittles" of abatement and absent "scintillas of evidence."

He closed his address with this Websterian peroration:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the enslaved citizens of my native town. Rather let their last feeble and lingering glance behold them eating and drinking according to their needs and wishes, and in the full enjoyment of every blessing that the Almighty has showered upon us."

These sentiments met with noisy approval. How often the eyes of the great man were "turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven!"

There was a call for Dan'l W. Smead.

Mr. Smead rose from his seat in the audience, went to the platform, and said:

"I feel like Pompeii after the great eruption of seventy-nine A.D. I am overwhelmed, but I propose to dig myself up an' continue in business. First, let me say that I am glad that Colonel Buckstone is likely to enter the missionary field an' show the Christian virtues of New England to the heathen of the Orient. I have long thought that it was a good thing for him to do, a good thing for anybody to do. In my opinion, the colonel would soon take the conceit out of those foreign heathen. But we need him here. We do not wish him to be plucked from the garden of Griggsby. What, I ask you, what is to become of our own heathen if he is removed from among them? Have not the press and the pulpit already threatened their sacred liberties? Who would remind us of those jots and tittles of abatement, of those absent scintillas of evidence? It is too bad that the palladium of our oratory is threatened. It must not be. Think of the feelings of the sun in heaven if he were not again to be beheld for the last time in the village of Griggsby! Of course there are other villages, but let it never be said that we have fallen behind them.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on a bereft an' joyful Griggsby; on citizens who have ceased to weep except for sorrow, whose tears have gone dry because the village pumps of oratory have failed them. God forbid that I should behold him shining upon men of genius in bondage or in exile! Rather let their last feeble and linger-

ing glance see those citizens eating and drinking, according to their needs and wishes, at the Palace Hotel, while their wives are at work, according to their habit, in the kitchen and the laundry."

For a moment he was silenced by a storm of laughter.

It was a death-blow to the Dan'l Websters of Griggsby. Those hardened criminals of the rostrum, who had long been robbing the people of their tears, had themselves been touched. Their consciences were awakened. They tumbled and fell.

Bill Smithers, who had so highly praised his friend the colonel on the stage, said to a fellow-citizen after he had left the hall, "Well, after all is said and done, what a con*sum*mate pirate Buckstone is!"

That shows how sincere and heartfelt was the loud-sounding oratory of that time.

Next day a stern and sorrowful silence fell upon Colonel Buckstone. It boomed like an empty barrel at the slightest touch. Judge Brooks ventured to ask him what was the matter. He smote the air with his fist, muttered an oath, checked himself, shook his head, and said in a tone worthy of Edwin Forrest:

"The evil days have come, sir. I tremble for Griggsby."

Then he sadly strode away.

Now, that morning Colonel Buckstone had received a letter from the able editor of the "Corporal," in circumstances fraught with some peril to myself. The letter ran about as follows:

My dear Colonel: I have undertaken to improve the morals of Griggsby and, as a first step, I shall insist upon your retirement from public life. I inclose the proof of an article, now in type in this office, in which, as you will observe, is a full and accurate review of your career. In my opinion this justifies my demand that forthwith you resign your seat in Congress. If you fail to do so within one week from date, I shall submit this article to the judgment of the electors of the district, but I should like, if possible, to spare your family the pain of that process. I can only leave you to choose between voluntary and enforced retirement, with some unnecessary disgrace attending the latter. I am sending this by Mr. Havelock, who is instructed to deliver it to you, and only to you.

Yours truly,
FLORENCE DUNBAR.

I had gone to work in the office of "The Little Corporal" and had delivered the message, of the nature of which I knew nothing. The colonel tore the envelop, grew hot with rage as he read the letter and the proof, struck at me with his cane, and shattered the ninth commandment with a cannon-shot of profanity.

I wondered what it was all about, and promptly decided that the profession of journalism was too full of peril for me.

"Ha! blackmailer!" he shouted. "Child of iniquity! I will not slay you until you have taken my reply to your mistress, who is a disgrace to the name of woman. Say to her that if she publishes the article, a proof of which I have just read, I shall kill her, so help me God!"

Yes, it was a kind of blackmail, but how noble and how absolutely feminine!

When I returned to the colonel's office I knew what I was doing. It was with a note which read as follows:

Dear Sir: This is to advise you, first, that you cannot change my purpose with cheap and vulgar threats; second, that resignation would be an easier means of retirement, and probably less painful, than a shooting-match with me.

Yours truly,
FLORENCE DUNBAR.

The old bluff mill of his brain, which had won many lawsuits and jack-pots for the colonel, had failed him for once. Its goods, the quality of which had never been disputed, were now declared cheap and vulgar.

He was comparatively calm until he had finished reading the note, when the storm broke out again, and I fled before it.

Well, next day, a note of surprising politeness came from the colonel. It apologized for the haste and heat of his former message, and requested an interview. Miss Dunbar was quick to grant his request, demanding that the interview occur in her office and in the presence of a witness of her choosing, who could be trusted to divulge no part of the conversation. The interview took place, and I was the chosen witness.

The colonel was calm under a look of injured innocence.

"Young woman," he began, "let us be brief. You have it in your power to ruin

me. That I admit, and only that, and ask what you want me to do."

"Resign," said she, firmly.

"Mademoiselle, I have been foolish," said the colonel, "but my follies are those which unfortunately are shared by many of my sex. I ask you to consider my family and my long devotion to the interests of this community. If I resign with no apparent reason, what will my constituents say, who are now being asked to sign a petition in favor of my appointment to a consular position? My fondest hopes will be crushed."

Colonel Buckstone wiped his watery eyes with his handkerchief.

Miss Dunbar spoke out with courage and judgment.

"I don't want to be hard upon you," she said. "There are two conditions which would induce me to modify my demand. The first is that you turn in and help us to improve the morals of this community."

"I have always labored in that cause," said the colonel, with a righteous look.

"But you have succeeded in concealing your efforts," she said. "You are one of the leading citizens of Griggsby. All eyes are upon you. Your example has a tremendous influence on the young men of this village. Often you have a highly moral pair of lungs in your breast, but your heart does not seem to agree with them. A man is known by his conduct, and not by his words. By your conduct you teach the young men to buy and sell votes, to go on sprees, to drink and gamble in public places, to have little regard for the virtue and good name of women."

Then a thing happened which gave me new hope of the colonel. It was the first time that his jacket had been warmed, and it looked as though the fire of remorse had begun to burn a little.

"Young woman," he said very solemnly, "if my humble example has been so misunderstood, if my conduct has so belied the sentiments of my heart, as to create such an impression in the mind of the observer, I will do anything in my power to make amends, and I will listen to any suggestions you are good enough to offer."

The suggestions were offered and accepted, and the sway of Buckstone was at its end.

"There is one other thing," said Miss Dunbar. "You have cruelly misjudged my character, and there is one thing I shall ask you to do."

"What is it?"

"That you join Ralph in Europe, and see that he returns all my letters within six weeks from date."

"It was my plan to join him for a needed rest," said the colonel, "and you may be glad to know that I propose to bring him back with me."

"What you propose to do with him is a matter of no interest to me," said Florence. "I only demand the letters."

X

I WAS discussing plans with Florence in her sanctum one afternoon when she said to me:

"Uriel, you 're a success. We can't get along without you. The advertising has doubled, and it 's due mostly to your efforts. Please consider yourself married to this paper, and with no chance of divorce. I 'll treble your salary."

"I could n't help doing well with such a paper to work for," I said. "There 's no credit due me."

"I don't agree with you. Of course we 've made a good paper. I thought it was about time that the women, who did most of the work, had a voice in the government of the village. Women have some rights, and I think I 've a right to know whether you still care for me or not."

"Florence, I love you more than ever," I said. I rose and stepped toward her, my face burning, and she quickly opened the gate of the railing, went behind it, and held me back with her hand.

"Havelock, you stupid thing!" said she, "what I want now is eloquence, real, Websterian eloquence and plenty of it."

I stood like a fool, blushing to the roots of my hair, and she took pity on me.

"Bear in mind," said she, "that I am not the least bit grateful. I just naturally love you, sir; that 's the truth about it."

Then my tongue was loosed. I do not remember what I said, but it was satisfactory to her, and right in the midst of it she unlocked the gate.

We were crying in each other's arms when there came a rap at the door.

"One moment," she called, as we endeavored to dry our eyes, while she noisily bustled about the room. Then she opened the door, and there stood Dan'l W. Smead.

"Come in," said she, "and don't mind my appearance. I have just listened to an address full of the most impassioned eloquence. It touched my heart."

Dan'l W. looked at us, smiled, and said with unerring insight, "I congratulate you both." He kissed her, gave me a little hug, and said, "Her father told me what would happen, an' I believe he gave his consent in advance."

"He did," said Florence.

"Old boy, you 've got a life job on your hands keepin' up with her. It suggests an editorial."

"How so?" Florence inquired.

"It will run about like this," Dan'l W. went on: "The first occupation of man was keepin' up with Eve. She got tired of seein' him lie in the shade an' of hearin' him lie in the shade. So she contrived a situation in which it was necessary for him to get busy: she got him a job. It was no temporary thing; it was a real, permanent job. Many have tried to resign an' devote their lives to rum, eloquence, an' trottin'-hosses. We have seen the result in Griggsby. It is deplorable. 'The Little Corporal' calls them back to their tasks."

We applauded his editorial.

"Oh, I could compose an 'Iliad,' now that I know you 're both happy," said he.

"Betsy did it," Florence exclaimed; "she gave me courage."

"Poor Betsy!" said Dan'l W. "You know, her grandfather died a few weeks ago, an' left her his fortune, an' she 's dreadfully grieved about it, because her beau, young Socrates Potter, has said that he would never marry a rich woman. The boys are gettin' awfully noble an' inhuman. I 'm glad that Havelock has reformed."

XI

THAT was the end of the interview, and of the Websterian age in Griggsby. It still lives, the Websterian impulse, but, like many better things, it has gone West.

Our citizens had begun to fear and respect "The Little Corporal." Special officers with a commission from its editor paroled the streets. Our leading lights ceased to enter the public bar-rooms. Midnight brawls and revels were discontinued. The poker-players conducted their game with the utmost secrecy and good order. The Young Men's Social Improvement League was organized. New justices of the peace were elected. The first time that Thurst Giles got drunk and beat his wife, he was promptly put in jail at hard labor for a long term, while the man who had sold the whisky lost his license. A well-known and highly respected innkeeper, at whose bar a minor had bought drinks, was compelled to give a bond against any repetition of the offense or take a bitter and ruinous draft of publicity.

Every week "The Little Corporal" swept over the town like a wholesome rain-cloud, and refreshing showers of wit and lightning-shafts of ridicule fell out of it, and the people laughed and thought and applauded.

The poker-sharp and the ten-dollar man were praised as philanthropists, while the "trottin'-hoss" and the rum-scented brand of Websterian dignity were riddled with good-natured wit, and people began to look askance at them. The perennial springs of maudlin blasphemy and obscenity had begun to dry up, and their greatness had departed.

The common drunkards moved out of the village. The resounding Websterian coterie took their grog in wholesome fear and the strictest privacy.

"How are you?" one was heard to ask another on the street.

"Sir, I am well, but distressfully sober," said the man addressed.

At fair-time the half-mile track was used only for a big athletic meet, in which every large school in the county was represented. A company of the best metropolitan players amused the people in a large, open amphitheater, for which money had been raised by subscription. A quartet from Boston sang between the acts. The grounds were well policed; everything was done decently and in order. The citizens of Griggsby and its countryside found enlightenment and inspiration at the fair. Every exhibit of drunkenness went to jail as swiftly as a team of horses and ample help could take him there. The trotting farce was abolished, and the ten-

Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'YOUNG WOMAN,' HE BEGAN, 'LET US BE BRIEF. YOU HAVE IT IN YOUR POWER TO RUIN ME'"

dollar man was out of employment and no longer the observed of all observers.

By and by Ralph Buckstone returned, the harbinger of a new era. He was like the wooden horse of the Greeks: he came full of enemies that hastened the fall of Griggsby. He brought in the cigarette, the cocktail, the liqueur, and the cordial. They were welcomed without suspicion, and with every evidence of regard.

In a short time the flowers of rhetoric began to wither and die. Compliments turned to groans. The leading citizens were in trouble. Dan'l W. Smead has long since gone to his rest, with a name honored above all others in his own county; for having accomplished our purpose, we sold the "Corporal" to the man who had done much to make it. I qualified for the bar, and we settled in New York, and our lives have been blessed with children, great happiness, and a fair degree of success.

Ralph left Griggsby, broke down, and went a fast pace. I heard of him now and then in the next few years. He had gone into journalism in Boston, and it was rumored that he had made a handsome success. One day a friend of us both said to me:

"Ralph? Oh, he 's getting on famously. He is a typical journalist—talks like the first deputy of the Creator, and regards all things with a knowing and indulgent tolerance."

Well, on a day in June, twenty years after my marriage, I was in court in New York when a prisoner was brought in. The clerk read the charge; it was forgery, and the man was Ralph Buckstone. An officer explained that he was a gambler, and had never been arraigned before. Evidently the prisoner had no defense, and pleaded guilty, as I expected.

Then the recorder said to him: "You understand, I presume, what is involved in the step you are taking? Have you consulted counsel?"

"There is no occasion for it," said Ralph. "At last I have decided to speak and live the truth. I am guilty. I have been a weak and foolish man, but what I have been, and what I am to be henceforth, all the world is welcome to know. In my life hereafter there shall be no concealment, and I hope never again to be ashamed of the truth about me."

It was a great moment, and those were great words, simply and modestly spoken, and they were the very words of old Appleton Hall. Deep under the weeds, in the neglected soil of his spirit, the good seed had been lying all this long time. Now it had burst and was taking root, as though it had needed only the heat of his trouble. The face of the old recorder shone with kindness, and I, remembering my promise and the teaching of the old schoolmaster, was on my feet in a second.

"Your Honor," I said, "I appear for the prisoner. There was a time long ago when he and I were boys together. In the battles of our youth I defended him, as I shall again. I promise full reparation to any who have suffered loss through his conduct, in the matter charged, and a bond in any reasonable amount for his good behavior."

Then the tide turned for Ralph Buckstone. It is enough for me to say that he faced about, and became an able and successful man. Next to the defamed Daniel Webster himself Ralph had suffered most from those evil days in old Griggsby.

Yes, there are still swaggering D. W's in America—many of them; there are Griggses and Griggsbys; but our Griggsby is a changed town. The seats of leisure are now occupied by the ladies. They have suffered from the angel theory, and it is their own fault. They look like birds of paradise. I should like to see them give up sweetmeats and idleness, jewels and ethereal raiment, and rejoin the human ranks not as slaves, but as real women, with a work to do and with all the rights they may desire.

THE END

CHILDREN OF THE ALHAMBRA

BY HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

PAULINE was an old maid, that is, she was ruled by a finicky regard for the conventions. You must know that or the story lacks point. Her age you might guess at, but her beauty declared itself, especially at those times when brusk life jostled her, for then her fair face resented with a flaming of wildrose color.

After four days of milk-and-vichy she thrust a slender hand and arm from their sheath of soft laces, and touched the bell at her bedside.

A pair of heavy shoes clumpity-clump-ed down the hotel corridor, and the door opened without so much as a knock.

"Angustia," said Pauline, but, instead of the chambermaid, there stood before her a marmoset-like creature, with eyes abnormally bright, that stared like suns. He wore the dress of a "buttons" and the dignity of a drum-major. A boy? No, but four feet of imminent Spanish manhood.

He surveyed the pink and white tossing on the bed, and said, in a voice surprisingly bass: "Buenos dias; are you better?"

It was Pauline who was embarrassed, not he. "Yes, thank you," she snapped pettishly, not from anger but from shock. At home, one knocked at her door before entering, and no boy or man, not even her brothers, came when she was in bed.

"Me allegra," responded Buttons, and there was something encouraging in the sound, suggesting music with gay touches.

"Angustia," pleaded Pauline.

"Sí, Señorita; that you alleviate yourself; until later," and the infant of Spain clattered himself away heavily like the man he feigned.

Pauline's eyes rested on the hotel garden out of the long windows, the garden which coquetted in bosky retreats, in flowery beds and tinkling fountains, and then spread wide over an upward slope to make a base for the Snow Sierra. The days were long and dreary, yet she had planned them to be full of superior appreciation. She had sent her brothers and Hugh without her to the Rio Tinto mines and other masculine joys, while she was to linger dreaming and learning in Arab Palace and Generalife Garden. The plan was to prove to Hugh the happiness of a career from which he had been eliminated.

But it had not turned out well. No sooner had she been left alone in coveted independence than she fell sick of a fever.

"You called me?" Angustia's brightest smile shone at the door.

"Adelante." Pauline was proud of her week-old Spanish. She needs must use it, however, for Angustia did not know a syllable of any other tongue. "You can travel all over the world with French and English," Pauline had said dogmatically many a time—but she had not reckoned with illness, in Spain.

Just now she was hungry. That is why she had rung the bell. Here was Angustia at last, to serve her. What was the word for "hunger"? That, tacked to the phrase "I have" would bring some food.

She looked steadily into Angustia's eyes, which always twinkled, and said impressively,

"He hombre."

In Angustia's place in the world it was not surprising that so pretty a lady should have a cavalier.

"Ah!" she said, discreetly, and waited a further confession.

Then Pauline knew her shot was wrong, and tried again.

"Hambre," she essayed, pointing to her mouth which was opening, like a parted pomegranate.

Angustia loved a laugh. She took one now, and darted from the door with, "Voy corriendo," which the red dictionary on the bed recorded as "I go running."

"The difference between 'man' and 'hunger' in Spain," mused Pauline in humorous mind, "is just one little vowel. If I confuse them again I may bring trouble."

The almost immediate result of Angustia's running was a dribbling knock on the opening door. Pauline started and stared. It was a man, shining and swarthy, in spotty black, advancing into the sacred territory of her room. Pauline's eyes flashed the just anger of modesty.

Gay as a Don Quixote, he saluted in three shots:

"Buenos dias. Está Usted mejór? Me allegra!"

("Good day. Are you better? That rejoices me," translated Pauline's inner consciousness.)

Then the knight presented a paper—a parchment scroll, it should have been—and on the paper was written a significant legend of soup and fish, of chops and peas.

Pulling up the sheet and down the lacy sleeves, Pauline primly indicated with a pencil-point the dishes she might eat, and dismissed the odious interloper with a frigid look.

But he—he was a Spaniard of Granada. He even boasted an Arab sparkle in his blood, and was not of the habits of a churl. So he stood like an orator in the middle of the chamber, and addressed the lady in fine Spanish (with Andalusian corruption of which he was unaware):

"You may need service in the night. Have no fear. I shall be ready to serve you. It is my pleasure to pass the entire night outside your door watching, without sleep." And after this astounding announcement, a bow and three shots at parting:

"Good day.

"That you alleviate yourself.

"Until to-night."

Pauline had caught enough to understand the intention of the speaker.

"No, no! Come back. I won't have it!" she shrieked.

But Manuel was shy of English adjurations, of which he understood nothing. And taking quick counsel within himself he rushed toward the pantry.

And Pauline lay, with something like horror on her white face upturned to a ceiling laid out in towers and flowers and banded with sashes of blue. A man outside her door! A black Spaniard on watch all night!

After a while the door was opened again without a knock, save that of a bumping tray, and over the top of a silver soup-tureen came a mellow voice in three explosions of Spanish:

"Good day. Are you better? That gladdens me."

The tray was carefully poised beside Pauline, who shrank away a little, with the desire to drive off this second man who dared to invade her seclusion so unceremoniously. It was Ramon, after the head-waiter the oldest servant of the house, and his head was bursting with an Andalusian message. He delivered it chivalrously, drawn up to his full height of five feet one:

"Do not hesitate to call me in the night for any service you may require. I shall not fail you, for I shall be in the corridor outside your door, without sleep the whole night." Then, with a low bow over the steaming soup, came the three concluding shots:—

"Good day. That you alleviate yourself. Until to-night."

Thus Ramon; and, much pleased with his gallantry, he stalked, as well as a pygmy can, from the lady's chamber.

Pauline's indignation was somewhat reduced by the hot soup. It is the way soup has to mock man's bitterest sentiments by lessening them. She might appeal to the faithful Angustia—if it were n't for the shame of confessing even to her that two swart men were to guard her door all night. Angustia was tender and efficient, and a settled woman, but for all that she could hardly be relied on to take the part of an American against her own. There was her warm and shallow sister Pepa, and there was blushing Pepa-chica, the barber's inamorata, and Encarnación of

the linen-room, hard and round as a cask, but with a face glowing like carnations dissolved in light. All these chattering girls and more Pauline had seen and heard in the garden outside—and in her room, when it pleased the troop to forgather there like a bunch of kittens.

Could she make of any of these a confidante, a protector, in this hotel so empty of guests, so full of men? A quick thought of Hugh's rejected protection made her eyelids beat against a resented tear.

The door, meanwhile, was the subject of another attack, a rippling knock attended by a gradual opening that Pauline knew was as relentless as fate.

"Good day. Are you better?" The words were fired off like two shots, but with utter indifference. Such perfunctoriness now struck Pauline disagreeably. What inconsistency that she who resented all intruders, now wanted them sympathetic. She studied the man. He might have been of her own world, condescending to offer her a dish of golden mandarins in mockery of servitude. In figure he stood well built, though a trifle undersized; clear skin, sleek hair, dark sullen eyes, with an air of elegant mutiny. He spoke French, which made understanding possible, and before this had told her how all his life had been spent in the Alhambra. He was born there, had played away his childhood there, and was dreaming now (Pauline divined this) his love-tale there—concerning Pepa-chica. As she looked at him she thought, How could one be the product of such environment and not show the pride of the sultan in the flickering nostril, the high head, and the surveying eye?

As he posed the fruit you knew him for a prince.

"Good day. That you alleviate yourself. Until later on."

Eduardo was gone. Thank goodness he had gone without joining the horrid crowd that were to watch outside her door at night.

The tattered gold of the two mandarins had yielded to Pauline's fingers before the door again gave sign.

"If another man shows his face here, I shall throw oranges," vowed Pauline, with eyes of dismay fixed on the portal.

An insinuating voice, the suavest and richest, a voice of red-rose petals dissolved in honey, inquired:

"Se puede? Se puede?" ("May I?")

The richness lingered on the long vowel with alluring deference. It was the latter quality that won. Pauline could refuse old Estebán no more than one could resist a child who came with smiles and pleading. And besides, he would have come in just the same, knowing that he was on a gracious errand. In his hands he bore a mass of purple fragrance, richly set in encircling gold of daffodils.

"The first violets from the Alhambra garden." He laid the offering tenderly upon the coverlet, waiting, this sweet child of sixty, for the appreciation that he knew would come.

Pauline unfroze. That guileless smile and tender offering were too infantile for harsh rebuff. He would not understand. And so she thrust out hands and arms from their pink and lace with a hot impulse and clasped the nosegay, crushing it against her face.

And old Estebán, he who had served the capricious hotel guests for over thirty years, looked on and smiled, and stammered: "Se gusta?" and dropped tears from those deep wells, his eyes, and otherwise gave evidence of emotions too deep for coherent speech.

With not a little dignity he pulled himself together, withdrew a step or two, threw upward his fine gray head and with firm and courteous pride delivered himself of this:

"Call upon me for anything you like. It is a pleasure to serve you. At any hour of the night if you need help, call me, for I shall be there outside your door. I shall pass the night watching. Do not hesitate.

"Good day. That you alleviate yourself. Until to-night."

He was gone, leaving flowers and horrors for the inexperienced Pauline to reflect upon.

"The army grows. Three black Spaniards outside my door! Cutting one another's throats and mine!"

Sheer helplessness drove her to sleep.

At home her naps were not merely respected; they were revered. When Pauline slept, the house held its breath, awaiting the moment when she should awake and say: "It has done me *so* much good."

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"THE DANCES COMMENCED, THE AUDIENCE CLACKING THE TIME-BEATS"

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

Therefore it was a shock to realize that she was being awakened purposely. Angustia had thrust a sparkling face close to hers and was saying: "Quiere usted?"

"Would I like *what?* No, I should n't. I hate to be waked up. It upsets me for all day." All of which, being in English, was taken to mean the exact contrary.

It was the doctor, Don Enrique, unfathomable product of Latin-Europe. Ah, yes, here was a man who had the right of entrée and whose subject of conversation, being herself, was interesting. Besides, he spoke English.

"Good day," he said, like all the rest. Then he affirmed, not inquired, "You are better, much better. Pulse, good; tongue, good; fever, no; pain, no; medicine, no. Drink water, much water. Is good, washes the tripe. Good day."

Pauline, silenced, affronted, watched him spring lightly from the room, a rapier-like smile on his clever face.

"Vulgar animal! Disgusting materialist!" she muttered.

Angustia's smile assuaged her—as indeed it might, for it flashed the best of all that is best in Andalusia. Angustia was making again her frequent appeal, "It would please you?"

"Yes," assented Pauline, not knowing what would follow. She had been fed, she had napped, she had been doctored; what more was there?

"Masquera!" beamed Angustia, and Pauline remembered it was Shrove Tuesday. But she was quite unprepared for what was coming.

The restless door flew open.

First, there was Pepa, kind, shallow, ugliest of ill-favored women, bringing in two Murillo babes, the larger one brown, the smaller *rubioso.*

"Malo, malo," she confided proudly to Pauline, who, though strange to the ways of mothers, knew "bad" meant in this case adorable.

Following the Murillo babes came Buttons as an usher, and after him, Encarnación, dressed in whitest lace and looking such a Spanish travesty as Goya might have conceived well soaked in Rubens' beer. After Encarnación, her shadowy sister Filomina, big-eyed and pale as the other was fat and rosy. Then Manuel and Ramon, lurking behind; then the boots, the porter and their henchmen; and finally Pepa-chica and her barber.

Pepa-chica was well-nigh unrecognizable, for she had slipped her cocoon-shell and become a gorgeous Andalusian in green velvet jacket and daffodil skirt all set with balls of black, shod in white with sophisticated heels; and capped with the merriest of sombreros, under the brim of which were crowded as many daffodils as could be laid against black tresses. She had castanets, and showed the sauciest daring and forgetfulness of the audience, still drinking the strong wine of their approval.

Her barber was an accessory, but a gorgeous one, in full Andalusian bravery.

And the crowd knew its part. Jostling, laughing, cackling Spanish, they formed a semicircle, leaving the bed a clear view, like a royal box; and then Ramon, he, too, in costume, began picking a guitar, and the dances commenced, the audience clacking the time-beats.

You would n't have thought that humble ill-dressed servitors could all at once become dancers, actors, musicians, and knowing audience. And how well they did it! Pepa-chica glowed and stamped, flouted her partner, accepted him, twirled, bowed, and flouted again, like the favorites of the café, all the while flirting viciously with Eduardo in the background.

"Angustia!" cried some one, as an inactive favorite is called to the stage, and Angustia was laughingly dragged to take the dancer's place.

Pauline by now forgot her cherished modesty, her much violated isolation. The wine of excitement was in her veins. Angustia was her favorite, and Angustia would have to dance in her ugly black dress of service. Pauline tore from her shoulders the creamy, flounced mantilla that disguised more intimate dressing, and threw it with a big red rose.

Such stuff is grateful to the Spanish touch. Angustia in a trice became the *maya,* the dancer of your imagining, and you could have sworn the mantilla was bewitched, so instantly did she raise her head under it, transform her features, and take the poise of pride and grace; First came a *pas seul,* then a turn with Encarnación, at the end of which the company broke out into robust applause and much laughter, and the Murillo babes threw a

shower of confetti over Pauline in the bed, while she, forgetting the part of exclusive lady, showered lustily back from a bag put in her hand by Buttons, until presently the room was in a pretty uproar.

The first to steal out, softly, not to attract the others, were Manuel and Ramon, murmuring polite "Buenas tardes"; the porters followed, and the little sister of Encarnación; then ugly Pepa with the wondrous babes, and then Pepa-chica, become humble once more except to her barber; and so the whole merry crew, and Pauline was left alone.

"I wonder," she mused aloud, "if they did all that just to amuse me!" And a tear ran down a cheek far thinner than its wont.

She was tired, she would dream a little while, day-dream to the sound of waters tinkling in the garden, the same waters that flowed through the love-storied garden of the Moorish queen.

Suddenly there was a sound as of a thousand sleigh-bells all gone mad in the spring air, bells shivering to the time of twenty-four pounding hoofs.

"The hotel coach with circus display and one passenger," she thought, smiling to herself.

Then she heard whistling in the garden. She applied it to her day-dreams, and it stirred them to the lilt of ragtime melody. But, as it continued, it troubled her, and she wondered, and felt a devouring nostalgia.

"Would you like?" began Angustia, entering.

"Yes, I would like something, anything —I am so lonely, Angustia!"

The woman shook her head, perplexed by a language of which she knew not the least word.

"And I think I 'm hungry again," she continued, "hungry—hombre, hombre!"

The smile on Angustia's face was an illumination.

"I go running," she said on her fleet way to the door.

And after she had gone, running, Pauline whispered to herself, "Hombre, hambre, which of them is *man* and which is *hunger?* Gracious! I believe I have made the same mistake again, and asked for *man!*" At which conclusion she laughed among the pink and laces like a chuckling boy. That was a sign of her improvement.

Would it be the same as before, she ruminated; first Buttons, then a procession of black Spaniards, bringing each a tray of slender nourishment? Could she never look upon her room as a fit retreat for a helpless lady, but must it be ever the rendezvous of crowds?

Alack! there again were the hated steps on the corridor tiles, the steps of men. What was this friable thing called modesty?

This time a knock preceded the slow opening of the door. A six-foot embodiment of American manhood stood hesitating on the sill.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed. Then, hysterically, "Come in, come in. No, I don't mind receiving men in my bedroom, in robe-de-nuit. I 've had eight in here already to-day; one more does n't count."

"Yes, he does," cried he, "he counts more than any other," and he strode across the room, throwing back his fine head and with a deep note of happiness in his laughter.

"Yes, I know it," said Pauline, suddenly mock-meek and surpassingly lovely.

"But you do seriously know it," he emphasized, bending to her level, "and this time you are going to own it."

"Yes, bully me; they all do, and on my territory, too. Wait until I am up and strong again."

"I rather think I 'll wait no longer," said he with the masterful tenderness that sets woman's heart a-flutter, and with that he took the flushing face between his hands and kissed the brow that had ached, the eyes that had wept, the cheeks that had burned—that were then burning—and you could not say when he would have stopped but that Pauline gave a little scream.

She heard a familiar sound, a trickling, rippling knock on the door Hugh had left open. It was Angustia; she had fetched the "hombre" her lady had asked for; she must assist at the result. As she looked upon the pair, her eyes sparkled satisfaction. She beckoned down the corridor and Pepa soon appeared again with her Murillo babes pendant on her hands and skirts, Encarnación, Buttons, Boots, fine old Estebán, Pepe the porter, Manuel, Eduardo, and Ramon, filling the back-

ground like a cloud, each looking on frankly and smiling gaily.

And Pauline, leaving a hand nesting in Hugh's, showed no more shame nor terror, but laughed back at them.

Last of all came Pepa-chica, still in dancing dress, gloriously red-and-white of skin and bright of eye, her hand shyly slipped within the arm of her fantastic barber.

And the look they two gave to the couple at the bedside was such as is exchanged only by those to whom experience has given understanding. "We are in the same case," it said, which, I take it, is the same in all tongues.

At last Angustia, divining a thing or two, led her huddling, laughing crew outside the door, each making his salute like the sunset gun. "Buenas tardes!" and slipping away more softly than you would think such merry cattle could. They even tiptoed down the corridor in sweet reverence of what they had just seen and envied and left.

The sun had gone, flower perfumes floated in the window on the garden's humid air. The first nightingale launched on it his first love song.

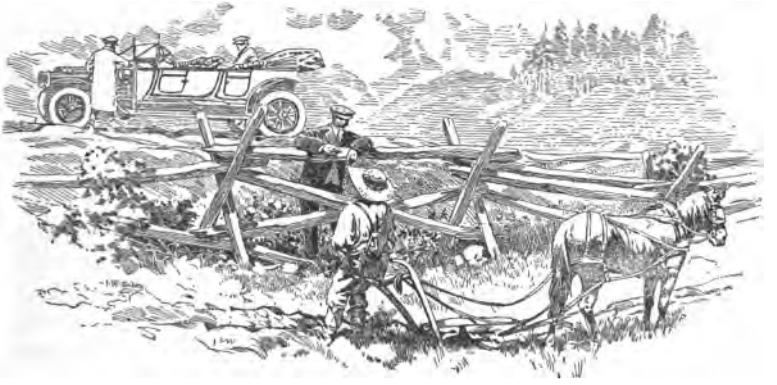
"I brought all this on myself," confessed Pauline, surrendering with sweet humor. "I asked Angustia in Spanish to bring me something. And she brought it. But in asking I did n't know the difference between *hunger* and *man.*"

"There is n't any; they go together," he maintained stoutly. And Pauline understood.

THE STORY OF A SIMPLE AND A SIMPLER SOUL

BY VAUGHAN KESTER

Author of "The Prodigal Judge"



SIMPLE and genuine, that 's the way Thomas R. Pendagrast impressed the valley. You really might have felt, after listenin' to his innocent chatter, that he 'd barely got under the wire. He was n't much to look at, either. Plain in the face, but comfortable-lookin', as if he was well fed, and with the winnin'est smile that ever come into the valley. You 'd never have picked him out of any crowd for a millionaire, he was such a simple soul. That was the key-note of his character as we have read it. For takin' him all in all, I never seen but one simpler soul, and that was Silas Quinby.

No, we never called Silas Si. That would have been too much like intrudin' on his privacy. You see, you felt instinc-

tive Quinby could n't stand for no reductions; that he had n't anything to lose without great personal sufferin'. Silas lived at the head of the valley. His was a white frame house with green blinds and a dornick-bordered walk leadin' down to the front gate. When you knew Silas and seen his house, you realized he was like that; that if there 'd been a way to look into his soul, you 'd have found it was painted white, with green blinds, and had a straight and narrow path leadin' off to travel in.

We had a heap more respect for Silas than confidence in him. He was a man who looked like he 'd stand indefinite without hitchin'. He was a lawyer, but he had n't no practice, because no one in the valley had ever been able to make up his mind to let Silas practise on him. There was some reckless characters here, just like there is in every neighborhood, but none of 'em had ever been that reckless. So at the end of forty years Silas was still waitin' for his first case.

He done better as a notary public, which ain't a perfession callin' for much independent judgment. We figured it that havin' been through college and the law school, Silas's natural parts were sufficiently improved so as he could witness an oath. But beyond this no one had ever taken chances. So he kept chickens by way of helpin' out his professional earnin's. He was successful at that. Even folks who affected to sneer at him for bein' such a simple soul owned up that he had hen sense. No, his parts could n't have appeared brilliant on the surface when you realize that after livin' all them years elbow to elbow with him, the most we could find to say was that he had hen sense.

Socially he was of them poor unfortunates that never gets a chance to finish anything they start to say. About the time folks was willin' to listen to him somebody changed the subject. He was always bein' broke off in the middle and serialized. It was as if some one got nervous waitin', and turned the page.

From what I am sayin' you may gather that Silas was at the tail-end of the procession. But that was hardly it. He was more like a man who 'd missed the procession entirely. But he was a simple soul all right, and he never bore malice with folks for bein' short with him or showin' plain that they did n't care a cuss for what he thought.

But to go back to Thomas R. Pendagrast. He come into the valley in a great, big, yellow tourin'-car along late one afternoon in dog-days. It was me seen him first. His car was standin' in the road, and he seemed to be examinin' a daisy he had in his hand. None of your ox-eyes, but just one of those ornery white-and-yellow kind same as are such a pest.

"Ain't it wonderful—the white and the deep, deep yellow, like gold?" he says, smilin' at me kind of shy. "Do you think any artist could paint such a golden yellow?" he says. "I don't."

"I wish they did n't seed so powerful' energetic," I says.

"But who made 'em?" he asks, smilin' quaint.

"Blamed if I know. Burbank did n't; he 's got better sense."

"Yes, you know," he says, sinkin' his voice and smilin' awful' sweet.

"I know they run out a mowin' meadow mighty quick," I says. "If anybody made 'em, I wish to blazes they 'd been about something useful instead."

"My friend," he says, lookin' pained, "don't say that. God made 'em; they are His flowers. Are you a church-member?"

"I 'm a deacon at the Fork's Meeting-House," I says.

"My brother!" he says gentle-like, and smilin' winnin' and friendly.

"Here 's another simple soul," I thought as we shook hands, "another soft pedal like Silas Quinby, dotty and rockin' on his base, but well meanin' and harmless."

But I misjudged him. You see, he lived his religion; that was it—it was a part of his every-day life. Most folks go about hidin' their religion as if it was a private matter; but that was n't Thomas R. Pendagrast's style. He was willin' you should know just how good he was.

Just then one of the men in the car spoke his name. Say, you could have knocked me down with the daisy in his hand, I was that outdone! But I knew it was him from havin' seen his picture so often in the papers. Well, he climbed back into his car after we 'd shook hands again, and I took off acrost the fields as

hard as I could run. I beat the car down to the valley and spread the news that Pendagrast the millionaire was comin', that I 'd seen him and shook hands with him.

At first folks did n't believe me, but when his big yellow car rolled in slow over the Fork's road,—the first one that had been seen in the valley,—people realized that we had uncommon visitors with us. And later there was his name on the hotel register, good for no tellin' how many millions. Folks came and looked at it, silent and awed, and then walked away on tiptoe.

One of the gentlemen of Pendagrast's party gave out a statement that the financier was seekin' rest and quiet. No wonder, after the way he must 'a' been workin' to pile up all the money he had. The gentleman said, too, in private conversation with several of us that Mr. Pendagrast was a much misunderstood man, that his aims and purposes were bein' constantly misrepresented by his enemies. He said he was merely one of them Christian business men in whose hands an all-seein' Providence had seen fit to place the temporal welfare of our country. What you noticed at once about Pendagrast and his friends was the religious tone of all their remarks; yet they were cheerful—cheerful without bein' vulgar.

Right from the first Pendagrast liked the valley; and when he seen we kep' out of his way and did n't try to intrude on him, he got awful' friendly, and to such an extent that he 'd stop and speak to any man he met on the road. He 'd ask him his name most likely, how many acres he farmed, if he was married, and how many children, and was he a church-member. You could see he was all balm and oil and gentleness and thoughtfulness. He appeared to overflow with the milk of human kindness. He was as sweet as a cat with syrup on its paws, always soundin' the soft note in his talk, and always moral and improvin'.

Well, sir, his friends just seemed to love him. It was beautiful to watch the way they sort of hung on his words. And when he told a funny joke, you could see them fix their faces, and then they 'd laugh and laugh, and slap each other on the back.

It was n't no time at all until we knew he was just such another simple soul as Silas Quinby. He was simple in his pleasures, in what he et, and in his thoughts, like Silas was. Folks commented on this. But while Pendagrast got a chance to finish all his remarks, poor old Silas had never been trusted with much beside the weather, and even there he had to be mighty careful not to overstay his time.

But the most astonishin' thing was the way Silas Quinby and Pendagrast became friends. It was like two streams of molasses flowin' together and makin' one sweetness. It was because they was both such simple souls, you see. I doubt if Pendagrast had ever met any one like Silas, which was sayin' just like himself.

He said Silas was the most genuine man he had ever met with, and that some day he must come and visit him at his city home. He spent hours with Silas lookin' over the chickens or drinkin' buttermilk and eatin' doughnuts Mrs. Quinby fed 'em at the back door like two happy lads.

You bet it made us feel good. There was the master of millions and our Silas like brothers. Why, we began to talk of runnin' Silas for justice of the peace. He 'd wanted the office for years, but no one had felt he 'd care to have a case tried before Silas. Not that he was not well meanin'. No; it was his mind we feared, not his heart.

Then Pendagrast and his friends must see the p'ints of interest about the valley. Silas was their guide. No one knew the country better than he did, whose land they was on, and all about the folks that owned it. It was beautiful to see those two simple souls goin' around gatherin' flowers or pickin' up curious rocks and pebbles. You see, they was both so genuine anything that was innocent could charm 'em. They 'd come home to the hotel, their arms bulgin' with wild blooms and half a hundred of broken rock mebby stowed away under their feet in the car. I never knew a millionaire's pleasures could be so harmless or so inexpensive.

Nights Silas used to fetch him down to Miller Brothers' store so he could get acquainted with folks. Sociable? The most sociable man I ever met with. Mebby he 'd borrow five cents off one of his friends and lay it all out in crackers and cheese; then he 'd set on the counter and dangle his legs and talk and munch and

munch and talk. He never seemed to carry no money. I suppose, havin' so many millions, he did n't want to appear ostentatious; and when he 'd ask for the nickel his friends would laugh and laugh; and it *was* comical, him having to borrow five cents like that. Once he brought some picture-cards down to the store he 'd had taken the year before when he was in the Holy Land. There was views of him at the Tomb, him on the shores of Galilee, him at the Mount of Olives, but no olives.

The first Sunday he spent in the valley he attended church right there in the old Fork's Meetin'-House, and after the service the minister asked him if he would n't favor us with a few remarks. Say, I ain't ever forgot that meetin'. What do you think that simple soul done? He got up, his eyes shinin', and tears in his voice like he was gettin' ready to leak, and told us about his early struggles.

Joe Whittaker said afterward he had n't known whether he was attendin' divine service or night session of a business college. As we left the church, I says to Joe:

"How you can bring yourself to criticize a simple soul like that is more than I can understand."

"All the same," says Joe, "he 's got God and mammon confused in his mind. Savin's and salvation are pretty much one and the same to him. I don't want to be told how to make twenty-five dollars to start on,—I know that much,—but I 'd be grateful if the old man had told me how to make a million or two."

"Well, he deserves a lot of credit," I says.

"What for?" asks Joe.

"For bein' successful and sacrificin' himself to make money," I says, heated.

"Do you respect a hog for taking on fat?" says Joe.

"No, I don't," I says. "That 's a hog's nature, to take on fat."

"Well, it 's his nature to make money," says Joe. "He ain't never gone outside of his natural instincts. But where you and me has got various instincts, like bein' careless in our spendin' and lazy, he 's never been able to let go a dollar once he 's got his hands on it. I bet you the Indian yells with pain when his fingers touch a penny."

Well, Pendagrast stayed ten days in the valley, and then he went away, promisin' to come back the first chance he got. When he left it was just like the sun had gone down for good. We 'd been thinkin' in the hundred millions, dreamin' of motor-cars and steam-yachts, and we was suddenly dumped back on the Miller brothers, our richest family, who mebby made two thousand a year sellin' groceries and calicoes, and speculatin' in hoop-poles and shingles.

The night after the big yellow tourin'-car had gone hootin' good-by down the valley road, Silas Quinby come to see me. I seen he had something on his mind. Finally he got me out to the woodpile. When a man had something very private to say to his neighbor, he always got him out to the woodpile. It was an old valley custom.

"You 're missin' him, Silas?" I says, meanin' Pendagrast.

"Yes," says Silas, sighin', "a wonderful man, simple and genuine, and all his goodness on the surface, where it counts," he says. "And yet I don't know as it 's so much on the surface as underneath," he adds.

"It 's all around," I says.

"And yet he 's a terribly misjudged man. Have you read them awful' libelous attacks on his character in the magazines and newspapers? It makes my heart bleed for him," says Silas, moved.

Then Silas asked me about some wild land I owned. He wanted to know if I 'd ever thought of sellin' it. I 'd been tryin' to sell it for thirty years, but could n't. There was six hundred acres all told, mostly broke' rock and scrub-timber. I 'd been offerin' it for two-fifty an acre.

"Yes," I says. "I 'll sell fast enough if I get the chance."

"Well, I 've had inquiries," says Silas.

You see, he was a real-estate agent, though he 'd never sold any land. But it 's easy to be a real-estate agent. You can start with a sign. And Silas had started twenty years before.

"I wish you 'd put your land in my hands to sell," he kept on. "All I want is a ten per cent. commission if I make a sale. But you must give me a year's time."

"Why," I says, "that 's an awful long time to take, Silas."

"Well," he says, "you 've taken thirty

years, ain't you, George? And your lowest price is two-fifty?"

"That 's my askin' price. I 'll accept two," I says.

"Or as much more as you can get?" he says, laughin' in his simple way.

"Don't be foolish, Silas. If you got anybody feeble-minded enough to think he can farm that land, don't you try to dicker with him," I says, getting anxious.

The upshot of it was I signed a paper giving Silas a sort of option, him to be exclusive agent for one year. Then he handed me a dollar.

"What 's this for, Silas?" I asked.

"Why, to bind the bargain," he says, smilin' at me simple.

"Why, that 's all right, Silas; I trust you," I says, humorin' his fancy.

He made me promise I 'd not tell a soul about the option. But that was reasonable, because if anybody in the valley could have got hold of his buyer, first thing they would have done would have been to tell him he 'd starve to death on that land, that it was so thin a turkey-buzzard did n't make a shadow flyin' over it. Yes, it was some poor as far as fertility went.

Of course I kept still, but one night as I was walkin' home from the store with the youngest of the Miller brothers,—we married sisters,—it sort of come out that Silas had been to him about land, and they 'd give him an option on two thousand acres of cut-over mountain-side.

"We 'll watch Silas," I said. "He 's losin' his mind."

"Well, it ain't much to lose," says Miller. "He 's got nothing he 'll be less likely to miss."

"Yes, but he 's such a simple soul," I says. "I don't know but we 'd ought to make up a purse and send him off to see a brain specialist. It 's a mania he 's sufferin' from, for no man in his health would ever think he could sell twenty-six hundred acres of this cut-over land," I says, appalled at the extent of Silas's hallucination.

"We must watch him," says Miller. "He may turn violent any moment. These manias grow on to a man until he ain't any control over himself. We must watch out for Silas," he says.

The next day Miller took me aside and told me that Joe Whittaker had told him in confidence that Silas had gotten an option out of him for his farm."

"What did I tell you?" says Miller. "He 's mad, stark, starin' mad."

"That 's it, Miller; his poor simple nature has give' way at last. Associating with multi-millionaires was too much for him. I knew his brain was thin in spots, and it 's let him through at last. That 's over three thousand acres he 's goin' to sell—more land than 's changed hands in the valley in eighty years."

"Don't you think we 'd ought to get him committed to an asylum right off, and not wait?" says Miller, anxious'. "I got a house full of children, and he 's my nearest neighbor. I 've had new, strong locks put on my doors and windows, and I 've told my wife if she ever hears Silas give a whoop, not to wait for nothin', but to go inside and lock all the doors."

Well, we kept on investigatin' Silas, and we got on the track of something like fifty thousand acres of mountain land he was holdin' on option! When me and Miller footed it up, Miller turned white as a sheet, and I felt sick all over.

"Poor, poor Silas!" I says.

"Fifty thousand acres—think of that!" gasps Miller. "Why, you could n't give it away in an ordinary lifetime. There 's never been any one crazier than him, and here he is walkin' the roads without a keeper! It 's awful!" The sweat was pourin' off Miller's face. "George," he says, "with a madman like him, even a strong fellow like you would n't be safe. They have awful' unnatural strength, them maniacs. Why, you 'd be a child in his hands. I bet there ain't no twenty men in the valley could handle him, thin and peaked as he looks. George, it 's awful; we 're living over a slumberin' volcano."

"Poor Silas!" I says. "His mind 's diseased all right."

But we could see plain' that Silas had all that terrible cunnin' the mad has. He talked just as rational and simple like he 'd always done. He seemed to still have plenty of hen sense, which was the only kind of sense we 'd ever credited him with havin'. Yet me and Miller was like men setting over the crater of a volcano,—if that 's where you set,—which we was expectin' any moment to bust wide open.

Then one day a stranger drove into the

valley. He was a lightnin'-rodder, and he came to me to talk rods. I was cold on the proposition, but he was a clever, sociable chap, and one thing led to another, and before long he says,

"You 've got a lovely valley; what 's land worth here?"

I told him all the way from two an acre for stumpage up to thirty for the best valley farms. He seemed to think them figures mighty reasonable, for he asked me if I had any broke' land that 'u'd do to clear for sheep. The upshot of it was that I told him about that six hundred acres I 'd been tryin' to sell for such a time, and he made me an offer of two an acre cash out of hand. I wanted to kick myself, for I remembered that fool option I 'd give' Silas.

"Wait," said Silas, when I 'd hunted him up and explained matters. "Don't be too hasty."

"Hasty? I can't be half quick enough. I want you to tear up that blame paper, and let me sell my land now I got the chance, Silas."

He would n't do it. He said that was n't enough for the land, and that I must n't think of sellin', for he would n't agree to it. Stubborn? I never knew he could be so downright mulish. Argument and entreaty did n't budge him.

That same night down to the store Miller took me aside. It seems the lightnin'-rod man had been soundin' him. It really appeared he was more anxious to buy land than he was to sell rods. He 'd made Miller the same offer he 'd made me, and Miller was crazy to sell. He said he never expected to get so good an offer again, but that fool paper of Silas's stood in the way, and he could n't do a thing with Silas.

"If I only had n't taken his blame dollar, I 'd tell him to whistle!" said Miller, groanin'.

"Did that simple cuss give you a dollar, too?" I says.

"Simple? Why, George, his option is almost as good as a deed. It 's a contract for sale, him to fix the price at any figure he chooses to name above two an acre. We 've accepted a consideration. I ain't sure he 's so simple, after all."

"What can we do, Miller?" I asked.

"There 's only one thing, George, that I know of," says Miller. "We must get him adjudged insane, and recover them options that way; and we must n't lose no time about it, either, or that sucker will buy other land."

It looked like what Miller feared would happen, for when the lightnin'-rod man found he could n't do business with me or Miller, he went to Whittaker. Naturally Whittaker was wild to sell, but he was up against Silas.

The lightnin'-rodder was a sport all right. He said he 'd always counted it a fair test of a man's ability to sell rods, but he was findin' there was stiffer business propositions, and he could n't afford to let no transaction get the better of him. He was goin' to squat right there and buy his sheep farm if it took all summer. You see he had his nerve with him.

And through all them days of stress, when it looked like his neighbors might mob him any minute, Silas preserved the even tenor of his way, like the fellow says, mindin' his chickens, and goin' around serene and ca'm, at perfect peace with the world.

But of course things could n't go on like that long. Something had to be done. It was Miller thought of what he had ought to do—Miller and his lightnin'-rod man. They got up a petition and sent it to Pendagrast. They reminded him how friendly he 'd be'n with Silas, and urged him to join us in sendin' our poor friend to a private asylum for the insane, where he could have the medical attention he was requirin' so much, and be restored to such hen sense as the Creator had endowed him with in the beginnin'.

It showed what a simple, genuine soul Pendagrast was when inside of a week his big, yellow car came scootin' into the valley and drawed up in front of Miller Brothers' store.

"Where 's my poor friend?" he says, after we had shook hands all round. "Yes," he says, wipin' his eyes, "it 's best I should take him where he can be confined and have medical attention."

We sent for Silas. Say, it was touchin' to see them two meet and clasp hands, each lookin' innocenter and simpler than the other, and like butter would keep indefinite in their mouths.

"Are you well, Silas?" asks Pendagrast, with his arm thrown acrost Silas's shoulder. "And how 's Mrs. Quinby?—

and her good doughnuts?" smacking his lips. "And the chickens, and your vegetable garden—all doin' nicely, I hope. Well, you must make up your mind to leave these simple joys for a spell; I want you should visit me in my city home. I 've come to fetch you away." And he winks at Miller.

They 'd arranged the doctors was to be introduced to Silas there without his knowin' who they was, so as he would n't be on his guard. You see we had n't been able to do nothing with old Dr. Smith, the valley physician; he said Silas had just as many brains as he ever had, and a heap more than the folks who had put their land in his hands to sell.

But Silas said he could n't leave home. He was awful' firm about stayin' just where he was.

"It 's that dreadful cunnin' insane folks have," whispers Miller to me. "He 's suspicious of his best friend."

It was just beautiful the way Pendagrast talked with Silas, humorin' him like a little child, pleadin' with him to visit him in his city home, where there 'd be prayer-meetin' every Thursday night and two regular services on Sunday. He held out every inducement he could think of, but Silas was as firm as he was gentle. It was plain he was set against leavin' the valley. Presently Pendagrast took him by the arm and says:

"Gentlemen, I must go down and pay my respects to Mrs. Quinby, and beg one of those nice doughnuts off'n her. Me and my friend will return soon, I hope, to say that he has reconsidered his decision, and will go with me to pay me the visit I want him to." And they locked arms and walked off, two as simple-souled men as you 'd wish to see.

We owe it to Mrs. Quinby for a knowledge of what happened down to Silas's. She listened to the keyhole after she 'd fed Pendagrast a plate of doughnuts and some buttermilk.

"You 're actin' very wrong, Silas, to keep them folks from sellin' their land when they got the chance," Pendagrast says, after a little friendly talk. "Yes, Mr. Miller 's told me all about it. They are thinkin' of havin' you locked up in an asylum somewheres, and you 'd better destroy them papers. I doubt if they are legal—"

"They 're legal," says Silas, smilin' his sweetest. "I 'd stake my life on that."

"Have you ever thought of them poor fellows and their bitter disappointment?" says Pendagrast, his voice trémblin'. "Have you put yourself in their place, my friend? Have you applied that great moral test to the situation? Before we go any further, would you like to kneel down beside me and say your prayers?" he says. "I know the temptations of greed, that money 's the root of all evil. It can do no hurt," he urged in that gentle, winnin' voice of his.

And Mrs. Quinby, beyond the door, covered her head with her apron, she was that moved by the simple soul's eloquence. She missed Silas's answer, but she heard Pendagrast go on.

"I tremble for your safety here, Silas—even your temporal safety, my friend. Every man in the valley 's got land to sell, and now it looks like their opportunity has come, and you 're blockin' the deal. It 's cruel of you, Silas," he says. "And they 're a rough lot—rough, but gentle, and they may do you bodily harm, like tarrin' and featherin' you without meanin' to. I can't bear to think of that, Silas; it hurts me here," he said, restin' his hand on his wishbone. "And you can't pray, my friend. It 's a bad sign, Silas, when a man loses the power to pray; it shows he 's walked afar with false gods," he says.

"They don't know what 's best for them," says Silas. "I got a buyer for their land. It 'll be sold in good time—"

"What!" gasps Pendagrast, turnin' white.

"I say I 've found a purchaser for their land."

"Who, Silas?" says Pendagrast.

And Mrs. Quinby, watchin' through the keyhole, seen that he spoke with effort.

"It 's a group of capitalists in New York. All I got to do is to wire 'em, and their representative will be here on the first train to close the deal," says Silas.

There was a silence, then Pendagrast says:

"Why did n't you let me know of your havin' this land to sell, my friend? Suppose we form a partnership, Silas. We 'll close your options out at once at two an acre, and I 'll personally guaran-

tee you your commission, which I understand is ten per cent. That 'll be ten thousand dollars for you."

"No," says Silas, "I must do better than two dollars an acre. These folks are my neighbors. I want to do the best I can by them."

"You 're wrong there, Silas," says Pendagrast. "Business is different from most other things, and it 's a good rule to think of yourself first."

"Mebby so," says Silas; "but it 's foolish any way you look at it to sell the best coal-land in the State for two an acre. And when you get your railroad built along the line of that old survey that was made twenty years ago, you 'll need the gap on the Whittaker place, or you can't get your line acrost the mountains without goin' clean around," he says.

Mrs. Quinby said Pendagrast pretty near fell off his chair, hearin' this, he was that outdone. Presently he commands himself so as he could speak, and says, sighin' deep:

"I see it 's as Mr. Miller said it was, and as I feared, but hoped it was not. There ain't no railroad, and I never heard of no old survey—nor coal," he says. "My poor friend, I would gladly have stood between you and your neighbors, but I see now the law will have to deal with you, and the sooner the better, so these poor folks can sell their land and get their money."

"What law?" says Silas.

"A lunacy commission," says Pendagrast.

"Wait a bit," says Silas. "Do you remember that roll of papers you lost on the mountain? Well, I found it. I don't need to tell you it contained your plans and a copy of the old survey, as well as the location of the coal that your engineers, who come here two years ago trout-fishin', had checked up for you."

"Quinby," says Pendagrast,—he was dealin' now,—"I 'll take them options off your hands and give you a bonus of fifty thousand dollars; but you must agree to keep still until after I 've dealt with these folks—"

"No," says Silas; "I 'm askin' two hundred an acre for the land."

Pendagrast groaned.

"Two hundred! Why, that 's what it 's worth!" he says in a shocked tone.

"Of course," says Silas. "That 's what I want to get for these folks—all their land 's worth."

"But that ain't business," urges Pendagrast, almost moved to tears. "Silas, my friend—" he began, conjurin' back that old winnin' smile.

But Silas shook his head.

"Two hundred, or I wire them New York parties I 've been dickerin' with."

And Pendagrast seen that he was like adamant—like adamant covered up with cotton batting.

"No," cries Pendagrast, "rather than have you do that, I 'll pay what the land 's worth."

"Two hundred," says Silas, gentle, but firm.

Mrs. Quinby, looking through the keyhole, says she seen something like a mortal agony wrench Pendagrast; then he groaned horrid', showin' the whites of his eyes, and says weak:

"Fetch pen and paper. It 's highway robbery, but I 'll sign—I got to," he says.

"I 've the papers ready for you," says Silas.

Pendagrast signed them, then he drawed himself up.

"I shudder for your future, Quinby," he says. "No, I won't shake hands with you; I don't feel cordial."

And he groped his way out to where his big tourin'-car was drawed up under the maples.

And that was how Silas Quinby saved the valley folks something like ten million dollars just by bein' such a simple soul.

The lightnin'-rod man? Oh, he was Pendagrast's agent.

THE STORY OF THE SPIRALS

BY DR. EDWARD ARTHUR FATH

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"The great spirals are almost certainly distant universes composed, probably, of millions of stars."—THE AUTHOR.

MESSIER, the man who is responsible for the introduction to our story, was an enthusiast about comets who lived in France in the eighteenth century. He was never so happy as when, after a diligent search, lasting sometimes for months, he discovered a new comet. He hunted for these tramps of the sky with as much devotion as a collector in quest of the rarest specimens.

But this search for comets was no easy matter, for, in addition to the scarcity of these celestial visitors, Messier nightly came across objects which gave him trouble. These looked like faint telescopic comets but, unlike them, they did not move among the stars. In order to avoid being led astray he finally made a catalogue of these stationary objects, which are called nebulæ. This catalogue, which listed 103 objects, may be called the introduction to the story of the spirals, although, at that time, they were not recognized as such. It was the first time that the nebulæ had been taken seriously. Messier was forced to recognize them in self-defense. Little did he think that these faint and apparently insignificant objects would occupy such an important position as they do to-day in all theories of the cosmos.

About the time Messier's catalogue was published Sir William Herschel began his great surveys of the heavens with telescopes of various sizes up to four feet in diameter. He soon found many nebulæ which Messier had not been able to detect with his small instrument. In the years he spent observing the sky Herschel found several thousand. The work was later continued in the southern hemisphere by his son, Sir John Herschel. The results of their joint labors were collected into a great catalogue which was presented to the Royal Society of London. It gave the positions and brief descriptions of 5097 nebulous objects.

This great increase in the number of known nebulæ was, in itself, sufficient to attract general attention and the scientific world began to discuss and investigate them. Herschel himself led the way. He found, for instance, that many of these so-called nebulæ which showed little or no structure when examined with a small telescope were resolved into great masses of stars when a powerful instrument was used. Other observers had the same experience. In consequence it became the prevailing opinion that all nebulæ were clusters of stars, and that the only thing necessary to prove this would be a sufficiently great increase in the power of the telescope. Fig. 4 shows one of the ob-

jects which looks like a nebula in a small instrument but which we now know to be a star cluster of wondrous beauty.

Herschel's work was followed by that of Lord Rosse. In 1845 the latter completed his great six-foot telescope, the largest ever made. For many years this famous instrument was used almost exclusively to study the nebulæ. One of the first objects examined with it was the one numbered 51 in Messier's catalogue. To the surprise of the observers this nebula, instead of having the customary vague and indefinite form, showed a very distinct spiral structure. Further work brought to light a number of other spirals. This detection of the spiral form constitutes the most important contribution of the great instrument to observational astronomy, and is the first chapter in the story of the spirals. However, during all this time and for many years thereafter, the general impression prevailed that all nebulæ are clusters of stars.

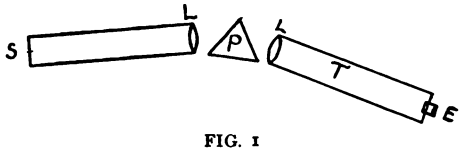


FIG. 1

Diagram of a simple spectroscope.

This opinion received its death-blow in 1864, when Sir William Huggins began his famous investigations of the nebulæ with the then newly developed spectroscope. But, in order to understand the advance made by Huggins and others when they applied the spectroscope to the problem, we must leave the nebulæ for a time and consider this new and fascinating division of science, for upon it, in large measure, depends all subsequent knowledge of our subject.

Spectroscopy, for thus the new science is called, has opened up entirely new lines of work and thought. By means of it the chemist has discovered new elements. The physicist who is trying to learn about the ultimate constitution of matter uses some form of spectroscope as his main instrument of research. In short, spectroscopy has developed a new astronomy.

A diagram of a simple spectroscope is shown in Fig. 1. S is a very narrow slit placed at the focus of a lens L. P is a prism of glass. T is a telescope consisting of a lens L′ and an eye-piece E. If it is desired to photograph the spectrum instead of observing it visually the eye-piece is replaced by a photographic plate, the lens L′ then acting as a camera lens.

When white light is allowed to pass through the slit S and the lens L it falls on the prism P. As the light passes through the prism it is separated into its various colors and, when viewed through the telescope T, looks precisely like a portion of the arc of a rainbow. The colors are arranged in the following order: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Such a continuous band of color is called a continuous spectrum and can readily be obtained from the white light of any incandescent body, such as the white hot filament of an incandescent lamp.

But the almost uncanny power of the spectroscope, which has made it such a powerful instrument of research, is the following: if any element such as iron, copper, sodium, and the like, is heated sufficiently to be vaporized, and the light of this heated vapor is analyzed by the spectroscope, it does not give a continuous spectrum but only very narrow portions of the colors, so that, in reality, the view presented is that of a series of bright lines of the various colors. Each chemical element has its own characteristic set of lines. Thus iron vapor produces one set of lines (Fig. 2), oxygen another, hydrogen a third, and so on throughout the entire list of about eighty chemical elements.

Photograph by the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

FIG. 2

A and C are small portions of the spectrum of the sun. B shows a few lines of the iron spectrum. The coincidence of the bright iron lines in the solar spectrum is the proof that there is iron in the sun. In the complete spectrum of the sun there are several thousand lines, each of which corresponds to a bright iron line. Some of the absorption lines shown in the solar spectrum have no corresponding iron lines. They owe their presence to other elements.

There is, moreover, another characteristic of the utmost importance. If light from an incandescent body giving a continuous spec-

trum is made to pass through the vapor of an element, this vapor absorbs precisely those colors which would appear as bright lines if it alone were examined. Hence, instead of a continuous band of color, we have dark lines on a bright background in precisely the position otherwise occupied by the bright lines of the element through the vapor of which the white light is passing. When the dark lines are present we have what is called an absorption spectrum. The continuous spectrum gives us no clew to the identity of the substance emitting it, but, in the case of a bright-line or an absorption spectrum, each element is forced to reveal its identity.

Photograph by the Lick Observatory

FIG. 3

A is the spectrum of the Andromeda nebula. B is the spectrum of the sun. Both were taken with the same instrument. The faint absorption lines in each are lost in the process of reproduction, but the strong line near the center and the double line near the right can be seen to correspond. The exposure for the spectrum of the nebula was eighteen hours, eleven minutes. The original length of the spectrum is one eighth of an inch.

The most common absorption spectrum is that of the sun (Fig. 2), or of a star. The absorption lines in the spectrum of such a body are caused by the absorption of a portion of its light by the various gases and vapors of its atmosphere.

We are now in a position to understand the work of Sir William Huggins. One night he turned his small telescope to a bright nebula in the northern sky and passed the light gathered by his instrument through a spectroscope. We shall give the account of this epoch-making observation in his own words.

On the evening of August 29, 1864, I directed the telescope for the first time to a planetary nebula in Draco. The reader may now be able to picture to himself to some extent the feeling of excited suspense, mingled with a degree of awe, with which, after a few moments' hesitation, I put my eye to the spectroscope. Was I not about to look into a secret place of creation?

I looked into the spectroscope. No spectrum such as I expected! A single bright line only! At first I suspected some displacement of the prism. . . . This thought was scarcely more than momentary; then the true interpretation flashed upon me. . . . The riddle of the nebulæ was solved. The answer, which had come to us in the light itself, read: Not an aggregation of stars, but a luminous gas.

More careful examination soon showed other bright lines in addition to the single one first seen. The lines of but two known elements, hydrogen and helium, have been recognized in the nebulæ. The other bright lines, whose origin is unknown, probably indicate one or more new elements which the chemist has not yet discovered.

Huggins worked on the nebulæ for many years. He not only found that many of these objects give a bright-line spectrum, thus showing that they are composed of luminous gases, but also that many give a continuous spectrum. Among the latter were all the recognized spirals. This recognition of the continuous spectrum of the known spirals is the second chapter of our story. The story of the nebulæ which give a spectrum of bright lines must be left untold here.

The third chapter begins shortly after the photographic dry plate was available. In 1888 Dr. Isaac Roberts, of England, obtained the first good photograph of the great Andromeda nebula (Fig. 5). It showed that this nebula is a great spiral considerably inclined to the line of sight. If seen edgewise it would probably look like Fig. 6. Roberts likewise found that some of the other known nebulæ were spirals. Then, in 1899 and 1900, the late Dr. James E. Keeler, at that time Director of the Lick Observatory, began to photograph the nebulæ in a systematic manner with the three-foot reflecting telescope of that observatory. Among other things he found many new nebulæ and estimated that in the entire sky there must be at least 120,000. In June of 1900 he published an article summarizing his work up to that time and concluded with what is now recognized as an epoch-making statement: *"Most of the nebulæ have a spiral structure."*

Now, it must be remembered that the nebulæ for which Huggins reported a

Photograph by the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

FIG. 4

continuous spectrum[1] were spirals. This continuous spectrum was a troublesome factor for it implied an incandescent body without any surrounding atmosphere. This was the only conclusion that could be drawn from the spectroscopic evidence, as neither bright nor absorption lines could be seen. The conclusion seemed unreasonable and more evidence was required.

The first to throw a ray of light on the subject and thus to begin the next chapter of the story was Dr. Scheiner of the Astrophysical Observatory at Potsdam, Germany. In 1899 he was able to obtain a photograph of the spectrum of the Andromeda nebula with an exposure of seven and one half hours. The photograph showed not only a continuous spectrum but, in addition, two absorption lines which corresponded to similar lines in the spectrum of the sun. Shortly thereafter Sir William Huggins reported having photographed the spectrum of the same nebula and having found three absorption lines present. Matters were left in this state, neither of these observers pushing the investigation further.

The spiral nebulæ are faint objects. In most instances exposures of many hours with large telescopes are required to obtain good direct photographs. To photograph the spectrum is, in some respects, even more difficult, for it is possible to utilize only the very small portion of the light which passes through the slit of the spectroscope. The slit can be but a few thousandths of an inch wide for satisfactory results. This small amount of light, when analyzed by the prism and spread out into the band of color is therefore exceedingly faint. Even when the spectroscope is especially designed for the work and the spreading into the color band limited to the smallest amount absolutely necessary, very long exposures, often through several successive nights, are required to obtain a single photograph of the spectrum of a spiral. The writer has made exposures of this kind fully thirty hours in length. The extreme faintness of the spectrum is a sufficient reason why Huggins and others could not observe the absorption lines visually.

Since 1907 the writer has devoted a considerable part of his time to the spectroscopic observation of the spiral nebulæ. One result of this work was the discovery

[1] These observations had been made visually.

of fourteen absorption lines in the spectrum of the Andromeda nebula which corresponded, line for line, with absorption lines in the solar spectrum (Fig. 3). A photograph of the spectrum of the sun taken with the same instrument looks precisely like that of this particular nebula. This implies that the Andromeda nebula has the physical characteristics of the sun. A glance at Fig. 5, however, shows a body so different from our great luminary that we have to reconcile these apparently conflicting pieces of evidence.

The nebula as shown in the figure is four times the apparent diameter of the sun. Its distance is not known but a conservative estimate would place it among the nearer stars. If we make this assumption it places the nebula at least ten million times as far away as the sun is from the earth. Consequently its real dimensions are at least forty million times those

Photograph by the Yerkes Observatory

FIG. 5

Photograph by the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

FIG. 6

of the sun. Since the diameter of the latter is 866,000 miles we obtain nearly 35,000,000,000,000 miles as the diameter of the nebula. Large figures like these convey little meaning except that of immensity—they merely show that the Andromeda nebula is of gigantic proportions. Now, this great body gives a solar spectrum. What does this mean? The simplest assumption, considering its enormous size, appears to be that it is a vast assemblage of suns so far from us that no telescope has been able to show the suns separately. If it be true, however, that the nebula is so far away that its component stars cannot be distinguished, then it must be at a much greater distance than we first assumed; in other words we must place it not among the stars, for these can be seen separately in the telescope, but

beyond the stars. This would make it *another universe.* Our own universe we shall call the Milky Way for there is good reason to believe that the stars which make up the Milky Way as we see it, together with the other stars, form a single system.

We have seen the evidence in favor of considering the Andromeda nebula a distant universe, and the photograph (Fig. 5) shows it to have a spiral structure. What form has the Milky Way? For many years there has been a theory that it too has a spiral arrangement, but not until very recently has there been much evidence in support of it. Within the last few months, however, Prof. Kapteyn, the great European astronomer, has brought forward evidence which points in this direction. Without going into the matter further, it can be said that we must at least recognize the possibility of our being a part of a vast spiral stellar system and having the privilege, when we look at the Andromeda nebula,

To see oursel's as others see us.

The actual test of this theory would naturally be to obtain the distance of this nebula. Up to the present time this has proved impossible. So far, there is not a single reliable determination of the distance of a spiral, and, judging from the difficulties in the way of obtaining this knowledge, the prospect of a solution in the near future is not bright.

The writer has also found that other spiral nebulæ besides the one we have been considering give a solar spectrum. This implies that they too may be distant universes separated from ours by immeasurable distances. These nebulæ might have kept their secret forever if it had not been for the spectroscope and its wonderful power to make the light coming from myriads of distant worlds tell its own story.

Let us now turn to what appears to be another class of spirals. The views selected are from a particularly fine series taken by Mr. Ritchey of the Mt. Wilson Solar Observatory, and seem to show different stages in the development of such an object. The one shown in Fig. 7 may be placed near the beginning of the group. There is no great amount of detail visible. A curious feature is the irregular dark lane on the one side. It looks as if a process of disintegration had begun and that possibly various portions were beginning to condense into more definite forms.

In Fig. 8 condensation appears a little farther advanced. The outlying portions of the spiral arms show considerable fine detail, and many marked condensations appear to have developed. This process is gradually less operative as the center is approached, but the beginning of the break-up shows even here. The difference between the stars scattered over the entire region and the condensations is well marked. The stars appear hard and sharp

Photograph by the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

FIG. 7

Photograph by the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

FIG. 8

while the condensation nuclei retain some of their nebulous appearance.

Fig. 9 shows what is possibly the finest example of this entire class of objects. Here the breaking-up process has advanced considerably. The two spiral arms are easily followed right up to the center. The material between them seems, for the most part, to have been drawn into the condensations. In many places these seem almost to have reached the stage of actual stars, but in nearly every case there is a wisp of nebulous material still adhering which has not been absorbed.

The last of the series which we shall consider is shown in Fig. 10. There is still

Photograph by the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

FIG. 9

some nebulous matter scattered throughout the entire region, but the process of condensation appears, on the whole, farther advanced than in the previous instance. The condensations are almost wholly star-like and much more numerous.

From the fact that the individual stars can be distinguished in the later members of this series it seems probable that the examples chosen are very much nearer us than those like the great Andromeda nebula. This distance, however, must still be exceedingly great, for, as I have stated above, every effort to obtain a reliable value for the distance of a spiral has ended

in failure. In considering the spirals it must be assumed that the spiral arms are winding about the central nucleus. This must be true unless we wish to admit the possibility of gravitation acting in a different way from that to which we are accustomed.

The last step in such a series would be a star cluster showing the spiral form. No object of this kind is known but it is probable that by the time the transformation to stars is complete, the mutual attractions of the stars and the rotation about the main nucleus will have so altered their relative positions that the original spiral grouping will have been lost.

No changes such as have been indicated have ever been observed in any individual spiral, for the time since it has been possible to obtain really satisfactory observations is hardly a score of years. Such a brief period has proved inadequate to show appreciable changes in any of them, but when we consider that the develop-

Photograph by the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory

FIG. 10

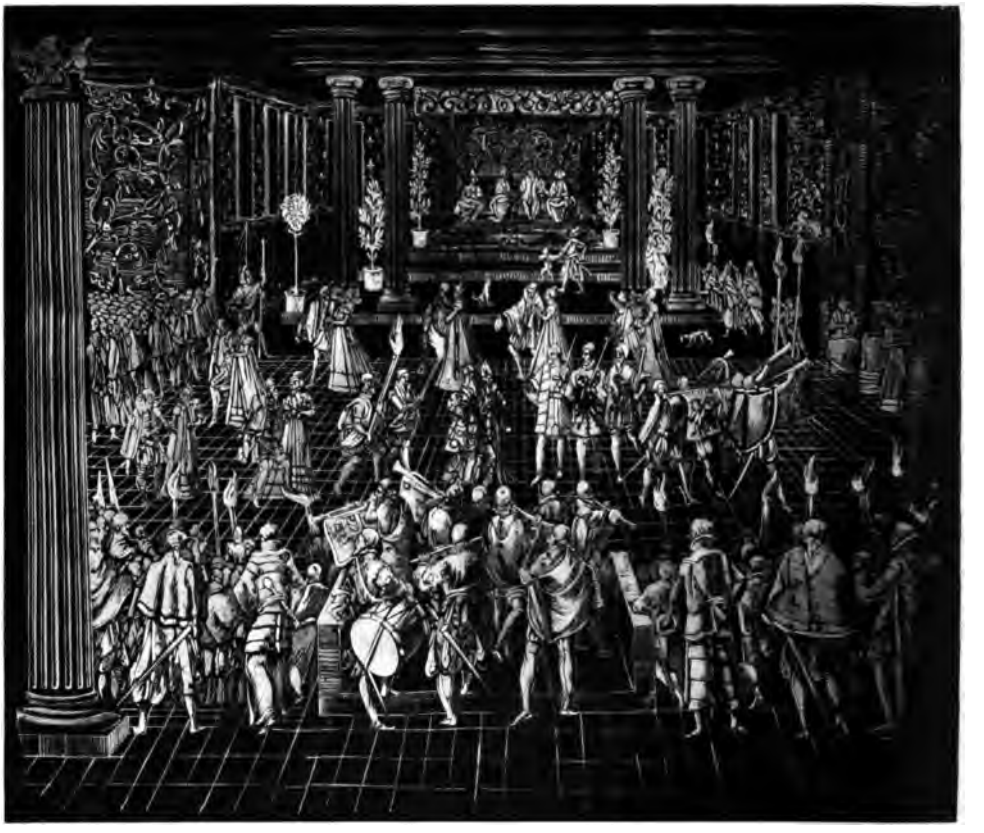
ment of such an object undoubtedly requires millions of years, we readily see why this is the case. Despite these limitations, however, it seems possible to select such a series as that above which illustrates the probable course of development. It is therefore our privilege, although we are firmly anchored to this small earth, to see some of the great world-making processes in operation: we are present as distant worlds are coming into being.

Our interest in the spirals can, however, be brought still nearer home. In the hope of getting some light on the origin of our solar system recent thought has turned away from the famous nebular hypothesis of Laplace and is turning to the spiral nebulæ. Suppose there existed at one time a small spiral nebula which happened to have most of its material in the central nucleus. As the spiral rotated, condensation took place, until finally there was a large star at the center surrounded by smaller ones. These small stars cooled off and formed the planets and satellites, while the large star at the center has become the sun. The nebulous material was, for the most part, utilized in making these larger bodies; some of the remainder went to make the comets and meteors, while a small remnant still remains in the form of the zodiacal light and can be seen under suitable conditions. Without going any further into the subject we must recognize the possibility that the matter now composing our solar system may have been, in the long ago, in the form of a small spiral nebula. Thus we see the end of the process of condensation right here at home. This theory of our solar system was first put into definite form by Professors Chamberlain and Moulton of the University of Chicago.

Scientists are not yet agreed on the origin of the spiral form. Within recent years several theories have been proposed but none of them seems entirely satisfactory. In most of these theories it seems to be tacitly assumed that all spirals are formed in the same manner. Why may we not reasonably consider that there are various ways in which such spirals may begin?

As will be recognized, we have thus, in part, come back to the old theory that the nebulæ are clusters of stars, but they are not clusters such as shown in Fig. 4. The great spirals are almost certainly distant universes, composed, probably, of millions of stars. The grandeur of this conception can be realized to some extent when we remember that the stars are suns. Each individual member of those distant universes may be as large as our own star, the sun. Many of them may have planets revolving about them as the earth moves around the sun. We must even admit the possibility that some of these planets in other universes may be the abode of intelligent beings. Here is abundant material for indefinite speculation. The possibilities are endless, but, in view of the fact that our actual knowledge is practically nil, such speculation is largely fruitless. When we consider the little we really know as contrasted with the unknown we first begin to realize our true position and that our earth is but a dust speck in infinite space.

We must now bring our story to a close. We have seen that the spiral structure seems to prevail throughout the realms of space from vast stellar systems like our Milky Way down to the small spirals which may develop into forms like our solar system. It seems as if the story of the spirals is the story of the Universe. Many years, possibly centuries, will pass before the main part of the story can be written, but the opening chapters, so briefly sketched here, unfold before us a view of the physical universe of such wonderful grandeur and unity that we are tempted to believe that, at last, we have some inkling of its actual structure and development.

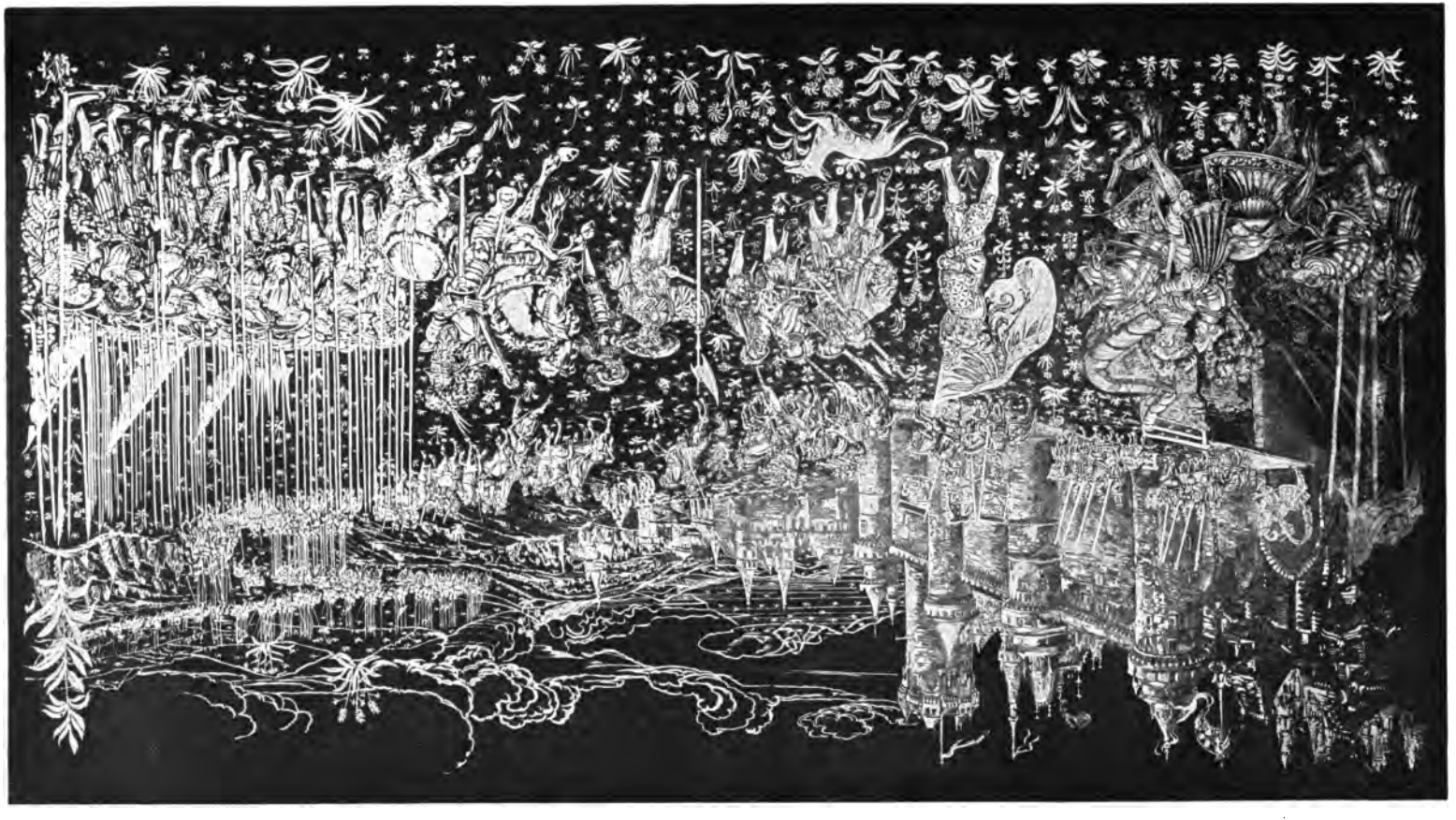


TWO MURAL DECORATIONS BY ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER

The semi-Gothic decorations here reproduced were selected from a group of eight panels recently completed by Mr. Chanler for a room in the country house of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney at Westbury, Long Island.

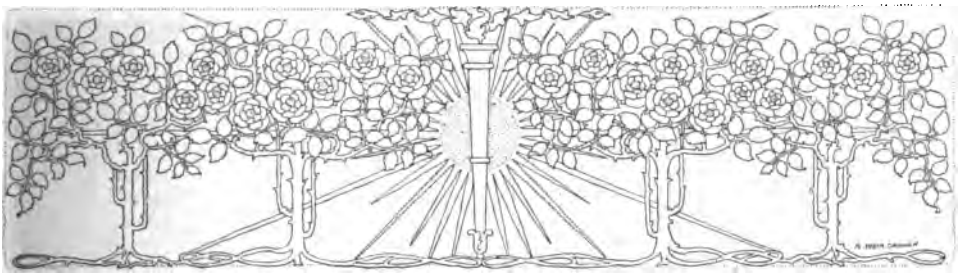
In making such decorations as these the artist carefully prepares his canvas, building it up with black paint, coat on coat, very much as a carriage painter might build up a panel with successive layers of paint. The drawings are then embossed, or painted in high relief, on this specially prepared canvas in a medium composed of aluminium, silver, and Chinese white.

The general effect of the decorations, though in a totally different medium, resembles that achieved at Passy in the black and white Savonnerie tapestries of the seventeenth century.



Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE WHITE PAGODA STOOD LIKE A FRAGILE, FANTASTIC GHOST"



THE WHITE PAGODA

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "Tante," "Franklin Kane," "A Fountain Sealed," "The Rescue," etc.

THE drama of the drawing-rooms had begun years ago, but Owen Stacpole did not come into it until the day on which his cousin Guendolen, after examining the box of bric-à-brac, remarked, refolding the last pieces of china in their dusty newspapers, that they were all rubbish, and silly rubbish, too, of just the sort that Aunt Pickthorne had always unerringly accumulated. The box had arrived that morning, a legacy from this deceased relative; it had been brought up to the drawing-room and placed upon a sheet near the fire, so that Mrs. Conyers might examine its contents in comfort, and Owen, while he wrote at the black lacquer bureau in the window, had been aware of Guendolen's gibes and exclamations behind him. Now, when she asserted that she would send the whole futile collection down to Mr. Glazebrook and see if he would give her enough for it to buy a pair of gloves with, Owen rose and limped to join her and to look down at the wooden box into which she was thrusting, with some vindictiveness, the dingy parcels.

"Have you looked at them all?" he inquired. "I forget—was your Aunt Pickthorne a Mrs. or a Miss? And how long has it been since she died?"

"About six months, poor old thing! And these treasures have evidently never been dusted since. She was a Mrs. Her husband was old Admiral Pickthorne,—don't you remember?—and they lived, after he retired, at Cheltenham. Two more guileless Philistines I 've never known. It used to make me feel quite ill to go and stay with them when I was a girl. I 've hardly been at all since then, and that 's probably why she selected all the most hideous objects in her drawing-room to leave me. How well I remember that drawing-room! Crocheted antimacassars; and a round, mahogany centertable on which a lamp used to stand in the evening; and the wall-paper of frosted robin's-egg-blue, with stuffed birds in cases, and terra-cotta plaques, framed in ruby plush, hanging upon it—a perfectly horrible room. Half a dozen of the plaques are in there; the birds she spared me. She had one or two lovely old family things, too, that I 'd allowed myself to hope for; a Spode tea-set I remember. But, no; there 's nothing worth looking at."

Mrs. Conyers lightly dusted her hands together, and rose from her knees. She was, at thirty-eight, a very graceful woman, tall, of ample form, and attired with fashionable ease and fluency. Fashion had been a late development with Guendolen. In her gaunt and wistful girlhood she had worn her hair in drooping Rossettian masses, and her throat had been differently bare. Now she was as accurate as she was easy. Her hair was even a little too sophisticatedly distended, and her long pearl ear-rings, though they became the tender violet of her eyes, emphasized, as her former Preraphaelite ornaments had not seemed to do, a certain genial common-

placeness in the contours of her cheek and chin. But almost fat and decisively unpoetical as she had become, it was undeniable that this last phase of dress and, in especial, these widow's weeds, with sinuous lines of jet and lustrous falls of fringes, became her better than any in which Owen remembered to have seen her.

Guendolen's drawing-room, too, had undergone, since the days of her girlhood, as complete a metamorphosis as she had. When she had married and left the big house in Kensington where Owen had spent many a happy holiday—when she had married crabbed old Mr. Conyers, the Chislebridge dignitary, and gone to live in Chislebridge, her convictions had at once expressed themselves luxuriantly in large-patterned wall-papers and deep-cushioned divans and in Eastern fabrics draping the mantelpiece or cast irrelevantly over carved Indian screens. Her teas had been brought in on trays of Indian beaten brass, and the mosque-like opening between the front and back drawing-rooms had been hung with translucent curtains of beaded reeds, through which one had to plunge as though through a sheet of dropping water. Owen well remembered their tinkle and rattle and the perfume of burning Eastern pastils that greeted one when, emerging, one found oneself in the dim, rich gloom among the divans and the brasses and the palms. In those days Guendolen had been draped rather than dressed, and the gestures and attitudes of her languid arms and wrists seemed more adapted to a dulcimer than to a tea-pot. But she dispensed excellent tea, and though her eyes were appropriately yearning, her talk was quite as reassuringly commonplace as Owen had always found it.

It was only in the course of years that the reed curtains and the carved Indian screens and the divans ebbed away; but the change was complete at last, and he found Guendolen, with undulated hair puffed over a frame, and a small waist,—large waists not having then come in,—receiving her visitors in the most clear, calm, austere of rooms, with polished floor, Sheraton furniture, and Japanese color-prints, framed in white, hanging on pensive spaces of willow-leaf-green wall. Guendolen talked of Strauss's music and of the New English Art Club, was indignant at the prohibition of "Monna Vanna," and, to some no longer apt remark of an aspiring caller, answered that to speak so was surely to Ruskinize. He realized on this occasion that Guendolen had become the arbiter of taste in Chislebridge. He followed her into several drawing-rooms and observed that she had set the fashion in furniture and wall-paper; that some were pushing their way toward Japanese prints, and some were even beginning to babble faintly of Manet. Five years had passed since then, and now on this his first visit to Chislebridge since old Mr. Conyers's death another change had taken place. Guendolen's hips were compressed, her waist was large once more, though of a carefully calculated largeness, and only in a fine bit of the old furniture here and there did a trace of the former green drawing-room remain. This was certainly the most interesting room that Guendolen had yet achieved. There had been little character, if much charm, in the green drawing-room; one knew so many like it. With a slight self-discipline, its harmonies were really easy to attain. But it was not easy to attain a mingled richness and austerity; to be recondite, yet lovely; to set such cabinets of rosy old lacquer near such Chinese screens or hang subtle strips of Chinese painting on just the right shade of dim, white wall. It took money, it took time, it took knowledge to find such delicate cane-seated settees framed in black lacquer, and to pick up such engraved glass, such white Chinese porcelain and white Italian earthenware. Melting together in their dim splendor and shining softness, they had so enchantingly arrested Owen the night before that, pausing on the threshold, he had said with a whole-heartedness she had never yet heard from him, "Well, Guen, yours is the loveliest room I 've ever seen."

It was indeed triumphantly lovely, although, examining it more critically by the morning light, he had found slight dissatisfactions. It was perhaps a little too much like an admirably sophisticated curiosity-shop. It was an object to be examined with delight, hardly a subject to be lived with with love. And it almost distressed him to see the touch of genial commonplaceness expressing itself pervasively

in the big bowls and jars and vases of pink roses that burgeoned everywhere. They showed no real sense of what the lacquer and glass and porcelain demanded; for they demanded surely a more fragile, less obvious flower. And one or two minor ornaments, though evidently selected with scrupulous conscientiousness, seemed to him equally at fault. Still, he had again that morning, before seating himself to write, repeated in all sincerity, "This is really the loveliest room," and Guendolen, from where she knelt above Aunt Pickthorne's box, had answered, following his eyes, "I am *so* glad you like it, dear Owen."

Guendolen was very fond of him, and her fondness had never been so marked. It was of that he had been thinking as he wrote. He had never felt fonder of Guendolen. Her drawing-room was lovely, her widow's weeds became her, and she was, as she had always been, the kindest of creatures. In every sense the house would be a pleasanter one to stay at than in old Mr. Conyers's lifetime. Owen had not liked old Mr. Conyers, who had had too much the air of thinking himself an historical figure and his breakfasts historical events, who snubbed his wife and quoted Greek and Latin pugnaciously, and took the cabinet ministers and duchesses, who sometimes sojourned under his roof, with an unctuousness that made more marked the aridity of his manner toward less illustrious guests. The Conyers had come to count in the eyes of Chislebridge and the surrounding country as the social figure-heads of the studious old town, and Owen had found himself, as Guendolen's crippled writing cousin, year by year of relatively less importance in the eyes of Guendolen's husband. Actually, as it happened, he had during those years become almost illustrious himself; but his austere distinction, such as it was, had been as moonrise rather than dawn, and had left him as gently impersonal as before, and even more impoverished. Negligible-looking as he knew he was, he had sometimes been amused to note old Mr. Conyers's bewilderment when a cabinet minister or a duchess manifested their pleasurable excitement in meeting him. As for Guendolen, her essential loyalty and kindness had always remained the same since the days when she had protected him from the sallies of her boisterous brothers and sisters in the Kensington family mansion—the same till now. Last night and to-day he had recognized a difference. He wondered whether he was a conceited fool for imagining in Guendolen a dwelling tenderness; a brooding touch, indeed, of reminiscent wistfulness. Was it to show an unbecoming complacency if he allowed his mind to dwell upon the possibilities that this development in Guendolen presented to his imagination? He was delicate and poor and, despite a large visiting-list, he was lonely. He was fond of Guendolen and of her two nice, dull boys. She amused him, it was true, as she had always amused him; for though her drawing-room had become interesting, though she had developed a sense of humor, or at least the intention of humorousness, though she often attempted playfulness and even irony, she was still at heart as disproportionately earnest as she had been in youth. But Guendolen would make no romantic demands upon him, and she would not expect him to take even red lacquer as seriously as she did, or to follow with the same breathlessness the erratic movements of modern estheticism. She was accustomed to his passive unresponsiveness, and would resent it no more in the husband than in the friend. Altogether, as he sat there writing at Guendolen's lovely bureau, he knew that a sense of homely magic grew upon him.

Next morning, wandering about the pleasant streets of the old town, he found himself before the window of Mr. Glazebrook's curiosity-shop—a shop well known to more than Chislebridge. He paused to look at the objects disposed with a dignified reticence against a dark background, and his eye was attracted by a very delightful red lacquer box that at once made him think of Guendolen's drawing-room. Just the thing for her, he thought. But as he entered the shop, Mr. Glazebrook leaned from within and took it from its place in the window. He was showing it to another customer. Owen now quite vehemently longed to possess the box, which, he saw, as Mr. Glazebrook displayed it, was cunningly fitted with little inner segments, beautifully patterned in gold. Feigning an indifferent survey of the shop, he lingered near, hoping that his rival would relinquish her opportunity.

"Five pounds! Oh, dear, that is too much for me, I 'm afraid," he heard her say, and, at the voice, he turned and looked at her. The voice was unusual—a rapid, rather husky voice that made him think of muffled bells or snow-bound water, gay in rhythm, yet marred in tone, almost as though the speaker had cried a great deal. She was an unusual figure, too, though he could not have said why, except that her dress seemed to recall bygone fashions quaintly, though without a hint of dowdiness or affectation. She wore a skirt and jacket of soft gray, with pleated lawn at neck and wrists, and her small gray hat was wreathed with violets. She held the lacquer box; and her face, rosy, crisp, decisive, and showing, like her voice, a marred gaiety, expressed her reluctant relinquishment and her strong desire. Owen had seen a child look at a forbidden fruit with just such an expression, and he suddenly wished that he could give the box to her rather than to Guendolen, to whom five pounds was a matter of small moment.

"I think I must n't," she repeated, after a further hesitation, and setting the box down with cherishing care. "Not to-day. And I have so much red lacquer. It 's like dram-drinking."

Mr. Glazebrook smiled affably. He was evidently on old-established terms with his customer. "Perhaps you 'd like to look round a bit, Mrs. Waterlow," he suggested. "There are some nice pieces of old glass in the inner room, quite cheap, some of them—a set of old champagne glasses." Mrs. Waterlow, saying that she wanted some old champagne glasses, moved away.

"Do you think the lady has given up that box?" Owen asked. "I don't want to buy it if there 's a chance of her changing her mind."

Mr. Glazebrook said that there was no such chance, the lady being one who knew her own mind; so the box was bought, and Owen ordered it to be sent to Guendolen. He said then that he would like to have a look round, too. He really wanted to have another look at the lady with the rosy face and the small gray hat trimmed with violets. He peered into cabinets ranged thickly with old glass and china, examined the Worcester tea-set disposed upon a table, and the case of Chinese tear-bottles and Japanese netzukés, and presently made his way into the smaller, dimmer room at the back.

"Oh, Mr. Glazebrook," said the lady in gray. She had heard his step, but had not turned. She was kneeling before an open packing-case and holding an object that she had drawn from it. Owen suddenly recognized the case. It was the one that Guendolen yesterday had sent down to Mr. Glazebrook. He called this person, raising his hat, and the lady looked round at him, too preoccupied to express her recognition of her mistake by more than a vague murmur of thanks. "Mr. Glazebrook," she said, holding up a whitish object, "may I have this? Is it expensive?"

"Well, really, I only glanced over the box. A customer sent it down to me to dispose of, and I did n't think there was anything in it worth much. Let me see, Mrs. Waterlow; it 's a pagoda, I take it, a Chinese pagoda. We 've had them from time to time, in ivory and smaller than this."

"This is in porcelain," said the lady, "and beautifully molded."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Glazebrook, taking the fragile top segment of the disjointed pagoda in his hand and rather at a loss; "and it 's slightly damaged."

The lady in gray evidently was not a shrewd bargainer. "Only a little," she said. "One or two bits have been chipped out of the roofs, and it 's lost one or two of these little crystal rings; but I think it 's in quite good condition, and I have it all here." She was placing one segment upon the other. "They are all made to fit, you see, with the little openings in each story."

She had built it up beside her as she knelt on the floor, and it stood like a fragile, fantastic ghost, with the upward tilt of its tiled roofs, its embossed patterns, and the crystal rings trembling from each angle of the roofs like raindrops. "What a darling!" said Mrs. Waterlow. "How much do you ask for it, Mr. Glazebrook?"

Mr. Glazebrook, adjusting his knowledge of the limitations of Mrs. Waterlow's purse to his present appreciation of the pagoda and of her desire for it, said genially, after a moment, that from an old customer like herself he would ask only forty-five shillings.

"Well, I think it 's a great bargain, Mr. Glazebrook," said Mrs. Waterlow. "And I 'll have it."

"Shall I send it round?" Mr. Glazebrook asked.

"Yes, please; or, no, it is n't heavy,"—she lifted it with both hands, rising with it and looking like a Saint Barbara holding her tower,—"I can manage it to just round the corner. Wrap it up for me, and I 'll carry it off myself."

When Owen saw his cousin again at lunch, the red lacquer box had not yet arrived, and, with a touch of friendly mockery, he said:

"Well, you have been unlucky, my dear Guen. There was the most charming piece of old Chinese porcelain in that scorned Cheltenham box, and I saw Mr. Glazebrook sell it this morning to a lady who was n't to be put off by dust and newspapers and plush-framed plaques. She carried it off in triumph, saying that it was a great bargain. And so it was; but she might have had it for half the money if she had n't informed Mr. Glazebrook of its probable value."

Guendolen fixed her mild, violet eyes upon him. "A piece of old Chinese porcelain? Do you mean that silly white pagoda?"

"You did see it, then?"

"See it? Have n't I seen it all my life? It stood on a purple worsted mat on a little bamboo table between the Nottingham lace curtains in one of Aunt Pickthorne's drawing-room windows, and looked like some piece of childish gimcrackery bought at a bazaar, where, I 'll wager, she did buy it."

"Well, Mrs. Waterlow evidently did n't think it gimcrackery, or, if she did, she did n't mind. It looked to me, I confess, an exquisite thing. But her admiration may have lent it its enchantment."

Guendolen's eyes now fixed themselves more searchingly than before.

"Mrs. Waterlow? Did Mrs. Waterlow buy it? How did you know it was Mrs. Waterlow? I thought you 'd never met her."

"I have n't; but I heard Mr. Glazebrook call her by her name. She 'd wanted to buy a red lacquer box that I spotted in the window and had gone in to get for you, my dear Guen. It was too expensive for her,—so that it is yours,—and she went rummaging into the back shop and found your box with the things just as you and Mr. Glazebrook had left them, and in no time she 'd disinterred the pagoda."

Guendolen apparently was so arrested by his story that she forgot for the moment to thank him for the lacquer box.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

"Know her? Know Cicely Waterlow? Why, I 've known her since she first came to live here, years ago. She 's a very dear friend of mine," Guendolen said, adding: "How much did she pay for it? That wretched man gave me only fifteen shillings for the lot."

"He made her pay forty-five shillings for the pagoda. I suspect myself that it 's worth ten times as much. Does she care for things, too—lacquer and engraved glass?"

Guendolen still showed preoccupation and, he fancied, a touch of vexation.

"Care for them? Yes; who with any taste does n't care for them? Cicely has very good taste, too, in her little way. She does n't know anything, but she picks up ideas and puts them together very cleverly. I can't help thinking that she 'd never have given the pagoda a thought if my white porcelain had n't educated her. I really can't believe that it 's good, Owen."

Owen waived the point.

"Who is Mr. Waterlow?" he asked.

"He died eight or nine years ago. He was in the army, a very delightful man, so people say who knew him. And Cicely lost her little girl, to whom she was passionately devoted, three years ago; she has never really recovered from that. She used to be so pretty, poor Cicely! She 's lost it all now. She cried her very eyes out. She has a little money and lives with her mother-in-law, old Mrs. Waterlow, who is very fond of her. They don't entertain except in the quietest way, or go out much, and I do what I can to give Cicely a good time. I often have her here to tea when I have interesting people staying."

"Oh, that 's good. Do count me as interesting enough and ask her while I 'm here."

"Interesting enough, my dear Owen! I don't suppose that Cicely often has a

chance of meeting such an interesting man as you. Of course I 'll ask her," said Guendolen. Then, remembering his gift: "It *was* nice of you to get me a red lacquer box, Owen. I adore red lacquer, and I 'm quite sure, whatever you and Cicely Waterlow may say, that it 's worth a hundred of your white pagodas."

Mrs. Waterlow came to tea next afternoon, the last of Owen's stay. The drawing-room was crowded, and Owen, in a corner, was enjoying a talk with a dismal-looking old philosopher—who had plaintive white hairs on his nose and trousers that bagged irremediably at the knees—when she was announced.

"Yes indeed, I know her well," said Professor Selden, as Owen questioned him. "I play chess with her once a week. Her little girl was a great pet of mine. You never saw the little girl?"

"Never, and I 've not yet met Mrs. Waterlow. She is most charming-looking."

"The little girl was so much like her," said Professor Selden, sadly. "Yes, she is a charming woman. Don't let me keep you from meeting her. I am going to sit down here while our young friend Dawkins plays. You know Dawkins? Between ourselves, Mrs. Conyers thinks too highly of him."

Mrs. Waterlow's eyes turned upon him as he limped up to her and Guendolen, and, smiling, she said, "Why, I saw you yesterday in Mr. Glazebrook's shop."

"Yes," said Owen, "and there is the red lacquer box."

"And you, Cicely, bought my pagoda," said Guendolen.

"Your pagoda?" Mrs. Waterlow questioned, her merry, weary eyes, that seemed to open with a little difficulty, resting on her hostess inquiringly. "Was the pagoda yours?"

"Yes; mine," said Guendolen. "It came in a box of rubbish,—you saw the kind of rubbish,—a legacy from an old aunt, and I bundled it off to Glazebrook. Owen says it is really good. Is it?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Waterlow.

"I 'm sure it is," said Owen, "and I liked the accuracy with which you fell in love with it at first sight."

"I did fall in love with it, good or bad," said Mrs. Waterlow. "Don't tell me that you want it back again, Guendolen. But if it was a mistake, of course"—

He recognized in her the note of guilelessness and, with some decision, for he actually perceived a deepening in Guendolen's eyes, interposed with, "But Guendolen thinks it gimcrackery, and would n't have it at any price. Is n't it so, Guendolen?"

Poor Guendolen was looking a little glum, but she was the most unresentful of creatures.

"Indeed, it is," she said, "and I did think it gimcrackery; but, to tell the truth, I never really saw it at all. I can't believe you 'd have seen it, Cicely, standing on its worsted mat in my Aunt Pickthorne's drawing-room. But I would n't dream, of course, of taking it back; and, if it 's really good, I 'm more glad than I can say that my loss should be your gain. Now, won't you and Owen sit down here and listen to my wonderful Perceval Dawkins? Oh, he is going to astonish the world some day."

Mrs. Waterlow and Owen, in the intervals of the ensuing music, talked together. Seen more closely, he found that her face, though not beautiful, was even more singularly delightful than he had thought it. She had eyes merry, yet tired, like those of a sleepy child; and sweet, small, firm lips; and a glance and smile at once very frank and very remote. There was about her none of that aroma of sorrow that some women distil from the tragedies of their lives, and wear, even if unconsciously, like an allurement. He felt that, in Mrs. Waterlow, sorrow had been an isolating, a bewildering, a devastating experience, making her at once more ready to take refuge in the trivialities of life and more unable to admit an intimacy into the essentials. Yet the spring of vitality and mirth was so strong in her that, in all she said, he felt a quality restorative, aromatic, fragrant, as if he were walking in spring woods and smelled everywhere the rising sap and the breath of violets. She was remote, blighted, yet buoyant. When she rose to go, he realized, with sudden dismay, that to-day was his last in Chislebridge and that he should not see her again for who knew how long.

"Is the pagoda placed?" he asked her. "Does it fulfil your expectations?"

"Yes, indeed," she said. "I spent two

hours yesterday in washing and mending it. It is immaculate now, as lovely as a pearl."

"I wish I could see it," said Owen.

"Why, pray, then, come and see it. Can you come to tea with me and my mother-in-law to-morrow?"

"I 'm going away to-morrow," said Owen, dismally. And then he bethought him. "Can't I walk back with you now? Is it too late? Only five-thirty."

"Not in the least too late! Mama will still be having tea, and she loves people to drop in. But ought you to come away?" Mrs. Waterlow glanced round the crowded room.

"I 'll not be missed," he assured her, with some conscious speciousness.

Guendolen, indeed, had time only for a little stare of surprise when he told her that he was going to look at the pagoda with Mrs. Waterlow. She was receiving new guests, richly furred and motor-veiled ladies who had come in from the country and were expatiating over the beauties of the red lacquer cabinets, Guendolen's latest acquisitions.

"That will be delightful," she said; "and now Owen will see that sweet drawing-room of yours, dearest. You have made it so pretty!"

Owen observed that Mrs. Waterlow, while maintaining all the suavities of intercourse, did not address Guendolen as dearest.

It was not far to Mrs. Waterlow's, and he said, in reply to her question, that he liked walking, if she did n't mind going slow on his account. He found himself telling her about his lameness. A bad fall while skating in boyhood had handicapped him for life. The lamps had just been lighted and the evening of early spring was blurred with mist. Catkins hung against a faintly rosy sky, and, in the gardens that they passed, the crocuses stood thickly. Owen had a sense of adventure poignant in its reminiscent magic. Not for years had he so felt the savor of youth. He realized, with a deep happiness, that Mrs. Waterlow liked him; sometimes she laughed at things he said, and once or twice, when her eyes turned on him, he fancied in them the same expression of happy discovery with which she had looked at the pagoda. Well, he reflected, if she thought him delightful, too, she had had to get through a great many dusty newspapers to find him.

Mrs. Waterlow lived, away from the gardened houses of Chislebridge, in a small but rather stately house with a Georgian façade which stood on one of the narrower, older streets. They went up two or three stone steps from the pavement and knocked at a very bright and massive knocker, and the door was opened by a middle-aged Quakerish maid. The drawing-room was on the ground floor, and Mrs. Waterlow led him in.

Owen's astonishment, when he entered, prompted him to stand still and to gaze about him; but luckily he could not yield to the impulse, for he had to cross to the fire, near which, behind her tea-table, old Mrs. Waterlow sat, and had to be presented to her and to the middle-aged, academic-looking lady who was having tea with her. He was glad of the respite, for he had received a shock.

Old Mrs. Waterlow had dark, authoritative eyes and white hair much dressed under black lace, and the finest of hands, decorated with old seals and old diamonds. She must, he felt, be a companion at once inspiriting and disquieting, for she had the demeanor of a naughty, haughty child, and as she held Owen in talk for some moments, he perceived that her conversation was of a sort to cause alarm and amusement in her listeners. Poor old Professor Selden, who was mentioned, offered her an opportunity for the frankest witticisms, and when her daughter-in-law protested, "Yes, dear, I know you are fond of him," the old lady replied, "and so am I; but he does, all the same, look like a damp potato that has begun to sprout."

"Now look at my pagoda, Mr. Stacpole," said young Mrs. Waterlow, laughing, yet, he saw, not pleased, and turning from the fire where she had been standing with her foot on the fender.

"Does Mr. Stacpole care for bric-à-brac, too?" old Mrs. Waterlow inquired. "Cicely came home with this last treasure in as much triumph as if some one had left her a fortune. I resent the pagoda because it means that she will go without a spring hat. She is always coming home in triumph and always doing without hats; and I sit here without an atom of taste and get the credit for hers. Frankly,

Sybilla my dear," she addressed the academic lady, "I 'd be quite content to sit upon red reps and to cover my tea-pot with a pink satin cozy with apple-blossoms painted on it. I had such a cozy given to me this Christmas; but Cicely would n't let me use it."

Owen had risen to face his ordeal. Mrs. Waterlow—he had seen it in the first astonished glance—had, like everybody else in Chislebridge, been imitating Guendolen, and his whole conception of her was undergoing a reconstruction. He followed her to the table on which the white pagoda stood, glancing about him and taking in deep drafts of disillusion. Red lacquer and Japanese prints, white porcelain and dimly shining jars of old Venetian glass—it was a replica, even to its white walls, of Guendolen's drawing-room, but hushed and saddened, as it were, humbly smiling, with folded hands and no attempt at emulation. And in the midst, beautifully in place on its little black, lacquer table, was the pagoda, offering him not a hint of help, but seeming, rather, to smile at him with a fantastic and malicious mirth. He was aware, as from the pagoda he brought his eyes back to young Mrs. Waterlow, that he was dreadfully sorry. In another woman he would not have given the naïve derivativeness a thought; but in her, whom he had felt so full of savor and independence—? One thing only helped him: beside the effortless atmosphere of the room—and that was the fact—he clung to it; that the glasses set everywhere among the red and black and white were filled not (thank goodness!) with pink roses, but with poppy anemones, white and purple and rose. And the first thing he found to say of the pagoda to Mrs. Waterlow was, "It looks lovely in here," and then, turning to the nearest bowl of delicate color, he added, "And how beautifully these flowers go with your room!"

He wondered, as their eyes met over the anemones, whether Mrs. Waterlow guessed his discomfiture.

When he saw Guendolen that evening she asked him at once whether he liked old Mrs. Waterlow. She did not ask him how he liked young Mrs. Waterlow's drawing-room, and he reflected that this was really very magnanimous of her.

"She seems a witty old lady," he said. "Her daughter-in-law can't be dull with her."

"She 's witty, but I always feel her a little spiteful, too," said Guendolen. "We never get on, she and I. I hate hearing my neighbors scored off, and she has such an eye for people's foibles. I don't think that Cicely always quite likes it, either; but they are devoted to each other. If it were n't for old Mrs. Waterlow, I 'd try to see a great deal more of Cicely; I 'm really fond of her."

He did not go to Chislebridge for another six months. Guendolen asked him very pressingly on various occasions, but twice he was engaged and once ill and too depressed and jaded to make the effort. It was the time of all others when Guendolen and her ministrations would have been the most acceptable, but he shrank from submitting himself to their influence, feeling that in his very need he might find too great a compulsion. The thought of Guendolen and of her possible place in his life must be adjourned—adjourned until she was well out of her mourning and he able to meet it more impartially.

He saw Guendolen in London and gave her and her boys tea at his rooms, the dingily comfortable rooms near Manchester Square from which for many years he had not had the initiative to move. There was more potency, he found, in the imaginary Guendolen than in the real one. The sight of her brought back vividly the thought of Mrs. Waterlow. Curiously, they seemed to have spoiled each other. Guendolen had all the ethical advantages and, even if it came to that, all the esthetic ones; yet, ambiguous as the image of the other had become, its charm challenged Guendolen's virtues and Guendolen's achievements. He even felt that he could be sure of nothing until he next stayed with Guendolen, when he must see Mrs. Waterlow and weigh the possible friendship with her, tarnished though it were, against the comfortable solutions that Guendolen held out to him. Again, curiously, he knew that the two could not be combined. Guendolen, however, was gone away to the south of France when he wrote to her in November, and asked if he might stop a day and night on his way through Chislebridge to a country week-

end. But he had a two-hours' wait at the station, and he suddenly determined, when he found himself on the platform, to go and have tea with Mrs. Waterlow.

He drove up to the peaceful street where, above the college wall that ran along its upper end, a close tracery of branches showed against the sky, and he found that a welcoming firelight shone in the spacious windows of the Georgian house. His dismay, therefore, was the more untempered when the mildly austere maid told him that Mrs. Waterlow was away. His pause there on the threshold expressed his condition, and the maid suggested that he might care to come in and see old Mrs. Waterlow. This, he felt, was indeed better than not to go in at all. So he was led for a second time into the drawing-room.

He had been obliged on the former visit to conceal astonishment; but now he found himself alone, and no concealment was needed. And the former astonishment was slight compared with this one. He felt almost giddy as he gazed about him. Nothing was the same. Everything was fantastically, incredibly different, except —his eye caught it with a sharpened pang of wonder—the white pagoda; for there, in the center of the room, upon a round, mahogany table, with heavily bowed and richly carven legs, the white pagoda stood, and under it an old mat,—a mat of faded, old blue beads,—his eyes were riveted on the pagoda and its setting,—of white and gray and blue beads dotted with pink rosebuds. At regular intervals, raying out from the center, books were placed upon the table; small, sober books bound in calf.

So the pagoda stood, the pivot of an incredible room; yet, inconceivable as it seemed, as right there, all its exquisite absurdity revealed, as it had been right in the other. It was the one link that joined them, the one thread in the labyrinth of his astonishment; and it seemed, with its ambiguous, fantastic smile, to symbolize its absent owner. Was it an exquisite, extravagant, elaborate joke that she and the pagoda were having together?

For the whole room was now a joke. It was furnished with a suite of black satin—sofas, easy-chairs, little chairs with carved, excruciating backs, all densely buttoned and richly fringed. Over the backs of the easy-chairs were laid antimacassars of finely crocheted white lace. Upon two tall pieces of mahogany, ranged up and down with knobbed drawers and recalling in their decorous solidity the buttoned bodices of mid-Victorian matrons, stood high-handled, white marble urns. An oval gilt mirror hung above the mantelpiece, and upon it stood two lusters ringed with prisms of glass and a little clock of gilt and marble, ornamented with two marble doves hovering over a gilt nest wherein lay marble eggs. Between the clock and the lusters, on each side, was a vase of Bohemian glass, each holding a small nosegay of red and white roses. Mahogany footstools, with bead-worked tops, stood before the fire, and upon the walls hung, exquisite in their absurdity, like the pagoda, a whole botanical series of flat, feeble old flower-pieces, neatly colored drawings, as accurate and as lifeless as vigilant, uninspired labor could make them.

No, it was a dream, an insane, delightful dream; for, with it all, above it all, how and why he could not say, the room was delightful. It seemed to set one free from some burden of appreciation that all unconsciously one had been carrying and had been finding heavy. One could live in it, laughing at and with it. For it all laughed—surely, yes; and the elfish chorus was led by the white pagoda, standing, like a Chinese Pierrot, at the center of the revels.

Old Mrs. Waterlow at last came sailing in, and her black lace shawl and lace-draped head looked as appropriate in the room as everything else seemed to do. Her eyes dwelt on him with a certain fixity, and in them he seemed to read further significances. They held an intention, gay, precise, such as he had felt in the room; and they held, too, it might be, a touch of light-hearted cruelty.

"Yes, is n't it changed?" she said, and he knew that his state of astonishment had spoken from his face.

He stared round him again, smiling.

"It makes me feel," he said, "like the old woman in the nursery rhyme whose skirts were cut up to her knees while she was asleep. One says, 'If I be I.' "

"And I 'm the little dog," said Mrs. Waterlow; "but one who does n't bark at you, so that you can be assured of your

identity. I am really more aware of my own in this room than in any I 've lived in for years. It is like one of the rooms of my girlhood. Rooms were n't so important then as they are now, and the people, I sometimes think, were more so. It amuses me nowadays," said the old lady, moving to her tea-table and seating herself, "to observe the way in which people are assessed by their tastes and their belongings. You say of some one that she is a dull or a disagreeable woman, and the answer and rebuke you receive is, 'Oh, but she has such wonderful Chinese screens!' Sit down here, Mr. Stacpole! It is very nice to see you again."

"But, tell me, where is the other room?" Owen asked; drawing his chair to the table. "Is it disbanded, dissolved, gone forever?"

Mrs. Waterlow looked at him with an air of half-malicious mystery.

"That is a secret, my own little secret, just as this room is, in a way, a little joke which, for my sake, Cicely has made for me. It was finished last week, by the way, and you are the first person to see it. Your cousin is in the south of France, is n't she?" said Mrs. Waterlow, with bland inconsequence.

"Yes; I 'm only passing through. Guendolen 's been gone for nearly a month."

"Yes; I know," Mrs. Waterlow pursued, still with the genial blandness. "And as to our little joke, Mr. Stacpole, this room, in fact, is in many ways a room of my girlhood. The furniture was my mother's, and Cicely, when the idea struck her, had it brought from the garret of my old home, where it has stood in disgrace for many a year. She has been clever about it, has n't she?"

"It 's genius," said Owen. "What made her think of it?" And then, with a pang, he wondered whether Guendolen had thought of it first. Was it imaginable that Guendolen would have turned away from beauty and plunged herself into such gay austerities of ugliness?

"Well, things are in the air, you know"; said Mrs. Waterlow, pouring out the tea, "that 's what Cicely always says, at all events; reactions, repulsions, wearinesses. This room is, she says, a discipline."

"Things in the air?" Had Guendolen felt them first, and Mrs. Waterlow felt them after her? This question of priority became of burning interest for him.

"The trouble is that one may get too much of any discipline," he commented, "if it ceases to be self-inflicted and is imposed upon us. How would your daughter like it if all Chislebridge took to buttoned black satin and old flower-pieces? It 's as an exception that it has its charm and its meaning. But if it became a commonplace?"

"Well, that 's the point," said old Mrs. Waterlow. "Will it? It has very much vexed me for years to watch Chislebridge picking Cicely's brains. And I said to her that I wondered whether it would be possible for her to make a room that would n't be copied, and she said that she believed she could. If she could achieve ugliness, she said; downright ugliness; she believed they would fall back. The room is a sort of wager between us, for I am not at all convinced that she will succeed. Sheep, you know, will leap into the ditch if they see their leader land there."

Owen's head was whirling. It was as though suddenly the little crystal rings of the pagoda had given out a sportive, significant tinkle. This, then, was what it meant? It was a jest, a game; but it was also a trap. For whom? Chislebridge, on old Mrs. Waterlow's lips, could mean only Guendolen. He did not know quite what he hoped or feared, but he knew that he must conceal from old Mrs. Waterlow his recognition of her meaning.

"I felt from the first moment that I saw her in the curiosity-shop that Mrs. Waterlow was the sort of person who would always find the white pagodas," he said, smiling above his perturbation; "but I had n't realized that Chislebridge was intelligent enough, let us put it, to realize it, too, and to follow her lead."

"It 's not that they realize it, really," said the old lady, salting her scone; "it 's something deeper than realization. It 's instinct—the instinct of the insignificant for aping the significant. They would probably be annoyed if they were told that they aped Cicely. They hardly know they do it, I will say that for them, if it 's anything to their credit. And then, since she is poor, and they—some of them—rich, their copies are seen by a hundred to the one who sees her original, and Cicely, to

some people (I 've no doubt of it), seems the ape. It has very much vexed me," Mrs. Waterlow repeated.

Owen, for all his loyal feint of unconsciousness, was growing rather angry with Guendolen.

"I don't wonder that it should," he said. "It vexes me to hear about it. Has it gone on for long?"

"Ever since we came to live here after my son's death. People at that time had draped, crowded drawing-rooms,—you remember the dreadful epoch. The more pots and pans and patterns and palms they could squeeze into them, the better they were pleased. Cicely had simple furniture and quiet spaces and plain green wall-paper when no one else in Chislebridge had. She fell in love with Japanese prints in Paris and bought them when no one else in Chislebridge thought of doing so. It 's wrong, now, I hear, to like them. Chinese paintings are the correct thing. Chislebridge stared at them and at her empty room, and wondered how she could care for those hideous women. They stared only for a year or two. When they saw that she was quite indifferent to their opinion and intended to remain in the ditch, they jumped in after her. I was amused when I first saw Japanese prints on some one else's green walls, and heard the Goncourts and Whistler being quoted to Cicely. Then by degrees Cicely got tired of green paper, especially since everybody in Chislebridge by then had it, and she put, with her white walls, the red lacquer and the glass and that beautiful old set of cane-seated furniture that you saw; and no one else in Chislebridge at that time had white walls or a scrap of lacquer. She shifted and rearranged like a bird building its nest, and Chislebridge stared again and said that the white walls were like a workhouse; and then they began to look for lacquer and to put up white paper. Her very grouping has been copied, the smallest points of adjustment. It 's not," Mrs. Waterlow pursued, "that I mind people imitating, if they do it frankly and own themselves plagiarists. We must all see the things we like for the first time. But it 's not because they like the things that they have them; they have them because some one else likes them. They dress themselves in other people's tastes and make a fine figure as originators." The vexation of years was crystallized in the lightness and crispness of her voice.

Poor, stupid Guendolen! After all, one could not be too hard on her. He felt Mrs. Waterlow to be so hard that he reacted to something approaching pitying tolerance. Guendolen could be stupid in such good faith. There was nothing, when he came to think of it, surprising in this revelation of her stupidity, nothing painful, as there had been in suspecting Cicely Waterlow of stupidity. Guendolen was so sincerely unaware of having no ideas of her own. He wondered, as he said good-by to old Mrs. Waterlow and told her that he felt convinced that she had at last reached a haven, whether she guessed that she had made him happy rather than unhappy.

She had made him so happy, with his recovered ideal, that, as he drove away, it was with a definite thrust of fear that he suddenly remembered Guendolen's kindly criticism of old Mrs. Waterlow. Was it not possible, after all, that she had been indulging in sheer malice at Guendolen's expense? Was n't it possible that Guendolen and Cicely Waterlow had had the same inspirations independently? But no two people could stumble at once on such a drawing-room as that he had just left. Horrid thought—what if Guendolen's drawing-room at this moment showed just such a singular reversion to ugliness? After his delicious relief, he could not bear the doubt.

He drove to Guendolen's. Yes, the old housekeeper, who knew him, said he could of course go up and look at the red lacquer. The red lacquer! He could almost have embraced her for the joy her words gave him. Guendolen would not have retained red lacquer with a black satin suite. And on the threshold of Guendolen's drawing-room he received full reassurance. The lovely room was intact. The blacks and whites and reds and golds were all there, unchanged, not a breath of the ambiguous discipline upon them. And in the midst of them all it was not Guendolen, but Cicely Waterlow, whom he seemed to see smiling upon him, merry, tired, and tolerant. She had, as it were, demonstrated her claim not only to her present, but to her past. For if she had not copied Guendolen in the mid-Victorian back-water, why should she

have copied her in this? She had been first in both, and in her back-water she was now safe.

MANY months passed before he saw Guendolen's drawing-room again. He was felled early in the winter by a long and dangerous illness. When he was able to crawl about, he went to the south of France and stayed there for over a year. He was so ill, so tired, and so weak that, if Guendolen and the boys had n't joined him, if she had n't nursed and amused and encouraged him from day to day, he felt that he should probably have died and made an end of it. Guendolen was more than kind. She was at once tender and tactful, and the only claim she made was that of her long-standing solicitude on his account. Upon this, as upon a comfortable, impersonal cushion that she adjusted for his weary head, she invited him to lean, and upon it for months of dazed invalidism and dubious convalescence he did lean. Lapped round by this fundamental kindness, the flaws and absurdities of Guendolen's character disappeared. The long, pearl ear-rings dangled now over the most delicious beef teas, which she herself made for him; the graceful hands could perform efficient tasks. Of how very little importance it was that a woman should not show originality in her drawing-room when she could show in taxing daily intercourse such wisdom and resource and sweetness! Life had contracted about them, and on these simple and elementary terms he found that Guendolen neither bored nor ruffled him. When she at last left him he knew that the bond between them, unspoken as it remained, was stronger than it had ever yet been, and that when he next saw her he would probably find it the most natural of things to ask her to marry him, and to take care of him forever. Poor, good, kind Guendolen! It was with a pensive humility and mirth that he resigned himself to the thought of the bad bargain she would make.

He came back to England in the spring following that in which he had left it, and went at once to Chislebridge. It was late afternoon when he drove, in a twilight like his own mood of meditative acceptance, to the well-known house. Ample and benignant it stood behind its walls and lawns and trees, and seemed to look upon him with eyes of unresentful patience.

He limped in and Guendolen met him in the hall.

"My dear, dear Owen, how are you? Yes, I had your wire this morning. Good; I see that the journey has done you no harm. But you are tired, are n't you? Will you go to your own room or have tea with me at once? It 's just been brought in."

He said that he would have tea with her. She did not actually help him up the stairs, but as, with skill impaired, he swung himself from step to step, the touch of her tactful and ready hand was upon his arm, a caress rather than a sustainment. Passing the hand through his arm, she led him into the drawing-room.

Owen looked about him. He stood for a long moment in the door and looked. He then allowed himself a cautious, sidelong glance at Guendolen. Her eyes, unaware in their bland complacency, had followed his and rested upon her room.

"Oh, yes, I 'd forgotten that you had n't seen my new drawing-room," she said. "We 've had great changes."

Even in his horror, for it was hardly less, he was touched to realize that Guendolen was thinking far less of her drawing-room than of him. She might have forgotten that it had changed had he not so helplessly displayed his amazement.

"Yes, indeed," he said. He limped to the fire and sank heavily into the deep, black satin easy-chair drawn before it. He leaned his elbow on his knee and rested his head on his hand, and as he did so he observed that before the fire stood a mahogany footstool with a bead-worked top.

"You are tired, dear Owen. Do you feel ill?" Guendolen hovered above his chair.

"I do feel a little giddy," he confessed. "I 'm not all right yet, I see."

He raised his head. It was to face the mantelpiece, with its oval, gilt mirror and crystal lusters and gilt-and-marble clock. No, there were not doves and a nest upon it. This was a finer clock than the one with the doves, and the lusters were larger, and the flowers that stood between were mauve orchids. Guendolen always went astray over her flowers.

"Here is tea," she said, seating herself at a little mahogany table with bowed and decorated legs. "Of course you 're bound to feel tired, dear Owen, after your journey. Tea will be the very thing for you."

He turned now a furtive eye along the wall. Flower-pieces, dim, flat, old flower-pieces and arid steel engravings and tall pieces of mahogany furniture with marble vases upon them—no mistakes had been made here, for if the vases were not urns, they were of marble and in their places.

"How do you like it in this phase?" Guendolen asked him, tactfully turning from the question of his weakness. "I love it myself, I own, though of course Chislebridge thinks I 've lost my wits. To tell you the truth, Owen, I was tired of beauty. One may come to that. One may feel," said Guendolen, pouring out the tea, "that one needs a discipline. This room is my discipline, and after it I know that I shall find self-indulgence almost vulgar."

No; his mind was working to and fro between the present and the past with the rapidity and accuracy of a shuttle threading an intricate pattern—no, he had never mentioned to Guendolen that late autumnal visit of his to Chislebridge eighteen months ago. Had that been because to mention it and the transformation he had been the first to witness in Mrs. Waterlow's drawing-room would have been, in a sense, to give Guendolen a warning? And had he not, in his deepening affection for her, conceived her to be above the need of such warnings? Yes; for though he had been glad to recover his ideal of young Mrs. Waterlow, though he had been more than willing that Guendolen should occupy the slightly ridiculous and humiliating position that he had imagined to be Mrs. Waterlow's, he had never for a moment imagined that Guendolen's disingenuous docility would go as far as this. So many people might love red lacquer and old glass with a clear conscience once they had been brought to see them; but who, with a clear conscience, could love black satin furniture and marble urns?

"It is a very singular room," he found at last, in comment upon her information. "How—and when—did you come to think of it?" He heard the hollow sound of his own voice; but Guendolen remained unaware. The fact of her stupidity cast a merciful veil of pitifulness over her.

"I hardly know," she said, handing him his tea and happy in her theme. "These things are in the air at a given time—reactions, repulsions, wearinesses—I think. It grew bit by bit; I 've brought it to this state only since my return from the Riviera. The idea came to me, oh, long ago—long before your illness. Alec Chambers is perfectly entranced with it, and vows it is the most beautiful—yes, beautiful—room in existence. It is witty as well as beautiful, he says, and he is going to paint it for the New English Art Club. Rooms have a curious influence upon me, you know, Owen. I really do feel," said Guendolen, busying herself hospitably with his little plate and hot buttered toast, "that I 've grown cleverer since living in this one."

Owen, while she talked and while he drank his tea, had been more frankly looking about him. Flagrant as was the plagiarism, Guendolen, as before, had protected herself by a more illustrious achievement. It was a stately, not a staid room; it carried the idea higher, and thereby missed it. It was not an amusing room, nor witty, to any one who had seen the original. It was impressive, oppressive, almost forbidding. Guendolen, for one thing, had had more space to fill. The naïveté of mere flower-pieces would not furnish her walls, and she had lapsed into sheer ugliness with the large and admirably accurate steel-engravings. Caution, too, had been mistakenly exercised here and there; the black satin furniture had no antimacassars and the center-table no ornament except a vase of orchids, and calf-bound books.

Owen felt no indignation; he would always remain too fond of Guendolen, too tolerant of her folly, to feel indignant with her; it was with a mild but final irony that he brought his eyes back at last to his unconscious and hapless cousin. And he wondered how far Guendolen had gone, how far she could be made to go. "There 's only one thing that it lacks," he said. "Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, *do*," she urged, beaming over her tea. "You know how much I value your taste."

"Oh, I have n't much taste," said Owen, "I 've never gone in for having

taste. And does n't your room prove that taste is a mistake if indulged too far? It 's more a sense of literary fitness I allude to. Yours is meant to be a soulless room, is n't it? That 's your intention?"

"Exactly," said Guendolen, with eager apprehension; "that is just it—a soulless room. One is sick of souls, just as one is sick of beauty."

"Exactly," Owen echoed her. "But, since you have here a travesty of beauty, what you need to complete your idea is a travesty of soul. You need a center that draws it all into focus. You need something that, alas! you might have had, and have lost forever. The white pagoda, Guendolen, that Mrs. Waterlow found. Your room needs that, and only that, to make it perfect."

He spoke in his flat, weak invalid's voice, but he was wondering, almost with ardor, if Guendolen, this touchstone applied, would suspect or remember and, from penitence or caution, redeem herself by a confession. For a moment, only a moment, she looked at him very earnestly; and he was aware that he hoped that she was going to redeem herself; hoped it almost ardently, not for his own sake, those sober hopes were dead forever,—but for the sake of the past and what it had really held of fondness and sympathy and essential respect.

Guendolen looked at him earnestly; it was as though a dim suspicion crossed her; and then, poor thing! she put it aside. Yes, he was very sorry for her as he listened to her.

"Owen, that is clever of you," she said, "but very, very clever. That is precisely what I 've been saying to myself ever since the idea came to me. I can't forgive myself for that piece of stupidity; my only one, I will say, in regard to such recognitions and perceptions. I may be a stupid woman about a great many things, but I 'm not stupid about rooms. The horror of Aunt Pickthorne's room dulled my eyes so that in all truth I can say that I never saw that pagoda. And from the moment I 've had my idea I 've moaned—but literally moaned—ever having lost it. Of course it is what the room needs, and all that it needs; the travesty of a soul standing on that mahogany table."

"Yes, the center-table is the place for it," said Owen.

"It *is* clever of you to feel it just as I do, Owen dear," she went on. "The pagoda was meant for this room and for this room only; for, you know, I did n't think Cicely Waterlow at all happily inspired in placing it as she had."

"As she had?" He rapped the question out with irrepressible quickness.

"Yes, among all that rather trashy lacquer and glass in that rather gimcrackery little drawing-room of hers. The pagoda looked there, what it had always looked in Aunt Pickthorne's room, a gimcrack itself."

"Looked?" he repeated. "How does it look now? How has she placed it now?"

For the first time in all their intercourse he saw that Guendolen was suddenly confused. He had hardly trapped her. She had set the trap herself, and inadvertently had walked into it. A faint color rose to her cheek. She dropped for a moment her eyes upon the fire. Then, covering her self-consciousness with a show of smiling vivacity, she knelt to poke the logs, saying:

"I don't know, I really don't know, Owen. Cicely is always changing her room, you know. She is very quick at feeling what 's in the air—as quick as I am really, and I have n't seen her for ages. She has gone to live in London; oh, yes, did n't you know? Yes, she came into a little money over a year ago, and she and old Mrs. Waterlow have taken a house in Chelsea, and are coming back to Chislebridge only for two or three months in every year. They are very fond of Chislebridge. So I have n't an idea of what her drawing-room is like now."

"Perhaps it 's like yours," Owen suggested. "The one I saw was rather like yours, I remember."

But Guendolen opened kind and repudiating eyes.

"Do you think so, Owen? Like mine? Oh, only in one or two superficial little things. She had n't a Chinese screen or a lacquer cabinet or a piece of Chinese painting to bless herself with, poor little Cicely! No, indeed, Owen; I don't think it would be at all fair to say that Cicely copied me. These things are in the air."

BEFORE he left Chislebridge he asked Guendolen for Mrs. Waterlow's London address, and observed that she did not

flinch in giving it to him. He inferred from this that Mrs. Waterlow's black satin suite had not left Chislebridge and that Guendolen knew that she had nothing to fear from a London visit. Would she indeed fear anything from any visit? Her placid self-deception was so profound that it would be difficult to draw a line fairly between skilful fraud and instinctive self-protection. Guendolen, without doubt, conceived herself completely protected. She would never suspect him of suspecting her.

He felt, when he got back to London, a certain reluctance in going to see Mrs. Waterlow. It was not only that he shrank from reading in old Mrs. Waterlow's malicious eyes the recognition of his discovery; in regard to young Mrs. Waterlow there was another shrinking that was almost one of shyness. She had been wronged, grossly wronged, by some one to whom he must show the semblance of loyalty; and the consciousness of her wrongs affected him deeply. A fortnight passed before he made his way one afternoon to Chelsea, a fortnight in which the main consciousness that filled his sense of renewal was that of his merciful escape. Mrs. Waterlow's house was in St. Leonard's Terrace, one of the narrow, old houses that face the expanse of the Royal Hospital gardens. The spring sun, as he limped along, was shining upon their façades, dull, old brick and dim, white paint, like slabs of ancient wedding-cake with frosted edging.

After all the expense of his illness, he was very poor in these days, and had come with difficulty in a bus. As he opened the gate and went into the flagged garden, where white tulips grew, he glanced up and saw young Mrs. Waterlow standing looking out at the drawing-room window. Her eyes met his in surprise, they had not seen each other for so long a time; then, as lifting his hat he smiled at her, he thought he saw in them a sudden pity and gravity. He did of course look so much more battered than when she had last seen him. The nice, middle-aged maid let him in, he was glad of that; and as he followed her up the narrow staircase, with its white, paneled walls, he wondered which drawing-room it was to be, and felt his heart sink strangely at the thought that perhaps, after all, Mrs. Waterlow had transplanted her discipline to London.

But, no; like a soft gush of sunlight, like bells and clear, running water, the first room greeted him in a medley of untraceable associations. It was the first room, with the delicate cane-seated chairs and settees, the red lacquer and the glass, all looking lovelier than ever against the paneled white, all brighter, sweeter, happier than in the rather dim room on the ground floor in Chislebridge. And touches of green, like tiny flakes of vivid flame, went through it in the leaves of the white azaleas that filled the jars and vases. He saw it all, and he saw, as Mrs. Waterlow came toward him, that the white pagoda stood on its former little black lacquer table in one of the windows.

Mrs. Waterlow shook his hand and her eyes examined him.

"You have been ill. I was so sorry to hear," she said.

"Yes, I 've been wretchedly ill; for years now, it seems," he replied.

They sat down before the fire. Old Mrs. Waterlow, she told him, was away on a visit to Chislebridge, from which she was to return that evening at six o'clock. It was only four. He had two hours before him, and he felt that in them he was to be very happy. They talked and talked. He saw that she liked him and expected him to stay on and talk. All the magic and elation and sense of discovery and adventure was with him as on their first encounter. She knew him, he found, so much better than he could have guessed. She had read everything he had written. She appreciated so finely; she even, with a further advance to acknowledged friendship, criticized, with the precision and delicacy expressed in all that she did. And the fact that she liked him so much, that she was already so much his friend, gave him his right to let her see how much he liked her. The two hours were not only happy; they were the happiest he had ever known.

The clock had hardly struck six when old Mrs. Waterlow's cab drove up.

"Don't go; Mother will so like to see you," said Mrs. Waterlow. "She so enjoyed that little visit you paid her over a year ago, you know."

This was the first reference that had been made to the visit. He wondered if

she guessed what it had done for their friendship.

Old Mrs. Waterlow came in, wearing just such a delightful, flowing black satin cloak and deep black satin bonnet as he would have expected her to wear. And seeing him there with her daughter-in-law, she paused, as if arrested, on the threshold. Then her eyes passing from the tea-table and its intimacy of grouping with the two chairs they had risen from, and resting brightly on her daughter's face, where she must read the reflection of his happiness, Owen saw that she cast off a scruple, came to a decision, and renewed the impulse that had brought her up the stairs, he now realized, at an uncharacteristic speed.

"My dear Cicely," she exclaimed, after she had greeted him, "you 've lost your wager!"

Cicely Waterlow gazed at her for a moment, and then she flushed deeply.

"Have I, Mother?" she said, busying herself with the kettle. "Well, that pleases you, and does n't displease me. You 'll want some tea, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I want some tea. But you 'll not put me off with tea, my dear. I want to talk about my wager, too; and Mr. Stacpole will want to hear about it, for it was his wager as well. You did say that you felt convinced that I was safe in my haven, did n't you, Mr. Stacpole? Well, I 've lost it, and I 'm not at all pleased to have lost it. I 'm triumphant, if you will, but savage, too. You 'll forgive me, I know, Mr. Stacpole, if I 'm savage with your cousin when I tell you that she has been inspired with a black satin suite and mahogany furniture and bead-work since seeing Cicely's new drawing-room in Chislebridge."

"Mother!" Cicely protested. "Two people can perfectly well have the same idea at the same time! There 's no reason in the world why Guendolen should n't feel just my fancy for funny, old, ugly things."

"She did n't show any fancy for them when she saw them a year ago, did she, dear?" said the intractable old lady, seating herself at the tea-table. "She was very guarded, very mute, though very observant. Yes; people may have the same idea, but they 'll hardly have the same black satin furniture and the same beaded footstools, will they?"

Seeing the deep embarrassment in which his friend was plunged, Owen now interposed.

"Don't try to defend Guendolen on my account," he said. "She really can't be defended. I know it, for I 've seen her drawing-room."

"You have seen it? And what do you think of it?" asked old Mrs. Waterlow.

"I thought, as I told her," said Owen, "that it lacked but one thing, and that was the travesty of a soul. It lacked the white pagoda."

"You told her that? It was what she told me. She told me that she could not forgive herself for having parted with the pagoda, for it was the travesty of a soul that her room still needed. 'You mean,' I said, 'the pagoda placed as Cicely placed it on the center-table in her new room?' She gazed at me and laid her hand on my arm and asked: 'But, dear Mrs. Waterlow, how had Cicely placed the pagoda? I really don't remember. I really don't remember at all what Cicely's new room was like, except that it was mid-Victorian, and had old water-colors on the walls. Surely you don't think that I 've copied Cicely?'

" 'My dear Mrs. Conyers,' I said to her, 'I don't think, but know, that you 've done nothing else since you came to Chislebridge. But in this case you are farther from success than usual, for Cicely's drawing-room is gay, and yours is *grand sérieux.*' "

Mrs. Waterlow's bomb seemed to fill the air with a silvery explosion, and as its echoes died, in the ensuing stillness, the eyes of Cicely and Owen met beneath the triumphant gaze of the merciless old lady. It was from his eyes that hers caught the infection. To remain grave now was to be *grand sérieux,* and helpless gaiety was in the air. Owen broke into peals of laughter.

"Oh—but—" Cicely Waterlow protested, laughing, too, but still flushed and almost tearful, "it is n't fair. It 's as if we had taken her in. She does n't know she does it, really she does n't; and she is so dear and good and kind!"

"She knows now," said old Mrs. Waterlow, who remained unsmiling, but with a placidity full of satisfaction; "and she 'll hardly be able to forget."

"I 'm quite sure," said Cicely, "that she really believes that she cares for the

new drawing-room. People can persuade themselves so easily of new tastes. And why should n't they have them? I believe that Guendolen does like it."

"Yes, she does indeed," said old Mrs. Waterlow. "She says so. She says she never cared for any room so much as that. She intends to live and die with it. Her only refuge now is to go on faithfully loving it. So there she is, buttoned into her black satin forever!"

UNTIL now Mrs. Conyers has remained faithful, and her consistency is still made good to her; for none of her drawing-rooms has brought her such appreciation. Chislebridge has never dared to emulate it; Mr. Chambers and his friends have often painted it, and Mrs. Waterlow's original, like a gay jest, uttered and then gone forever, is no longer in existence to vex and perplex her with its mocking smile. Moreover her own drawing-room no longer lacks its travesty of a soul. Owen married Cicely Waterlow in the autumn, and Guendolen, magnanimous, and burning her bridges behind her, sent them for their wedding-present her two lovely and unique red lacquer cabinets. One stands in the front, and one in the back drawing-room in the little house in St. Leonard's Terrace, and Cicely said to Owen, on the day they arrived, that any wrong of the past, if wrong there had been, was now atoned for. And when they married and went round the world for their wedding-trip, they found in China a white pagoda, unflawed, larger, more sublimely elegant than the old one. This they brought back to Guendolen, and with unfaltering courage she has placed it upon her mahogany center-table.

THE USES OF IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS

ITS VALUE AND POSSIBILITIES

BY T. SHARPER KNOWLSON

THE POET AND THE PROVISION-DEALER

ALTHOUGH it is allowed that imagination has certain *uses*—mark the word—outside the realm of art, men still believe that its primary function, if not its true and only mission, is found in poetry, painting, and prose literature. As for imagination in business,—that is, in factories and workshops, in docks and offices, in buying and selling merchandise, —well, the idea is absurd. The world of commerce, we are informed, is essentially practical; it is governed by facts and common sense: imagination is just the one thing to which it is opposed. I have sometimes put the matter to the test by asking my literary friends the bluntest of questions in the bluntest possible manner. "When Swinburne was imagining *'Atalanta,'* and Lipton imagining the means of adapting particular blends of tea to the quality of local water-supplies, was the poet using a faculty quite different from that of the provision-dealer?" I confess the replies to this question were more strenuous in language than they were clear in meaning, but they all agreed that Swinburne's mental activity was imagination *par excellence,* while Lipton's was mere *reasoning* about the profitable distribution of a commercial product. With this verdict I find myself in total disagreement; it confuses ideal values with real values, and it is bad psychology.

INSPIRATION IN ADVERTISING

THAT a fine poem, full of real singing and replete with chiseled phrases, is of greater national significance than the inventiveness embodied in an improved col-

lar-stud may be readily admitted; idealism will always take precedence of mere utility. But it is impossible to argue that therefore the poem is a result of imagination *per se* while the despised though immensely useful little collar-stud is the product of intelligence working on a lower plane. Both are the offspring of mind working in the same way, but directed to different ends: the one aims at achievement on the lines of the ideal, the other is content with mere usefulness on the lines of the real. My argumentative friends believed they had cornered me when they instituted a bold comparison between a celebrated poet and a soap-maker. "Do you mean to say," they exclaimed, "that the language of an advertisement in the New York —— demands the same faculty to produce it as the language of Shelley? Here is a shout from the soap-maker:

Wilkinson's Peerless Cleanser.

Now contrast it with lines like these:

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Do you tell us that the soap-maker and the poet used the same kind of imagination?"

I replied that there is only one imagination, just as there is only one memory. I may try to recall a saying of Plato or Goethe or Browning, or I may make an effort to remember the price I paid last year for breakfast bacon or whether it rained on Easter Monday; but in each case I use the one faculty of memory. So with imagination. There is not a set of brain-cells for imagination in poetry and another set for business. Besides, the *mot* in literature has its perfect correspondence in commerce. Flaubert never looked more carefully for the one word to express his meaning than the business man does to set forth the precise nature, use, and attractiveness of his commodities. When Stevenson in "The Silverado Squatters" describes a pail of water being carried uphill, the water *lipping* over the sides, and a *quivering* sunbeam in the center, we can see with what care the italicized words were selected. But may not the soap-maker have exercised a similar care? I claim that between the mental activity involved in seeking such a phrase and that of seeking the *mot* in literature there is no difference whatever. Modern advertising is, in fact, a triumph of the imagination. For years the world of commerce was content to announce its existence in the baldest manner. It gave its name and address, informed the public what it existed for, but beyond this all was vague and unattractive. There was no glow, no art, no understanding of human nature. Nowadays we follow a different method. Advertising has its text-book of psychology and its own art studios, which is only another way of saying it has pressed imagination into its service.

IMAGINATION NOT SOLELY THE IDEALISTS' PREROGATIVE

CARRY the argument a step further. Sir Walter Scott, in the prime of his powers, was overtaken by financial disaster, and found himself morally, though not legally, responsible for £120,000. How could he raise so large an amount? It was a question more easily asked than answered. He had to imagine a way out of his difficulties by seeking suggestions, selecting the best, testing them, and finally arranging a practicable scheme. Was there, then, a real psychological difference between the imagining of this plan for raising money and the imagining of the siege of Torquilstone in "Ivanhoe"? Did the brain-cells of the literary imagination go on strike and refuse to be used for the low-grade work of thinking in cash? The question surely contains its own answer.

But what do the psychologists themselves say? It must be admitted that as men of science they are not prejudiced in favor of theories of mental inspiration, and poets especially are sometimes rather roughly handled when they claim functions denied to the ordinary man. The results of "fine frenzy" show up very badly in Dr. Crichton Browne's "Dreamy Mental States," where "imagination" is treated from the medical point of view, and some of the poet's dearest fancies are written down as insanities. It will be said that an alienist is not a trustworthy critic, that he suffers from the prejudice of the specialist. Perhaps so. But take an authority like Théodule-Armand Ri-

bot, and what do you find? That imagination is in no sense whatever a prerogative of the idealist, whatever the form in which he expresses himself. In comparing the artistic with the commercial imagination, Ribot says:

There is an identity of nature between the constructive imagination of the mechanic and that of the artist: the difference is only in the end, the means, and the conditions. . . . Taken as a whole, its psychological mechanism is the same as that of any other creative work. In the first instance, the idea arises from inspiration, from reflection, or by chance. Then comes a period of fermenting, during which the inventor sketches his construction in images, represents to himself the material to be worked upon, the grouping of stock-holders, the making up of a capital, the mechanism of buying and selling, etc. All this differs from the genesis of an esthetic or mechanical work only in the end or in the nature of the images. In the second phase it is necessary to proceed to execution: a castle in the air must be made a solid structure. Then appear a thousand obstructions in the details that must be overcome. As everywhere else, minor inventions become grafted on the principal invention; the author lets us see the poverty or richness in resource of his mind. Finally, the work is triumphant, fails, or is only half successful.[1]

These are the opinions of the one man in Europe who more than any other has devoted a trained mind to the elucidation of creative processes. One may therefore readily admit that although the poet, as an idealist, will always be supreme, while the inventors of soap advertisements and little collar-studs will sink into oblivion, the purveyors of practicalities must not on that account be denied a share in the use of the one faculty which gives man his greatest distinction.

ROMANCES OF THE ROLL-TOP DESK

THE modern merchant is too busy making money, or trying to make money, to care much about psychology. Mental workings have no intrinsic interest for him, and were he to be told that his imagination and the poet's were one and the same thing, the chances are that, instead of being pleased, he might begin to ask whether it was not a new form of insult. For this man at the roll-top desk is sensitive, as all men are somewhere. One thing he specially dislikes, and that is to be accused of having the transcendental temperament, which to him is equivalent to being a fool. He is quite wrong of course. The expansion of British commerce, to take an instance, was due to the day-dreaming of practical men, who bound themselves together in trading gilds for the purpose of capturing the best business the world could offer. When bold discoverers returned from voyages to unknown regions, these adventurous traders were ready with schemes to found new markets; they formed companies and financed them; they selected reliable men to sail the seas and sell their goods even where the face of the white man had not been seen before. Take the "Society of Merchant Adventurers," founded in 1446. Who in the face of a title like that can deny imagination in business? Its founders transplanted the spirit of knighthood from the sphere of chivalry into the realm of commerce; they invested trading with all the charm and excitement of romance. In the early days the business man with a stomach for fighting was a man to be feared. We read:

Sir John Philpot, a London grocer, being much hampered by Scottish pirates, did not wait for the Government to act, but fitted out a fleet at his own expense and was so successful he became the scourge of the Scots, the fright of the French, the delight of the Commons, the darling of the merchants, and the hatred of some envious Lords.

The expansion of American commerce is the same substance in a more modern setting. Those men who engineered its marvelous growth "saw the unseen" by aid of their imagination; away in the West they saw the desert places,—mere waste wildernesses of the unproductive,—and they "imagined" irrigation. And now the earth has become glad with the abundance of luscious fruits, and a prosperous people inhabit the once barren region. Some of them "imagined" railroads, others steel, and others, again,

[1] "The Creative Imagination."

"saw" manufactures where none of these things had any existence. The romance of *things* is as real as the romance of human hearts.

THE MAN PAID FOR "THINKING AHEAD"

BUT the reader wants actual instances. I will give him one. There is a man in an office in New York whose business it is to think ahead on behalf of the community and prepare for coming events. He sits at a big table, and before him is a map of New York with its environs by land and sea. The problem is to determine what shipping accommodation will be required in the future, and to begin the work of reconstruction *now*. During the last century the story was one of growth, growth, growth; and the story is to be continued. How? That is the question which the man with the map has to settle. He is not on piece-work; he is paid for thinking. In other words, whatever his official title may be, I shall call him Acting Professor of Imagination to the Shipping Interests of New York.

In every progressive house of business there is, or ought to be, a similar officer. Generally he is the principal himself. That is one reason why he divides his business into departments and pays men high salaries to superintend them. He wants time to *think*.

But the far-seeing element in imagination is not the only one: there is one which concerns itself with details. If I might say so, imagination is telescopic for big things and microscopic for small things. You can imagine a billion-dollar trust and you can imagine a new way of pointing a needle. Probably no man makes a sure advance without using both instruments; but the essential work of the imagination is always the same: it creates the things which are not. Judgment passes its verdict, and action brings realization.

A FACULTY WORTH TRAINING FOR THE FUTURE

CAN imagination be taught? Such a question is usually received with a shrug of the shoulders, and the poet, when viewing this silent skepticism, feels as though he were getting back some of his own. But I find the educational psychologist is not at all averse to the idea of training the imagination.

When I am asked to draw up a scheme for training the business imagination, I feel that the difficulty is not in the thing itself, but in its newness: as yet it is an untrodden field. Of this we may be sure, that, since the mind is a unity, no scheme such as the one suggested can deal with imagination alone; it will be concerned with the training of the senses, the evolution of a sound judgment, the accumulation of facts, the discipline of experience, and the growth of a determined will. Imagination in the larger sense is in danger of being forgotten in modern schools of commerce, though happily this is by no means true of all. You cannot put *soul* into a curriculum, but you must have it all the same, otherwise the student's brain becomes a sponge for absorbing figures, facts, and science. A Danish professor, when asked what he taught his agricultural students, replied, "I teach them the importance of Denmark." No doubt he taught them a good deal more, but his reply touches the basis of sentiment and tradition, which is frequently a motive of the greatest import. It was the professor's method of saying he taught imagination. In the commercial battles of the future it will be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the contributions from college curricula, specialized trade chemistry, and huge capital, but, after all, those battles will be won by men of imagination, of whom the teacher, the chemist, and the capitalist are obedient servants.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE TARIFF AND "PAST PERFORMANCES"

THE CHIEF ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN

IT has been said that in New York there is a committee for every emotion and a club for every idea. To one writing in the middle of July, after all the national conventions have been held except Mr. Roosevelt's—Socialist, Republican, Democratic, and Prohibition—there would seem to be already full opportunity for the voter to support his most cherished opinions by means of the ballot. Before these lines shall see the light the array of issues will have been augmented by the declarations of the fifth party, to meet in Chicago, August 5, some of the issues of which probably have not yet come over the horizon, this year's issues being, in some cases, rather late in arriving. And yet there is little chance that the predominant issue will be shifted from the tariff.

In all political contests it is legitimate to bid for popular approval by alining a party with what is supposed to be public opinion. If such declarations were always made with sincerity and adhered to with fidelity it would constitute an ideal form of government. One would always know what he was voting for and would feel that his shots were something more than blank cartridges, mere "paper bullets of the brain," as *Benedict* puts it. What has brought party platforms into contempt is the manifest effort of the politicians to "straddle" questions of vital issue: to catch the unwary with words and actions

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.

Whatever Mr. Roosevelt may say at Chicago he must at least be explicit. But all platform promises will continue to be looked upon with suspicion. Voters will rather choose the issue they consider most important, and look back to the "past performances" of the parties and candidates to see what their future attitude is likely to be.

It is fortunate for the country when a political issue is so plain that it cannot be obscured. Of those that have been prominent in the preliminary canvass the Recall was soon discovered to be a weapon which in the hands of the bosses might give them a more malign power over the popular will, and it has been dropped by the two leading parties. The expulsion of a Senator and the impeachment of a judge have lately shown that there is adequate machinery to deal with ordinary corruption and malfeasance, and, if necessary, it can be extended and perfected. The Initiative and the Referendum are chiefly objectionable on the ground that they are clumsy additions to systems of State government already too complicated. They may prove valuable within restricted limits, but even there their usefulness is still to be demonstrated.

The issue of the people against the bosses we have always with us, and while it is vital and fundamental, it is not to be approached from a sentimental point of view but from that of practical expedients. It is easy to inveigh against Barnes, or Ward, or Flinn, or Taggart, or Murphy: what we need are object-lessons in courage, wisdom, and continuity in the effort to break their power. The contempt which at the Baltimore Convention greeted the business organization, "limited," known as Tammany Hall has had no parallel in modern politics.

The extension of the primary system is both a practical and a promising expedient to cope with the bosses, but in the light of its recent operation it has yet to be freed from abuses,—such as the participation

of political opponents,—and adjusted to bring out at the polls a larger proportion of voters. It can hardly be called a dividing line between the parties.

There remains as a chief point of difference the question of the tariff, and here the cleavage between the two leading parties is distinct. Mr. Roosevelt's position is by no means clear. Once a radical tariff reformer, he is of course at liberty to change his mind, if one could discern that in the past ten years he has had on this subject any mind to change. He who did so much to arouse the country to the dangers of "predatory wealth" forbore—for what reason he only can tell—to attack it in its stronghold, the abuses of the tariff. These abuses have been recognized by all parties, and four years ago reduction of the tariff ceased to be a partizan issue. The only difference was how the reduction was to be made, and here the issue of "past performances" will now be joined. On one hand is the Payne-Aldrich law, complicated by President Taft's personal platform, viz.: that the measure of the duty should be the difference in the cost of production abroad and at home, plus a reasonable profit. That law probably could not to-day command the support of two thirds of the Republican Representatives and Senators; but this is not to say that that party is ready to relinquish its historic position in favor of a considerable measure of protection, which, it still claims, is essential to the prosperity of the manufacturer and the laborer, and so of the country at large. On the other hand, the Democrats, advocating a tariff for revenue only, "point with pride" to their concrete action in passing in the House, in a time of the high cost of living, several bills providing for a removal or moderate reduction of oppressive duties, claiming that they have not merely discussed the relief of the consumer but have supplemented discussion by workable laws. To this clear-cut issue their candidate, Governor Woodrow Wilson, a consistent advocate of a lower tariff, adds the point that the protective theory must face a new argument, the marked decrease in the export trade of the United States,—a state of affairs, by the way, which is set forth by Mr. Whelpley's studies of "The Trade of the World," which have appeared or are to appear in these pages.

Let us hope that the chief issue now being clear—a tariff for protection *versus* a tariff for revenue only—we shall have, in the main, a dignified campaign of education, addressed not to the self-esteem or the prejudices, but to the reason and self-respect, of the voter.

CAN A NATION BE A GENTLEMAN?

THE CANAL AND THE NATIONAL HONOR

THERE was only one question that should have been involved in the discussion about the levying of tolls on the commerce of the Panama Canal, and that was: Shall the United States Government keep its plighted faith with the nations of the world, as embodied in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty? In that treaty the United States Government, acting through the Senate and the President, gave its solemn pledge to abide by this stipulation:

> The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these Rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions of charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

It would be impossible to make language more clear than that is. It does not except the United States from other nations of the world. If it had said that the "terms of entire equality" should apply to "all other nations than the United States," there would have been no question as to its meaning. The fact that it does not say that, but says specifically "all nations," is sufficient evidence, if any were needed, that the framers of the treaty did not intend to except the United States.

The conditions under which the treaty was drawn furnish abundant evidence of its framers' intent. To get a comprehensive view of what those conditions were it is necessary to recall, not only the treaty which the new covenant replaced, but the attitude of the United States Government, for more than half a century, toward an interoceanic canal. From the first official utterance by the Government in 1839, down to the ratification of the Hay-

Pauncefote Treaty in 1902, the only kind of canal ever mentioned was one "open and free to the commerce of all nations on equal terms." The language varies a little in phraseology in the different utterances, but the meaning is invariably the same. The first resolution by the House of Representatives, unanimously adopted in 1839, advocated a canal that should be operated with "the equal and free right of navigating to all nations." In 1850 the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, with the belief that it would facilitate the construction of an interoceanic canal, but it had scarcely gone into effect when the discovery was made that the provision of a joint control by the two contracting nations was a fatal obstacle to construction. American statesmen and leaders took the position that the United States would never consent to share with any foreign power the control of a canal constructed with American money and under American direction. For fifty years this treaty stood square and immovable in the pathway of canal construction. Repeated efforts were made to have the treaty abrogated or amended but without success until Secretary Hay took up the matter with Lord Pauncefote in 1901. The first treaty which they negotiated was so amended by the Senate that Great Britain refused to accept it, but a second was ratified and is in operation to-day.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty provided, as previous American official utterances had done, for a "canal forever open and free." The Hay-Pauncefote compact, as quoted above, merely carried onward the same agreement. In consenting to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Great Britain gave up her right to joint control, and she was justified in believing that in return for that surrender she should have use of the canal on equal terms with the United States, that there should be no discrimination against British commerce.

It is too clear to be disputed that our national honor is the supreme issue in this controversy. No matter how cunningly the language of the treaty may be twisted and distorted, it cannot be made to say anything else than what it declares on its face. This is so obvious that the ablest lawyers in the Senate have warned that body and the House of Representatives that if a violation of the treaty is attempted the question will be taken to The Hague tribunal, with the certainty that it will be decided against us at a cost of many millions of dollars, since in the case of an adverse decision the United States Government would have to refund all the tolls it had collected from foreign ships, and would have to open the canal to all nations on the same terms that we had opened it to our own ships—that is, without any tolls whatever. Thus, by attempting to violate the clearly expressed agreement of the treaty, we should be rolling up a mountain of debt and making it impossible ever to pay off the cost of the canal. The folly of such a course would be equaled only by the shame which it would inflict upon the nation in the eyes of the world.

The greatest service our rulers at Washington can do the country is to see that its honor is kept as untarnished as that of the most scrupulous gentleman. The way to make a people love their country is to make sure that its reputation is maintained as a source of love and pride.

IN APPRECIATION OF THE DOCTOR

WITH A WORD FOR THE OWEN BILL

As one cannot draw an indictment against a community, so one cannot reasonably give sweeping approval of a profession; but now and then,—perhaps in the lifting shadow of some dread illness happily surmounted,—one is moved to a new sense of the obligations under which we all rest to the physician. Sometimes this is obscured by the conduct of those who "don the livery of heaven to serve the devil in"—a class against whom the profession wages persistent warfare; but on the whole not even "the cloth" presents a higher standard of service to humanity. Sordid and base, indeed, must be the man who can deliberately violate the solemn dedication of the Hippocratic oath, to which he must subscribe before he is accorded his degree:

I do solemnly swear by whatever I hold most sacred:

That I will be loyal to the profession of

medicine and just and generous to its members;

That I will lead my life and practise my art in uprightness and honor;

That into whatsoever house I shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of my power, I holding myself far aloof from wrong, from corruption, from the tempting of others to vice;

That I will exercise my art solely for the cure of my patients and will give no drug, perform no operation for a criminal purpose even if solicited, far less suggest it;

That whatsoever I shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, I will keep inviolably secret.

And there is need of this vow, if society is not to go to pieces, for little as we know of the physician, it is little of us that he does not know—our foibles and weaknesses, our sins and sorrows—and rare is the man or woman who is not debtor to his skill, his sympathy, his cheer, and his loyal devotion. It is always with a pang that we read of the death of such a doctor, trusting that he may have received in his last days some repayment in kind for all that he has given of service to others.

In the memory of many such experiences it is with indignation that one hears the rank and file of this noble profession pilloried as "the doctors' trust" by those opposed to the bill of Senator Owen for a National Department of Health. It is not necessary to probe for the motives of those who are fighting this admirable measure. Doubtless many, especially those of them who profess the faith of Christian Science, are conscientious, but nevertheless, under the banner of "medical freedom," they are playing into the hands of patent-medicine manufacturers, adulterators of food, and medical charlatans, to the peril of the public health. The Owen bill will merely extend to the whole country and make more effective the kind of sanitary guardianship which in the city of New York is accomplishing a progressive and astonishing reduction of the rate of mortality. Imagine for a moment the Department of Health of this city and port discontinued: it would not be forty-eight hours before we should be exposed to physical dangers comparable only to the brood of Pandora's box.

The fact is that in the practical application of preventive medicine American physicians are acknowledged to be the leaders of the world. They have not lost the primacy in this respect which twenty years ago led their confrères in Vienna to say: "We are astonished at your achievements: over here we wait with impatience for the publication of your volumes." Twenty-five years ago Mr. Bryce in his great book, "The American Commonwealth," quoted the appreciation of "competent authorities" of our "contributions to biology and medical science." "Indeed, it is remarkable," he said, "how far from showy and sensational is the bulk of the work [in general science] now done in America." What must he say now of the great proportions which medical and surgical research have since attained! The pursuit of medicine in America fairly seethes with progress and interest. It has all the zest of exploration. Millions of dollars are invested in the study of diseases once thought incurable; unrelenting warfare is waged upon contagions, infections, and heredity; the education of the public on matters of health is systematic and thorough, and back of the professional honor which impels it all is a spirit of quiet altruism which is a better substitute for the knighthood of the Middle Ages. Once more we say, gratitude and honor to the good physician!

A CREED OUTWORN

AMONG the expedients for cutting over the institutional garments of "the fathers" to fit the growing needs of the sons, it is odd that no one has seriously proposed to reform the indefensible provision by which Representatives elected in November do not act (except when called in extra session) for thirteen months. Whatever the motive of this provision, it has become "a creed outworn," and an obstacle to representative government, which the lapse of time may thus make unrepresentative in fact. A reform which would bring Congress closer upon the heels of the popular will would give some of the advantages of the English system of quick appeal to the people, with an even more frequent taking account of political stock.

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE APPLICATION OF GRAPHIC CURVES

From a Student of Sociology to a Friend who is Skeptical as to the Usefulness of that Science

My dear Henry:

I am afraid I have given you an erroneous impression of the merits of Professor Bobbsley's book. It is far from being a work of original genius. The method of conveying statistical information by charts and curves and diagrams has long been in use among writers on economics and social science. By means of a curved line on a ruled chart the expert is enabled to show at a glance the rise and fall of prices, the fluctuations in gold production, or the increase in the foreign population of the United States. It is a species of short-hand. The psychological laboratories have borrowed the method from the economists, and we now have curves illustrating, for example, the phenomena of fatigue, of attention, of sensitiveness to pain, and what not. All this is elementary.

What Bobbsley has attempted to do in his book is simply to carry the graphical method a little further by applying it to certain social and psychological phenomena with which all of us are familiar and which all of us unquestioningly accept as true without attempting to cast them into exact statistical form. Thus Professor Bobbsley has long been interested in the question of how much time the average college student devotes to his studies during the four years of his undergraduate course. After collating thousands of figures for every collegiate institution in the United States, he was enabled to sum up his findings in the following chart, which shows the statistical curve in its simplest form.

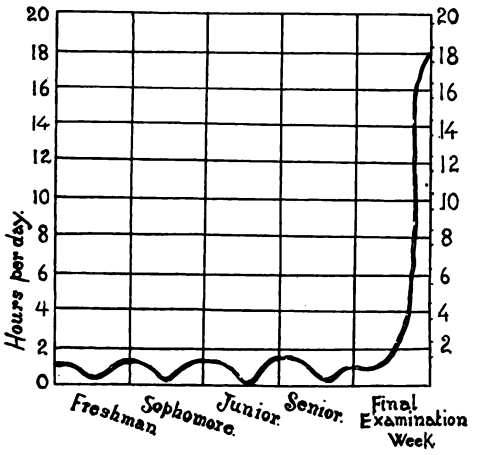


FIG. I. AVERAGE NUMBER OF HOURS DEVOTED TO STUDY PER DAY AMONG AMERICAN COLLEGE UNDERGRADUATES

The chart hardly needs an explanation. It confirms what we have all known in a general way. The undergraduate's devotion to his books maintains a fairly constant level of something less than an hour a day throughout the four years, with a drop to almost nothing at all during the foot-ball season. No future discussion of college problems can be considered complete that does not take into account the little chart I have reproduced for you from advance sheets of Professor Bobbsley's book.

Almost as simple as the foregoing is the next chart dealing with an interesting phase of our political institutions. The title as given in the professor's book is self-explanatory.

Here, again, the findings of statistical science square exactly with popular impressions on the subject. Only four months before election day, you will observe, the average boss's concern for the common welfare is almost an exact zero. From that time on, however, it rises steadily until on the morning of election day it attains the maximum of one hundred per cent. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day it begins to drop, and the very next morning we find it reposing once more at the point of absolute zero. This little sketch contains in itself the preachments of generations of political reformers. Am I exaggerating when I say that it deserves to be posted on every blank wall and every vacant

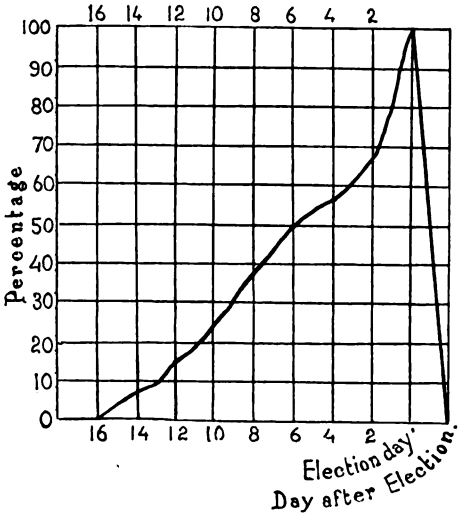


FIG. 2. CURVE SHOWING FLUCTUATIONS IN A TAMMANY POLITICIAN'S LOVE FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

space in our public conveyances as a perpetual reminder of our civic obligations?

But Bobbsley's interest is not given up entirely to questions of broad social import. He has carried his investigations into the more difficult, and possibly more fascinating, field of manners and daily habits. Thus, his knowledge of the world had convinced him of the truth of the general belief that in the matter of punctually keeping social engagements women leave much to be desired. It remained for him to give exact mathematical expression to this interesting social phenomenon. He did so in the following chart, which gives the curve of retardation for women, as compared with men, the former being represented by the solid curve, the latter by the dotted line.

The chart reproduced below will repay study. It shows that six months before a young woman is engaged to be married she will be, on an average, forty minutes late in starting out for the theater or a dance. This period of retardation decreases until on the day when her formal engagement is announced she is exactly on time. Immediately there is a sharp rise, and one month before her marriage she is, as a rule, an hour and ten minutes late in keeping appointments. Once more we experience a sharp decline, and on her wedding-day she once more attains the maximum of punctuality. Thereafter we encounter a sudden rise, and it is not until the tenth year of wedded life that she is back to what may be considered the normal for the entire life period of her sex—forty-five minutes late. But the sobering effect of married life is at work, and after fifteen years she reaches the standard of masculine promptitude.

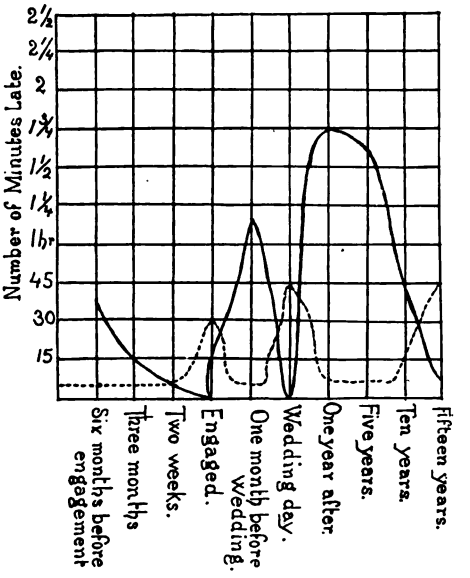


FIG. 3. CURVE SHOWING PUNCTUALITY IN KEEPING APPOINTMENTS, BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE, FOR WOMEN AND MEN

(The dotted line is for men; the solid line for women.)

Her husband's progress, meanwhile, has been in an opposite direction. Before his engagement we find him absolutely constant at the five-minutes' level. There is a sudden rise on the day of his betrothal, when, presumably owing to nervousness, he is half an hour late. A second crisis occurs on his wedding-day, when he misses connections with his tailor and loses forty-five minutes. Once more there is a drop to normal standards until, after ten years, the approach of middle age and growing habits of self-indulgence begin to show their effect. As a mere contribution to the growth of sex temperament the chart deserves serious study.

While dwelling on the subject of marriage, one with which the professor seems to be greatly preoccupied, I may call your attention to another little sketch which reveals the possibilities of the diagrammatic method in other forms than the plotted curve. It needs no interpretation.

By this time you will have recognized that there are really no limits to the usefulness of the graphic method in social study. One more instance will suffice. Professor Bobb-

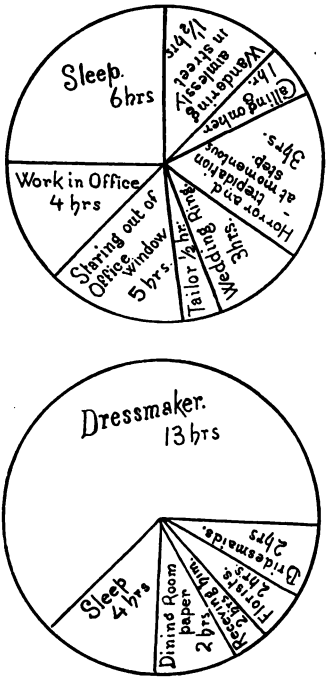

Sleep. 6hrs
Work in Office 4 hrs
Staring out of Office Window 5 hrs.
Tailor 1/2 hr.
Waddling 1/2 hr.
Shirts
Hor'vor and Liedaliion at moments ous sleep. 3hrs.
Sitting motionless in street 1/2 hrs
Dressmaker. 13 hrs
Sleep 4 hrs
Dining Room paper 2 hrs
Reading him 2 hrs
Flowers 2 hrs
Bridesmaids. 2 hrs

FIG. 4. DAILY DISTRIBUTION OF TIME DURING WEEK BEFORE MARRIAGE FOR BOTH SEXES

(The upper circle is his; the lower circle is hers.)

sley, in the course of many years' acquaintance with golfers, had hit upon the truth that the number of strokes in which a man will make the round of the links grows smaller every time the story is told. In graphic form the case stands as follows:

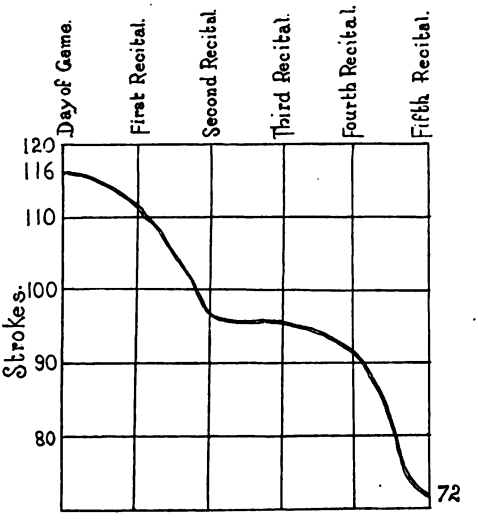


FIG. 5. CURVE SHOWING DECREASE IN NUMBER OF STROKES FOR THE EIGHTEEN HOLES WITH EVERY REPETITION OF THE STORY BY THE HERO OF THE OCCASION

I believe we have good reason, my dear Henry, to congratulate ourselves on living in an age which, though possibly somewhat remiss in following the straight line which leads to duty, is ardent in pursuit of the curved line which leads to truth.

Yours,

Walter J. Smith.

FUN AT THE CONVENTIONS

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

"THERE!" said one of the doorkeepers of the Coliseum.

It was five o'clock of one convention afternoon. The grizzled, gray, and patient sitter had been on duty many hours, with his thin, aged, and flexible legs crossed and recrossed like two wistaria-vines climbing up the wooden rungs of his chair, and with a solemn face drooping like a mainsail in a calm; an emaciated alley cat had stalked a ham sandwich in the hand of an Alabama delegate, and he had not cracked a wrinkle of his forehead; a newspaper correspondent had tested some wet paint with a forefinger, and he had not even looked to see what the man did to remove the stain; a telegraph-messenger boy, very warm and very tired, had bathed his face in cold ginger-ale from

a bottle, and he had not lifted an eyebrow. Now, however, a familiar and American sound had spilled out from the great hall.

"There!" said the doorkeeper, slapping his knees. "D' you hear 'em? If this was France, they 'd be fightin' duels; or Germany, they 'd be havin' apoplexy; or Italy, they 'd be pullin' out their own hair; but it ain't. Now the country 's *reely* saved! the convention has *laughed!*"

The spirit of fun had a chill reception not only in Chicago, but also in Baltimore; yet in both places it established successfully a right prior to the unusual spirit of dissension which attempted to paint the conventions in gloomy colors. Fun, indeed, with one exception, never appeared as a "platform guest." At Baltimore, Senator Gore pointed out the need of it when he told the deadlocked delegates that they must remember, when some of them started home disgruntled, the philosophy of a little boy of his acquaintance.

"He went to a picnic," said the blind senator. "He fell in the brook, spilt molasses down his sleeve, was stung by a bumblebee, and licked by the new boy. 'John,' said his mother, 'have you had a good time?' 'Well,' answered the youngster, 'I 'm so glad to get home that I 'm glad I went!'"

The truth was that all the fun was unprepared fun. It came unheralded. It was in the rough. But it claimed its rights as a citizen of the country, usually through the agency of the unidentified voice in the midst of a sea of humanity, which was eager to laugh and not critical of form.

Sang the voice out of a dull moment in Baltimore:

> "At home we have to skimp and save;
> Ma writes it is a mystery
> Why Pa must pay twelve bones a day
> To make our nation's history."

After an orator at Baltimore had reached a climax of frenzy, his voice cracked.

"Now you 've torn it!" shouted the voice.

"Why are we here?" bellowed a floor general at Chicago. Without a moment's hesitation arose the chorus of "We 're here because we 're here, because—we 're here because we 're here."

Mr. Bryan came down the aisle one morning at the Baltimore armory with his palm-leaf fan. The moment he appeared, the delegates and the band joined in rendering, "I always dream of Billy."

At Chicago, Victor Rosewater, chairman of the National Committee, to whom dignity is difficult because of his small stature, was picked up by a giant in the Texas delegation and held aloft.

The voice cried: "Put that child down! You 're not its father!"

Senator Root, presiding at Chicago, rebuked the galleries. "I remind you that you are *guests* of this convention," said he in his Greek temple manner.

The voice exclaimed: "Oh, gracious! I paid four dollars for my seat!"

When, in Baltimore, after the apparently endless deadlock, extension of delegates' tickets became necessary, announcement was made that tickets would be extended until July 10. A delegate claimed recognition to ask a question.

"Granted," said the chair.

"Is that date this year or next?"

At the Republican convention, Senator Bradley was interrupted by a delegate on the floor who asked if he had voted for Lorimer. The Senator grew red with anger, came to the front of the speaker's platform, which, because of its ropes and rails and for other reasons, was known as the "hurricane-deck," and bent his knees slightly, in the position of a diver. There was a pause, then a voice called:

"Go ahead and jump. You can reach him."

The "steam roller" in Chicago was the victim of a constant bantering. When the Progressive forces had decided to withdraw from taking part in the alleged illegal proceedings, there came a period of refreshing relaxation from seriousness. "The ayes have it," sang Mr. Root as contest after contest went to vote.

"I rise to a point of order," shouted a delegate. "The roller is exceeding the speed-limit."

"Toot-toot!" came the chorus of admirable imitators of steam-whistles.

"Choo-choo-choo!" answered the mimics of steam-engine exhausts.

A man in the back of the hall made a noise with his tongue which sounded exactly like the friction between two moving pieces of sandpaper. The voice called:

"There 's sand in the gasolene."

A little later the two Taft delegates from California, who sat apart from the Roosevelt delegation, under protection of the police, were asked to vote on the roll-call. As each did so, an impromptu chorus arose in song: "Oh, you beautiful doll! You hand-picked, beautiful doll!"

Spontaneous lyrics were common. In the middle of one sweltering session at Baltimore, Senator Ollie James, presiding, mopped his huge head with a handkerchief and cast his eyes upward in an expression of despair. Immediately the chorus sang:

"Oh, Ollie, Ollie, you 're annoyed;
Your collar is n't celluloid."

Once the unidentified voice called:
"I wish, Mr. Chairman, you 'd have the police take off their coats. It makes me hotter to look at 'em."

Once a pigeon flew in a window and went circling about in a hysteria of fright.
"The Dove of Peace!" cried one man.
"Doin' its darndest to escape," called another.

Another voice, half suppressed, exclaimed:
"It 's a shame about Mrs. Taft. She came to hear her husband attacked, and they don't abuse anybody but Roosevelt."

When Mr. Root was making his chairman's speech at the Republican convention, the camera-men made him jump by firing their flash-lights. Comment came from the gallery:
"Don't lie down, old man. You 've got a charmed life."

When the forty-five-minute Roosevelt demonstration came at Chicago, a Progressive delegate in one of the front rows threw a straw hat in the air, beat on the chair back with it, and finally jumped up and down upon it.
"Go ahead!" screamed a Taft delegate above the clamor. "That 's what you fellows are—destroyers of what belongs to you. Look at your hat!"
"Ho!" roared the other. "That ain't *my* hat!"

Humorists at both conventions often "rose for information." At Baltimore a demonstration produced a wonderful "Picture of a Man" in lurid colors, on a canvas stretched over a frame. For reasons unnecessary to define, it was labeled "Champ Clark." It went parading around the hall until the demonstration was over, and was then reposed against a pillar.
"Mr. Chairman," said a delegate whose voice was enfeebled by cheering, "I rise to ask if that is art. It looks enough like Joe Chivers from my town to be Hank Jones over in Merriwell County."

In these and many other ways the conventions had the laughs for which, after a day or two of grim business, their national characters began to hanker. There was laughter when J. Hamilton Lewis, to "spell off" Chairman James, presided with dainty efficiency, and when Lewis made finger motions like those of a man with syrupy fingers picking fuzz off a lady's new silk dress. There was laughter when James himself, having suppressed his Kentucky dialect for a week, finally broke out and said, "Do yo'-all want it thataway?" There was laughter when a Chicago orator who slapped his hands together was interrupted by the voice, saying, "If there 's any applaudin' to be done, we 'll do it." There was laughter when a deep bass roared out, "Hear that music! It 's a negro band playing 'The Wearin' of the Green' for a woman's suffrage parade." And there was laughter every time at Baltimore that Governor Brewer sang in crescendo, "Mississippi casts twenty votes for Oscar W. Un-der-wo-oo-ood."
Whereupon, the entire audience, delegates, newspaper men, and spectators, responded with a prolonged refrain on the same musical notes, "Un-der-wo-oo-od!"

One of the best laughs of all was caused by a sergeant-at-arms who was in some doubt whether galleries were plural or singular, and personal or impersonal. He made the following announcement:
"The gallery will remember their conduct. Otherwise they—which is only here as guests—will be cleared. We do not want to speak to it—or them—whether it be him or her, again. It will remain orderly and not be those to cause a disturbance."

Of course the endless individual humor outside the meeting could not be called the fun of the conventions; the former kind was a richer and more human sort than the congregational variety which took place in the hall "during meeting" and in which the whole hall had a chance to join. But there was at least one visitor who had his greatest delight just as the convention at Baltimore had adjourned after an all-night session. A middle-aged delegate, with disordered gray hair, had remained behind, asleep in his chair. His head was on his chest; his arms hung limp.
Some one touched his shoulder.
"All right, all right," he mumbled. "Tell your mother I 'll be down by the time it 's on the table."

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS

NURSE: "Ethel! You 're to enjoy yourself at once, do you hear?"

WHEN THE KILTIES CAM'

BY FRANCES GRANT TEETZEL

I NEVER will forget that day,
Although ma life 's been unco merry,
The Kilties cam' frae Ottawa—
A Jack, a Rob, a Tom, a Jerry.

The ither four I 've clean forgot,
But when they a' their pipes were skirlin'
I thocht the very skies wad fa',
An' my heart in ma moo' was dirlin'.

Oh, sic a time I had that day—
A time o' wildest merrymaukin'!
How I gat hame to ma guidwife
I kenna if asleep or waukin'.

O'er a' the toon the Kilties marched,
Hard after them I cam' a-loupin',
First in the crood o' happy Scots
That in their thoosan's cam' a-troopin'.

An' what was it the Kilties played?
Ye gods! it 's guid to be rememb'rin'.
Nor to ma deein' day I 'll mourn
Hoo these braw Scots ma work was hend'rin'.

'T was the auld tunes that they did play,
"Hark! from the Tombs," an' "Annie Laurie,"
"Flowers o' the Forest," "Lint-white Locks,"
An' ae new sang—it was "The Bowery."

An' a' the guid dead marches, too;
They set ma heart right sair wi' weepin'.
An' then they piped o' Hieland feuds
That pit a Scotsman's flesh a-creepin';

"Highland Mary," "Auld Lang Syne,"
"I dreamt I lay where flowers were springin',"
"My Nannie O," "Robin Adair,"
Oot on the air their pipes were flingin'.

"Green grow the Rashes," "Wanderin' Willie,"
"Ae Fond Kiss," an' "Afton Water,"
An' "Scots Wha Hae," "John Anderson,"
That Irish lay, "Lier's Lonely Daughter."

Then come again, oh, Kilties, come;
Tune up your pipes an' hae them goin'.
Auld Reekie's sons find happiest hours
When the pipes set the tears a-flowin'.

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

XIII—THE MELANCHOLY CRANE

THERE once was a cryptical crane,
Who wore an expression of pain
And refused to be fed
Because some one said
He resembled one Hamlet, a Dane.

XIV—THE HUMOROUS ANT

ONCE a grasshopper (food being scant)
Begged an ant some assistance to grant;
But the ant shook his head,
"I can't help you," he said,
"It 's an uncle you need, not an ant."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Owned by Mr. William L. Keane

THE FAMOUS *FUJI IN LIGHTNING*. THIS IS ONE OF HOKUSAI'S THIRTY-SIX VIEWS OF FUJI. IT WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1820, AND SHOWS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINATING "THE PEERLESS MOUNTAIN"

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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JAPANESE COLOR PRINTS

THE FAMOUS ARTISTS OF THE POPULAR SCHOOL

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE KEANE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PRINTS IN THE WRITER'S COLLECTION

IT may justly be said that this fascinating school of Japanese art has attracted more attention from the outside world during the last twenty years than any other of the many unique arts of which this island empire boasts. These enchanting products of the wood-engraver's art, with their wealth of marvelous color schemes and exquisite composition, have taken a well-merited place in the art centers of Europe and America; and the fact that the great Whistler found inspiration from the study of them was in itself a high tribute to the school. Although European artists are profuse in their praise of these wonderfully executed color prints, the school, strange as it may seem, has had no place in the artistic world of the country of its inception. It was the art of the common people representing "pictures of the passing world," the word "Ukiyo" meaning the "under-world," and "E" (pronounced like the English "yea"), the term for picture or drawing.

MODELS AND STATUS OF THE SCHOOL

THESE prints depicted scenes from the every-day life of the people, and favorite models were the well-known actors of the day and the women of the Yoshiwara, whose gay costumes and elaborate coiffures lent themselves admirably to the purpose. Consequently the school received no recognition from the esthetic court nobles or imperious daimio, the feudal lord of a province, to whom nothing but the delicately impressionistic Kano or more elegant Tosa paintings appealed. These were the two classic schools of the period. It is not surprising, when it is considered that until the rise of the Ukiyo-e school the artists were usually court nobles, scholars, or priests. In fact, many of the best paintings now in existence in the large temples of Japan are attributed to Buddhist priests, of whom Chodensu and Sesshu (about 1506) are acknowledged to be the greatest artists. At this period the aristocratic

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Kano artists received no salaries, but were retained by the daimios, or were rewarded for their work by the shogunate, in *roku*, or an annuity of so many *koku* (about 330 pounds) of rice, the quantity being gaged according to the rank of the recipients. People had no desire for riches in the days of old Japan, and money had little value. It was considered beneath the dignity of an artist to be paid in cash. A change has taken place, however, within recent years, due, no doubt, to the high appreciation accorded these prints by Occidental connoisseurs, and now the higher-class Japanese are awakening to a sense of their artistic merit —too late, I fear, as the best specimens in existence are in the possession of European and American collectors.

A LADY CARRYING PLUM BLOSSOMS
FROM THE PAINTING BY OKUMURA TOSHINOBU (ABOUT 1730)

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE SCHOOL

IWASA MATAHEI, born in 1578, the son of a nobleman, is considered the originator of the Ukiyo-e, or popular, school. The high-born and exclusive artists of the old school had, with true Oriental conservatism, confined themselves to religious and mythological subjects, and Matahei and his followers, wearying of the classic, decided to give the people something that they could understand and enjoy. However, though Matahei was, as I have said, the originator of this school of painting, the practical founder of Ukiyo-e, and the man who obtained for it a recognized position, was Hishikawa Moronobu. The date of his birth is not exactly known, though probably it was between 1625 and 1640. He was a painter of rare ability and devoted himself principally to the illustration of books in black and white, known as "Sumi-e," or black-ink picture. Sometimes these prints were colored by hand, but the coloring was crudely applied, and in most cases did not enhance their beauty. Moronobu was also known under the nom de plume of Kichibei, though to the world at large his own name is the more familiar. His prints are exceedingly rare, and whenever a specimen comes to light, it is almost invariably in very poor condition. Kakemono by Moronobu are occasionally offered for sale, but the great majority of them are forgeries.

ORIGIN AND METHODS OF THE ART

LIKE all the arts of Japan, the art of block-printing originated in China, finding its way through the Land of the Morning Calm (Korea) into the Land of the Rising Sun, though it was not until the advent of Moronobu that any attention was given to the improvement and development of color-printing.

At this period the principal coloring used was tan (red lead), hence the term "Tan-ye." Later a more brilliant red was applied, when the prints were known as "Beni-e,"[1] and seeking after further novel

[1] *Beni*, a deep yellowish red extracted from the saffron plant.

effects, a thin mixture of lacquer was used with the pigments, which added brilliancy to the colors. The lacquer was often painted on parts of the design, and gold or silver dust was sprinkled over the wet surface. These prints were called "Urushi-e," or lacquer prints, and were very rich in coloring, though in some cases perhaps a bit too bizarre.

The large color print "The Secret," by Okumura Masanobu, is an unusually beautiful example of this period. Urushi-e of such large dimensions are exceedingly rare, and to the writer's knowledge there are not more than two impressions of this subject in existence.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ARTISTS OF THIS SCHOOL

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of the artists of this school is their wonderful imaginative power in the arrangement of colors, subject-matter, and, above all, in detail of design. In the thousands of prints that have come under my observation, no two specimens ever possess any resemblance to each other. Besides pictures of actors and denizens of the Yoshiwara, favorite subjects were popular tea-house maids, geisha, or singing-girls, noted for their beauty, the seven gods of luck, besides the numerous landscapes from the brushes of Hokusai and Hiroshige, the two famous painters whose work no doubt is the most familiar throughout Europe and America. These prints were published in various shapes and sizes, the "Ichi-mai-e," or one-piece picture (size about 10 x 15 inches), perhaps being the most popular. Then there were triptychs, and five-piece, and seven-piece prints of fêtes and processions of daimios and suite, some of which are simply superb in point of color and richness of effect. Hiroshige did some remarkable designs for fans, and it was not uncommon for some of the young bloods of the period, when giving a dinner or geisha dance at one of the fashionable tea-houses, to commission one of these artists to paint the programs of the entertainment, which were given on such occasions as these as souvenirs to the guests. Hokusai and Gakutei in particular did many of these charming souvenir programs, which are usually known as "surimono."

"THE SAMURAI'S SON," IN INFORMAL COSTUME

FROM THE PAINTING BY ISHIKAWA TOYONOBU (SIGNED SHUHA) (ABOUT 1740)

"THE ROMANCE OF THE WELL." AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE FAMOUS NOVEL ENTITLED "ISEMONOGATARI"

FROM THE PAINTING BY SUZUKI HARUNOBU (ABOUT 1765)

PROMINENT MEN OF THE PRIMITIVE PERIOD AND BEGINNING OF THE TORII SCHOOL

To Torii Kiyonobu may be attributed the first broad-sheet prints of any importance that were issued. Kiyonobu was the founder of a branch of Ukiyo-e known as the Torii school, the followers of which were destined to play a prominent part in the future of the art. Torii Kiyomasu, Torii Kiyomitsu, and Torii Kiyonaga are all names to conjure with. It was a custom among Japanese artists, purely out of deference to the master, to use some syllable of his name in connection with their own, as will be noted in the names of the above-mentioned artists. Kiyonobu flourished during that enchanting period of the Genroku (1688–1704), a time of complete moral relaxation, when gorgeous fêtes and processions, and kimonos of the most ornate design and brilliant coloring, were the order of the day. Indeed, it was a propitious time for the popularly considered bourgeois school of Ukiyo-e to make a bid for public favor, inasmuch as the art was an excellent medium for picturing the gay scenes of the times. Kiyonobu issued superb lacquer prints, or Urushi-e, a fine example of which is illustrated herewith. Lacquer triptychs[1] are very rare.

The next two great men of the Torii

[1] Triptychs were a series of prints issued in three sheets of uniform size. It was the aim of the artist, in designing these, to make each sheet a perfect composition in itself, so that the purchaser, should he not desire or perhaps not be able to afford a triptych in its complete state, had the option of selecting one or two parts. It is because of this custom that one now encounters great difficulty in securing a complete set.

school of this period were Torii Kiyomasa, a brother of Kiyonobu, and Okumura Masanobu. The genius of the latter, at least in the writer's opinion, surpassed that of the master. Masanobu is said to have been born in 1685. In his drawings he displayed a marvelous technic, as well as an extraordinary sense of the value of color; and though his prints were of a very elaborate character, there was never a jarring tone, every conceivable color being combined in a most dexterous manner. It must be admitted that it required a master hand to transfer to paper the intricacy of design and superb coloring of the kimono of this lavish period. Masanobu is said to be the originator of the *hashira-kake,* the long, narrow panel-pictures used by the common people on the pillar at the angle of the *tokonoma,*[1] in lieu of the beautiful polished woods in the homes of the wealthy classes.

Good specimens of Masanobu's work are exceedingly rare, and, when found, are usually in such poor condition that they are not worthy of a place in a collection of any importance. Masanobu died in 1763, and it is a great pity that he could not have lived a few years longer, to witness the dawn of the perfection of the school in the beautiful pictures from the brush of Suzuki Harunobu, known to us as "Nishiki-e," or brocade pictures.

Foremost among the artists of the Ukiyo-e school in the early years of the eighteenth century was Nishikawa Sukenobu. He was born in Kioto about 1670, and devoted his labors principally to the illustrating of books, his series "The Occupations of Women," in black and white, being remarkably beautiful, the exquisite grace and refinement of his women suggesting Harunobu at his best, though there are no reasons for believing that Harunobu was in any way influenced by the work of Sukenobu.

THE END OF THE LACQUER PRINT PERIOD

OKUMURA TOSHINOBU was the son, likewise the pupil, of Okumura Masanobu. He worked only during a short period, and it is believed died when young, so that his prints were not numerous, and there are few specimens in existence. They were usually the small Urushi-e, the illustration "The Branch of Plum" being a particularly good example, although much of its beauty lies in the rich coloring, which is lost in the black and white reproduction.

Among the other great names of this period that of Shigenaga Nishimura, the master of the great Harunobu, must not be lost sight of. He worked principally in Beni-e and Urushi-e, and published a number of small, uncut triptychs, and his pupil Ishikawa Toyonobu was an artist of rare ability, the specimens of his work in existence comparing most favorably with those of the great Masanobu rather than with those of his master.

Toyonobu was born in Tokio in 1710. It is said that he was an unusually handsome man and the Beau Brummel of the quarter in which he lived. At an early age he married the daughter of the proprietor of a tea-house, known as the Nukaya, which was a favorite rendezvous of the artists of the time. The illustration "The Samurai's Son" is an unusually fine example of Toyonobu's work and an excellent medium for the display of the artist's rare charm of manner and distinction of style. Shortly after his marriage, Toyonobu succeeded to his father-in-law's business, and, it would seem, abandoned his art, much to the regret of all his admirers. Few examples of his work are in existence; his prints are in great demand at present, and bring enormous prices. Toyonobu's personal name was Hichibei. He also used the brush-name of Shuha, many of his prints being signed with the addition of this nom de plume.

THE PERFECTION OF THE NISHIKI-E (BROCADE PICTURE)

THE next artist claiming attention is Torii Kiyomitsu, one of the great men of the Torii school. Kiyomitsu was the recognized head of the Torii school of his day. Indeed, the distinction was justly deserved, as he was an artist in every sense of the word. He was a contemporary of

[1] The tokonoma is a recess in the *kyakuma* (drawing-room) where the Japanese hang the beautiful kakemono (the long-hanging picture) exquisitely framed in rare old brocade, before which they place the bronze incense-burner, the only ornaments of a Japanese room. In receiving at home it is the custom in Japan always to place the guest of honor nearest the tokonoma, while the host is seated directly opposite.

"OIRAN" (A GIRL OF THE FLOWER QUARTER) OUT FOR A NEW YEAR PROMENADE

FROM THE PAINTING BY KATSUKAWA SHUNSHO (ABOUT 1780)

Harunobu; in fact, it is acknowledged that Kiyomitsu shared with Harunobu the honor of having brought the art of color-printing up to its highest state of perfection.

The use of the third color block is attributed to Kiyomitsu, and later, with the addition of an increased number of blocks, the field was opened for a display of rich color effects the like of which the world has never seen. Nothing seemingly was beyond the province of these clever artists, from the massing of rich colors in the robes of the Genroku women to the softest blue of the summer sky of a Hiroshige landscape, all combining to make a perfect whole.

Kiyomitsu was born in 1730, and, it is believed, did his best work in the interval between 1750 and 1770. His prints had a style distinctly their own, and so different from that of his predecessors it may be said that he brought new life to the school. One print, "The Farmer Girl, is an exquisite specimen of his work, the figure wonderfully graceful, yet full of action; the color a symphony in greens, with the required touches of rose and pink for contrast. It is a source of great regret to collectors that a larger number of Kiyomitsu's prints have not been preserved.

THE ESTHETIC HARUNOBU

PERHAPS the prints most sought after by European and American collectors are those of the world-famed Suzuki Harunobu. The date of his birth is uncertain, though it was in the neighborhood of 1725. It may be said that Harunobu completely revolutionized the art of Ukiyo-e of this period, and worked in a style peculiarly his own. Tiring of the somewhat strenuous and grotesque actors who formed the principal subjects for the prints of his contemporaries, Harunobu turned his attention to depicting scenes from the life of the courtezan, as well as to types of young men and women of his time. He treated his subjects in a graceful and refined manner—*too* refined and lacking in vigor, in the opinion of those who do not know the Japanese women. Harunobu's drawings are true to life, and in them he displayed a very keen sense of the innate timidity peculiar to the women of his native land. He was a draftsman of

extraordinary ability and a colorist of the first rank, and his prints have a grace and elegance all their own. Each one is a little gem, and well have they earned the title of "Nishiki-e," or brocade picture, because of their rich colors, delicately applied like miniature work, and resembling in intricacy of design the richest brocades from the looms. Harunobu worked for the most part on the "Shikaku-e," or small square print, an example of which is here illustrated—"The Romance of the Well." It is one of the finest specimens of this style of print found in many years, and is taken from a story in the famous novel "Isemonogatari." As boy and girl, these two had played together beside the well, and now, again meeting after many years of separation, they see their reflections in the water, and realize that they have grown to manhood and womanhood. Naturally the romance has but one ending—they plight their troth. This print is one of the gems of this collection, and is rich but subdued in coloring, in rare condition, and of perfect register. It bears no signature; in fact, many of Harunobu's finest specimens were unsigned.

A PORTRAIT OF MISS HITOMOTO, A GEISHA FAMOUS FOR HER BEAUTY

FROM THE PAINTING BY KITAGAWA UTAMARO (ABOUT 1790)

Some of the most beautiful of the hashirakake were from the brush of Harunobu. The color print "The Komuso" is considered by some critics to be one of Harunobu's masterpieces. The Komuso was an order of mendicant priests, usually the sons of well-to-do samurai, who, being disinherited, went about begging from door to door and playing on a flute, the long basket-hat protecting them from recognition. Even to this day the picturesque Komuso are to be met in the streets of fascinating Kioto, the Paris of Japan, where one gets a better glimpse of old Japan than in any other city of the empire.

Harunobu was one of the few artists of the school who declined to draw pictures of actors, as he considered it beneath his dignity. He died in 1770 at the age of forty-six.

KORIUSAI — THE ARTIST OF HASHIRAKAKE

THE next artist of great prominence at this period was Isoda Shobei, better known under his studio name of Koriusai. Shobei was a samurai, and, wearying of the monotonous routine imposed upon one of his station in life, entered the studio of Shigenaga for the sake of diversion. He worked principally in hashirakake, some of which were of great beauty. His style was similar to that of Harunobu, particularly so in the drawing of the heads of his women, although his manner was more vigorous and his types were more dashing and elaborate than those of the esthetic Harunobu. The well-known print "A Window in the Nightless City" is a beautiful specimen of Koriusai's hashirakake designs, showing his characteristically refined manner, especially in the treatment of this delicate subject. Koriusai worked during a brief period only. Finally yielding to the persuasion of his aristocratic friends,

"THE SNOW-BALL." A COURT LADY AND HER ATTENDANTS PLAYING WITH A LARGE SNOW-BALL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY UTAGAWA TOYOKUNI (ABOUT 1800)

he abandoned the school of Ukiyo-e for that of the more elegant Kano, and devoted the rest of his life to painting, during which time he had the title of Hokyo conferred upon him, which was equivalent to the degree of bachelor of arts. After this honor he was wont to sign his paintings Koriu Hokyo or Koriu-ga. Of all the hashirakake published by the artists of the Ukiyo-e school, those perhaps from the brush of Koriusai were, on the whole, the most elegant and decorative.

ACTOR PRINTS AND THEIR ARTISTS

ONE of the prominent men of the school who formulated a style peculiarly his own, and who exerted great influence over the future destinies of the art, was Katsukawa Shunsho. He was the foremost pupil of Miyagawa Shunsui, who early became famous for his remarkable delineation and vigorous drawings of the popular actors of the time, and appreciating the demand for this style of prints, he issued a variety known as "Hoso-e," or narrow, pictures, the size of which was usually about ten by fourteen inches. To the modern collector it must ever remain a source of regret that so able an artist as Shunsho should have devoted so much of his talent to the painting of the grotesque and in many cases hideous subjects which he selected. They are remarkable character-sketches, it is true, and vigorous to a degree, but the faces of his models are anything but pleasing to the eye. Some of his work, however, was superb. Take for example the two specimens "Oiran" and "The Love Letter," both subjects treated in a manner of great reserve, yet displaying marked strength of drawing. Prints of this size by Shunsho were few, and consequently are rare.

Of Shunsho's life very few details are available. In the early part of his career he was very poor, and previous to the era of Meiwa his work commanded no attention. His best prints were published between 1764 and 1780, and judging from the great variety of his designs, he must have been an untiring worker. He died on the eighth day of the twelfth month of the fourth year of Kansei (1792). His prints were often stamped with a small seal shaped like a jar, hence the nickname Tsubo (the Japanese equivalent for jar).

Of all the followers of Shunsho, though not one of his pupils, the work of Ippitsusai Buncho ranks above that of all other artists in point of beauty of design and exquisite coloring; in fact, his prints have the esthetic touch of Harunobu. Buncho, though born a samurai, was a thorough Bohemian and a popular beau of the quarter in which he resided. The few prints from his brush that are in existence show that he devoted more of his time to wine, women, and song than to his art. A great pity, too, as his pictures have a grace and

"THE PERSIMMON-GATHERERS," SHOWING A PICNIC-PARTY GATHERING PERSIMMONS TO CARRY HOME

FROM THE PAINTING BY KITAGAWA UTAMARO (ABOUT 1790). THIS IS CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF UTAMARO'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SUBJECTS

distinction about them acquired by no other artist of the actor prints.

The most versatile of the remaining pupils of Shunsho were Shunko, Shunyei, and the great Hokusai. Shuncho, though a pupil of Shunsho, worked more in the style of the Torii artists.

THE INCOMPARABLE KIYONAGA—THE LAST OF THE TORII LINE

PASSING from the Shunsho line, we come upon the able successor to the Torii school, Torii Kiyonaga, who successfully carried out the tradition of his distinguished predecessors. Indeed, he soon surpassed his masters, and created a style of his own which wrought a complete change in the status of the school from that time on. Kiyonaga was born about 1745. His personal name was Ichibei. His best prints were issued between 1770 and 1785, and his work displayed a distinct individuality, his brush-strokes being applied with a decided swing and dash quite new to the school. Kiyonaga's women were tall and robust, their faces remarkably strong, not the timid little types affected by his contemporaries, and in many instances the features were of a decidedly foreign cast. With perhaps the one exception of Yeishi's, there is more expression in the faces of Kiyonaga's models than in those of any other artist of the school. His work, full of strength and dignity, displays a decided mastery over the subject in hand, and stands out in marked contrast to the exquisite paintings from the brush of the esthetic Harunobu. Kiyonaga is acknowledged by all students of the art to be one of the greatest artists of the school. He exerted a tremendous power over the younger artists of his time; they worshiped at his shrine, and to paint in his style was their great ambition. Shuncho, Yeishi, the famous Utamaro, and Toyokuni show decided traces of the Kiyonaga influence in their drawings. The first remark of a Japanese lover of Ukiyo-e, when admiring a print of one of these men, is apt to be, "How much like Kiyonaga!" He was great in all things: the number of his drawings, the superb compositions of line and grouping of figures, and the sweeping curves of his draperies, are unsurpassed. The print "Ferry-boat on the Sumida" is one of his great masterpieces, and known to all collectors Ukiyo-e. This print is a very early i pression and in perfect condition, the c ors being wonderfully preserved. Peo who are apt to be overcritical in th opinion of Ukiyo-e cannot complain of t want of perspective in this example. T Japanese consider this specimen to be o of the greatest prints in existence.

Kiyonaga died in the year 1815. P haps the man who shows the most p nounced Kiyonaga style is Shuncho, w as already stated, was a pupil of Shuns Though the equal of Kiyonaga in gr and beauty of design, his work lacks t majesty and strength of the master's ha It must be admitted, however, that so of the most beautiful specimens of t school were from the brush of Shunch He published some superb triptychs, b it is very difficult to find them comple One or two of the sheets are oft found, but rarely the third. This is o of the great obstacles in the path of t collector. There is no question but tri tychs are the most coveted of all prin and incidentally the hardest to be obtain in their complete state.

THE ELEGANT YEISHI, MASTER OF TRIPTYCHS

THE greatest variety of triptychs pu lished, and those of the most elegant d sign, were no doubt from the brush Hosoda Yeishi, the compeer and rival Utamaro. He was a samurai by birt and, being of an artistic temperament, e tered the atelier of Kano Eisen; but, fas nated by the Ukiyo-e, then in vogue, aba doned the Kano for that of the popul school. Yeishi's work was at all tim superb, and in its delicacy and refineme of treatment is suggestive in many i stances of the early Italian masters, pa ticularly Botticelli. If one takes, for exa ple, the elegance and grace of the wom in "The Visit of the Prince," the stude will admit that the comparison is a ju one. Certainly it would seem that Yeis had surpassed himself in this print, the co oring a wonderful composition of mauv yellow, olive, and black, and such an e traordinary black that it has the solidi and depth of the richest velvet. Ho beautiful, too, is the grouping of the fi ures, particularly the women at the rig of the picture, and the lady seated at th

koto, the Japanese harp! Her pose is full of grace and dignity.

At first Yeishi worked much in the manner of Kiyonaga, eventually developing a style of his own. He also used the name Chobunsai, and finally abandoned designing for color prints, and devoted his time to the painting of kakemono.

The most prominent pupils of Yeishi are Eri, Esui, and Eisho. Nothing, however, is known of the life of any of these men, although some of the specimens of their work compare favorably with those of the master.

A PORTRAIT OF A CHARACTER ACTOR. A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF A SERIES OF VERY RARE PRINTS

FROM THE PAINTING BY TOSHIUSAI SHARAKU (ABOUT 1795)

SHUNMAN—THE ARTIST OF NIGHT

VERY little, too, is known of the life of that interesting left-handed artist Kubo Shunman. He was an author of considerable ability, and it is believed devoted most of his time to the publication of comic poems, writing under the unique nom de plume Nanda-Ka-Shi-ran ("Whatever it is, I do not know"). That he was an artist of rare distinction and charm cannot be denied. He worked in a manner displaying more individual style than any other artist of the school. His color schemes were remarkably beautiful, and while his types of women show traces of the Kiyonaga influence, they have a singular delicacy and refinement, which is lacking in the models of the great Torii master. It must ever remain a source of regret that so few specimens of this splendid artist's work are left to us. Of all the subjects published by the Ukiyo-e school, Shunman's "Spring Night" is perhaps the most famous, and incidentally most coveted by collectors. A recently found example of this color print is considered by Japanese the finest specimen ever discovered; it is in perfect register and in proof condition.

Much of the beauty lies, of course, in the color scheme. The scene is night, with pedestrians passing the gates of a house, in the upper story of which a party is sitting by the light of a candle. The effect of night is obtained by the heavy massing of black on the fence of the background, the blacks and grays of the kimono, the necessary touches of color to relieve the severity of the monotone being obtained by the rays of the lantern-light, reflecting, as it does, the natural color of the object on which the light is cast. This is not alone a beautiful print, but perhaps the most interesting in the collection.

The Ukiyo-e displaying the most striking originality of style and strength of drawing were those from the brush of that eccentric artist Toshiusai Sharaku, who worked entirely in portraits of actors and scenes from the drama. A realist in every sense of the word, Sharaku sacrificed beauty of effect, which seemed to be the key-note of his fellow-artists, for the drawing of the hideously grimacing faces of the popular actors of his time, in many instances almost brutally vigorous, but wonderfully true character-studies.

Sharaku published a remarkable series

of broad sheets,[1] portrait busts of actors with silver backgrounds, known as "Gin Zuri" (silver-covered). Age has oxidized these prints so that the effect thereby produced is singularly rich. The illustration is an unusually fine example of this series; its striking qualities and vigorous drawing can readily be observed.

Sharaku painted principally for his own enjoyment and worked during a short period only, so that his publications were limited. Consequently his prints are exceedingly rare. They were issued between 1790 and 1800, and are perhaps prized most by Parisian collectors. In private life Sharaku was known as Jurobei Saito, and was a famous performer of the sacred "No Dance."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

WITH the mention of Kitagawa Utamaro it may be said that we come to the beginning of the end of the Ukiyo-e school.

Aside from Hokusai and Hiroshige, the name most familiar throughout Europe and America is that of Utamaro. He was born in 1752, and at an early age entered the Kano school; but it was not long before he abandoned the classic traditions of the Kano artists, and became a pupil of Toriyama Sekiyen, an exponent of no special school, but a clever artist who became famous because of a unique series of books he published, "The Hundred Ghosts."

Like all the young artists of this period aspiring for Ukiyo-e honors, Utamaro soon fell under the spell of Kiyonaga, to whose popular atelier he was a frequent visitor. There, too, worshiped the esthetic Yeishi, whose work was destined to be very popular; and Toyokuni, the rival of Utamaro. Consequently the Kiyonaga influence is most apparent in the earlier work from the brushes of these men. To the pleasure-loving Utamaro, however, this influence unfortunately was not of long duration; and ignoring the excellent training acquired in the studio of Kiyonaga, he very soon evolved a style of his own, taking his models exclusively from the beauties of the flower quarter, where, to the neglect and deterioration of his art, he was a most popular habitué. In Strange's "Japanese Illustration" there is a print by Utamaro, supposedly a portrait of himself, showing the gay young Lothario at work, while admiring Yoshiwara belles stand at the door, watching with rapt interest. From this we are led to believe that Utamaro, even during his working hours, was under the influence of these wily, clever, and fascinating women, who in the end proved to be the means of his downfall and ruin.

UTAMARO QUARRELS WITH HIS FATHER AND SPENDS HIS TIME WITH THE BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHTLESS CITY

FOLLOWING a quarrel with his father, because of his adoption of the then considered vulgar Ukiyo-e style of painting, Utamaro went to live at the house of Tsutaya Juzaburo, a famous book publisher of the time, whose house was situated at the Dai Mon, or main gate, of the Shiba Temple, in Shiba. This locality evidently was too quiet and far removed from the "madding crowd" for our gay young artist, so he very soon took leave of Tsutaya, in order to set up an establishment of his own in a house situated near the O Mon, or main gate, of the "Nightless City." And child of Bohemia that he was, Utamaro could not resist the brilliant lights or the tinkle of the samisen from Cherry-Blossom Row, within a stone's-throw of his door, and it was not long before he was a well-known figure of the quarter. In fact, he was, in a sense, recognized as the official painter of the Yoshiwara; yet with all his debauchery, what a master of his art! What a marvelously developed sense of harmony! He devised color schemes of remarkable daring, the richest reds, the most luscious rose du Bary, brilliant yellows and greens, relieved by a wonderful massing of black having the depth of softest velvet—all combining toward a perfect whole. These superb compositions, finding their way to Europe, startled and delighted the Parisian painters.

Utamaro was very proud, and at the time he flourished his fellow-artists devoted most of their time to the delineation of actor prints, which were selling like wild-fire; but, like Harunobu, Utamaro declined to drag his art down to the level of commerce. To use his own words, "I decline to debase my art for the sake of money, and refuse to draw pictures of beg-

[1] A print usually about ten by fifteen inches in size.

"AT THE HOUSE OF THE FAN," SHOWING WOMEN OF THE FLOWER QUARTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY UTAGAWA TOYOKUNI (ABOUT 1800). THIS IS A TRIPTYCH OF WONDERFUL DESIGN AND COLORING

gars [so low in the social scale were actors regarded] in order to cater to the silly fancy of women and children."

UTAMARO'S DOWNFALL AND RUIN

UTAMARO illustrated many books for the popular novelists of the period. The book that sold the best was one by Juppensha Ikku, over which Utamaro had a heated quarrel with the author, the artist claiming that the popularity of the novel was due entirely to his clever illustrations. In 1804 he published a famous triptych, "The Story of Taiko Hideyoshi," which gave great offense to the gay and dissolute Iyenari, the reigning shogun of the period, and the Louis XIV of Japanese history. The picture shows Hideyoshi in a cherry-blossom garden, with a screen of gorgeous brocade suspended from the trees, and surrounded by a bevy of beautiful women, with whom he is drinking and carousing. Iyenari considered this print a satire on himself, and Utamaro was thrown into prison. He was kept in confinement for about one year, and died soon after his release in the second year of Bunkwa (1805), at the age of fifty-three, his death having been hastened, no doubt, by this severe and high-handed experience. The illustrations given represent some of Utamaro's best work. "The Persimmon-Gatherers" is an unusually fine example of his style, and a print much coveted by collectors and very difficult to obtain in its complete state. It is a composition singularly full of action, and in point of color nothing short of gorgeous, yet so well massed as not to offend one's sense of harmony. The portrait bust of Hitomoto is charming. Hitomoto was a famous beauty of Tokio, and while the head-dress may seem a trifle exaggerated, in reality it is not, as these women affected this style of coiffure, which may be seen to this day.

Utamaro issued a series of broad hashirakake, some of which were of rare charm and beauty of design. The publication of this style of print was limited to a very few subjects; consequently they are scarcer, comparatively speaking, than any other style of print.

TOYOKUNI AND THE UTAGAWA SCHOOL

WE now come to a branch of the Ukiyo-e known as the Utagawa school, the founder of which was Utagawa Toyoharu, of whom we know but little. However, he was an artist of recognized ability, and at the restoration of the Nikko temples, during the period of Kwansei (1789–1799), he was one of the artists selected to superintend the work. Very few of his prints are in existence, and so difficult are they

to be obtained that in many of the famous collections Toyoharu's work is not represented. He died during the era of Bunkwa, about the year 1814, at the age of seventy-eight.[1]

Toyoharu had many followers, the most famous being Utagawa Toyokuni, the son of Kurabashi Gorobei, a well-known wood-carver of Buddhist images. Toyokuni was born in 1768, and at an early age entered the studio of Toyoharu, though his best work displays the Kiyonaga influence rather than that of his master. At the beginning of his career Toyokuni met with many reverses. Finally becoming greatly discouraged, he took his drawings to the famous publisher of Tokio, Izumiya Ichibei (from whose establishment all of the finest prints of the period were issued), begging him to accept a few for publication. Ichibei consented. This was the beginning of Toyokuni's tremendous popularity. His prints had an immense sale, and so great was his vogue that, in order to meet the demand, he descended to issuing prints possessing little artistic merit, and certainly not worthy the seal of such an able man. It is because of this that Toyokuni has not received the eulogy and unstinted praise bestowed upon his contemporaries. Toyokuni was great, and in some of the beautiful triptychs from his brush the compeer of Utamaro. His women perhaps lack the delicacy and willowy grace of the latter artist; on the other hand, they possess a marked strength of drawing and style peculiar to the artists of the Utagawa line. Utamaro was an idealist, while Toyokuni was a decided realist, his extraordinary drawings of actors, while appearing exaggerated and hideously grotesque to the uninitiated, are remarkably true character-studies.

The illustrations accompanying this article are representative specimens of Toyokuni's best work. Words fail to describe the beauty of the color scheme of "The Snow-Ball," each component part of the triptych a perfect harmony of color. In the opinion of best authorities on Ukiyo-e in Japan, this is the finest triptych by Toyokuni that has ever come to light. "At the House of the Fan," another triptych of exceptionally beautiful design and delicate coloring, is treated in a very different manner from the superb "Snow-Ball" picture, so brilliant in color, inasmuch as not a note of pink or rose is used throughout the print, which is unusual in these compositions.

This may be considered a study in green, soft green being the predominating tint, and a proper massing of the blacks imparting a sufficient note of character to a perfect *tout ensemble*. In both of these subjects Toyokuni showed a preference for designing a rich yellow bamboo on the black kimono, the effect of which is singularly striking.

His death is recorded as having occurred in the eighth year of the Bunsei era (1825). He had many followers, the best known of whom is Kunisada.

HOKUSAI—HIS EARLY STRUGGLES FOR RECOGNITION

WITH the passing of Utamaro and Toyokuni from the stage, the decadence set in, and it was indeed fortunate that two such able men as Hokusai and Hiroshige appeared upon the scene to make order out of chaos and to lift the art from a complete state of deterioration into which it was rapidly sinking. Amid this wreck of bygone glory, the marvelously versatile and eccentric Hokusai, "artist of everything under the sun," rose to his supreme position in the world of Ukiyo-e.

Hokusai was the son of a mirror-maker, and was born in the ninth year of Horeki (1759). As a boy he received some training in wood-engraving, which work he abandoned to enter the studio of Kano Yusen, with whom he remained only a short time.

At about this period the shogunate had under contemplation the restoration of the Nikko temples, and Yusen was one of the artists appointed to proceed to Nikko and report on the repairs necessary to the historic old shrine. Hokusai accompanied his master, and while the party was resting en route at a tea-house in Utsunomiya, Yusen was making some preparatory drawings for the work in hand, which our young rascal proceeded to criticize and jeer at in the presence of the *nesans* (serving-maids). This impudence on the part of Hokusai so infuriated Yusen that he

[1] The name of the era changes upon the accession of a new emperor to the throne. The era that has just terminated was the Meiji era, and dated from 1868.

Owned by Mr. William L. Keane

A COURT LADY AND HER ATTENDANTS ON A VISIT TO THE TEMPLE IN CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME

FROM THE PAINTING BY KITAGAWA UTAMARO (ABOUT 1790)

wayward, happy-go-lucky young artist with a desire to resume his place in the field of art which he had abandoned. He worked in obscurity for a long time, hoping and praying to the gods to help him improve his art and make him a great artist. Certainly his prayer was answered, though evidently not to the entire satisfaction of the ambitious Hokusai, who, upon his death-bed, begged the gods to give him another ten years of life; then possibly, when nearly one hundred years old, he might be capable of doing great things.

SUCCESS AT LAST

DURING the early years of the nineteenth century Hokusai's prints gained an immense popularity. He received innumerable commissions from the novelists of the day to illustrate their books, and hundreds of applications from young men wishing to study under his master hand. In 1812 he published the "Mangwa," which brought him the most fame in his own country. the "Mangwa" is a series of "miscellaneous sketches," or "lessons in drawing," some of which are startling in their originality and weird conception: studies of lean people and fat people, of short men and tall men, of long-armed and short-armed people, and the most grotesque caricatures of the poor, unfortunate blind, fill the pages of this extraordinary volume.

Hokusai was a man of the people, and was happiest when hobnobbing with the men and women of the under-world. He had a keen sense of humor, and saw the amusing side of everything; a comic strain pervades every picture from his brush. Some of his subjects are a trifle vulgar, perhaps, but he was essentially a realist, and in no way attempted the ideal. He found endless pleasure in the things and people about him. The funny old men of his prints, leading a horse or carrying a bundle of brushwood, are the men of the street with whom he came in daily contact, and it has been said that even his horses and birds seem about to smile. He painted under many names, the number of which [illegible] most confusing to collectors. His [illegible] except reference to Shunsho, was [illegible]mao [illegible]ed Sori, Hokusai Shin- [illegible] and Gwakyo Rojin, or [illegible] come fr[illegible]th drawing." His thir- under wh[illegible]uji are signed "Zen Ho- silken hose, [illegible]its of bric- [illegible]udies still left

kusai Tamekazu," meaning "formerly Hokusai, now Tamekazu."

To Occidental collectors, these views of Fuji are the most familiar, particularly the "Great Wave" and "Fuji in Lightning." It is safe to say that these two have created more comment than any other specimens from the school. He subsequently added ten views to this set, which are known as the "Ura no Fuji" or "Back-view Fuji."

Another very charming series is the "Setsu-Getsu-Ka" (usually called Setsu-Ge-Ka), a set of three, the snow (*setsu*), the moon (*getsu*), and the flower (*ka*). To the Japanese the Setsu-Getsu-Ka is considered the most elegant and refined theme for the expression of poetry and art.

Hokusai also published many books, the most famous, "The Hundred Views of Fuji," are rather interesting, though not beautiful, studies in black and white.

After a long life of extraordinary activity, our "old man mad with drawing" passed away in the spring of 1849.

HIROSHIGE AND THE END

WITH the passing of Hokusai, the one man left to uphold the traditions of this school was Hiroshige, the artist of mist and snow, of whose life little is known.

It is related that he was a petty officer of the shogun's palace guard, which command he resigned to enter the world of art. He tried to secure a place in the studio of Toyokuni, but the popularity of this man was so great that he had more pupils than he could possibly take care of, and Hiroshige was glad of an opportunity to study under Toyohiro, who was acknowledged to be Toyokuni's ablest follower. Many of my readers no doubt are familiar with this interesting artist's work, and have been chilled by the coldness of his snowy nights, and seized with a desire to join the crowd running helter-skelter, seeking shelter, in his rainy days. Fascinating pictures these, full of life and color, less vigorous in point of drawing, perhaps, than the prints of Hokusai, but their equal in qualities of perspective, and possessing a subtle charm conducive to repose.

Indeed, this was the Oriental artist's mission in life: to make one forget, in beholding a picture, the sterner realities of our workaday world and to lose oneself in a vision of things beautiful.

(SHONO) NUMBER FORTY-SIX OF THE TOKAIDO GOJIU-SAN TSUGI SERIES

(This series contains fifty-five prints depicting scenes at the various relays on the old Tokaido road from Tokio to Kioto, a distance of about three hundred miles.)

Shoki (demon) on it for the boys' festival. Hokusai, delighted with the commission, undertook the work gladly, for which he received the large sum of twenty yen. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and this incident inspired our

SNOW SCENE (KANBARA) BY HIROSHIGE. NUMBER SIXTEEN OF THE TOKAIDO GOJIU-SAN TSUGI SERIES

wayward, happy-go-lucky young artist with a desire to resume his place in the field of art which he had abandoned. He worked in obscurity for a long time, hoping and praying to the gods to help him improve his art and make him a great artist. Certainly his prayer was answered, though evidently not to the entire satisfaction of the ambitious Hokusai, who, upon his death-bed, begged the gods to give him another ten years of life; then possibly, when nearly one hundred years old, he might be capable of doing great things.

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Where are the Old Ladies?

by Lillie Hamilton French

MAN is an iconoclastic animal subject to reactionary moods. Inflame him with a new idea, and not one of his old idols is safe. A passion for monastics sets him to demolishing Greek standards of beauty, and doctrines of "liberty and equality" those of social traditions. Repentance comes when his fervor has cooled. I once heard an elderly woman bewailing the fact that enthusiasm for the tennis shoe had destroyed the romance of the slipper, and higher education the beguiling powers of ignorance! Yet no one had been more eager than she for what in her restless girlhood she had called "emancipation from man's bondage."

That our old ladies, idols hitherto cherished and revered, should have been made to suffer the fate of other penates is not, therefore, surprising. They stood no better chance of preservation than did the picturesque stage-coach-and-four, over which many pens had been active in eloquent ink; and the moment in which their extinction was doomed was that in which the modern craze for everything young turned the world topsyturvy.

The first symptoms of this upheaval began thirty or more years ago. Until then, through the centuries, the secret of perpetual youth had been vainly sought by alchemists in laboratories and adventurers in primeval forests. Suddenly some one, journeying only in thought, announced its discovery: the secret lay in ourselves, and, like the kingdom of heaven, was not to be sought for in externals. In each human heart sprang the fountains: all one had to do was to let the waters flow.

The effect, as we know, was electric. Pandemonium ensued. Only a chosen few guarded the secret of secrets; the rest rushed into revels where heads were lost. Off went the grandmothers' caps, and away the canes of the grandfathers. "A man 's only as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks," they cried out gaily to one another. And they believed every word of it! A sorry spectacle, for by this time it had all become a question of externals again, paint and powder for one, and the cut of a beard for another.

Everything else about us underwent a change—our manners, our speech, and even our methods of polite address. Today one is doing only the proper and conventional thing, when approaching a middle-aged woman, to accost her by saying, "I 've been wondering who this young girl was coming up the street," a form of salutation occasionally varied, with a special favorite, by such light pleasantries as "To-night you look thirty-two, marked down to twenty-eight." On the other hand, any reference of her own to the number of years she may have honorably lived is frowned upon. "The only vulgar thing you do," said one kind New York woman to another, "is to tell how old you are. Nowadays nothing is old except furniture and bric-à-brac."

Perhaps she would class as bits of bric-à-brac the few genuine old ladies still left

us. There are not many: I myself can count only one. Indoors her hair is covered by white lace, and outdoors by a bonnet that, tied under her chin, frames a face shining with wisdom and serenity. To my mind, no young maiden is more beautiful. Reverentially I say it: I wish I could buy her just as she is, her gracefully gathered skirts falling about her feet, and her hands, which have helped many a stumbler, folded gently on her lap, a lovely picture to put over my fireplace. What a study it would be for all who came and went—the sweet mouth, the thoughtful brow, and the lines that years of laughter have left lingering just under the eyelids!

On the other hand, of the ought-to-be-old ladies I know a great many.

One whom I recall is, after nearly half a century, so well preserved in color and outline that, seen in her chiffons across the room, she conveys every semblance of dewy freshness. But the dismay that follows on a nearer approach is like bending to inhale a sweet fragrance, and discovering yourself deceived by an embalmed rose, its decay arrested, but its perfume and vitality gone.

I know, too, as you must, that portly person the dull substance of whose flesh has first been gripped in a merciless hold by the "straight front," then covered by a single garment that, when pulled into shape, suggests a balloon anchored by her feet. The hair is dyed and adorned with jewels, while the touched-up cheeks mock at lips that no art can make lyrical with gladness again.

And then there is that blithesome person, with "the figure of a girl," who is so pleased to be told that you thought her the younger sister of her grown sons. I sometimes wonder who first invented the phrase. It has tempted half the middle-aged women one knows into wearing dresses hardly proper for self-respecting débutantes. As for the *hats* she affects, with their farcical forms and fantastic adornments, Savonarola himself would have found his store of invective taxed had he had such creations to assail. What a glorious bonfire, too, they would have made in his day!

Now and then, the weather at zero, I come from behind upon one of these hats, under which, in buckled slippers and silken hose, a female form is moving with sprightly step. "What are the mothers thinking of in these days," I muse, "allowing their young daughters to go about in such fashion!" Then a turn is made, and with a shock I catch sight of a wrinkled face!

It might all be very funny were it not so very sad, for in the mad revels dignity has been lost, and old age without dignity is more ghastly than childhood without mirth. Only a brave man, though, would say so to the would-be-youngs. Dignity to them means something pompous and repellent, a pose impossible in tight-fitting skirts. They cannot see it as an inner strength and poise, won by right thinking and sane growth, with simplicity as its very essence, and an instinct for the appropriate its governing power. Nor do they divine that every stage of development should have its own dignity, since each stage means the birth of new feelings and sanctities, to which demeanor unconsciously adapts itself. Lack of dignity in a young girl is a sorrow; in an old woman it is a crime.

We have been robbed, too, of our grandmothers. Even the name is almost obsolete. The little ones have been taught to say "na-ny" or "darby" or "ma-mama"—anything to avoid the incriminating phrase. Perhaps, if they had had a choice, they would have revolted of themselves, and refused to apply the hallowed epithet to those present-day caricatures in spangled tulle, wearing on their heads aigrets that at least a dozen mother-birds had been slaughtered to supply.

And then the talk of these women—all about how to keep young and thin; diet and breathing exercises, and the best kind of treatment for the face! I was once at a luncheon given by a pretty woman who had two grandsons, who with her white hair and softly colored cheeks bore no more resemblance to the traditional grandmother than a bepowdered French marquise to a medieval madonna. Beauty of a captivating kind she still possessed, together with a certain inextinguishable charm that, since her early widowhood, had kept drawing to her endless new detachments of beaus, rejuvenating factors, as we all know, in any woman's life, and in hers, no doubt, the main source of that perennial freshness which so amazed us all. These things endowed her in our

eyes with supreme authority, and commanded an attention rightly due to the great high priestess that she was. She had much advice to give, and, being generous, was good enough to jump up from the table in order to perform for our benefit certain calisthenics that would vitalize the whole system, even to the teeth! During the whole luncheon not a word was spoken about diseases and domestics, once favorite topics among women, not because we were possessed of wiser themes, but because, as she told us, such worries were destructive of charm. "If you doubt it," she said, "you have only to look at the old-fashioned, queer, ungainly women who, still talking of nothing else, have dropped out of the procession and let their waistbands go." To have been indiscreet enough on this particular occasion to suggest *myself* as the pretty grandmother's contemporary would have been to endanger our future relations. Experience has taught me some lessons. I once made a like suggestion to a friend of my girlhood who was still spending her evenings at balls. She was hurt, and repeated "contemporary" as though in some way it were compromising, begging me gently not to use the word again, its implication was so unpleasant!

Young people have of course their own points of view about the modern revels of the would-be-youngs. It seems to them a wild and silly carnival, where gray hair and wrinkles are masquerading in garments borrowed from themselves. "They ought to know that everybody is laughing at them," is their comment.

"What impertinence!" the ancient revelers retort. "This new generation has become a set of mannerless cubs," and, their indignation satisfied, off skip the bald heads again in fools' cap and bells.

In the meantime there is much confusion on the subject. For instance, a middle-aged woman was called upon some years since to submit to a deforming surgical operation. A doctor many years younger than she urged that by it her life would be saved, adding in kindly encouragement, for his heart was stirred: "After all, what is the difference how it marks you? You are forty-five, and would not mind it as you would have done at thirty. I beg you to have it done." She was about to yield when a woman friend suggested another surgeon, this time one many years the senior of the patient. "I do not want to do it except as a last resource," said the older man. "You are a young woman yet, with a long life before you. If you were sixty, I should not hesitate," and though the moment was solemn, her very existence at stake, the patient laughed. Their different points of view gave her one of her own regarding age, which has kept her sane ever since.

Who, therefore, can tell us what youth, that iridescent bubble, really is? The revelers cannot. All they know is that they are *chasing* it. I once asked my bygone contemporary. She said it was "beauty and gladness"; but that was in the heyday of her triumphs, before she had begun to wilt under an enforced retirement from festivities. I repeated the question to a group of friends. One of the aigreted grandmothers present declared it was "just living," which would have seemed the answer had not her own ideas of living been involved with such irrelevant questions as dinner-giving and the preservation of her own identity as distinct from that of her husband.

"Youth?" said a serious man, knitting his brows at my question. "Why, youth is unconscious expression. That is what appeals to us in it. Youth is unafraid; it defends and attacks everything. Maturity destroys youth, because maturity brings self-consciousness and fear born of a knowledge of one's own limitations, and a first encounter with the resistless forces of prevailing prejudice."

"I can tell you what youth is," interrupted a virile man, throwing wide his enthusiastic arms. "It is the capacity for enjoyment—the enjoyment of everything, your work, your pleasures, the flowers you see, the things you read, the things that other fellows are doing. It is prodigality, it is unquenchable hope."

"It is interest," said another. "Keep interest alive, and no man can stagnate. What kills youth is stagnation."

"It is love," said the girl at my side. "Love for every one—loving others so much you want to make them happy. When youth has gone, you only want happiness for yourself. And don't you see," she added—"that if you keep on loving until the very end,—a loving that is *giv-*

ing,—you will die young even if you live to ninety-four?"

Of them all she came nearest the truth. It is the seeking of youth that withers, and one has only to look at the would-be-youngs to discover that nothing ages more than its pursuit. Youth is a gift and, like happiness, cannot be pursued. Seek it for itself, and it vanishes, a mirage on the desert.

One advantage I will admit the craze has gained for us: old age, in and of itself, is no longer held up as an object of veneration, while old age that has let itself go to pieces seems somehow a grave breach of decorum. We turn from it in question, and few of us can escape a sense of alienating impatience. Our moral obligations have been quickened, too, and what we owe to our fellow-men in the way of concealing the distressing has become so a part of the public conscience that any wilful obtrusion of decrepitude, far from exciting compassion, only brings the offender under the ban of a rightful disapproval. Troubles, even of age, can no longer be dumped on the highway, and the man or woman who, through advancing years, keeps the shoulders straight and a properly dressed head upright is proving nothing more than respect for the community.

We have grown intolerant of cowards, as much of those who have gone down before the onslaughts of years as of those who are trying to escape them by pretenses. And that which often appeals to us, even in the frivolities we condemn, is the pluck displayed by those who are keeping up the fight; for middle life, to women specially, is a period full of shocks and surprises that only the valiant survive.

However gladly we may have gone about our duties, an inevitable moment is sure to arrive. It may be on some bright morning when, looking suddenly up, we are confronted by ourselves in the mirror. "Can that be *I!*" we cry in dismay—"I, with those thinned locks and that wrinkled neck!" "I want to die," said one woman who so saw herself, while another moaned: "What have I done to deserve it? Dissipation might have marked me, or ill temper; but I have known neither. Yet look at those seams behind my ears!"

Let others laugh who will, but there are women who call the moment tragic. And no wonder. They are not looking at themselves through their own eyes, but through those of the men who have loved them.

The trouble with most women, according to the pretty grandmother who entertained us at luncheon, is a lack of alertness in discovering the first symptoms of middle age.

She would have us as vigilant about these as good housewives about the first moths in spring, and she very kindly supplied us with a list of the most fatal. One was a weakness for walking out in overshoes after the pavements had begun to dry, and another a marked incapacity for pinning a lace veil straight. "You must be very careful about this," she declared in her crisp little tones; "no end must fly, as though you had been discouraged when you started out. Nobody must *ever* look discouraged."

Then she went on to warn us against a certain type of tight bonnet, generally of jet, and sometimes without strings, rounded to the head in front, and cut in a semicircle over the hair, with three shaky prince's feathers attached to one side—a type which has spread round the world like a plague, until not even a single old peasant woman of Holland has escaped it. You see it atop of her white, starched cap when she goes out on a holiday, even atop of those caps from which gold ornaments hang. Sometimes you see it in its last stages on a beggar who accosts you here, and always you see it, so she affirms, on those who have accepted middle age as their doom.

Now that we have all agreed that old ladies, as we once knew and revered them, have irrevocably gone, and that to try to revive them would be folly, the next question in order is, What is our new old lady going to be? For old she is likely to be for some years to come, on the outside, at any rate.

Emancipation, of course, is already hers, with freedom to enjoy that most coveted of possessions, the right of expressing herself. The world is before her, in fact. She can be all things she pleases except one: she can never again suggest the promise of an April freshness. Her stupidity lies in trying to reassume it, even with aigrets in her hair, when the greater

privilege is hers of remaining, as one poet puts it, "The always June-bright creature of pure courage."

What she needs to give her this courage is more imagination in its broadest sense, since out of it sympathies are kindled and perceptions are widened concerning relative values. Imagination is the parent of tact and the inseparable companion of unselfish love. It includes in its apprehension both the spiritual and the material universe, and, like wisdom, its counterpart, lets go the ephemeral, standing only by that which is enduring and good. With imagination the heart is always young, whatever the body may be. What else constituted the charm of those other old ladies whose disappearance we mourn except the fact that in their gentle bosoms imagination kept the fires of kindliness burning until the very end? And how else can our new old ladies be made their worthy successors unless imagination is allowed to rule among them, too, not only in matters concerning the grave issues of life, but in those pertaining to deportment and clothes?

Yes, clothes.

For if details so slight as the various tiltings of a silk hat are sufficient to convey distinctions between the sporting-man and the philosopher, then certainly the cut of an evening gown must be as subtly suggestive of character.

A saner, broader outlook of the whole subject will be had some day when proper adjustments have been made to changed conditions. Time only is needed. Meanwhile there is this to be said to those who are dreading middle age: old ladyhood is really one of the most comfortable and delightful of estates. Enter it frankly, with eyes open to facts, not regretting the things left behind, but rejoicing in those no man can take from you, and you will not want to be a girl again or envy your younger sisters their raiment and successes. You can be an onlooker; they never can. You have fought your battles; they have theirs to win. You have established yourself in the world's opinion; everybody doubts their stability. You know life; they are still confused by the labyrinth of its unexpected turnings.

You can have friends, unquestioned and uncriticized, a privilege denied them—friends old and young, rich and poor, men as well as women. You can dare say that you like them and still be unafraid. For the first time in your life, too, you will be nobody's rival. Jealousy, with its little sting, cannot harm you, nor its indulgence poison your own springs, and so the peace that comes with understanding will be yours.

You will wish to look forward, not back, for your standards, and what better than to that of some older woman who, entering the estate ahead of you, has solved all its problems; whose appropriate dress has been made so much a part of her that you forget to ask what it is; and whose altruism is so purified by elimination of self that unconsciously she has been transformed into a triumphant personality?

OUT OF BONDAGE

BY ESTELLE LOOMIS

WITH PICTURE BY F. R. GRUGER

JEAN CASPIAN peeled off her glove, tossed her parasol upon the desk, and sat down. Without reading the contract, she signed her name swiftly, underlining it with a savage flourish. This done, she jumped up. "Good morning, Mr. Stanton," she said, and was out of the office, a member of the Guy Norman company.

Despite the fact that Jean was enrolled as one of the lowest members of the cast, only half a step above an extra girl, she was determined, furiously determined, that the coming season should be climacteric in her theatrical career, should prove the success of her new plan of campaign.

All the way to her hotel her mind was busy with schemes for the future. After the key had been turned in her little room and a kimono hastily donned, Jean threw herself upon the narrow couch-bed and deliberately unfolded her contract.

"Fifteen dollars a week!" she sighed. "Fifteen dollars a week!" she smiled.

"Last year it was sixty-five, year before last forty, and my first season I was getting twenty-five." A prolonged and retrospective "Gee!" followed. Wistful eyes settled upon a cluster of red poppies in the cream wall-paper.

"Well, I suppose everybody would say that I was down and out." Jean gave a little laugh, which terminated in a smile of superiority. As she sprang up from the couch, her one fat sofa-pillow met with a temperamental punch.

"Down and out," she muttered. "Well, if I am, at least I know exactly why, and the queer thing about it is that the very cause of my failure in the past is going to be the means of my succeeding in the future. I 'll show them, see if I don't, and at fifteen dollars a week, too! Yes, sir! this is where Jean Caspian gets out of bondage!"

Three days later the opportunity came for Jean to test her resolution. What if she were beginning all over again for fifteen dollars a week? She was beginning in Guy Norman's company.

Guy Norman! His name was magic; it had the glamour of Shakspere itself. The very thought of being associated with the greatest actor on the American stage seemed to have a tonic effect on Jean. It gave added luster to her attractive blond beauty. Her hair,—heavy golden, the twelve-year-old shade that mothers run their hands through and sigh, "Oh, if it would only *keep* that color!"—fairly twisted itself into the foxiest of coiffures.

A member of the Guy Norman company! The cried-over, toe-pinching, new tan shoes went on without a whimper. And the navy-blue foulard gown, how it did accentuate the violet of her eyes—eyes that twinkled, "I 'm up to something now!"

In this beatific mood, Jean fairly levitated down Broadway. At precisely eleven o'clock her hand grasped the knob

of the stage-door. She flung it open. "Now for the effort of my life!" she muttered through her teeth and stepped boldly upon the stage.

A confusion of talk and laughter greeted her ears. Then she stopped spellbound, trembling at the sound of a single voice imperiously filling the bare theater —Guy Norman!

It gave her a sudden, strange chill. She bent forward for the first look at him. The next moment his despotic burst of temper had diminished to a suave cordiality. Guy Norman turned to welcome royally a chosen few,—the principals of the cast,—his leading man, English Toppling, in a tall, crisp shepherd's-plaid suit and a new mustache; Miss Stivvers, leading woman, thoroughly relaxed, and jingling a gold chatelaine.

Jean looked for Mrs. Tulliver—Floy Tulliver, whose recent divorce had spiced the papers. There she was, rosily touched up and happy. A modish ingénue in coral beads and London-smoke serge stood beside her; also a frightened juvenile, fresh from stock, and pale.

In contrast to these egregious high lights, waited shadowy personalities, insignificant subordinates, destined to be referred to on the program in the careless phrase "and others." There were sixty or seventy of these "others," a lucky few seated, the rest standing, as it had been their fate to stand in agencies, managers' offices, everywhere, endlessly since they began their careers.

Jean Caspian stood. She sighed. It was beginning to look like an all-morning "stand" when an irascible scene-shifter shuffled along, tackled a piece of dusty landscape, and disclosed a rickety rustic bench. Jean made a dash for it and sat down.

"Where in blazes is the manuscript of this first act I 'd like to know," stage-director William Davey's stentorian voice thundered through the theater. "Bree! Bree!!" he shouted.

The sibilant babble subsided into a deathlike silence. For a moment nothing was heard but the footfall of Judson Bree, an assistant stage-manager, hurrying to join in a nervous search for the missing property.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "I left that 'script in the barber shop about an hour ago!"

Davey's mouth opened for a curse, but Bree's coat-tails were seen flying out of the door. Fortunately an explosion of the star's wrath was averted by his engrossed conference with the author in a remote part of the dingy theater.

Davey sat down at his desk, stuck a cold cigar between his teeth, and began to write in "business" for the second act. There was a restless shuffle of feet.

Jean rose with rheumatic gestures, yawned, and dragged her uncomfortable seat away from a group of giggling chatterboxes. For a few moments she sat absorbed in studying the different "types" on the stage. Among the "and others" standing in a buzzing group was a petite, reddish-haired girl.

Jean said to herself: "What is there about that girl that makes me watch her all the time? She is n't pretty; she is n't even talented-looking. That 's it; it 's her suggestive, promising personality." Jean wondered what her name was. She watched her until a tall man obstructed the view. Then Jean's thoughts gradually shifted to herself. She contrasted her position at the bottom of the ladder with the last three years of theatrical life. It was surely better than her first season in that wretched one-night-stand organization. There her jump from a three-line part to the position of leading lady had caused envious fellow-actors to hold hissing cat-like quartets in the wings during her scenes. They even shot putty-balls at her; they pasted her dressing-room with ironical paper stars; newspaper men were paid to "roast" her.

Jean was mentally reviewing the subsequent dreadful year spent in New York, where day after day she had tramped Broadway, waited, and stood with the hundreds of disheartened seekers for theatrical work, when her thoughts were suddenly shattered.

"Pardon me; is there room for two on this bench?" It was the petite, reddish-haired creature. "I 'm nearly dead standing."

Jean smiled feebly, moved over mechanically, and relapsed into her reverie, jumping to the day when a door marked "Private" opened for her. She smiled as she thought how ecstatically she passed from that dreaded sanctum into the brand-new New York production. Her smile devel-

oped into a broad grin as she thought of that poor star, damned by the author and eighteen critics, forced to close the company in disgust after a three-weeks' run.

"You look happy," came the unexpected address from the other sitter on the bench.

Jean turned and looked at her with a casual shrug of the shoulders. "Oh, do I?" she replied sweetly cold, and rose pointedly. "I 'll nip *that* in the bud," she muttered to herself as she sauntered over toward an empty space. "There 'll be no 'getting in' with you. It 's people like you who have ruined my career in the past; now I 'm ready for them."

The memory of her life in the last company she had been in reinforced this resolve. She had paid too dearly for her friendships with members of the cast. There would be no more coming off the scenes in *this* company, to be greeted with a cold shower, "Say, what do you think you are, a Bernhardt?" How she had cringed and underplayed the part, dreading the genial, sarcastic comments on her ambition: "Friends of yours in front tonight? What 's the matter? Trying to show off?"

Such unambitious "friends" had nearly destroyed her abandon. Now she could be a Bernhardt without having to apologize for it. Thank heavens! she knew no one in the Guy Norman company, and, better still, no one knew her.

"Good morning, Miss Caspian." She jumped. "Well, I declare, one would hardly expect to find such a good-looking girl as you playing the wallflower!"

She gazed blankly into the eyes of English Toppling, and vaguely recalled that she had been introduced to him in Ben Stanton's office the day she signed her contract.

The leading man laughed, and struck an actor-like pose. "But I suppose, Miss Caspian, we 'll all have the pleasure of seeing you in a more important rôle as soon as Bree gets back." He was glib and jaunty.

Jean bit her lip, too angrily embarrassed to explain her station in the company, while Toppling proceeded to manufacture animated conversation.

"Say, weird collection of females Norman 's carrying with him this year. What? How would you like to swarm with that bunch?" He pointed with his cane to a fuzzy-haired girl pulling off her rubbers. A door banged. "Hello," Toppling exclaimed. "Here 's Bree back now! We 're off. Show 'em what you can do, Miss Caspian." He smiled himself across the stage to gum-chewing Floy Tulliver.

Poor Bree meanwhile was nervously, obsequiously explaining, as only assistant stage-managers can explain, how, when, where, and why the manuscript had been lost. Davey cut him short. "All on for the first act!" he thundered—"the wedding-scene."

Fifty-two men and girls trooped upon the stage. Jean was shoved this way and that, lost in the confusion. Wedding guests! She felt more like a rioting suffragette. A pale, sandy-haired Jew with a pale-green necktie seized her by the arm, pranced her over toward the left.

"Hold on!" Davey yelled, clapping his hands. Fifty-two wedding guests stood transfixed, staring expectantly. "That girl in blue there—speak up; louder!—you 're lost. And those three men over there—no, *you!* Yes, come forward, nearer. Now, then, where are those bridesmaids?" Davey's orders snapped like pistol-shots.

Gradually the scene began to take form. With a grunt he turned the stage over to Bree, under whose directions the rehearsal proceeded for some time without interruption.

Half an hour later, Davey called out, "Where 's that scream? Does n't it come in here somewhere?"

A wisp of a girl in black opened her mouth. Nothing was heard but a faint peep. She blushed violently.

"Here!" yelled Davey, with an oath,—"here, you try it—yes, *you!*" And he pointed suddenly at Jean.

Jean screamed. She screamed for Guy Norman alone.

For an instant the stage was as still as death. In the center of the theater the star stood staring at her. He broke the silence with a grunt. "Well, it 's good to hear a scream that does n't sound as though the girl were being pinched," he growled.

Smiles were exchanged, but Floy Tulliver laughed right out. Bree ordered a

short, fat, wall-eyed man to "go on," and Davey added: "Pitch in now, ladies and gentlemen—more life!"

But for twenty minutes Davey's face grew darker and darker with disappointment. Finally Guy Norman's weary, fretful voice was heard from the seats.

"Oh, Lord, Bree, I can't stand this any longer! Finish up that scene, and bring on the principals."

Bree turned over a few pages of the manuscript. "Cut down to—'kiss the bride.' Whose cue is that?"

Jean said, "Mine, Mr. Bree." Despite the interruptions, she had kept her mind tensely awake. She had been waiting eagerly for her last line, for she had only two lines by which to "make good." She threw all her imagination into it.

Floy Tulliver stared; Bree looked up from his manuscript suddenly; Guy Norman's eyes lighted on Jean for the second time. He rose from his obscurity and stalked down to the footlights, scowling. "What is your name, young lady?" he asked.

Jean was frightened white. "Caspian," she said, "Jean Caspian."

Norman growled something in his throat, and went back to his seat. Jean did not know whether it was praise or censure until she caught sight of Floy Tulliver's frown. That look of envy sent Jean's spirits sky-high. She had scored.

As she left the rehearsal, the thought that Guy Norman had noticed her, approved of her, made her step elastic and her eyes sparkle. In the narrow hallway she almost ran into English Toppling. He was looking over some letters in the mail-box. Jean smiled sweetly and half paused. Toppling turned and met her eyes with the cool, conscious-unconscious gaze of the perfect snob.

Jean actually felt sorry for him, so apparent was his mortification at having blundered into speaking to her, his social inferior, not a "principal"—merely one of his "weird collection of females."

Jean left the theater fully realizing that she was still among the "and others." She smiled grimly. The present could not annoy her. She was living in the future: Guy Norman knew her name.

THE next morning as Jean stood coiling up her hair in her little room a letter was brought up to her—an invitation to Molly Bennett's tea.

She knew immediately what *that* would mean. "My dear, sit right down and tell all about yourself. What, only a two-line part! Why, we all expected that you—" Mrs. George Egger would be there; she would demand explanations with maternal solicitude. And Ed Mott—Ed would have to know all about her "career." Why, she would become mentally a servant to all these too curious friends.

Why could other people talk of husbands, babies, servants, appendicitis, and be merely tolerated, the listeners wearily changing the subjects? What was there about the theatrical profession, the finding out that you were an *actress,* that made everybody prick up his ears, draw his chair closer, stop you on the street with, "Are you playing now? Where?" interrogating interminably?

Why, Jean's poor mother could n't go to the butcher's in Malden without being hailed right and left. Neighbors plied her with questions, demanding news of her talented daughter. "What, not playing! Why, with all *her* talent I should think—"

Jean tore up the note with a scowl. She would not be the victim of these torturing inquisitors. "No, sir; everybody shall be crossed off my list until I go to the top. But what about—" Her eyes fell on a stoutish-looking man on the wall. "George G. Jones, Jr." and a zigzag flourish were scrawled across the white waistcoat.

After all, there was no knowing what might happen in the ups and downs of stage life, and one might as well have a "net" to drop into in case of a theatrical fall. Well, she would just save George for her net. He was always good for two proposals a month regularly.

Sitting down at her desk, she snatched up a picture post-card and scrawled: *"Have joined Guy Norman's company. Awfully rushed. More later. Jean."*

IT was a quarter-past ten. She threw on her hat, and dashed off to the rehearsal. She had gone only a few blocks when a tall, smiling man in the doorway of a laundry lifted his hat. He joined her.

"I see we 're in the same company again," he said airily. "I tried to speak

to you yesterday at the rehearsal, but you got away from me."

Jean recognized him as Harry Wade, of whom she had never heard anything more than "Why did that man ever go on the stage?" She tried to conceal her boredom by a too sweet smile.

"Say," he went on effusively, "I 've got a great little part in this show all right. Did you know it? Only ten lines, but—" he pitched his voice higher with actor-like conceit—"it 's with Norman. What 's your part?" he added patronizingly. "Have n't you got any more lines than those two you got off yesterday?"

"Only the two," said Jean. Then she added, mimicking his tone, "But it 's with Norman."

They both laughed. Harry Wade seemed fairly to swell with superiority. Forthwith he began an elaborate description of his own talent. Six blocks of "Believe me's" and "When I was with" began to get on Jean's nerves.

She broke in with, "Oh, Mr. Wade, do you happen to know the name of that rather attractive-looking, reddish-haired girl that sat on that old bench with me yesterday?"

"Yes," said Harry Wade; "why—er—her name 's Clara Coolwood. Quite a clever girl I hear; played ingénues in stock this summer up in Vermont somewhere. Yes, sure; she 's all right."

They turned in at the stage entrance. As they stepped upon the stage, Guy Norman's irascible voice was heard concluding with, "And I 'll direct the rehearsal myself this morning."

The ensemble scene was then begun where he had stopped it yesterday. Jean was disappointed. This prevented her from re-reading her two lines. Perhaps Guy Norman would forget the good impression she had made on him.

What could she do to make herself noticed? In the dances she was conspicuously "alive," she was daringly original in her little creations of "business" for the scene; but she felt lost in the crowd. Oh, if she only had more lines! How else could she get ahead of the "bunch"? was her constant thought.

She scrutinized Guy Norman coldbloodedly, determined to search out his weakest point. What was it? Vanity! That was it! From that moment her eyes never left him. They rested on him in worship; they followed him entranced with admiration. More than once she thought she caught his sidelong glance of recognition; her gaze became the more intense.

In half an hour a wholesale blunder stopped the rehearsal. He was furious. "The trouble is, this pack of idiots is sound asleep. Why don't you listen? What am I paying you somnambulists for?" He suddenly turned, and pointed a long, slender finger at Jean. *"There,"* he said—"there 's a girl that 's wide-awake; she 's alive, got her wits about her, knows her business." His frown melted into a look of friendly humor. "Miss Caspian, will you please take the lines that these two young ladies are too languid to render?"

While Jean was rapturously copying the seven new speeches into her part, Harry Wade's voice, pompous and theatrical, came bellowing in on his cue: "Come on here, boys! We 'll show the groom how we can fight."

And he did show them, and so grandiloquently that Norman jumped to his feet. "Hold on there, young man! We don't want any fireworks like that here; we 're not playing the Bowery. Just cut that line right out."

Poor Harry Wade! Three times that day his part was similarly shorn. Toward the end of the rehearsal Jean found herself standing near him and offered her sympathy. He was still optimistic.

"Oh, well," he said, "you know they always cut things more or less in these companies; and, after all," he added hopefully, "it 's with *Norman.*"

FOUR weeks of rehearsals had nearly passed, and the company was excused for a day in order to prepare for the Sunday dress-rehearsal. Jean, having returned fagged out from the costumer's, lay on the couch in her room thinking, "How in the world can I ever manage to get along on fifteen dollars a week?"

In the excitement of her work this was the first time it had occurred to her. Objectionable as it was, she would simply have to have a room-mate to share expenses. How she dreaded it! For she had vowed not to "get in" with a soul. Now, whom would she choose? Clara

Coolwood? Never. She was always the center of a bevy of girls.

No, an unpopular girl was necessary, some one who was quiet, some one with whom she could be economical without growing familiar.

At last she recalled the little English girl who sat never speaking to any one. Black-haired, refined in manner and looks, her slender, virginal figure seemed too frail for the hardships of theatrical life. Yes, she might do. Jean resolved to try her, fervently hoping that her companion would not turn out to be a "talker."

The next morning Jean reached the theater fifteen minutes earlier than usual. She found the little English girl already there, and when Jean frankly proposed the partnership, she appeared delighted to cut her expenses in half. "Really, you know, I did n't quite know how I was going to manage it. Somehow your hotels here and sleeping-cars are so frightfully dear, are n't they? You 're Miss Caspian, are you not? My name is Ruby Grey. Thank you so much, Miss Caspian!"

To Jean's inexpressible relief, the girl smiled and walked away without another word. Indubitably she was not a talker. They did not see each other again until they met at the station gateway where Guy Norman's special waited.

"What number?" asked Ruby Grey.

"Lower six," said Jean.

The two passed into the car, undressed, crawled into the lower berth, Jean with her head toward the engine, Ruby, her feet. In this sardine-fashion they went silently to sleep.

ALL the forenoon Jean waited for Ruby to speak first, but it was not until nearly one o'clock that Ruby addressed her.

"I do hope we 'll stop where we can find a lunch-counter pretty soon. That awful dollar business in the dining-car, with waiters to tip, is too much of a good thing." She stifled a yawn, and drew from her bag an ebony buffer to begin on her left-hand nails. Her absent-minded, indifferent strokes looked as though she thought Chicago was a long way off.

Evidently other members felt the same, for Jean, looking through the car that afternoon, saw nothing but recumbent forms. Occasionally a group of the more animated players would burst forth with

"Down, down, *down*, where the Wurtzburger *flows*, flows, flows,"

at which a dozen heads would bob up, swear softly, and drop uncomfortably back again upon folded wraps and luggage.

Along toward twilight the car door opened, and Harry Wade lurched in. Listlessly, Jean watched him zigzag his way down the aisle, bump Floy Tulliver's sleepy head with a casual "Beg pardon," and drop on the arm of the seat in front of her. He leaned forward confidentially.

"What do you suppose *now?* Bree just told me in the smoker that they 've cut four more lines out of my part." He shook his head sadly, sighed, and rose wearily. "This acting business is certainly hell."

Jean shook his hand in silent sympathy. The far-away look in his eyes gave way to a gleam of hope. "After all," he consoled himself, "there 's one thing about it: it 's with Norman. You can't get over that." He smiled bravely and zigzagged on.

Jean resumed her French grammar, and studied until her eyes ached. At last, cramped and weary, she heaved a sigh of relief. They had reached Chicago.

There were no taxicabs for fifteen-dollar-a-week Jean and Ruby. They rushed for a street-car, and in less than twenty minutes had registered at the little hotel that had been recommended as "awfully good for the money."

JEAN'S good luck continued. Ruby Grey was delightfully taciturn, and the meals at the little hotel were better than they had dared hope for. Above all, Jean was steadily gaining in Guy Norman's approval.

On the opening night an accident brought her again prominently before the star's notice. It happened in this way: Guy Norman's custom was to leave much of the rehearsal of his own part to his stage-manager, but Bree's anemic reading of the hero's lines was something very different from the tremendous, temperamental fervor of the star, keyed up to concert-pitch on an opening night. Four girls, accustomed to the bleating of the lamb, were terrified by the roar of the lion. Guy Norman's voice struck them dumb. One after another failed to speak her cue, stood white-faced, and gasped.

Jean jumped to the rescue, flung him one line, two, three, four; saw his agony dissolve into relief. The look he shot at her was more stimulating than the thunder of applause her wits had won for her; more even than the stage-manager's orders after the performance that she should not only keep those new lines, but understudy the ingénue's part.

The next day it was reported that Guy Norman had spoken of her as "the queen of the bunch." The term was applicable, for by this last victory she had captured virtually all the stray lines in the play. Even the "principals" had begun to eye her curiously.

Jean studied day and night, urged by the persistent rumor that the ingénue was not making good. Guy Norman had been heard to mutter from the wings, "Faster! Faster!" through her scenes, and the poor woman had come off the stage trembling, and with tears in her eyes.

Three days later the crisis came. Jean had barely got into bed when her telephone bell rang. She jumped up, and Bree's voice called to her anxiously, "Are you up in that part of *Clarisse* I gave you?"

"Letter-perfect, Mr. Bree."

"Be over at the theater ten o'clock sharp. Mr. Norman 's going to rehearse you. You 've got to go on in it to-night. Better see the wardrobe mistress about your costumes as early as possible."

Jean sat up most of the night, going over and over and over the lines. Ruby Grey did not even ask what was up.

Jean's first appearance in the new rôle brought forth repeated applause where none had ever been heard before. As she went off, Guy Norman met her in the wings with an equivocal smile. "Well, I see you 're a worker, Miss Caspian," he grunted.

Jean went home Saturday night with forty dollars in the little chamois bag hung round her neck. She did not change her room, however, or her room-mate. Ruby Grey's mute reticence was too agreeable.

That night she found a letter from George G. Jones, Jr.—his eighteenth proposal. She glanced it over, then tossed it into the waste-basket. She needed no "net" now. Like a dream, the words of a Broadway theatrical agent came back to her: "Nobody can get along with Norman; he 's the very devil to please. Now, take it from me, he 'd never even know you were in the show." Jean smiled in triumph.

One evening toward the end of the Chicago run, Jean, while making up in her dressing-room, suddenly dropped her rabbit's foot and listened. She heard excited voices outside her door. There was an inexplicable running back and forth. The wardrobe mistress's voice called out, "Can't you find it?" A door slammed.

Jean jumped up. "What 's the matter?" cried Floy Tulliver, "I thought the first act was on."

"Why, it *has* started, surely," said Jean, amazed at the confusion. She threw open the door, walked out, and looked over the railing. "Yes, that 's the proposal-scene on now."

The vast, shadowy region behind the scenes, ordinarily as still and silent as the grave, was now alive with groups of whispering, tiptoeing, eager figures. Something extraordinary must have happened. Bree dashed excitedly past her, running down the iron steps with a gray gown in his arms. Fast though he went, Jean recognized it as the juvenile's second act costume.

"Heavens!" said Floy Tulliver, leaning over Jean's shoulder, "they 're going to rush on an understudy in the middle of the performance! What d' you know about that! Listen to Guy Norman's voice, will you! That devil is fairly spitting fire. Who 's got the part, I wonder?"

Jean could hardly endure it. At that moment a frightened, half-dressed figure appeared on the stage. Bree shouted for the wardrobe woman to "Hurry up!" and raced the girl across the stage, behind the back drop. Jean could scarcely believe her eyes: it was Clara Coolwood!

Stunned, Jean walked back to her dressing-room. Floy Tulliver followed her in, remarking easily: "Why, that Coolwood girl has never even had a line. Lucky, is n't she?"

Jean did not answer. She sat down in front of the mirror, trembling. After the terrible shock, a fever of jealousy and hatred swept over her as virulent as an attack of diphtheria. The room went black,

Floy Tulliver's talk never reached her ears. Then Jean grew cold. Her hand shook so that she could hardly guide it. It was all she could do to get into her costume. "To think that after all the success I 've had, and the talk I 've caused in this company, an unknown girl should have jumped right over my head, and into my favorite part, too!" An ugly frown bit into her forehead.

When the second act was called, she walked upon the stage feeling that her ambition was gone forever. An unreasoning envy tied her limbs and smothered her voice, made her eyes hard and glittering. She was like another woman. All her old abandon was gone. For the first time since her promotion she came off the stage unfollowed by applause. Her mood was desperate.

THE succeeding two weeks brought no relief to her morbid unhappiness. Often she had caught Guy Norman's eyes quizzically studying her. More than once he had growled at her, "What 's the matter with you lately?"

One who is capable of a great success has the possibilities of a great failure, also, and Jean Caspian's fall bade fair to be as sensational as her rise. Already she began to read on the faces of the company sneers at her eclipse. She could imagine the pride the "and-others" took in the victory of their favorite, the popular Clara Coolwood.

At last Jean's obsession became unbearable. Feeling a woman's need of talking it over with some one, she turned in despair to Ruby Grey.

"Well now, Miss Caspian—" Ruby stammered, stumbling, in her inarticulate manner, "I 'm sorry you brought up that Coolwood affair. Really I am, for I cannot discuss that case with you—really, you see—well—it 's a long story; but oh, dear! it was this way—why, the fact is—that 's the reason I left England—just on account of a regular row—over a girl in the company, too. To be frank, I don't believe in talking over things at all; it only makes trouble. So, if you don't mind, Miss Caspian, I—"

"Oh, I don't mind," Jean broke in bitterly. She threw on her hat and coat, left the room, and started aimlessly for a walk.

But she *must* talk to some one! Recalling that there was an understudy rehearsal that afternoon, it occurred to her that she might catch Harry Wade as he came out. He would be better than nobody. From a near-by drug store she watched the company emerge from the stage-door. Not seeing Harry Wade, she stepped up to one of the young men.

"Do you know if Mr. Wade has gone?"

"Wade?" came the usual repetition. "Sure he 's gone. Did n't you know he had his last lines all cut out after the play last night? Gee! he certainly was pretty blue all right when he took the midnight train for New York!"

"Thank you," was all Jean said. She turned up the street, wandering on, struggling against the hideous mood that was oppressing her more and more every day.

By this time she had gone beyond mere jealousy. Her morbid despair was worse than a disease. She thought with a shudder that it might even end in insanity. Whatever it was, something had got hold of her that was ruining her life, paralyzing her energy. All this she knew, but could not help. She felt bound in some inexplicable slavery of envious selfishness. Where would it all end? Had her irremediable disaster come at last?

"Well," she thought, "after all, there 's the 'net.' " She smiled grimly. "Perhaps I 'd better jump, and get out of all this agony. Thank heavens! there 's one person in the world I can depend upon, and that is George G. Jones, Jr."

When she arrived at the hotel a letter was handed to her. She smiled in satisfaction—her first smile that day. "Dear old George! My old reliable." She looked at the envelop, thoughtfully, with downcast, smiling eyes. "I don't know, after all, with a man who really loves you like that, perhaps—" She tore off the end of the letter.

Dear Jeanie:

Your card of the 8th received. Sat up last night till four Q. M. and wrote you twenty-four pages trying to explain matters, then tore it up.

No use beating round the bush; the fact is, I 'm going to be married next Thursday. Sounds funny, I suppose; but, anyway, I know you 're not shedding many tears over it, Jeanie. Hope you 'll meet Gussie before

long. You two are so much alike, I know you 'll be great friends. No time for more at present.

Yours as ever,

GEORGE.

P. S. If there 's ever anything I can do for you, be sure and call on me.

G. G. J., Jr.

"And so goes life!" Jean muttered as she tore up the letter savagely. Then ordering a pitcher of ice-water, she wearily climbed the stairs to her room. Of course on such a night the elevator would be sure to be tagged "Not Running!"

II

AT nine o'clock Sunday morning the Guy Norman company left Chicago for a week of one-night stands. In the city Jean had to meet the members of the company only at the theater; now she was annoyed by the continual encounters—every morning at the station, with the inquiry, "Where do you keep yourself nowadays, Miss Caspian?" and nights, on Pullmans, crowding up the aisle between obstructing suitcases and bulky "Beg pardons."

Every night at the theater she went through her performance like a puppet. The very sight of Clara Coolwood hypnotized her; it was absolutely impossible to keep her mind on her own part. "Clara Coolwood, red-headed Clara Coolwood, popular Clara Coolwood, ahead of me! ahead of me!"

By Saturday night the combination of her mental distress and physical exhaustion seemed no longer endurable. Every nerve in her body was tense. Her mind kept revolving irresistibly, "Clara Coolwood! Clara Coolwood! Clara Coolwood!"

And the next day was Sunday,—Sunday on the road!—bottled up with the now hated company in a muddy little Michigan town, with only one hotel in the place! Escape seemed hopeless.

Jean ate her breakfast in bed, and at ten o'clock started out on a long tramp, determined not to return for the midday dinner until the last minute before the dining-room doors had closed. It was her only hope to avoid the society of fellow-players. At five minutes of two she slid into an obscure corner. Floy Tulliver, in another corner, was throwing down her napkin. She looked over and smiled as she waddled toward the door.

Jean reached for the menu. "Bring me the tomato soup, please. No, I think not; just the salad will be all. And the ice-cream—chocolate, please. " She yawned.

A few minutes later the waiter appeared with the soup. A clock in the rear struck two.

"Alone!" sighed Jean. "Thank goodness! now I can eat my dinner in peace."

She had just lifted the spoon to her lips when the dining-room door opened. She glanced up. It was Clara Coolwood. Jean's spoon dropped. A strange, numb sensation spread over her. She leaned forward—how queer it was!—as though, fascinated by her obsession, she were looking at Clara through the wrong end of an opera-glass; Clara seemed to grow diminutive and hazy. Yet Jean, in her mania, could hear distinctly what Clara said to the waiter as she took out her watch and compared it with the dining-room clock. But by this time Clara had become so strangely shadowy! Jean scarcely saw her now, although Jean's expressive blue eyes, narrowed to mere slits, never left the girl's face.

As she stared, Jean felt her will slipping beyond her control; her brain was galloping faster, faster, faster, carrying her—where? It frightened her, and yet somehow she did not care.

Then Clara Coolwood seemed to change. She was no longer a shadow now. She loomed like a hideous monster who had come into her life to torture and destroy everything in it. Jean began to mutter to herself: "I hate you! Red hair —how I hate it, hate it, just *hate* it—and trying to make such a mountain of it since you 've had a success! Oh, you can't fool me; I can see through your tricks. I know women. Looking out of the window now, what 's *that* for? Now, what 's that for?"

Jean leaned forward, following her intently, then sank back in her chair. "*Popular* Clara Coolwood! Sitting there eating, eating away. Why am I not eating? Happy, are n't you? Happy! Oh, I wish you were dead, dead, yes, dead! Why did you ever come into my life? How I loathe you!" By this time she had almost reached the screaming point.

Then something at Clara's waist caught

Jean's eye. It was a handsome bunch of violets. "Violets! Violets!" she repeated sarcastically to herself. "So they 're sending you violets, are they? English Toppling, I suppose; *that* 's what success means, does it? They never sent *me* any violets." Bitter tears dropped down her cheeks; she trembled violently. Unconsciously she clutched something in her hand as though it were a weapon. "How I hate you!"

Suddenly it seemed as if something had snapped in her mind—she felt a quick relief from the hideous tension of her mood. She looked up and saw the waiter standing beside her with a frightened look. He was staring strangely not at the shattered plate of salad at his feet, but at Jean's face. Vaguely it came back to her like an echo—that crash of falling dishes. It seemed long ago, far off. What could have—

The waiter spoke: "I beg pardon, miss; but you looked so queer-like—it kind of scared me for a minute. I did n't know but—you see, you was grabbin' that knife and scowlin' so hard I—well, I dropped the plate before I knew it." He grinned sheepishly, and stooped to the floor. "Sorry I spoiled your salad; but I 'll get you another one right away."

It was as though she had just awakened from some horrid nightmare. Quick upon the first sense of relief, however, came the sickening fear lest she were losing her mind. The knife? What did that waiter mean? She grew faint at the realization of her unconscious act. Thank God something had happened to forfend her possible rashness! But what if that desperate mood overtook her again? In her soul a persistent voice was crying out to her for freedom, beseeching her to rescue herself before she was utterly lost. Her stage career—what did *that* amount to! What was ambition if it led only to this? She must save herself at any cost.

She looked about the room wildly. Clara Coolwood! At sight of the girl's face, jealousy threatened her anew. She sprang up, fighting it with all her will. "There 's only one way out of it: I 'll make Clara Coolwood my friend. I can't stand this any longer. No matter what happens to my career, I 've got to conquer myself."

She took a step toward Clara and faltered: it seemed impossible to do it. Then a thought sent her across the dining-room. "Well, if I can't act on the stage any more, thank God! I *can* act in real life! Here 's where Jean Caspian plays the most difficult rôle she 'll ever have."

She stopped by Clara's table with the perfect ease of consummate art. Her smile was compelling. Clara looked up in surprise. "Miss Coolwood, I want to congratulate you on your success in the new rôle. Of course I 'm afraid I 'm rather late about it; but someway, somehow, don't you know, we have n't happened to run into each other. But I want to say now that I think you are a wonder, the way you jumped into that difficult part and did it so beautifully." Jean slid into a chair and added brightly, "I 'm sure you must be the happiest girl in the world, Miss Coolwood, with all the praise I know you 've been receiving lately."

Clara Coolwood's delighted face suddenly clouded. She bit her lip. Her eyes looked sad. Impulsively she reached across the table and took Jean's hand.

"Miss Caspian," she said, and her voice trembled—"Miss Caspian—thank you—oh, thank you so much! Do you know that it is *you* who has made me the happiest girl in the world?"

"I?" Jean gasped.

"You," said Clara Coolwood, soberly. "You are the only person in this whole company who has said a kind thing to me since my promotion."

A tear ran down Clara's cheek. Jean squeezed her hand with a sympathetic grip. There was a moment's silence. Then Clara went on: "Oh, I 've wished I were back in the old wedding-scene more than once in the last week or two!" She sighed. "Oh, well, there 's no use talking about it. It 's been awful, that 's all; and to-day, well, to-day, I just *could n't* stand it; I took a five-mile walk out into the country. But for the life of me I could n't get rid of the blues until I found these violets in a little shop near the cemetery. They kind of cheered me up. Was n't it funny?"

She smelled of them and laughed a bit hysterically. Then with a quick, wonderful smile she drew the immense bunch from her waist. "Here, you take them, Miss Caspian—*please!* Oh, yes, *yes,* Miss Caspian; I *want* you to have them."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Lewis

"'MISS CASPIAN, CAN YOU BE UP IN MISS STIVVERS'S PART BY THE END OF THE WEEK?'" (SEE PAGE 841)

Jean was not acting now. All her false emotion had been transmuted into pure gold. "She bought those violets herself. She was lonely, and here I thought—"

Her lips quivered, a tear fell on the violets, another tear, then two or three followed. She dropped her head into her arms on the table; deep, choking sobs shook her.

Clara Coolwood jumped up. "Why, what is it? Oh, what is it? Oh, Miss Caspian, I hope I did n't—"

She was interrupted by the waiter, who had been covertly watching the scene. "Beg pardon, miss, but I was afraid there was something the matter with that young lady. She was actin' kind of strange over there a while ago; muttering somethin' about violets, too, she was."

"I 'll take care of her." Clara dismissed him with an icy "Thank you." She patted Jean's shoulder. "My dear, you 'd better let me take you to your room. They want to close the dining-room, anyway."

When Jean entered her room, the strong reaction from the emotion which had mastered her left her so exhausted that she was almost unconscious of Clara Coolwood's presence. She flung herself upon her bed, and gave vent to a fresh burst of tears. It was such a blessed relief to cry!

Clara waited a while in sympathetic silence, then took a chair and sat down near the bed. Gradually Jean's crying began to grow less, and before long she had fallen into a peaceful sleep. Clara rose and, bending over Jean,—it was exquisite the way she did it,—removed the violets. She tiptoed to a wash-stand and set them in a pitcher of water. She tiptoed back to the bed and listened, then gently pulled a blanket over Jean. She tiptoed to the door.

A key was being inserted. Clara turned the knob quickly, and confronted surprised Ruby Grey.

Clara whispered: "Oh, Miss Grey, Miss Caspian is n't feeling very well. I 'm afraid this terrible week of one-night stands has used her up. She 's asleep now. Will you please be very, *very* careful not to disturb her?"

Ruby Grey whispered: "Oh, that 's all right, Miss Coolwood. Don't you worry about *me;* I never speak to any one, don't you know, anyway."

Up at eight. "Good morning, Ruby." "Good morning, Miss Caspian." Trunk packed, bag packed, breakfast. The same old crowd at the station, the same old crowd at the train. *Clackety-clack, clack-clack!* West Hampton—Brookfield—Gordon Center—Emmetsburg—an old lady in a green veil. "Fresh-roasted peanuts and all the latest magazines!" As the telephone poles fled past her abstracted gaze, Jean wondered, "What 's happened to me?"

"All tickets, please!" *Clackety-clack, clackety-clack, clackety-clack!* A new town, a new hotel, the same old dinner, and a new theater.

At half-past seven, in her chilly dressing-room, Jean listlessly opened her make-up box and looked into the mirror. Suddenly she woke up. The first strains of the orchestra thrilled her. Her ambition was reborn. She could hardly wait for her cue.

Before she had been on the stage ten minutes Guy Norman growled, "On your feet again, eh?" between two speeches, and grinned. He had no need to tell her; she had already got it from the reaction of the audience. The house was with her. She rode off the stage on a storm of applause.

Jean walked home wondering, questioning herself, her thought still running on Clara Coolwood. Friends with a girl who had blocked the path of her progress! Her reason told her it was impossible; instinct clamored, "It is right."

As she was taking down her hair in her room, still musing, the telephone rang. She snatched up the receiver. "All right," she answered, "I 'll be right up," and throwing on a kimono, she flew upstairs.

Clara Coolwood, with a troubled face, welcomed her. "Thank you so much, Miss Caspian, for coming up—I hardly dared to ask you but—I 'm so worried about my part. Mr. Norman told me to-night that he was going to get some one else, if I did n't get that big scene in the second act better." She stretched out her hand timidly. "Miss Caspian, would *you* help me?"

Jean seized Clara's hands and pressed them fervently. "Why of course I will, my dear—we 'll go right to work on it now." She walked over to the bureau

and picked up the crumpled type-written sheets.

Neither of the girls went to bed that night. At sunrise they took a cold plunge and started out for some fresh air.

On Tuesday afternoon, after plastering three large windows with just-washed handkerchiefs, Jean threw herself upon the bed for a much-needed rest.

"Strange," she wondered, "think of the way I worked on that part for Clara Coolwood—the very part that I 've been wild to get myself—and felt *right* about it, too. Well, I *am* a puzzle." She shook her head. "I 'll give up trying to solve myself any longer." She yawned and began deep breathing to put herself to sleep.

A hurried knock at the door caught Jean in the middle of a long inhalation. Before she could answer, Ruby Grey, red and panting, burst into the room. Jean sat bolt upright. Never before had Ruby appeared excited.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Miss Caspian, but really, you see—well, the fact is—oh, dear! I hope you don't mind my interfering, do you? But, you see,—oh, it 's this way: there 's such a *dreadful* row going on right now in the theater that—oh, dear! you know that awful Mr. Norman? Well—"

"For heaven's sake," exploded Jean, jumping up and catching Ruby by the arm, "go on! Go *on,* my dear! What *is* it?"

"Oh, I must go right back. You see, I just ran over from the understudy rehearsal to tell you. Why, that wild Mr. Norman has discharged Miss Stivvers!"

Jean gasped, "What!"

"And then, don't you know, I thought you might get her part if—well, you see, it could n't hurt if you were seen hanging around over there—right away. You know, Miss Caspian, I never like to interfere; but just this once I thought—you see, well, ever since that row in England, I—"

Jean's hat and coat were on. She ran down two flights of stairs and across the street to the theater, leaving Ruby Grey still talking to thirty-six wet handkerchiefs.

Jean stole in upon the stage to find it filled with whispering, excited groups. The reverberations of Guy Norman's wrath were still audible in a far corner. From a side dressing-room came a sound of hysterical weeping—Miss Stivvers's. Bree darted across the stage, passed Jean, gave a glance back, and stopped.

"Oh, you here?" he muttered. "Why, here she is now, Mr. Norman!" He caught her arm and dragged her forward to where the star stood with folded arms and clenched jaws.

"Miss Caspian, can you be up in Miss Stivvers's part by the end of the week?"

"I know it now, Mr. Norman."

"You are already to play it?"

"I am."

"Good for you!" He patted her on the shoulder. "What did I tell you, Bree? Have Stanton pay Miss Stivvers her two weeks' salary and let her go. We 'll rehearse Miss Caspian after the performance to-night."

Jean went back to her hotel with an indistinct memory of staring actors, and a very distinct one of English Toppling bowing almost to the ground. But she had no time to think over her surprising good fortune now. She realized that she had much to do before to-morrow night.

Opening the manuscript of her new part, she began to study the lines intently. As she turned the "sides" over slowly, it gradually came to her that the part was different, somehow. It seemed so strangely simple! Even in the past, when she had longed to tackle it, she had frequently looked at it as a pygmy looks at a giant. But now, why, now, wonderfully, she had suddenly become the giant and the part was the dwarf! Why—why did it seem so easy? It puzzled her. Gradually it came to her that it was she that was different; then it seemed that everything was different. She jumped up. The revelation had come; it was as clear as the striking of a bell.

"I know what 's happened—*that 's* why I 'm different, that 's why everything has come to me so wonderfully. It 's—it 's—" She threw down the part in tearful ecstasy, and almost said aloud, "Jean Caspian, you 've found yourself! All your life you 've been on the wrong track. That ugly twist in your nature has all been straightened out. You 've had to go through torture to untie it, but it 's made a woman of you." Exultantly she cried:

"I 'm free! Thank God, I 'm free for the first time in my life!"

A knock at the door startled her. She jumped up and let in Clara Coolwood, beaming and exuberant.

"My dear, I 've just hurried over from the rehearsal to congratulate you. Is n't it simply great? *Think* of it! Guy Norman's leading woman!" She gazed at Jean as though at a queen. Then a mischievous, sisterly tone crept into her voice. "You know, my dear, I 'm feeling pretty good myself to-day. I only wish you 'd been over to the rehearsal a little earlier this afternoon. You should have seen Guy Norman's face when I went through my big second act scene!" She waltzed about the room. "I guess there 'll be no danger of little Clara's losing her part now!" Her voice changed again; now it was filled with deep emotion. "Oh, my dear Jean Caspian, what can I ever do to repay you for all you 've done for me?"

Jean looked at her silently. Her eyes were filling. She slid her arm round Clara's waist and pressed her close. "You 've done more for me, my dear, than I 've—" Her voice choked.

Clara, perplexed, held her off, and searched Jean's face wonderingly. "Why, Jean Caspian! How have I ever helped you?"

Jean smiled through her tears and gave Clara a kiss. "It 's queer, is n't it? It 's a long story, Clara, but when I came into this company I made up my mind I was going to get out of bondage. Well, *my* way failed, and it was through you that I was freed from bondage, after all."

"What in the world do you mean? Bondage! Who were you ever in bondage to?"

"Myself," said Jean, soberly—"only myself!"

THE planks creaked dangerously and bent under her weight as Jean made her way cautiously to the top of the raised "run" in the back of the stage. Behind the great asbestos curtain seats banged down intermittently; the orchestra was approaching the finale of the "William Tell" overture.

Guy Norman came through the left wing growling to Bree, "Don't let the company crowd the wings like this!" He scowlingly ascended the run, the planks swaying so under him that Jean nearly lost her balance. She began to tremble.

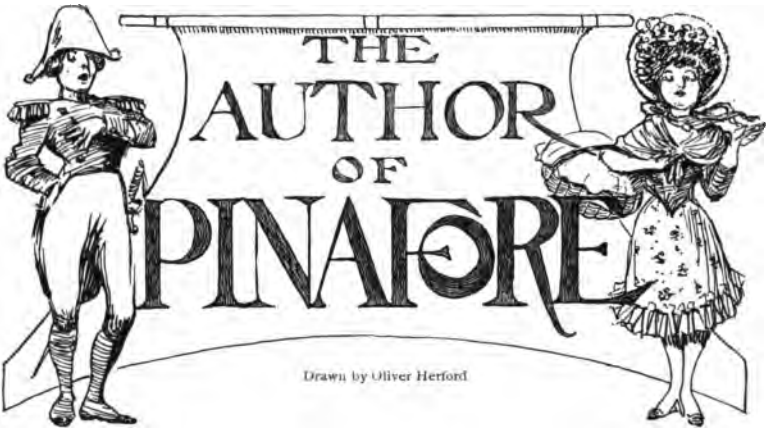
"Hold that curtain!" he shouted. "You are n't afraid, are you, Miss Caspian? There 's nothing to be afraid of. They 're all fools out in front. They don't know anything about acting."

Jean shook her head in protest. "Oh, I 'm not afraid, Mr. Norman. I 'm not afraid of anything now."

He grinned at her for the first time as an equal. "Not even of me?"

"No, not even of myself," said Jean.

Guy Norman signaled, the curtain went up. Immediately there was a blaze of light, a blur of faces. With a laugh, Jean ran down the hill.



SIR W. S. GILBERT AS I KNEW HIM

BY ROWLAND GREY

UPON a radiant June afternoon, the green, lilac-scented country churchyard of Stanmore, England, was thronged with men and women met together for the impressively simple funeral rites of a genius. It was a widely representative gathering; yet the beautiful wreath sent by the American ambassador in the name of his country, so eager from the first in acclaiming the rare phenomenon of an indisputably great humorist, reminded many, with a touch of bitterness, of something lacking.

Genius towers superior to pomp and circumstance, but those who recognized the literary position of the "English Aristophanes," as William S. Gilbert has been called, looked in vain for official recognition of a loss shared by the entire English-speaking world. They had expected something stately, national, to underline the poignant fact that this last of the great Victorians had sheathed his glittering rapier, and laid aside the cap and bells he had chosen to wear, and to invest the wearing with unparalleled distinction and grace.

Gilbert was of the elect who, in expressive phrase, have "passed into the language," and he enriched it with the often misused adjective, which of itself stamps him, as he was, as unique; yet neither his underrated poetry, nor his incomparable humor, constitutes his dominant claim to our admiration. Irving did much for the stage; Gilbert did far more. He found the lamp of burlesque burning low and malodorous. He rekindled it with an electric spark of clean and wholesome inspiration. With fine contempt for the rusty weapons of indecency and suggestiveness, he invented a new and enchanting form of entertainment, subtle enough, with its deli-

PAUL, ONE OF SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT'S PET LEMURS

to plays as shameless as they are masterly. The contrast is startling between two writers with a common claim to an amazing brilliancy. Sir William Gilbert treated traditional methods of amusing with disdain. In his scornful opinion, coarseness is clearly only a tool for a clumsy hand. Sir John Vanbrugh pandered cringingly to the debased taste of the audiences of the Restoration; Sir William Gilbert troubled himself no whit with the popular delusion that goodness makes for dullness, except to shatter it

"I can teach you with a quip if I 've a mind;
I can trick you into learning with a laugh;
Oh, winnow all my folly and you 'll find
A grain or two of truth among the chaff."

Here he describes himself better than our heavier pens ever can. Yet if the dim church where his ashes paused on their last journey could have been filled with the bright spirits peopling his smiling fairy-land, there would have been no real incongruity in their joyous presence, for, in his own lilting words, they are "a

THE LIBRARY IN SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE AUTHOR'S CHAIR

for all time. With his own superb audacity, he dared to ally wit with purity, and challenged all the world to witness the happiness of the union.

"And so, good fellow, you are a jester. Tell me, what are your qualifications for the part?" asks the lieutenant of Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard."

"Marry, Sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you *extempore;* I can convulse you with quip and conundrum: I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue's tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic one by one, or all at once.

source of *innocent* merriment," and need not have turned back trembling, like Milton's "yellow-skirted fays" at the Nativity.

He once told an intimate friend that he would like to die in summer in his own garden. The wish was nobly fulfilled, and the long, active life was ended in a moment in quick obedience to a chivalrous instinct. Swimming in the lake he had made for his own pleasure at his place at Grim's Dike, near Harrow, with its banks garlanded with many-colored rhododendrons, he struck out, as he believed,

to rescue one in danger. His vitality was extraordinary for a man of seventy-four, but there was heart weakness, and he died from the effect of his too rapid response to an urgent call.

In the true sense, he died young, with his gifts unimpaired. This is shown in his last work, published in THE CENTURY. The old, irresistible fun ripples through "Trying a Dramatist," for all its satire; and surely the entire change of style in "The Hooligan" was of itself an astounding feat. It was a solemn coincidence that the last play he produced should have dealt with death from heart-disease. "The Hooligan," for all its awful realism, is a plea for mercy, and its closing sentence has gathered a most pathetic meaning. The obituary notices ignored this coincidence. It was observed neither in the few which were adequate, nor in the many which revealed complete ignorance that their concern lay with genius, not with mere talent. Some of his wealthy city neighbors openly expressed their wonder that he could "make so much money by just doing words to operas," no extreme instance of the want of perception which went hand in hand so paradoxically with his popularity itself.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT

Some years ago, when lecturing upon his claim to be regarded as a serious poet, my earnest plea proved hopelessly unconvincing. It was backed by readings of the very verses chosen by Mr. Walter Sichel as incontrovertible instances of ver-

bal perfection, yet an angry lady arose and boasted that she could see nothing in them, and that she was sure there were plenty of people in Leeds who could write just as well. Alas! why does not one of the denizens of those dark regions of fog and coal-dust come forward to fill the vacant place, and win our everlasting gratitude?

The world has joked incessantly for over
fifty centuries,
And every joke that 's possible has long ago
been made.

We laughed as we perceived he had forgotten himself when he thus spoke, but we laugh no more. The hair-dresser who rashly inquired of Gilbert, "When may we expect another elegant trifle from your pen?" was discerning by comparison.

Below his portrait, the "Sphere" published the perfect lines beginning, "Is life a boon?" With the lovely music, as familiar as the words, which seem to have strayed from some anthology of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," the astonishing information was added that they had been written on the occasion of the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan! "Punch," again, found no briefest word of thanks to the man who has filled its funniest columns with unacknowledged imitations ever since it rejected "The Cruise of the Nancy Bell" as "too bloodthirsty," and left to "Fun" the honor of having produced the "Bab Ballads." It is to be hoped that "Punch" was ashamed of the petty carping, labeled criticism, uttered when America was giving an ovation to what was really the new humor—"Punch," who wished no one to borrow but himself, and objected to "Iolanthe" as wanting in freshness because its creator chose to enlarge the delicious fantasy done in miniature in "Georgie and the Fairy." The impression left by the last chapter of the unwritten biography we doubtingly await is vivid indeed. It has been said that it will need a gentleman and a poet with a judicial mind to accomplish the task. Such a combination is not to be found among well-meaning, thick-headed compilers or among would-be Boswells to a Johnson who, when living, offered them small encouragement.

Standing in autumn beside the lake at Grim's Dike, with the golden leaves falling like tears upon the dark water, there was an impression of calm keeping company with an abiding melancholy. It brought back the recollection of my first sight of Sir William Gilbert on a bright October afternoon in 1890. The "Bab Ballads" had been one of my earliest delights, and what a red-letter day was that when an imaginative child peered out of a dingy box in a dingy little theater long since swept away, to step rapturously on board *H. M. S. Pinafore,* the jolly vessel of which an English admiral said there "was not a rope wrong!" Vague anticipation ended in surprise, but not in disappointment. There was not the least suggestion of the typical literary man in the tall, handsome, carefully dressed country gentleman sitting square upon his handsome horse. Though an excellent rider, he never hunted, shot, or fished, all sports entailing suffering to animals being absolutely repellent to him. He was an accomplished yachtsman, swimmer, and fencer, and from the early days when he excelled in amateur pantomime as harlequin, he was an adroit step-dancer. A Scot might have envied his consummate knowledge of the intricacies of the reel, and to see him lead Sir Roger de Coverley in his own picturesque ball-room on the last night of 1897 was something to remember. He might turn aside to say, "Every boy with an eyebrow on the upper lip has the *pas* of me here," but how far it was from the truth!

Looking back to the first chance of listening to his conversation, my immediate and amused impression was that he took as great pains to be dull as others do to be brilliant, with almost equal success. Do what he would, the wit sparkled out, though he never enjoyed making a joke so much as when he made it to a dullard. He once gravely informed a rich brewer that he called his dog "Barkly" and his cat "Purrkins," a punning imitation of the names in a famous London brewing firm, and it was delightful to see him watch the meaning dawn gradually on an obtuse intelligence. His horses were "Bryant" and "May," the perfect match. No future Sydney Smith will ever signalize "glorious flashes of silence" from him as welcome, for they were much too frequent. He disdained shining when it was expected of him, and kept his best and brightest for those he really liked.

His table-talk will not be garnered up in dismal little volumes where the champagne is flat and the lamps burn dim. Brevity was the soul of his wit. The terrible verdict as to a certain "Hamlet" whose impersonator unwisely asked him to be candid is historical: "Funny, my dear fellow—funny without being vulgar." A remark about another conceited player was made to a very limited audience: "Poor ——! he has all the faults of an actor without the excuse of being one." A word was enough. He described a sweet old lady, all sloping shoulders and Honiton lace, as "belonging to the early keepsake period." Another, who was being ridiculed for the hideous Middlesex accent, which converted bad weather into a "voil d'y," was gravely defended by him, "She is of ancient lineage; for it is evident she is descended from the Twanglo-Saxons." Of a stout matron in society he remarked, "I like Mrs. A——, but I prefer a woman to be as long as she is broad." Rallied for his admiration of several beauties at once, he retorted, "But surely I am too good to be true," which was unanswerable.

He laughed at the fallacies of popular proverbs. " 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' is all very well, but what if it happens to be a vulture?" His kindliness in granting interviews when he thought the interviewers were needy has led to the circulation of a number of feeble anecdotes more than half apocryphal. The real version of a favorite anecdote with his innumerable chroniclers has not yet been given. An American journalist asked if it was a fact that he was interested in cattle-raising. "Well, I have about two thousand head of stock, principally bee," replied the creator of the memorable bee Peter, who persisted in trying to "swarm alone." The tale did not end there, however, for he liked to relate how, when the interview appeared, the word "bee" was left out, and the information was added that he was going in for ranching.

Mere black and white can never convey the intimate charm of the library where much of his later work was done at the orderly writing-table at which, when a play was in progress, he regularly spent the morning hours. Strange creatures were allowed free access to him, discovering the vein of tenderness which would make him sit still with a lemur asleep upon his shoulder rather than disturb it by moving. There were always flowers, of which he liked mignonette best; but the chief ornaments of a room all sunshine and harmonious coloring were the white shelves laden with the richly bound books which he read chiefly late at night; and the favorite of them all was the Book of Job.

He rarely talked about literature, though he admitted a tolerant liking for Trollope and an unexplained dislike to Jane Austen. Tennyson was his poet, and he had a deep admiration for Thackeray and Dickens. When I once put the threadbare question as to his favorite author, he replied, "Well, I never go away without a volume or two of Dickens." It was not for nothing that he and *Mr. Pickwick* were born in the same year under a merry star. *Mr. Pickwick* was born middle-aged, whereas Sir William Gilbert began life in the usual way. The green monthly numbers were appearing in the year of his birth, and he and the immortal *Pickwick* were friends for life. The beginning and the end of the Victorian era had each its undisputed king of laughter.

The library, only twelve miles from London, is very still. There is no view from the broad windows but of the pigeons strutting on the green lawn, and no distraction but the singing of the birds where no shot was ever fired. Sir William Gilbert contradicted every tradition regarding genius, which he seemed to regard, like Michelangelo, as "eternal patience." His mind was as disciplined as it was original. His eyes never rolled with "fine frenzy," but they were keen to discover any flaw in his work. He considered every detail as worthy of special research. He would buy the best and most expensive Greek lexicon to insure the perfect accuracy of the Greek words and phrases introduced into a single song in "His Majesty," and he would copy a whole play in his clear handwriting when new editions called for alterations, which his warmest devotees often deplore. In the final issue of the "Bab Ballads" he committed the truly Gilbertian crime of tampering with his own masterpieces. He incurred the just indignation of those who loved the old pictures, caring nothing for faults of technic beside such adorable com-

icality. He declared that he invented his names at the moment, according to the number of feet required in the verses, an interesting way of evolving our *Ellen McJones Aberdeen,* our *Pattison Corbay Torbay,* our *Porklebury Todd,* and all those other dear familiars.

On my shelves are certain magenta-covered volumes of the deceased "Fun," sprinkled with prose sketches in the happiest vein of the "Comic Physiognomist." There, too, are to be welcomed those "Babs" that he remorselessly excluded, and a single quotation will prove him ultra-fastidious. The excuse for reprinting it is that it has been out of print for thirty years, and will be new to nearly all those who read it here.

THE THREE BOHEMIAN ONES

A worthy man in every way
Was Mister Jasper Porklebay;
He was a merchant of renown
(The firm was Porklebay and Brown).

Three sons he had, and only three,
But they were bad as bad could be;
They spurned their father's righteous ways,
And went to races, balls, and plays.

On Sundays they would laugh and joke,
I 've heard them bet—I 've known them smoke.
At whist they 'd sometimes take a hand;
These vices Jasper could n't stand.

At length the eldest son, called Dan,
Became a stock tragedian,
And earned his bread by ranting through
Shaksperian parts, as others do.

The second (Donald) would insist
On starting as a journalist,
And wrote amusing tales and scenes
In all the monthly magazines.

The youngest (Singleton his name)
A comic artist he became,
And made an income fairly good
By drawing funny heads on wood.

And as they trod these fearful ways
(These three misguided Porklebays),
They drew not on their father's hoard—
For Jasper threw them overboard.

Yes—Jasper, grieving at their fall,
Renounced them one—renounced them all;
And lived alone so good and wise
At Zion Villa, Clapham Rise.

By dint of work and skilful plan
Old Jasper grew a wealthy man;
And people said, in slangy form
That Jasper P. would "cut up warm."

He had no relative at all
On whom his property could fall,
Except, of course, his wicked sons,
Those three depraved Bohemian ones.

So he determined he would fain
Bequeath his wealth (despite mortmain),
Freeholds, debenture stock, and all,
To some deserving hospital.

When his intent was known abroad,
Excitement reigned in every ward,
And with the well-experienced throng
Of operators all went wrong.

St. George's, Charing Cross, and Guy's,
And little Westminster likewise,
Bartholomew's and Middlesex,
Combined old Jasper to perplex.

House surgeons, spite of patient's hints,
Bound headaches up in fracture splints;
In measles, strapped the spots that come,
With strips of plain diachylum.

Rare leeches, skilled at fever beds,
For toothache shaved their patients' heads;
And always cut their fingers off
If they complained of whooping-cough.

Their zeal grew greater day by day,
And each did all that in him lay
To prove his own pet hospital
The most deserving of them all.

Though Jasper P. could not but feel
Delighted at this show of zeal,
When each in zeal exceeds the rest,
One can't determine which is best.

Interea, his reckless boys
Indulged in low Bohemian joys;
They sometimes smoked till all was blue
And danced at evening parties too.

The hospitals, conflicting sore,
Perplexed poor Jasper more and more,
But ah, ere Jasper could decide,
Poor charitable man, he died.

And Donald, Singleton, and Dan
Now roll in wealth despite his plan;
So Donald, Dan, and Singleton,
By dint of accident have won.

Vice triumphs here, but, if you please,
'T is by exceptions such as these
(From probability removed)
That every standing rule is proved.

By strange exceptions Virtue deigns
To prove how paramount she reigns;
A standing rule I do not know
That 's been more oft established so.

This was published in the year of his marriage, 1869, before he had entered his own delicious kingdom, to find Fortune awaiting him smiling, to remain his constant friend. But it is probably to another of those excluded from the book that a very romantic interest is attached. The date of "The Prince il Baleine" coincides with the honeymoon journey from London to Boulogne, and he admitted that he "did" his "Bab" in the train on this eventful day. His drawings, with their chignons, and elastic-side boots, and the long ribbons known then as "follow-me-lads," show such minute observation of the fashions of his time that it is no surprise to hear that his first recorded joke had to do with dress. An aunt had a gay silk apron he much admired, and when she put it on for a family festival, her four-year-old nephew remarked that he "supposed she wore a party-colored apron because there was a party."

His country neighbors best knew how invaluable were his services as a magistrate. As "Trial by Jury," and "Iolanthe" bear enchanting testimony, he always loved the law, though his genius compelled him to renounce it professionally. He might, as a fellow magistrate said, "be sometimes irritable with us because we could not see things as clearly as he did," but he was a terror to the evil-doer. If he was known to have paid the costs of more than one libel action after winning it, he was pitiless to those charged with cruelty to a child or an animal. He would give sentence at such times with a stinging word of regret that he was not empowered to make it heavier. Those who protest against the keenness of his wit forget how often it was leveled against pretense and cowardice.

When his biography appears, the charm of the letters will come as a revelation to all but their fortunate recipients. His extreme courtesy in replying to all he received should not be unrecorded, though we shall never know how many appeals for money were generously answered. He gave liberally and he gave secretly. Could anything be prettier than his instant response to a deprecating petition for some of his own books to sell for a charity: "I can but do your bidding, and sign myself yours obediently, W. S. Gilbert"?

When the South African war was declared, he offered his services to his country "in any capacity." They were refused, and he at once devoted himself to furthering every least effort to raise funds for patriotic purposes. A novelist, quite inexperienced as a playwright, wrote a little duologue for a war entertainment under his patronage. At the last moment Miss Sybil Carlisle, who had kindly promised to play the heroine, was taken ill. The unhappy beginner was forced to replace her unrehearsed, and to murder her own innocent before the critic she thought so terrible. As she blundered through her part, she imagined how, from being locally ignored, she would find herself an object of general derision, with some scornful epigram tacked to her failure to keep it ever green.

It was a bitter humiliation, followed by a startling surprise, for when the ordeal ended, a kind voice said unexpectedly, "I am sorry I was placed where I could neither see nor hear." The exquisite tact brought balm in Gilead, and a few shy lines of fervent thanks were rewarded by the following letter:

I am sorry you should have felt any apprehension at the prospect of my being present at the performance. I had heard so promising an account of your little play from Miss Carlisle that I was really anxious to hear it. I was very sorry I could not get near enough the stage to enable me to do so. The people you have really to dread are the average public, who know nothing of the difficulties of dramatic composition, and judge only by the impressions left on their minds by the performance. Men like myself, who have been through

the mill, and who have devoted their lives to learning the art of dramatic composition, know too well the difficulties, risks and disappointments incident even to the most unpretentious forms of stage-play, not to make every sympathetic allowance for the novice in stage writing. It is when the beginner launches into a five-act comedy that we are apt to be over-critical. As to my chance of being appreciated by posterity, I fancy posterity will know as much concerning me as I shall know of posterity.

There was a later day when "The Girl He Left Behind Him" by the same author enjoyed a run of one auspicious night, and Sir William Gilbert's friendly call of "Author!" compensated for every previous disappointment.

To see him at a Savoy rehearsal was to see him in his element. His whole mind was concentrated upon his congenial task, and he had no thought for the privileged audience, often more inclined to watch the tall figure pacing up and down than the actors themselves. "For Heaven's sake! wear your coronets as if you were used to them!" was his exasperated exclamation to the chorus of peers in "Iolanthe." The way the famous libretti won their way to the very heart of the British nation was strikingly shown at a revival of "The Pirates of Penzance," when, after twenty-eight years, a few slight changes had been made. The author was absent that night, but surely he must have been pleased when he heard how indignant voices from the gallery had shouted to the actors to "stick to the text." Who will ever require a rising generation to give us the text of the so-called "musical comedy" of to-day?[1]

There were speeches after those rehearsals, when the lowliest "super" in the chorus had his meed of praise, if it was due; for, like his own *Ralph Rackstraw,* he "knew the value of a kindly chorus." His voice was clear, and his enunciation perfect, and every sentence was turned with an admirable symmetry. A very typical example of his style may be found in a speech delivered at Harrow School in 1907, when Sir Samuel Hoare had proposed his health after a speech-day luncheon. Surely the shades of Byron and Sheridan, most famous of old Harrovians, might have enjoyed listening. It ran like this:

Sir Samuel Hoare had been so good as to speak in very complimentary terms of the knighthood which his Majesty had been pleased to confer upon him—conferred, he was afraid, owing to the fact that he was the oldest dramatic author before the public. He was not an agricultural laborer, but he had this in common with a certain type of worthy plowman who in the bygone years was rewarded by the squire with a pair of corduroy breeches and a crown piece in each pocket in consideration of his having brought up a family of fifteen children without extraneous assistance. He was rewarded for having brought up a family of sixty-three plays without ever having had to apply to the relieving-officer for parochial assistance. This knighthood he took to be a sort of commuted old-age pension.

As we glance retrospectively at the long sequence of plays Gilbert has given us as an inheritance, the chief impression left by his work is that it will endure, for all its fantasy, because it is the work of one who will stand among the makers of the English language. He showed us its richness of vocabulary, its pliability, its boundless possibilities. He invented new meters which are pure music, and made his bright mischief with words bent to his airy, intricate uses. Like his own "wandering minstrel," he tuned his *"supple* song." To him and to Wagner, strange allies, belongs the honor of creating libretti worthy of their music.

He never borrowed, and he never stole. His quick brain was too resourceful for any risk of plagiarism, despite the wide culture which can be a positive snare to a less original mind. He has absolutely no analogy with any other writer in any other country. In his own province "There is no one beside him and no one above him." He is sole autocrat of a fairy realm, where, delicious thought, there are no bores. Fun and Frolic are the cup-bearers of his dainty Muse, who could never, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling's,

[1] Several revivals in the United States of the more popular of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas have been successful. An extensive revival is now in progress, "The Mikado," "Pinafore," "Patience," and "The Pirates of Penzance" having been produced during the last two years by more than one company.—EDITOR.

"travel with the coffee and the pork." He had no need for his pathetic lament that humor was exhausted, though when he looked at the poverty of the wit of our "funny fellows and clowns of private life," he may well have been too depressed to realize what a host he was in himself.

It is amusing to know that, like Mr. Louis Parker on the same occasion, he failed to get even an honorable mention for a limerick prize competition for which both entered anonymously. There must have been remarkable limericks or blind judges, if the prize-winners surpassed two he made instantaneously one evening. Some very rash person hinted that "Decima" was not an easy name to rhyme, and he rejoined:

"There was a young lady, Miss Decima,
Whose conduct was voted quite pessima;
But she mended at last,
On the eve of the fast
Of the Sunday called Septuagesima."

Another ran as follows:

There was a young lady of Pinner
Who was a society sinner.
She went off, they say,
To Paris one day,
And the rest—shall be told after dinner!

Pinner has its limerick in Lear's nonsense-book, but it is perhaps one of the poorest in that immortal collection; otherwise its chief claim to fame lies in an ugly memorial to the laureate, Pye. Sir William Gilbert, when he attended a wedding in the fine old church, probably reflected on the paradox that this poet lives only in Byron's scornful line:

Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

But lest the merry jingle should cause misconception, let it be added in all seriousness that the promise in the last line would never be kept by him. Sir William Gilbert talked as he wrote, and all he left is as fit for the fresh innocence of the youth he loved as it is worthy of the keenest intelligence. He might be speaking of his spirit of mirth instead of the "bright and beautiful English girl" when he says:

Her soul is sweet as the ocean air,
For prudery knows no haven there;
To find mock-modesty, please apply
To the conscious blush and the downcast eye.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
Blithe as a beautiful bird she sings,
For body and soul are hale and healthy.
Her eyes they thrill with right good-will;
Her heart is light as a floating feather,
As pure and bright as the mountain rill
That leaps and laughs in the Highland heather.

And we, who laughed all through the eighties with our incomparable jester, feel that we may say with melancholy truth that we "shall never look upon his like again." Would not Pygmalion's description of himself serve as an epitaph: "I am an artist and a gentleman"?

For "gentleman" he was in the good old English significance of the word, and justly proud of his descent from the famous explorer Sir Humphrey Gilbert, which allowed him to use the squirrel as his crest. Surely he was a worthy descendant of this bold ancestor, commander of the gallant ship which bore the name of the *Squirrel*. For did not he, too, give us a New-found-land, where we may take our pleasure freely, without fear of storm or tempest?

THE DRUG-TAKER AND THE PHYSICIAN

AND THE NEED OF ADEQUATE SPECIFIC TREATMENT

BY CHARLES B. TOWNS

Author of "The Injury of Tobacco" (THE CENTURY for March), "Help for the Hard Drinker" (THE CENTURY for June), "The Peril of the Drug Habit" (THE CENTURY for August), etc.

IN a previous article I have discussed the conditions leading to the formation of the drug habit, and have urged, as the only method of successfully combating the evil, stringent regulation of the sale of habit-forming drugs, with the Government controlling the first distribution and the physician as the last distributor. Since the physician, by the administration of these drugs in his practice, has so large a share in the creation of the habit, he is the person who may be expected to lessen it; and justice demands that he be made responsible for the entire distribution of such drugs to the public.

RESULTS OF RESTRICTION WITHOUT PROVISION FOR THE DRUG-TAKER

BUT there remains the problem of dealing with those who have already become confirmed drug-takers, and whom no legislation up to the present has attempted to reach. Until some provision has been made for such cases, it might be an unwise and perhaps hazardous thing to put all such drugs entirely out of their reach. To do this would tend to let loose upon society a multitude of scheming and really desperate sufferers. No one will go to greater lengths than the drug-taker bent upon obtaining his dose at the usual time. Only death or rigid incarceration will keep him from it, and records show that penitentiary-bars have not been able to do so. The extraordinary turbulence in China is possibly due in part to the restriction of the sale of opium, principally effective among the poor. The user of opium, as a rule the most peaceable person on earth, on its withdrawal becomes highly irritable. When opium is simply withdrawn and he survives the ordeal, he usually takes to alcohol. Between the opium-user and the excessive alcoholic—for after the forcible withdrawal of opium he becomes excessive—there can be no doubt which is the more hostile to society. The man with the inflamed brain is more dangerous than the man who wishes to be let alone. The alcoholic is usually uproarious, and wants to keep in the foreground; the morphinist is passive, and wants seclusion. While the one turns night into day, the other turns day into night. An alcoholic wishes to take care of everybody's business; a morphinist is satisfied not to take care of his own. Thus, that the drug-taker may not become even more mischievous to society than he already is, the question of enabling him to recover from his habit becomes of paramount importance. It must be considered and if possible settled before restriction of the sale of the drugs can become absolutely effective.

THE DRUG HABIT IN THE UNITED STATES

THE Internal Revenue Reports are the only index to the extent of drug consumption in the United States. They show for years past an annual increase in the importation of opium and its derivatives and cocaine, and for last year a very marked increase over that of any preceding year. This is not due to the increase in popu-

lation; our immigrants are not drug-takers. Among the thousands of addicts that I have treated or known I have never seen an Italian, a Hungarian, a Russian, or a Pole. Moreover, I have met with only four cases of drug-taking by Hebrews. Few Jews—except in the under-world—acquire the habit knowingly. It may become fastened upon them through the use of a medicine the danger of which they do not realize, but, once freed, they will not again come under its power. The practical sagacity of their race is their surest safeguard.

What is commonly spoken of as the "American type," highly nervous, living under pressure, always going to the full limit, or beyond, is peculiarly liable to disorders that lead to the habitual use of drugs. We are all hypochondriacal by nature, prone to "take something" whenever we feel badly. Lack of opportunity alone, of knowledge of what to take and how to procure it, has saved many a person under severe physical or mental strain from recklessly resorting to drugs. Since the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, which was intended to protect the public by requiring the express statement of any dangerous ingredients in a compound, the sale of preparations containing habit-forming drugs has perceptibly increased. It seems a just inference that the information given, instead of serving as a warning to the unwary, has been chiefly effective in pointing out a dangerous path to many who otherwise would not have known where to find it.

Women, it should be said, though constitutionally more liable than men to feel the need of medicines, form the lesser portion of the drug-taking class. In the beginning their addiction is due almost exclusively to a physician's prescription.

The habitual users of drugs in the United States come from every grade of society. Professional men of the highest responsibility and repute, laborers wearying of the dullness in a mining-camp, literary men, clergymen, newspaper men, wire-tappers, shoplifters, vagrants, and outcasts—all are among the number. Strangely assorted as they are, they become yet more strangely alike under the influence of the common habit. Shoplifting is not confined to the professional thief; it is noticeable in many a drug addict who has had every moral and worldly advantage.

The major part of the habit-forming drugs used in the United States is consumed by the under-world. It would be impossible to calculate the extent of their influence. Many a record of heinous crime tells of the stimulus of a drug. But when the school children in some of our larger cities are found to be using cocaine, and able to buy it at will, the limit of tolerance has surely been reached.

THE DRUG-TAKING PHYSICIAN, NURSE, AND PHARMACIST

AMONG the widely varying classes of addicts, three in particular are a source of the gravest danger: the drug-taking physician, nurse, and pharmacist. Reputable medical men, writing on this subject, have alleged that fifteen per cent. of their own profession are addicted to drugs. As compared with my own experience, this seems a gross exaggeration, for though it is true that one half of all my drug patients have been physicians, I am inclined to believe that the percentage of drug-takers among the profession is much below five rather than fifteen. This percentage is quite high enough, however, to be a standing menace to society.

To realize this, one has merely to recall that the drug-taker is a confirmed evader of responsibility; and the physician, of all men, is in a responsible position. He must not forget or break his appointments; he must realize the effects of the medicines he is prescribing; if a surgeon, his work must never be below its best. But the proportion of physicians that I have treated—or consulted with—suggests one specially grave danger. It is a characteristic of the drug-taker, no matter who he is or how he acquired the habit, on the smallest excuse to advise others to take the drug whenever pain or fatigue gives the slightest occasion for it. While he grows callous to everything else, he has an abnormal sympathy with suffering. Thus it will readily be seen that there are few more dangerous members of society than the physician who is addicted to a drug.

The fact that there are not more drug-taking doctors speaks volumes for the high character of the profession. Those who have read my previous articles know that I

have maintained that the easy accessibility of habit-forming drugs is the reason for their wide use. The physician has such drugs constantly at hand. The more a man knows of their insidious action and the more he handles them, the more cautious he feels himself to be, and the more confident that he can discontinue the use of them whenever he chooses. Any fear that the layman may have of them is due less to the dread of being personally overcome than to the mystery which surrounds them; but for the physician they have no such mystery. Furthermore, by the nature of his calling, he is peculiarly exposed to the need of such drugs. He is often under excessive physical and nervous strain not only because he is unable to arrange his work so as to prevent periods of too great pressure upon his time and strength, but also because in a unique manner he puts his heart into it.

An even greater danger, in some respects, is the drug-taking professional nurse. Whatever has been said of physicians both in the way of extenuation and of warning may be repeated of nurses. They have the same exposure to the habit, and, once addicted, are likely to exhibit signs of irresponsibility. They are more dangerous in that their opportunity for mischief is greater, since they are closer to the patient and able to thwart the doctor's orders with perfect freedom. "I have had several nurses on this drug case," a doctor once said to me, "and I find that they have all smuggled morphine to my patient." This was, no doubt, an exceptional case, but the fact remains that nurses, because of their close alliance with druggists and doctors, find it comparatively easy to purchase drugs and hypodermics at any drug store without causing the slightest suspicion or reproof. Nor should one censure them too severely for clandestine compliance with the demands of a patient. It should not be overlooked that the nurse, in being paid by the patient and not by the doctor, is ordinarily subjected to great pressure when the patient clamors for morphine. In such circumstances the protection of a physician's monopoly of the drug would be most welcome. But how much worse is the pressure when the well-intentioned nurse also is an addict! The morphinist has an abnormal sympathy with those who have undergone or are undergoing experiences similar to his own, and there is no stronger bond than that which unites two morphine victims. As a matter of the most elementary precaution for all concerned, no nurse should under any conditions be allowed to buy habit-forming drugs.

Another kind of addict against whom physicians' distribution would be a safeguard, and the only safeguard that can be devised, is the pharmacist. The contingency of a drug-taking pharmacist, perhaps more than anything else, will bring sharply home to the average man the menace of morphine when used by a professional person. By reason of closer and more personal observation one may feel rashly confident of his ability to detect when a doctor or a nurse is "queer," but generally the patron of a drug store has no such opportunity for observation. Addiction to a drug incapacitates the pharmacist for filling prescriptions. Often the slightest deviation from a precise formula in either quantity or ingredient is of the gravest consequence, and hence the utmost care should be used to insure the scrupulousness of one on whom such responsibility rests. As long as he is accountable to no one, or even accountable to the Government only on a business basis, there can be no safety for the public. If he may sell to any purchaser other than a physician, he may always supply his own wants. But if he has to account to a physician for the entire amount of habit-forming drugs that he distributes, any leakage may quickly be detected by the man who more than any one else can be relied upon to stop such a leakage promptly and sternly. A pharmacist should be allowed to dispense habit-forming drugs only on a physician's prescription.

METHODS OF TREATMENT: "THE HOME CURE"

FOR many years only two methods of dealing with the drug habit were known. They continue to be the only ones in general use to-day. They are the "home cure" and the sanatorium method. Neither is in any proper sense a treatment or anything more than a process of substitution and deprivation.

In many of the periodicals and daily papers are carefully worded advertisements

setting forth that a man may be cured of a drug habit quickly, secretly, painlessly, and inexpensively. These are written by people who thoroughly understand the mental and physical condition of the drug-taker. In almost all cases he wishes to be freed from the habit, but at the same time to avoid the disgrace of being classed with "drug-fiends"; he is unwilling that even his family or his intimates should know of his condition. He has an exaggerated sensitiveness to pain, upon which also the advertisement relies. Furthermore, attention is directed to the fact that the patient may take the alleged remedy without spending much more money than he is now spending for the drug itself, naturally a powerful appeal to a man of limited means. Moreover, the people who takes these "cures" are generally those who are unable to consider the expense of leaving home. That the advertisement is very alluring to the average addict is shown by the fact that in my entire practice I have encountered few patients who have not at some time or other taken a "home cure."

A minister wrote to me the other day, begging me to cure a fellow-minister of the cure habit. His friend had had occasional attacks of renal colic, and a physician had eased their acuteness with a hypodermic. The patient of course knew what he was taking, and since he was forced to consider the cost of the physician's visits for the mere administration of the hypodermic, he naturally procured his own outfit, and in a short time was using it regularly upon himself. When he found that he could not leave off the practice he entered into correspondence with a succession of "home-cure" advertisers, whose clever use of the word "privacy" offered a hope that his condition might be concealed from his congregation. For ten years he had been undergoing the cures, and during all this time had been forced to take a regular dosage of the so-called remedies.

Before the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act the ingredients of such remedies were not stated. The patient seems never to have suspected the truth—that the bottle contained the very drug he had been taking, its presence disguised by added medicines. In certain instances the makers boldly advertised that a trial bottle would be sufficient to prove clearly that the taker could get along without using his drug. Now that the law compels a list of dangerous drugs on the label, the cures proceed admittedly by a reductive principle. The patient graduates from a number one bottle to a number two, containing less opium, and so on, until finally he is supposed to be cured. The proprietors of these cures make a great deal of capital out of the fact that the reduction is so gradual that the taker experiences no discomfort. This consideration is highly effective, for while it irresistibly appeals to the morbidly sensitive morphinist, it also makes him comprehend, as time goes on, why the process of cure is so slow. It is hardly necessary to state that the final stage is almost never reached.

Almost without exception, the basis of restoration to health is the perfect elimination of the effects of the drug. It should go without saying that it is impossible to eliminate the effects of opium with opium or to find any substitute for opium that is not itself opium. At the International Opium Conference in China I exhibited seventy-six foreign opium-cures which I had had analyzed and found to contain opium; and as a consequence of the Pure Food and Drugs Act all the American cures announced on their labels that they also contained it. Thus it is easy to see why the sale of these cures had always greatly increased wherever the rigid enforcement of anti-opium enactments had closed up the customary sources of habit-forming drugs.

Up to the passage of the act, however, the presence of opium in the American cures was concealed, and their formulas were kept secret; and hence all of them, by the very nature of the case, were put forth either by irresponsible persons or by persons outside the pale of the profession, for one of the pledges given by a physician is that he will not patronize or employ any secret treatment, and that he will give to the profession whatever he finds to be of benefit to his fellow-men.

In very rare cases these home cures have been able to relieve a man of strong will power, with the added assistance of a regimen for building up his bodily tone. But these cases have been so infrequent as to be virtually negligible, for to administer the treatment successfully demands

from the patient the exercise of precisely that power of self-control the loss of which drove him to the cure in the first place. If there ever was any curative property in one of these so-called cures, a man could not be benefited unless he were under constant supervision. A treatment of this sort must, except in case of a miracle, be administered by another and under continuous medical surveillance. A man addicted to a drug,. be he physician or longshoreman, in a short time becomes utterly unable to deal justly with himself, for it is the nature of the drug to destroy his sense of responsibility.

THE SANATORIUM TREATMENT

BESIDES the home cure there was, and is, the sanatorium treatment. Unlike the former, this was first established and carried on by trustworthy medical men, who depended for their support upon the patients of reputable doctors. A physician who had a morphine patient was obliged to send him to a sanatorium, because there was nothing else to be done with him; elsewhere no course of treatment under constant surveillance could be given. It afforded the only opportunity of carrying the patient through the long period of gradual reduction which was then the only known treatment. Thus there was nothing optional about the matter; the physician could not recommend a home cure, and the only means of approximating systematic treatment was the sanatorium. Furthermore, those relatives and friends who knew of the patient's condition were anxious that he should go to one, since they realized the increasing awkwardness of keeping him at home. In many cases, indeed, they even went so far as to resort to means of commitment, if they failed to get his voluntary coöperation. It is due to the ease with which this type of patient can be committed that the State of Connecticut, for instance, abounds in sanatoriums. In that State, when a patient has entered one of them, he can often be detained there virtually at the pleasure of his relatives and friends.

The method of treatment at most of the sanatoriums is like the home cure, except that it is under surveillance; that is, it is merely one of gradual reduction accompanied by an upbuilding of bodily tone. The morphine addict with means and time at his disposal will stay in a sanatorium as long as he can be made comfortable. This shows that whatever reduction he has undergone is extremely slight; for gradual reduction, when it is carried to any extent, sets up a highly nervous state, together with insomnia and physical disturbance. The patient, as is often said, has an exaggerated dread of discomfort, and will not, if he can help it, endure it at all. Unless he is committed, he transfers himself to another sanatorium the moment he ceases to be made comfortable. I had one patient whose life had been a continuous round of sanatoriums. He would stay in one place until the point was reached where discomfort was in sight, and then remove to another, remaining there for a similar period, and then to another, and so on, until he had finished a long round of sanatoriums to his taste in America and Europe. Then he would begin all over again. He had been to over a score of places—to some of them several times each—and had spent thousands of dollars without deriving any permanent benefit.

A patient of mine who had visited eight different sanatoriums in the vicinity of New York told me that in America the sanatorium treatment of neurological patients was divided into three great schools: the "forget-it" system, the "don't-worry" system, and the "brace-up" system. Any nervous invalid who has stayed much at sanatoriums will appreciate the humor of this classification.

Since the voluntary patient, then, will stay as long as he can be made comfortable, the sanatorium naturally keeps him comfortable as long as possible. As the proprietor of one of these places starts out with no definite medical treatment, but with a weekly charge, and with a business dependent for its success not on its results, but on the number of weeks he can keep a patient, the outcome is obvious. The sanatorium becomes merely a convenient and pleasant boarding-establishment where everything is done to secure the homelike atmosphere usually advertised. The man who charges by the week is tempted never to end the treatment; on the other hand, a patient will pay by weekly driblets much more money than he would think he could afford in a fixed sum. For both of these

reasons, the addict who is made comfortable, and who has time and means, stays on and on.

The gravest aspect of these long stays at a sanatorium is the unavoidable colonization. Picture to yourself a group of from half a dozen to fifty morphine patients, eating together, walking together, sitting on the veranda together, day in and day out. In this group are represented many different temperaments and many different stations of life, from the gambler to the clergyman. All the more on this account is there a general and eager discussion of previous history and present situation. For where the alcoholic is quite indifferent, the morphine victim has an insatiable interest in symptoms. He has also an excessive sympathy with all who have been through the same mill with himself. Thus, in a matter where individual and isolated treatment is imperative, most sanatoriums deal with patients collectively. Furthermore, these are peculiarly a class of unfortunates who ought never to become acquainted. Whatever moral restraint the habit has left in a man is completely relaxed when he hears constant bragging of trickery and evasion and has learned to envy the cleverness and resource so exhibited. The self-respect and pride which must be the main factors in his restoration are sometimes fatally weakened. Colonization should be restricted to the hopeless mental cases, and to them only because it is unhappily necessary.

FAILURE OF THE REDUCTIVE METHOD

ALL this, moreover, is never, or almost never, to any purpose. As the uncomfortable patient will move if possible, it is naturally the business of the sanatorium to keep him from being uncomfortable. The method of reduction, therefore, is rarely carried out to the point where it would do any good, even if good were thus possible. But it is not possible. In the first place, lessening the dose is of little avail; there is as much suffering in the final deprivation of a customary quarter of a grain as of twenty grains. In the second place, it cannot be ascertained by gradual reduction whether there is any disability which makes morphine necessary, since no intelligent diagnosis can be made so long as a patient is under the influence of the smallest quantity of the drug. Obviously, the first step in taking up a case should be to discover whether any such disability is present, and, if so, whether it is one that can be corrected; otherwise it may be a waste of time to try to correct it. The true physical condition of the patient, which should be considered before a long course of treatment is undertaken, can seldom be discovered by the reduction method.

The best doctors have always felt that they could not afford to lend their names to any institutions or sanatoriums except those which restricted themselves to mental cases. Yet these home cures and sanatoriums, unscientific and ineffective as they were, have offered to the victims of the drug habit the only hope they could find. The investigations begun by Mr. Taft in the Philippines extended over considerable time and cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but, although furthered in every way by the whole world, they failed to discover a definite treatment for the drug habit. It was generally believed by physicians that there was no hope for the victims of it.

CONDITIONS OF EFFECTIVE TREATMENT

IN drug addiction the patient is in a peculiar physical condition which requires specific treatment. A complete physiological change, then, must be produced, by which the effects of the drug, including the craving, will be wholly eliminated, leaving the patient in a fit state for recuperation. At this stage it is possible to determine any individual ailment or disability that may exist in a particular case. If my estimate, as given in a previous article, is at all correct, not more than ten per cent. of addicts would prove, on proper examination, to have any incurable disease that would justify further use of any dangerous drug.

In 1907, Mr. Robert Bacon, then Assistant Secretary of State, being much interested in the question of the restriction of opium consumption, brought about an International Opium Commission, with a view to persuading all the opium-producing countries to lessen their exportation of the drug to China, in deference to an edict of the Chinese government. I was asked to go to China, to demonstrate the efficacy of a method that I had developed

for the treatment of drug addictions. This method was given to the commission, and during my eleven months' stay in China a little over four thousand Chinese of all classes were treated by it. Subsequently, through an article by Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York City, in "The Journal of the American Medical Association," the medical formula and all details of the treatment were published to the world, and they have since been freely at the service of the medical profession. The ingredients of the formula may be bought at any drug store, but must be administered only by competent physicians who *thoroughly* understand the treatment. By its aid, in cases of opium, morphine, or cocaine habit, the desired effect is usually produced in from three to five days. In complex cases it demonstrates within two weeks whether there is any physical disability that renders permanent relief from the habit impossible.

The need of hospitals, private and public, for scientific treatment of drug addiction is urgent. There has never been a State or city hospital meant primarily for such patients, though some have been received and treated at the Massachusetts State Hospital for Dipsomaniacs and Inebriates. The State and city make provision for treating the insanity that arises in advanced stages of the habit, or in patients forcibly deprived of their drug without first being deprived of their craving, but not for treating the habit itself. Even the inebriate colony which is to be established by the State of New York will in no way provide for the drug-taker. This is probably because he does not come so obviously within the protective province of the State as does the alcoholic, since he is not turbulent and does not break the law except in order to obtain his customary dose. At the present time, with all the enormous drug consumption, there is no provision by State or city, or by charity organization, for the special treatment of the drug-taker, although more than any other sick person in the world is he absolutely unable to care for himself.

It will be seen that the physician is the proper agent to deal with the evil under discussion, both in safeguarding the patient from acquiring the habit and in correcting the habit when once it has been acquired. He must, then, be thoroughly equipped for the duty. Every year doctors are being graduated from our medical schools with an intimate knowledge of diseases that they will rarely encounter, but without any knowledge of drug and alcoholic addictions, which await them in appalling numbers. They must realize their responsibility in prescribing the habit-forming drugs, and must be qualified to deal with the results of their misuse.

COST OF THE DRUG HABIT

IT may be noted that I have not dwelt upon the expense of the habit. This consideration may be omitted from the case. To the average addict, the cost of his drugs, no matter what he may have to pay for them, seems moderate. He is buying something which he deems a vital necessity, and which, moreover, he places, if a choice be required, before food, drink, family, sleep, pleasures, tobacco—every necessity or indulgence of the ordinary man.

The real cost is not to the drug-taker, but to the world. If a human life be considered merely as a thing of economic value, an estimate may perhaps be made of the total loss due to the habit.

But the loss should not be reckoned in any such way. It should rather be reckoned by the great amount of moral usefulness and good that might be rendered to the world if these unfortunates could be freed from their slavery, and by the actual harm being done by them, especially by such of them as are now loosely classed as criminals and degenerates.

The retrieving of much of the waste of humanity may be accomplished by adequate treatment of the drug habit.

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER XX

UNITY watched the beloved being as only a woman can watch man or a sailor can watch sea and sky. To each, signs and portents are vital matters. She noted every shadow on his face, every deepening line, every trick of his eyes, every mouthful that he ate, and the very working of his throat as he swallowed. She noted the handwriting on envelops and unfinished manuscript, the ashes knocked out of pipes, the amount of evening whisky consumed, and the morning muddle of pillow and bedclothes. She was alive to his every footstep in the house. She knew, without entering the study, whether he was working, or sitting morose in his old leather arm-chair, or pacing the room. She knew whether he slept or was restless of nights.

One day she made a discovery, and in consequence took the first opportunity of private use of the telephone, and rang up Herold. She was anxious about her guardian. Could she see Herold as soon as possible without Aunt Gladys or guardian knowing? They arranged a meeting just inside the park, by the marble arch.

Herold, who knew Unity to be a young woman of practical common sense, had readily assented to her proposal, and in considerable perturbation of mind started for his home in Kensington. He arrived punctually at the marble-arch end of the park, but found her already there, a patient, undistinguished little figure in her tartan blouse and a nondescript hat adorned with impossible roses. The latter article of attire was her best hat. She had bought it already trimmed for seven and six, which had seemed a reckless expenditure of her guardian's money.

She was sitting on a bench of the broad carriage-drive, watching with a London child's interest, despite her preoccupation, the gorgeous equipages, carriages, and automobiles transporting the loveliest ladies (save one) in the world, ravishingly raimented, from one strange haunt of joyousness to another. For it was half-past three of the clock on a beautiful day in the height of the London season, and, as everybody knows, Hyde Park is a royal park, and along that stretch of road from Hyde Park Corner to the marble arch no cart or omnibus or hackney cab or pretentious taxi is allowed under penalty of instant annihilation. Only the splendor (in eyes such as Unity's) of plutocratically owned vehicles meets the enraptured vision. Pedestrian fashion, however, does not haunt that end of the road, which is mostly given up to nurse-maids and drab members of the proletariat; but the flower-beds make compensation by blazing with color, and the plane-trees wave their greenery over everything.

Herold raised his hat, shook hands, and sat down by Unity's side.

"It *was* good of you to come, Mr. Herold. I scarcely dared ask you, but—"

"What 's gone wrong?" he asked, with a smile.

She began her tale: how her guardian neither ate nor slept, how he tore up page after page of copy,—he who used to write straight ahead; she found the pieces in the waste-paper basket,—how he was growing gloomy and haggard and ill. Her woman's mind laid pathetic stress on these outward and visible signs.

"You must have noticed the difference in him, Mr. Herold," she said tearfully.

He nodded. John took trouble badly, which was one of the reasons that en-

deared Herold to him. In some aspects he was nothing but a Pantagruelian infant; but it was no use discoursing on this to Unity.

"He feels things very deeply," he said instead.

"Would n't you, if you loved Miss Stella, and never saw her or heard from her?"

"I should," said he, with a smile.

"And she loves him. I know it. And she feels deeply, too."

He acquiesced. "She, too, is very unhappy."

"And they 're separated forever because they can't marry?"

"That is so, Unity," said he.

"Why can't he get rid of her—the other woman, I mean?" cried Unity, fiercely.

"She has given him no grounds for divorce."

Unity twisted her handkerchief in her hands. "I suppose there comes a time," she said, "when people can't stand any more suffering, and they break down or do something dreadful."

"Your guardian is too strong for that," replied Herold.

"I don't know. I don't know." The mothering instinct spoke. "That 's what I 've come to ask you about. I 'm frightened."

She turned on him a miserable, scared face and told him of her discovery. She had gone into her guardian's study that morning in order to tidy up, and had seen that he had left the key in the lock of his private drawer, with the rest of the bunch hanging from it. She had opened the drawer and found lying on top of some documents, one of which was a sealed envelop indorsed "My Will," a loaded revolver and a case of cartridges. She knew that the revolver was loaded because she had examined it. Then, hearing his step, she had shut the drawer, and gone on with her dusting. He had entered, locked the drawer, put the bunch in his pocket, and gone out without a word.

Herold looked grave. More in order to gain time for reflection than to administer a moral lesson, he said:

"You should n't have searched his private drawer, Unity."

"I 'd search anything, if only I could find a way of helping him," she replied impetuously. "When I see him suffer and can't do anything for him, I feel crazy. I can't sleep sometimes, and stand outside his door in the middle of the night. It does n't matter whether I ought n't to have done it or not," she cried with an awkward and impatient gesture; "I did it, and I found what I found. What I want to know is, Why should my guardian make his will and keep a loaded revolver in his room unless he thought that —that he was going to die?"

Her eyes filled with tears. Herold, alarmed by her news and touched by her devotion, took her cheap-gloved hand and pressed it. Occupants of the dazzling equipages stared at the elegantly attired gentleman and the dowdy little girl lovemaking on the public seat. He tried to reassure her.

"Every man with folks depending on him makes a will, so we can dismiss that; and I know heaps of men who keep revolvers."

"But why should the will be dated two days ago?" asked Unity.

"Was it?"

"The date was written on the envelop, with 'My Will' and his name."

"In all probability," said Herold, "the cloud that has come between him and Stellamaris has made him decide to make a fresh will. I know he made one some years ago."

"But why the revolver?"

"He spoke to me, also some years ago, about getting one. There had been one or two burglaries and an ugly murder—don't you remember?—in the neighborhood. He must have got it then."

"It looks too new," said Unity.

"Those things keep new for ever so long, if they 're not used," he argued.

"Then you think there 's no danger?" she asked, with both her hands on his wrist.

"Not at present," he said, with a smile. "Look after him as closely as you can and keep up your brave little heart, or we 'll have you, too, going about with hollow eyes and gaunt cheeks, and we can't afford it."

"Me?" She sniffed derisively. "I 'm as tough as a horse. And what do I matter?"

"Your guardian would have a pretty poor time of it if he had only Aunt Gladys to look after him."

The shadow of a grin flickered over Unity's face.

"I suppose he would," she said.

She went away half-comforted. She had shared her terrifying secret with Herold, which was a good and consoling thing; but she had not been quite convinced by his easy arguments. And Herold went away entirely unconvinced. He knew John as no one, not even Unity, who had made him the passionate study of her life, could know him. It was his peculiarity to pursue his right-headed ideas with far less obstinacy than his wrong-headed ones. In the former case he had a child's (and sometimes a naughty child's) hesitations, and was amenable to argument; but when bent on a course of folly, he charged blindly, and could be stopped only with great difficulty. Herold walked through the park in anxious thought, and, at a loose end for an hour or two, took a taxi to the club to which both he and John belonged. Avoiding the lounge and its cheery talk, he mounted to the deserted morning-room, and, having ordered tea, settled down to an evening newspaper, the pages of which he stared at, but did not read.

Presently, to his surprise, John, who had avoided the club for some little time, burly and gloomy, entered the room.

"I thought I 'd come in for a quiet talk with somebody; but there 's that ass Simmons down-stairs. He makes me sick."

Simmons was the wit and brilliant raconteur of the club.

"You can have a quiet talk with me, if I 'm good enough," said Herold. "I 've been wanting to see you. What line are you going to take in the 'Review' on this latest freak of the censor?"

The prohibition of a famous Continental play had aroused the usual storm in the theatrical and journalistic world. Every one who wrote turned his back on the harmless and ridiculously situated man, and in cuttlefish fashion squirted ink at him. But John Risca took no interest in the question, and stated the fact with unnecessary violence. He, on his side, had wanted to see Herold. He had taken his advice and written to Stella, and had received no reply. More than a week had passed. The whole thing was driving him mad.

Herold made a proposal which had been vaguely in his head for some days, and to which Unity's communication had given definiteness.

"Come away with me on a sea-voyage —a couple of months—South Africa, anywhere you like. I 'm tired out. As for the piece, it 's near the end of the run, and it 'll hurt no one if I go out and let Brooke play my part. I have n't had a holiday for two years. It would be an act of charity. You can get away; no man is indispensable, and you can afford it. If you stay here, you 'll lose your balance and very likely commit some act of idiotic folly. By our return, time will have done its soothing work, and the relations between Stella and yourself will have been readjusted."

Such was the substance of that which for a solid hour he strove to nail into John's armor-clad mind. His efforts were vain. In the first place, John was not going to accept such a quixotic sacrifice of professional interests from any man, even from Herold; secondly, he could n't get away from London, and did n't want to; thirdly, if he were being driven mad within a journey of an hour or so from Stellamaris, he would become a raving maniac if he were separated from her by half the length of the earth; fourthly, he was in perfect health and perfect command of his faculties, and the only meaning he could attach to Herold's insinuation regarding idiotic folly was that he might forget himself so far as to go down to Southcliff and make a scene with Stellamaris, thereby acting with insensate cruelty toward her: all of which was ludicrous, and it was insulting on Herold's part to make such a suggestion.

Herold called him a fool and said that he did not mean that at all.

"Then what did you mean?"

"When a man loses control over himself and lets himself be obsessed by a fixed idea, his brain 's not right, and he 's capable of anything. The only chance for him is change of scene and interests, and that 's why I 've been imploring you to come away with me."

"And that 's why I 'm going to do nothing of the kind," said John, rising and looking down upon his friend with bloodshot eyes. "I 'm pretty miserable, I own. Lots of men are, and they have to keep their mouths shut, because they have n't

any one before whom they 're not ashamed to let off steam. I 've got you. I 've had you all my man's life. I 've told you everything. Somehow I 've not been ashamed to tell you things I would n't dream of breathing to any other man living. There 's a kind of woman, I believe, whom I might have talked to as I do to you. I 've not met her, so I 've got into the habit of coming to you with whatever worries me; and you 've never failed me. And I 've come to you now. But there are limits beyond which even a friend like you has no right to go. You 've no right to tell me I 'm going out of my mind and to warn me against behaving like the inmate of a lunatic asylum. You 've no right. I resent it. I 'm not going to stand it."

Herold's reply was checked by the creaking of the door and the entrance of the bent figure of an old member, a county court judge who, on his way to a writing-table by the window, nodded courteously to the two younger men and remarked that it was a fine day.

"I suppose most people would call it so," said John.

"Don't you?"

"I hate it," cried John. "I wish it would rain. I wish it would rain like the devil. I would give my ears for a pea-soup fog. Sunshine is too blightingly ironical in this country."

The old judge lifted his eyebrows. "The metaphysics of meteorology are beyond me," he said, with a smile and a bow, and sat down to write.

John lingered for a second or two by the side of his friend, tracing the pattern of the Turkey carpet with the toe of his boot; then he swung round abruptly.

"Excuse me," said he. "I 've got to look at Baxter's imbecile article in 'The Contemporary.' "

He went to the table where the current magazines and reviews were tidily displayed, and Herold, sitting in an arm-chair some distance away, with his back to the table, pondered over the discussion that had just taken place. But for the rumble and clatter of London that came through the open windows, the ceaseless choric ode to all the drama of the vast city, there was silence in the spacious room, broken only by the scratching of the old judge's quill pen. Herold resumed his aimless skimming of the evening newspaper. What further appeal could he make to John in his contradictory and violent mood?

At last the old judge, having scribbled his note, got up and left the room. Herold turned and found himself alone. John had gone without drum or trumpet. In the lounge down-stairs there was no John, and in the hall the porter told him that Mr. Risca had left the club.

He went home to his actor's six o'clock dinner, and found a letter from Lady Blount imploring him to come to Southcliff at once. Stella was getting worse day by day. Sir Oliver and she were in despair, Dr. Ransome was at his wits' ends. In a woman's frantic helplessness she adjured him to come and work a miracle. Now, it so happened that on the early afternoon of the next day he had a very important appointment. It was a question of his going into nominal management in the autumn. Suitable pieces, a theater, and financial backers, obscure but vital elements in theatrical business, had been found, and it was with these last that the morrow's all-important interview was to take place. He turned up the railway time-table, and saw that by leaving London by the first train in the morning, and probably skipping lunch, he could spend a couple of hours in Southcliff and get back in time for his engagement. He telegraphed to Lady Blount, dined, and went to the theater. For perhaps the first time in his pleasant life he was overwhelmed that evening by the sense of the futility of his work, which every artist, actor, painter, and poet is doomed to feel at times. The painted faces of his colleagues, the vain canvas of the sets, the stereotyped words, gestures, inflections, repeated without variation for more than the two hundredth time, the whole elaborate make-believe of life that at once is, and is not, the theater—all this oppressed him, filled him with shame and disgust. It had no meaning. It was an idle show. He had given to inanity a life that might have been devoted to the pursuit of noble ideals.

Folks are apt to imagine that, when the pains of the actual world get round about an artist's soul, the supreme moment has arrived for him to deliver himself in immortal utterances. This is untrue. He

does n't so deliver himself. On the contrary, he cuts up his canvas, smashes his piano, and kicks his manuscript about the room. What interpretation of life, however celestially inspired, can have the all-annihilating poignancy of life itself? Your poet may write an immortal lyric by the death-bed of his mistress; but it is a proof that he did not care a brass farthing for the lady: he is expressing the grief that he might have felt if he had loved her. For the suffering artist, at grips with the great realities, art is only a trumpery matter. It is only when he is getting, or has got, better, that he composes his masterpieces working

> . . . the world to sympathy
> With hopes and fears it heeded not.

So Herold, instinctively obeying the common law, as all poor humans in one way or another have to do, grew heart-sick at the vanity of his calling, and, after a mechanically perfect performance, wondered how an honest man could live such a life of shameless fraud.

After a night and dawn of rain the sun shone from a blue sky when he reached the Channel House next morning. Sir Oliver and Lady Blount received him in the dining-room. They looked very old and care-worn. Like Constable, they had nothing to live for save Stellamaris; and now Stellamaris, stricken by an obscure but mortal malady, was dying before their eyes. So, antiphonally, and at first with singularly little bickering, they told Herold their story of despair. It added little to his knowledge. The symptoms of which he was already aware had intensified; that was all. But the two guardians had altered their opinion as to the cause. Sir Oliver ruefully discarded the theory of the touch of the sun, and his wife now realized that the state of Stellamaris was not merely the morbid phase through which most maidens are supposed to pass. Dr. Ransome, with intuition none too miraculous, had emitted the theory that she had something on her mind. "But what could the poor darling innocent child have on her mind?" cried Sir Oliver.

"What, indeed," echoed Lady Blount, "unless her mind is affected?"

"Don't be a fool, Julia," said Sir Oliver.

"I 'm not such a fool as you think, Oliver. Stella has n't lived a normal life, and who knows but what the change of the last year may have done harm? Dr. Ransome himself said that if we could cure the mind, we could cure the body, and advised us to take her abroad so that she could be distracted by fresh scenes."

"He hinted nothing about insanity. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Sir Oliver, with querulous asperity.

Then Herold saw that the truth must be told.

"Has it never struck you that John may be the cause of it all?"

Sir Oliver jerked himself round in his chair. "John? What do you mean?"

"Why, I wrote to John at the same time that I did to you," said Lady Blount, "begging him to come down in almost the same words; for you know, dear Walter, I 'm not a clever woman and can't say the same thing in two different ways. She does n't know I did so, for she 's so strange and won't talk to any one alone, if she can help it. I thought John and you might succeed in getting something out of her. But John has n't replied at all. I can't understand it."

"Does n't that bear out what I say?" asked Herold.

"But John—what do you mean?" Sir Oliver repeated.

"Yes, dear, what do you mean? Of course John has behaved in an extraordinary way lately. He has n't been to see us for ever so long. But the dear fellow has explained. He is overwhelmed with work, especially at week-ends. He writes me charming letters, and he corresponds regularly with Stella. I don't see—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Julia, let Walter put in a word!" cried Sir Oliver, rising and throwing his cigarette-end into the bank of flowering-plants that filled the summer fireplace, a domestic outrage that always irritated Lady Blount, and even now caused her to wince and dart an angry glance at the perpetrator. "Go on. Tell us what you mean."

"Has it never occurred to you that Stella and John may have fallen in love with each other—with the ghastly barrier of the wife between them?"

The two old people looked at him wide-eyed and drooping-mouthed. That Stellamaris, their fragile, impalpable child of mystery, more precious to them than a

child of their own bodies, over whom they might have quarreled—that Stellamaris should be a grown woman, capable of a grown woman's passions, was a proposition bewilderingly preposterous. Sir Oliver found speech first.

"Stella in love with John? It 's absurd; it 's ludicrous. Why, bless my soul! you might just as well say she is in love with me! It 's nonsense—ridiculous nonsense."

He walked up and down beside the dining-room table, with arms outstretched, shaking his thin hands in protest.

Lady Blount, her elbow resting on the table, looked at Walter.

"The barrier of the wife? Who could have told her?"

"John himself."

"How much?"

"I don't know."

Sir Oliver brought himself to an abrupt standstill by the side of his wife.

"He ought n't to have done anything of the kind. Such things are not fit for her to hear."

"That 's the dreadful mistake we 've made all along, my dear Oliver," said Herold, sadly; and he disclosed to them probabilities of which they had not dreamed.

Lady Blount began to cry silently, and her husband laid his hand on her shoulder. She put up her own and clasped it. They looked very forlorn, robbed of the darling they loved. The new Stellamaris was alien to their conservatism. They did not know her. They were lost. Like children, they clasped hands, and their hearts were united at last in a common dismay.

Herold turned and looked out of the window. Presently he said:

"She 's in the garden. I 'll go and talk to her, if she will let me."

"Do, Walter dear. Try to make her speak. It 's that awful silence that we can't bear."

"She has always been devilish fond of you," said Sir Oliver.

Herold went out and came upon her, escorted by Constable, in a path bordered on each side by Canterbury-bells and foxgloves and sweet-william. She drew herself up as he approached, and looked at him like some wraith or White Lady caught in the daylight, with no gleam of welcome in her glance. The old dog, however, pushed by her to greet Herold, whom he held in vast approbation. Then, aware of being relieved from duty, he wandered down the path, where he lay down and, like a kindly elder, suffered the frisky impudence of a stray kitten of the household.

"I suppose they 've sent for you because they think I am ill," Stella began suspiciously.

"You are ill, dearest," he replied in a quiet voice, "and it 's causing us all very deep grief."

"I 'm not ill," she retorted. "But every one 's worrying me. I wish you would tell them to leave me alone."

He took a nerveless, unresponsive hand and put it to his lips. "Stellamaris, Stella darling, don't you know how we all love you? How we would give everything, life itself, to make you happy?"

She withdrew her hand. "Don't talk of happiness. It 's a delusion."

"Every living thing can be happy after its kind," said Herold. "Look at this great bumblebee swinging in the campanula."

"You were n't sent here to talk to me about bumblebees," she said with an air of defiance.

"No. I came to speak to you about John."

It was a thrust of the scalpel. It hurt him cruelly to deal it, but it had to be dealt. He closely watched its effect. Her wan face grew even whiter, and her lips grew white, and she held herself rigid. Her eyes were hard.

"I forbid you to mention his name to me."

"I must disobey you. No, my dearest," said he, gently barring the path, "you must listen. John is as unhappy and as ill as you yourself. He is suffering greatly. I don't know what to do with him. He 's going on like a madman. You must not be unjust."

"I 'm not unjust. I know the truth at last, and I judge accordingly."

"You are hard, Stella. Perhaps that 's the first unkind word anybody has ever spoken to you—and I 've got to speak it, worse luck! John would have told you long ago of the unhappy things in his life if he had thought they could possibly concern you. As soon as he found that they might do so, he told you frankly."

"He has told me nothing," said Stella, icily.

"He wrote to you about his marriage over a week ago."

"I did n't read the letter. I never read his letters. I don't take them out of the envelops. I destroy them."

Herold stared in amazement. "Then how," he cried, "do you know what you call the truth? What do you know?"

"He married a woman who is still alive. I know a great deal more," she added, ingenuous still in her cold disdain.

"More?" His brain worked against baffling conjecture. Who could have told her? Suddenly his eyes caught the shadow of tragedy. He made a step forward and closed his hands on her arms, and even then he felt the shock and pain of their fragility. In London, only a short time ago, they were round and delicately full.

"Stellamaris darling, tell me. It is I, Walter, who have loved you all your life, and to whom you have always told everything. Something none of us know has happened. What is it?"

She swayed back from him, and half closed her eyes.

"Let me go," she said faintly. "Such things are not to be spoken of. They are not to be thought of. They come only in horrible dreams one can't help."

He put an arm round her instinctively to save her from falling.

"Who told you? You must speak."

She wrenched herself free and stood rigid again.

"She told me, his wife herself."

"His wife!" His head reeled.

"His deserted wife, a woman with green eyes and thin lips. I suppose you know her. She came down here to tell me."

"My God!" cried Herold. "My God in heaven!"

And for the first time Stella saw a man in white, shaking anger, showing his teeth and shaking his fists.

"When was it?"

She told him. He controlled the riot within him and questioned her further, almost hectoringly, masterfully, and she replied like a woman compelled to obey, yet flinging her answers defiantly. And he went on unrelenting, fighting not her, but the devil that had got possession of her, until she told him all, even the final horror, as far as he could wring confession from her virgin fierceness; for, in the white-hot passion of his anger, he had challenged her knowledge of evil almost as directly as the woman had done.

"And you believe her?" he cried. "You, Stellamaris, believe that murderous thing of infamy, when you 've known John Risca and his love and his tenderness all your life? You believe it possible—John and Unity? Good God! It 's monstrous! It 's hellish!"

He planted himself on the path before her, hands on hips, his sensitive face set, his blue eyes aflame, and looked at her as no man or woman had ever yet looked at Stellamaris. And she met his look, and her eyes, despite the battle her proud soul was fighting, lost their hardness, and a new light flashed into them, as though they had changed from agate to diamond.

"She loves him body and soul," she said. "I ought to have recognized it in London. I did n't know the meaning of things then. I do now."

"Yes, she does love him; she loves him as I love you,"—and, unrealized by him, there came into his voice the vibrating notes of passion that had stirred Stellamaris to the depths at the theater,—"with every quivering fiber, heart and spirit, body and soul." He flung both hands before his face,—these were words of madness,—and went on hurriedly: "She loves him as John loves you, as the great souls of the earth can love, without thought of hope, just because they love."

She looked at him, and he looked at her, and they stood, as they had been standing all the time, in the pathway between the gay borders of flowers; and the sky was blue overhead, and the noonday sun caressed the ivy and lichens on the Georgian front of the Channel House, which basked peacefully on the farther side of the lawn. The kitten had frisked away with feline inconsequence, and Constable sprawled stiffly asleep on the gravel, like a dead dog.

"You say you love me like that?" said Stellamaris.

"You command love. Unity herself loves you like that," replied Herold, loyally.

"What reason should she have for loving me? She should be jealous of me, as I was of her. And who is she? Who is

Unity?" she asked with an imperious little stamp. "I 've been lied to about her for many years. She too lied. Will you explain her? If she 's not what that woman said, what is she?"

"I 'll tell you," he said.

He spared her nothing. It was not the hour for glossing over unpleasant things. Let her judge out of the fullness of knowledge. At his tale of the torturing—he gave her the details—she shrank back, covering her eyes, and uttered a sobbing cry.

"It 's too horrible. I can't bear it; I can't believe it."

He waited a while to give her time for recovery.

"It 's true," said he.

"I don't believe it," she cried, facing him again. "The woman warned me against lies that were being told about her—lies to screen Unity."

"It 's true," he repeated. "If you want proofs, I could get you the newspaper reports of the trial. She was put into prison for three years. Then John swore that Unity should never suffer again, and, by way of reparation, adopted her as his own daughter. He came like a god and lifted her from misery to happiness. That 's why she loves him, as you say, body and soul."

"And he loves her."

Her tone staggered him. "He loves her as a father loves a daughter."

"And she as a woman loves a lover. I 'm no longer a child. I know what I 'm talking about."

Then he saw how deep the poison had gone. It was a ghastly travesty of Stellamaris that spoke.

"You are talking wickedness, Stellamaris," he said sternly. "Go on your knees and pray to God for forgiveness."

She threw back her head. "There is n't a God, or He would not allow such foulness and horror to be on His earth. I believe in nothing. I believe nobody. I would just as soon believe that woman as you. At least she did n't pretend to be good. She rejoiced in her vileness. She hid nothing, as every one else hides things. And now—" her voice dropped to a tone of great weariness—"don't you think you 've tortured me enough?"

The word was a sword through his heart. He stretched out reproachful hands.

"Stella, dearest, dearest—"

"Forgive me," she said. "Sometimes I hardly know what I 'm saying."

"If you would only trust me!"

She shook her head sadly.

"I can trust no one, not even you. Let me go now."

He saw that she was at the end of her strength. Any concession that she might make now would be for him a Pyrrhic victory. And it was true that he had tortured her—tortured her, as his whole being asserted, for her soul's welfare. But he could probe her no further.

They walked in silence toward the house. Constable, as soon as they had passed, rose and followed them. It is for the greater happiness of big-hearted dogs that they do not understand all things human.

At the foot of the staircase leading to Stella's wing they parted.

"Stella darling," said he, taking her hand, "if you will believe nothing else, believe this: all our hearts are breaking for you."

She looked at him for a long, odd moment, with the diamond glitter in her eyes.

"Mine is broken," she said.

He stood and watched her wearily mounting the stairs until she disappeared at the turn of the landing, the old hound scrabbling up behind her.

CHAPTER XXI

HEROLD caught his train. He had accomplished his mission: Stella had spoken. In a few words he had enlightened Stella's unhappy guardians.

"Be gentle with her," he had recommended. "Don't try to force her confidence. Don't let Ransome feel her pulse too often or give her physic. Talk about the tropics, and try to stimulate her interest, and make her think she would like to go on a sea-voyage. Or, if you can get hold of a lost baby, stick it in the garden where she can find it."

He had talked bravely to the old people, who would have cut off each other's heads—and their own, for the matter of that—to bring back the Stellamaris of a year ago. They clung to him pathetically. If he had counseled them to shut Stella in a room and read the minor prophets aloud

to her, they would have obeyed him with unquestioning meekness. With a smile on his lips, he had put heart into them. Lady Blount had kissed him, and Sir Oliver, watery-eyed, had wrung his hand.

In the empty carriage of the train he gave way, as your highly strung, sensitive man must do, if he would avoid disaster. He did not think. To think implies an active process. But thoughts came tumultuous, and without a struggle he let them assail him. He felt that if he attempted to put into logical order the intricacies of passionate emotion in which he and John and Stella and Unity were involved, if he attempted to gage the effect on all their lives of this new horror brought therein by the murderous devil-woman, if he allowed himself to think of Stella's challenge, "You say you love me like that?" he would go mad. Let the burning thoughts sear his brain as they listed; his sanity demanded passive surrender.

At Victoria Station he collected his wits so as to deal with the commonplace routine of life. He looked at the clock, rapidly calculating. He would have time to go home, bolt some food and drink, and go off to keep his appointment with the men of money. He drove to his house in Kensington in a taxicab, and, telling the driver to wait, let himself in with his latch-key. His man met him in the hall.

"A lady waiting to see you, sir."

"I have no time to see ladies. Tell her I 'm very sorry, and bring me a sandwich and a whisky and soda."

He thought she was some persistent actress in search of an engagement. Such phenomena are not infrequent in the overcrowded theatrical world.

"It 's a Miss Blake, sir, Mr. Risca's ward. She telephoned this morning, and asked when you would be likely to be in—"

"Miss Blake?"

He stood amazed. What was Unity doing in his house? It was only yesterday that he had seen her. What had happened?

"Where is she?"

"In the library, sir."

He ran up the stairs. As he entered the room, Unity rose from the straight-backed chair in which she had been sitting and rushed to meet him. She was an eager and anxious Unity, still wearing the tartan blouse, but not the gorgeous hat of yesterday. A purple tam-o'-shanter, hastily secured by a glass-headed pin, had taken the place of that extravagant creation.

"Oh, Mr. Herold, do you know anything about guardian?"

The eagerness faded from her face as she saw the perplexity on his.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"He went out last night about seven o'clock, and has n't come back since." She wrung her hands. "I thought you might be able to tell me something."

He could only look at her in blank dismay, and question her as to John's latest known movements. There was very little to tell.

"He had an appointment in town after lunch, which was the last time I saw him. I heard him come in about a quarter to seven and go straight into his study—"

"He left me about half-past five—at the club," said Herold. "He was all nerves and crazy-headedness. He almost quarreled with me. He said he had n't slept for weeks."

"He has n't," said Unity. "That 's what makes me so frightened."

"Well, go on."

"I heard him come in. I was in the kitchen helping Phœbe. A few minutes afterward I heard him walk down the passage—you know his quick, heavy tread—and go out again, slamming the street door. We waited dinner for ever so long, and he did n't come. And then it was bedtime. Aunt Gladys was n't anxious, because nothing that guardian did now would surprise her. She 's like that, you know. And I did n't think very much about it at first, because he 's always irregular. But when it came to two and three and four o'clock in the morning—I can never go to sleep till I hear him come in, you know," she explained simply—"then I was terribly anxious—"

"Why did n't you ring me up during the night?" Herold asked.

"I thought of it; but I did n't like to disturb you. I did early this morning, but your servant said you had already gone down to Southcliff. Oh, I was so hoping," she sighed, "that he had gone to Southcliff, too! There was a letter waiting for him—"

"Good Lord!" cried Herold, with a

flash of memory, "so there was! From Lady Blount."

"Do you know what was in it?" she asked quickly.

"Lady Blount told me. She said that Stellamaris was very ill, going to die,—an alarming letter,—and begged him to go down at once."

"And he went out, but did n't go down," said Unity.

Their eyes met, and the same fear froze them.

"Did you look—"

"No; how could I? The drawer was locked."

"It must be broken open," said Herold.

The man-servant came in to ask whether he should pay and dismiss the waiting driver of the taxi.

"Yes," said Herold, after a moment's reflection. "And, Ripley, you might telephone to Mr. Bowers of Temple Chambers and say that I 'm detained; that I don't know whether I 'll be able to come at all."

It was impossible to transact business beneath this lowering cloud of tragedy. The men of money could wait till John was found, dead or alive. Suddenly he remembered that a taxicab was the one thing necessary. He recalled Ripley.

"Let the cab wait." He turned to Unity as soon as the man had closed the door.

"It must be broken open, and at once. I 'll come with you and do it. I 'll take the responsibility."

"Yes," said Unity. "Let us know the worst."

"I 'll go and fetch a couple of bunches of keys. We may find one to fit."

He went out and soon afterward returned, the keys jingling in his pocket. Ripley was at the hall telephone as they passed.

"I 'm going up to Mr. Risca's," said Herold.

In a few moments they were speeding across London. Unity sat very tense, her red hands clenched together till the knuckles showed white.

"The house first, and then Scotland Yard," he said.

"We must know first," she assented.

He glanced at her admiringly.

"You 're one of the bravest girls I 've ever met."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It is n't a time for playing the fool and going into hysterics," she said bluntly.

Many girls of her mongrel origin would have broken down under the strain, shed wild tears, uttered incoherences of terror. Not so Unity. "She is the kind that walks through fire," thought Herold.

They spoke little. He grew sick with anxiety. Lady Blount's letter had been the determining cause of John's flight from home. Of this there could be no question. It had not been a sane man who raved at him yesterday. He was primed for any act of madness. The letter was the spark. Stella ill, fading away to a ghost and as silent as one, victim to an obscure and wasting disease that baffled them all; Stella dying before their eyes—the unhappy picture of the beloved was poignant in its artlessness. It would have stirred to grief any friend of Stellamaris. What emotions, then, had it not aroused in the breast of the man who loved her desperately, and whose very love had brought her to this pitch of suffering, to this imminence of dissolution? And the appeal for help, for the immediate presence of the rock and tower of strength of the household, with what ironic force had that battered at the disordered brain? There were only three courses for a man situated like Risca, and gifted or afflicted with Risca's headstrong and gloomy temperament, to pursue: to surrender to the appeal, which he had not done; to find his friend and bid him stand by while he cursed the day he was born and the God who made him and the devil-ruled welter of infamy which called itself a world, which likewise he had not done; or, in a paroxysm of despair and remorse, to fling himself beyond reach of human touch and seek a refuge for himself in the darkness. The conclusion that he had taken this last course forced itself with diabolical logic on Herold's mind. The very key to the door of darkness had lain ready to his hand, hidden in the study drawer. Before the eyes of the imaginative man, strung tight almost to breaking-point by the morning's emotions, flashed vivid pictures of tragic happenings—so vivid that they could not but be true: the reading of the letter; John standing by the study table; the letter dropping from his hands, which, in familiar gesture went

to the crisp, grizzly hair; the bloodshot eyes,—he had noted them yesterday,—the heavy jaw momentarily hanging loose, then snapping tight with a grating of the teeth; the unlocking of the drawer; the snatching up of the evil, glittering thing; the exit along the passage, with "his quick, heavy tread."

Did he remember to lock the drawer again? The vision was elusive. The question became insistent.

"Did you try the drawer?" he asked suddenly.

"No," said Unity.

It was unlocked. He felt sure that it was unlocked. He recalled the moving picture, bade it stay while he concentrated his soul on the drawer. And one instant it was shut, and another it did not seem flush with the framing-table and a crack, a sixteenth of an inch, was visible.

He strove to carry on the vision beyond the house-door; but in vain. He saw John Risca going out grim into the soft and clouded summer evening, and then the figure disappeared into lucent but impenetrable space.

Unity gripped his hand. Her common little face was like marble.

"Supposing he 's dead!"

"I won't suppose such a thing," said Herold.

"You must. Why not face things?"

"All right. Let us face them."

"Supposing he 's dead. Do you think he 's wicked?"

"Certainly not. Do you?"

"You know I don't," said Unity.

"Of course I know," said Herold.

"I could die for her myself, and I 'm not a man," said Unity.

"Is n't it best, however, to live for those one loves, even at the cost of suffering?"

"Not if you can do them good by dying."

"Supposing he 's dead," asked Herold, —clean direct souls can ask each other such questions,—"what will you do?"

Her grip grew fierce as she turned up to him her snub-nosed, wide-mouthed, ugly little cockney face. "There 'll be no need for me to kill myself. I 'll die all right. Don't make any mistake about that."

"But supposing he is alive, and supposing the barrier were removed,—I mean, supposing the woman—you know whom —were no longer there, and he married,—what would you do?"

"What would you?"

"I?"

"You don't think you can fool me," said Unity. "You love Miss Stella as much as he does."

"How do you know?"

Unity flung her hand to the outer air. "How do I know that 's an omnibus?"

"You 're right, my dear; I do love her. You 're one of the few human beings in this world who know what love means, and I 've told you what I 've told to no one living. But if she married John tomorrow, I would strangle everything wrong in me and devote my life to watching over their happiness."

"Don't you think I 'd do the same?"

"I know you would."

"Then what 's the good of asking me what I 'd do?" said Unity.

"Talk like this helps."

Unity sought his hand again.

"It does," she said gently.

There was silence for a while. The white, wall-inclosed houses of Maida Vale, gay in the sunshine, flashed by them. She gripped his hand harder.

"But supposing he 's dead, supposing he 's dead!"

"Let us suppose nothing, my dear," said Herold.

The cab stopped at Fairmont, Ossington Road. Herold gave Unity his hand to alight, and together they went through the tiny front garden, now gay with geraniums and petunias and pansies, into the house.

Miss Lindon, who had been watching all day for John by the drawing-room window, greeted them in the passage, her eyes red, and her cap askew on her white hair.

"O Mr. Herold, have you found him? Where is he? I 'm sure he 's been run over by a motor-omnibus," she continued, on learning that Herold brought no news. "The way they whiz upon you when you 're not looking is so bewildering. The old days of horses were bad enough, although I do remember his poor father being upset out of a rowing-boat at Ramsgate."

"You may be quite sure, dear Miss Lindon," said Herold, gently, "that John

Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE TURNED ON HIM A MISERABLE, SCARED FACE AND TOLD HIM OF HER DISCOVERY" (SEE PAGE 861)

has n't met with a street accident. The police would have told us long ago."

"But what could have happened to him? I know I 've thought of everything."

"Very likely he went down to spend the night in the East End, so as to write a descriptive article for the review," said Herold. "You have n't thought of that."

Miss Lindon admitted she had not, but tearfully held to the motor-omnibus theory. He tried to reassure her. Unity clenched her teeth, half mad with anxiety to get to the fateful drawer. At last Herold led the dear but delaying lady into the drawing-room.

"I am going to examine John's papers. Very likely I shall find something to put me on the track. You don't mind if I go in alone—with Unity to tell me where things are?"

"I 'm sure, if you really try, you 'll find him. You are so clever," she replied.

He kissed her hand and left her sitting by the window, the tears running down her cheeks. In the passage Unity caught him by the hand.

"Come along!"

They ran down the passage into the study and locked the door.

"Which is the drawer?"

"The writing-table—the one to the right."

Herold flew to it and tried it. His vision had been false: it was locked. He sat down in John's worn leather writing-chair and pulled out his bunches of keys. One after another he tried them. Some were too large, others too small. Now and then one fitted into the keyhole and turned slightly in the wards.

"It 's coming."

"Yes—no."

"Let me try; it won't do."

The perspiration streamed upon their faces, and their fingers shook. Sometimes the tried keys slid back into the bunch, and all had to be tried over again. A piano organ which had been playing maddeningly in front of the house ceased suddenly, and there was the silence of death in the room, broken only by the rattle of the keys and the tense breathing of the two.

At last they assured themselves that none of the keys would fit. They tried to wrench the drawer open by the handles, but the workmanship was stout. It was clattering discord. They searched the room for some instrument to pick or break open the lock. They rummaged among unlocked drawers filled with papers, old letters, bits of sealing-wax, forgotten pipes thrown together haphazard after the fashion of an untidy man. They found many rusty keys, which they tried in vain.

"We must break it open," said Herold.

He sent Unity for a screw-driver, and during her short absence he looked through the papers in the baskets on the table; but they gave no clue. Unity returned, and locked the door again behind her. Once more they wrenched and jerked the drawer, and this time it gave sufficiently for the edge of the screw-driver to be inserted. And at last the woodwork broke away from the lock and the drawer flew open, and there lay the bright revolver on the sealed envelop just as Unity had described.

Herold sank into the writing-chair, and Unity steadied herself, her hands behind her, against the table. They regarded each other for a while, pale, panting, breathless.

"Thank God!" he whispered.

"Yes, thank God!"

So they remained for a while recovering from their almost intolerable relief. John Risca had not killed himself. It was a conclusion logical enough. The probability was that he was alive. But where? What had become of him? With what frenzied intention had he fled from the house?

Presently Unity drew up her squat little figure and closed the mutilated drawer.

"Can she have anything to do with it?" she asked, looking at him steadily.

"She?"

"Yes."

There was no need of explanation. "She" was the incarnation in woman of all evil. He rose from the chair, putting his hand to his forehead. He had not thought of her in connection with John's disappearance; judged in the light of the morning's revelation, the connection was more than possible. Of no ingenuity of fiendishness was the woman incapable.

"What made you think of her?"

"How can I help thinking of her?" said Unity.

"It is the she-devil," he cried excitedly.

"She has been at work already. My God! I have it!" He smote his palm with the fist of the other hand. "She has told him."

"What?"

"She went down to Southcliff and saw Stellamaris. She poisoned her ears with hideous things. She was going to throw her over the cliff."

Unity, a queer light behind her patient eyes, crept up close to him, and an ugly look accentuated the coarseness of her features.

"She dared? She dared to speak to my precious one? What did she say? Tell me."

"She told her she was John's deserted wife, and that you—" he hesitated for a moment, and saw that he was not dealing with a young girl, but with a tragic woman—"and that you were his mistress."

Unity closed her eyes for a moment and swallowed the horror. Then she looked at him again.

"And what else?"

"She gave to her innocent soul to understand what a mistress was. She taunted her and jeered at her. She had her at her mercy."

"When did you learn this?"

"This morning, from Stellamaris herself. I told her the whole truth from beginning to end, but, God help her! her soul is so poisoned that she does n't know whether to believe the woman or me."

"If he knew that—if he knew that," said Unity, slowly, "he would murder her."

"Would to God she were murdered!" cried Herold in a shrill voice. "Would to God she were dead! She should be killed outright like a wild beast. But not by him, oh, not by him! It would be whirling catastrophe and chaos." He walked wildly and uttered senseless things. Then he halted. "But why should he know? Why should she tell him? Why should she invite her own destruction? No, she can't have told him." He took her by her meager shoulders. "Unity, he must never know. He would kill her. It 's a hanging matter. It 's unthinkable. Swear you will never tell him."

"I 'll never tell him," said Unity.

"He must be saved," continued Herold, on the same note, his sensitive face pinched and his eyes eager. "And she must be saved. All this is killing them both—both of those who matter all the world to you and me. This thing of infamy is standing between them and blasting their lives. She will live, and they will be destroyed."

"If she were dead, would they come together?" asked Unity.

"Why not? What 's to prevent them? Time and love would clear up clouds. But she—the unutterable—she will live. She will work in the dark, as she did that night when she stabbed you."

"I 'm not thinking of that," said Unity.

"But I am." He waved her disclaimer aside, not appreciating for the moment how immeasurably she was lifted above the plane of personal desire for vengeance. "I am," he repeated. "She is walking murder. She meant to murder you. She meant to murder Stellamaris. Think of it!" He threw out his arms in a wide gesture. "There 's a path down there—round the face of the cliff—"

"I know it," said Unity. "There 's a bench. I used to sit there."

"She lured her there. You know—it 's sheer above and sheer below and rocks beneath. She played with her, cat and mouse, would have thrown her over, dashed her down, Unity—dashed that precious, beautiful body down on to the rocks! But she did n't. God sent somebody to save her—to save her life that time. But she failed. She will try again. She will work her devilishness against her—against him—against you."

"I tell you, I don't care what she does to me," she interrupted roughly. "What the hell does it matter what she does to me?"—it was the aboriginal gutter transcendentalized that spoke—"Leave me and her out of it. I 've nothing against her. I 'm not a silly fool. If it had n't been for her, I should n't be here living like a lady. I ain't a lady, but I 'm supposed to be one. And I should n't have known him, and I should n't have loved him. And I should n't have known my precious one—and I should n't have known you. I should have scrubbed floors and washed up plates in a lodging-house—all I was fit for. I 've nothing against her—nothing. She can do what she likes with me; but with him and her—" She broke off on the up-note.

"Yes, you and I don't matter. We can

put our foot on the neck of our own little devils, can't we?"

Somehow he found his hands round Unity's cheeks and his eyes looking into hers; and she suffered the nervous clasp gladly, knowing, in her pure girl's heart, that he was a good man, that he loved Stellamaris as she loved John, and that he loved John as she loved Stellamaris. Brother and sister, in a spiritual relation singularly perfect in this imperfect world, they stood, the gentleman of birth and breeding, the artist, the finely fibered man of wide culture, and Unity Blake, whose mother had died of drink in a slum in Notting Hill Gate a year after her father had died in prison, and of whom Miss Lindon despaired of ever making a lady.

There came a twisting of the door handle. They fell apart. Then came a tapping at the door. Herold turned the key and opened. It was Phœbe, elderly and gaunt. She clasped her hands tight in front of her.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!" she said.

"What 's the matter?"

"Master—he 's found. Your servant has just telephoned. Mr. Risca 's met with an accident and is at your house, and will you please go there at once?"

(To be continued)

A GLANCE AT THE IRISH QUESTION

APROPOS OF THE PRESENT HOME RULE BILL

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

TWO things from the first could be postulated with some confidence as to the fate of the Irish Home Rule Bill which the British Prime Minister introduced into the House of Commons on April 11. One was that it would pass the Lower House; the other was that it would be thrown out by the Lords. Beyond that its fortunes rested and still rest with the unpredictable play of politics. In the old days the rejection by the House of Lords of a first-class Government measure would have precipitated a general election. But under the terms of the Constitutional readjustment effected last year an adverse vote in the Upper Chamber is no longer fatal to the prospects of a bill and no longer necessitates an appeal to the country. It was provided in the Parliament Act of 1911 that any measure which, within not less than two years of its introduction, is adopted by the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions, and in each of those sessions is defeated in the House of Lords, shall automatically become law. The veto of the Upper House, in other words, is now a suspensory veto, limited for all operative purposes to two years. That it will be exercised in this case to the full limit of the prescribed period, that the Lords will do everything in their power to prevent Mr. Asquith's measure from reaching the statute book, nobody either in Ireland or in Great Britain affects to doubt. That none the less and in spite of them it will receive the royal assent is equally certain, *if* the present Government is in office two years hence. That *if* is in reality the crux of the situation. For the whole future of the new Home Rule bill depends absolutely on the ability of the Liberals to remain in power for another twenty-four months. As to that one man's guess is as good as, and no better than, another's; and for myself I propose to refrain from any forecasts. The sole purpose of this brief exordium is merely to remind Americans that the Home Rule bill is neither assured of an ultimate triumph because it has been ratified by the House of Commons nor predestined to inevitable defeat because it has been refused indorsement by the House of Lords.

The Irish question is the oldest, the most complex and intractable of Eng-

From a photograph by The News Illustration Co., London

THE UNIONIST RALLY IN THE COURT OF BLENHEIM PALACE, JULY 27, 1912

Twenty thousand people took part in this meeting which was called mainly as a protest against Home Rule. The Duke of Marlborough presided.

From an early sketch by John W. Alexander

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN

Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1886 and 1887.

From an early sketch by John W. Alexander

MICHAEL DAVITT

The father of the Land League movement

land's problems. For over seven hundred years one or other of its innumerable aspects, military or fiscal, religious or economic, agrarian or political, has harassed and baffled English statesmanship. The two islands, forced by geographical propinquity into an intimate and unescapable relationship, have little that could make any connection between them other than an ill-assorted union of incompatibles. In the origins and instincts of their peoples, in their economic formation, in the whole cast of their respective civilizations, in language and in mentality, the divergences between them were from the first profound. Ireland was never conquered, was never even invaded, by the Roman legions; she escaped altogether the ordeal that was to prove the birth-throe not only of English but of practically all European civilization. The tribal system, based on self-governing septs and a common ownership of the land, and loosely knit by bonds of spiritual, linguistic, and legal but not of material or administrative unity, prevailed among her people for centuries after it had been outgrown elsewhere and embodied a conception of the State and a view of landed property diametrically opposed to those that Roman power had stamped upon the English mind.

From a photograph, copyright, by William Lawrence

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

From a photograph taken shortly before his death.

From the very moment of the Anglo-Norman invasion, from the first dawn of Anglo-Irish relations, feudalism was thus pitted against tribalism, and an English interest, consisting of a body of conquer-

ors and settlers, against the Irish people; and, with the Reformation, religion came to embitter every element of contentiousness. On this threefold policy of ousting the Irish from the ownership of the soil, of proscribing and penalizing their creed, and of planting the country with Scotch and English colonists, has been reared the ghastly failure of British rule in Ireland—a failure that on the whole seems to me, as an Englishman, the biggest, blackest, and most stupid blot on our national record.

When one thinks of all that has happened in the seven and a half centuries of Anglo-Irish history, of the wars and rebellions waged on either side with an unsurpassable fury, of the dreary tale of slaughterings, confiscations, and banishments, of the religious persecutions that assumed the peculiarly revolting form of the persecution of the vast majority of the natives of the soil by a small and alien oligarchy, maintained by foreign arms, of the deliberate strangling of Irish industries in the interests of England, of how the bitterest antagonisms of racial and religious strife have been marshaled on either side of the struggle for the land; when one thinks of the famines and evictions and the constant drain of emigration and of the iniquities of the land-tenure system that existed even so recently as forty years ago; when one recalls the fearful convulsions that have periodically dislocated the framework of Irish society, with oppression on the one side born of contempt and nurtured in a long untrammeled use of power, and on the other side the bitterness of dispossession groaning under a mass of calculated injustice, and on both sides the memories of centuries of ferocious strife—when one passes all this in review, it is difficult not to conclude that British statesmanship, in its dealings with Ireland, has shown neither humanity nor understanding.

From an early sketch by John W. Alexander

JOHN DILLON

Parnell's chief lieutenant and member of Parliament since 1885.

From a sketch by John W. Alexander in the early days of the Land League

WILLIAM O'BRIEN

Member of Parliament since 1910.

But all this, it may be said, is ancient history. I agree at once that in the past eighty or ninety years England has tried

Evidently the extremely esthetic mind of the late laureate lacked the "action sense" which that of the butcher's son of Stratford-on-Avon possessed abundantly.

Play-readers will, I believe, agree that manuscripts from highly cultivated intellects most commonly show a lack in this respect. Such minds are too much inclined to indulge in side issues of thought; they cannot readily shake off the habit of minute analysis and a fondness for subtleties of style which make their writings charmingly discursive and indirect. Discursiveness is fatal to drama, for it fills in so much shading that the high lights of action are lost.

Perhaps the most encouraging and most needed warning of the box-office to the would-be dramatist is against spending years in the acquirement of erudition and the formation of a style of tessellated beauty. A famous American novelist, preeminent for the subtlety of his style and the fineness of his character-drawing, is said to be now writing his first play. Reputation in his case, too, will secure its production, but I doubt whether any manager familiar with the author's fiction believes him capable of turning out an "acting play." Experience shows that the rather rough-shod directness of writers of meager cultivation more often achieves a play of this sort than does the finely labored adornment of the precision. And the manager never accepts the play of such an author because of its preciosity qualities, but despite them—if he accepts it at all.

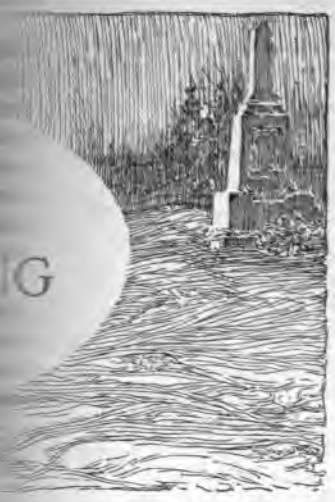
It is difficult indeed for authors to disabuse their minds of the notion that a play must be "literature." If a play turns out to be literature in addition to being a play, so much the better; but in producing plays we are not trying primarily to produce literature. The purpose is to tell a convincing story in the brief two hours during which the actors may detain an audience. That is done in a totally different way from that of telling a convincing story by means of the printed page.

One of our foremost women novelists sent me her first play, and I opened it with great expectations, because few writers have shown so marked an ability to delineate certain types of character as she. Sure enough, there was her heroine unfolding her own and other people's characters in the dialogue, the masterly handling of which I had always admired in the author's fiction. But, lo! without the "literary" explanations and reflections at which she was also an adept the characters were all flat. The dialogue alone she could not make to "carry" the story.

If the box-office is obdurate against the fault of over-adornment, it is no less so when the playwright follows out the unfortunate notion that realism consists solely and only in portraying events exactly as they occur in real life. Here the author loses the swing of the drama's action by the photographic reproduction of its minute details. In common with all other of the fine arts, the art of drama and stage-craft consists first, last, and always in the exercise of an exquisite faculty for selection and rejection. It is the essentials of action and of dialogue, and them only, of which the skilled dramatist avails himself. Any dialogue, or snatches of dialogue, that do not have a bearing directly upon the evolution of the drama being enacted, any piece of business that does not directly aid that evolution, is only so much dead wood, and should be lopped off. The value of this method Whistler exemplified with startling effect in all his later work. Always a master hand at the difficult task of selecting just those elements which contribute to the pictorial effectiveness of a scene, and of eliminating all else, Whistler's genius became toward the end of his life positively uncanny, as witness his several "Nocturnes" and his wondrous "Forge." The budding dramatist will do well to study the methods of Whistler and apply them to dramatic composition. It is a good thing to "Whistlerize" his product before offering it to a manager.

All dramatic timber, to be sure, must be hewn from real life, but it is almost never that a section of life can be sawed out bodily as it stands to make a drama. Dramas are being acted about us every day, but we do not see them simply because of the commonplace detail with which they are surrounded. Put any one of them on the stage, with the announcement that it occurred just as presented, and though the audience may possibly admit that it all might have happened, they will frequent some other playhouse for entertainment.

I saw a play once where the entire action was laid in a single setting of a New



G

EN

Home," etc.

of the green there were low
distinct to this man because he
were there and what they were.
open space where he now stood
played when a boy before and after
and at the noon recess.
was the soldiers' monument, dedi-
to those men of Fairlake who had
in the war between the States. On
coration day there were memorial ser-
in fair weather at the base of this
haft of granite. He remembered as a boy
swinging on the heavy iron chain sus-
pended from four posts about the monu-
ment.

There were only two artificial lights to be seen from the square. One was a kerosene lamp in a glass case hung outside the general store. The other was in the rear of the post-office. They made two spots of yellow in the black shadows of the huge elm-trees. It was all silent, all peaceful: Fairlake was sleeping.

The man walked slowly across the square. At the end farthest from the soldiers' monument, he came upon another shaft of granite, much smaller than the other, but, like it, set off by iron chains. "Hello!" said the man, aloud, "here 's something new since I was here." He stepped over the chain and ran his hand over that face of the polished granite block toward him. He could feel letters carved in the stone. For a few moments he tried

tinies, and have in a measure a shaping hand in their own government, until they are made conscious of a harmony between Irish sentiment, instincts, and responsibility and the daily work of Irish administration, the country will never be contented, will never be to Great Britain and the Empire anything but what it is now—a source of embarrassment and weakness.

The contrast, indeed, between what we have made of Ireland and what we have made of our dominions in other parts of the world is humiliating for an Englishman to contemplate. Almost alone among British subjects the Irish have no sense of pride in the vast fabric of government they have helped to build up. They are in the Empire but not of it. It does not thrill them; they do not even wish it well; they have never, in my view, been given a chance of wishing it well. Throughout the globe the most diverse races have been reconciled to British rule, are loyal to the British flag, have confidence in the justice and honesty of British statesmanship, feel themselves uplifted by a sentiment of brotherhood and kinship in a great Imperial community. Ireland alone stands apart distrustful and disaffected. Would not a dispassionate inquirer, confronted with this anomaly, ask at once whether there was anything in the system of government that the English have adopted in Ireland that was different from the system they have adopted throughout the rest of the Empire? And once started along that line of investigation, what would he find? He would find that everywhere except in Ireland it has been the policy of Great Britain to trust the people, to take freedom and elasticity and the utmost play of local opinion as the watchwords of her Imperial rule, and to place self-government in the very forefront of her system. Would he not therefore be likely to conclude that it is the failure to apply this policy to Ireland that is at the root of the trouble Ireland has given to Great Britain? Would he not be tempted to say to the British people: "Do in Ireland what you have done in Canada and South Africa; trust the principle that has never yet failed you; make up your minds that there is just as much human nature in Ireland as anywhere else, that coercion or the suspicion of it breeds resentment, antipathy and disloyalty, and that autonomy in the end will lead there, as elsewhere, to concord and the strength that comes from a willing partnership."

I think it is extremely likely that a dispassionate inquirer would come to some such conclusion; and the more he studied Ireland and realized the great gulf that separates English and Irish character and modes of life and mental outlook and economic structure, the more certain would he be that the conclusion was a sound one. And if he then transferred his attention to England and to Westminster, and saw the Imperial Parliament, already overburdened with work, discussing the drainage of the river Bann and the conduct of a police magistrate in Castlebar; or if he sat through a full-dress Irish debate in a House joyously emptied of all its British members, except the présent and the late Irish Secretaries, and attended only by some sixty Irish Nationalists and a dozen or so Irish Unionists; or if he read how the Irish Nationalists have played the devil with Parliamentary procedure, have held Governments at their mercy, and have dominated the course of British affairs, of which they know little and care less, solely by reference to their views, not of British, but of Irish interests—would he not feel like saying, and would he not be right in saying, that Home Rule for Ireland means Home Rule for England?

In the absence of self-government nothing in Ireland is normal; everything is confused and vitiated. It is not that she suffers, nowadays at all events, from actual oppression. The exceptional laws, safeguards, and precautions that are applied to Ireland and not applied to England are few in number, and on the whole of little account; and in many ways the Irish people have received more legislative benefits than Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Welshmen. The Irish grievances against England are preponderantly spiritual, and not material. Administrative extravagance and overtaxation, for instance, cut less deeply into the popular consciousness than the lack of sympathy between rulers and ruled. The British spirit is repugnant to five sixths of the Irish people and the Irish spirit incomprehensible to almost all Englishmen; and the gap between them never seems so impassable as when England is most intent on doing Ireland justice. And so long as these conditions

obtain, so long as the Irish are in a state of spiritual rebellion against their English rulers, all public life in the country is perverted, and artificial contentions and unnatural divisions take the place of the healthy and productive clash of mind with mind which is the salt of politics.

Thus, because Ireland has not Home Rule, the Irish Nationalist M. P.'s—the representatives, remember, of a Catholic peasantry who are instinctive Tories—find themselves allied in the House of Commons with English Radicals, with whom they have hardly an idea in common. Thus, because Ireland has not Home Rule, the industrial democracy of Ulster returns to the Imperial Parliament men who form a wing of the English Conservative party. Thus, because Ireland has not Home Rule, movements of the utmost benefit to the Irish people, such, for instance, as Sir Horace Plunkett's magnificent work in organizing agricultural coöperation, are opposed and thwarted by the Nationalist politicians for fear lest they should confuse or impair the demand for self-government. Thus, because Ireland has not Home Rule, over half the constituencies in Ireland never know the educational stimulus of a contested election, and political thought and interest decay through sheer inanition. Thus, because Ireland has not Home Rule, measures conceived in the interests of industrial England are applied indiscriminately to the totally different circumstances of agricultural Ireland. Thus, because Ireland has not Home Rule, many questions, such as the education question, can neither be dealt with effectively by the British legislature nor grappled with at all by any representative Irish body. Thus, because Ireland has not Home Rule, all the Irish official departments lack the guidance of a central national authority. There is not, in short, a single direction in which political thought and political action are not dissipated, hampered, or stifled by the absence of self-government.

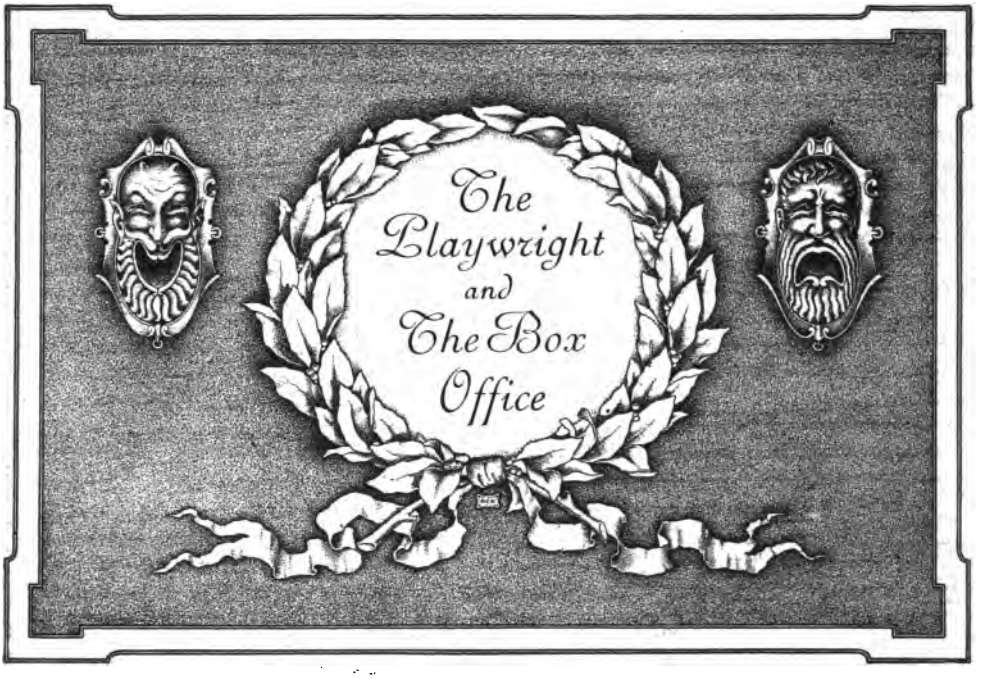
But the mischief does not end there. It is the final defect of the present system that it destroys all sense of responsibility, encourages the Irish to rely upon external agencies instead of upon their own exertions, and enables them to throw upon anybody and everybody but themselves the blame for their moral or material shortcomings. They have almost come to forget that the ultimate regeneration of their country depends not on what is done or left undone in the British Parliament, but on the practical efforts of Irishmen in Ireland. They have grown so absorbed in the contemplation of all that England will one day do for them that they have rather overlooked the duty of doing anything for themselves. Their most active occupation has been that of criticism. Even the Home Rule movement has been very largely the decorative, emotional, and rhetorical side of an agitation to beat rents down and get rid of landlordism. Indeed, the agrarian question is and always has been the tangible, immediate, crucial issue; Home Rule has never been anything but a vague, flattering, unformulated aspiration; and the average Nationalist who has perorated about "our noble but oppressed race" all his life and passed endless resolutions in favor of self-government has but the faintest conception of what it would mean in practice. They have never had to think out any political issue for themselves, in detail, and with a view to constructive legislation. To my mind, indeed, the conclusive argument for Home Rule is that without it there seems no chance whatever of the Irish character becoming strong and responsible. I have never pretended to regard it as a panacea. There is no one cure, just as there is no one cause, of Irish ills; and to talk as though the Irish question were all politics, as though the Constitutional issue were the whole of it instead of being a part of it, or as though Home Rule would effect some instantaneous and miraculous transformation in the nature or the material fortunes of the Irish people seems to me altogether misguided. But self-government would at least bring the Irish face to face with themselves, strip them of their last excuse, and place them under the compulsion of self-respect and national accountability to war on the truculent vanities, the terrorism and chicanery, the hectic pretenses and malingering "patriotism" that at present disfigure Irish life and politics.

From this point of view the larger the grant of Home Rule and the greater the responsibility it throws on the Irish people, the better. Like a good many other Englishmen, I should be willing to see Ireland placed in the same position as Can-

ada or South Africa or any other of the self-governing dominions—mistress of all her internal affairs, with full powers of taxation, unrepresented at Westminster, and preserving only the link of the Crown as her bond of union with Great Britain. That is what is known in England as the Colonial model of Home Rule. The Liberal Government, however, have approached the problem from a very different angle. The solution they propose is based on the Federal idea and is intended to be the first step toward a comprehensive policy of Home Rule all round, with England, Scotland, and Wales apparently standing on very much the same footing as Ireland. This involves retaining a certain number of Irish M. P.'s—forty-two is the number mentioned in the bill—at Westminster, where they will still be able to interfere with the workings of English politics and to agitate for further concessions to Ireland. It also involves a variety of restrictions on the powers of the Irish Parliament to impose new taxes and customs duties. The bill which is now under discussion has, therefore, the two vital defects of not removing Ireland from British politics and of not furnishing the Irish people with adequate incentives to economy or with a full, or anything like a full, measure of responsibility. I cannot, even if it becomes law, regard it as a final or satisfactory solution of the Irish question. For the third time British statesmanship has tackled the problem of Irish government and for the third time it has failed.

But while the bill does not by any means go far enough to please the more advanced school of Nationalists, it goes much too far to please Ulster. Belfast and Londonderry no more relish being governed by a Parliament that must necessarily be mainly representative of Catholic and agricultural Ireland than Chicago would relish being ruled by Lower Quebec. The typical Ulster Unionist, whether farmer, manufacturer, or artisan, comes of a hard-bitten, tenacious, emotional stock; he is a violent Protestant; he represents the old dominant colonizing caste; he fears that under Home Rule his industries will be taxed out of existence or his farm taken from him or his religion discriminated against; you can no more argue with him than you can discuss the negro question with a Tennessee planter of the old school; he moves in a world of passionate unrealities and sees everything in the light of musty hatreds, distorted suspicions, and irrational prejudices; he remembers history and talks of the Pope as though another Armada were on the point of sailing or another Inquisition about to be established; and he is threatening, if Home Rule comes, to boycott the Irish Parliament, to send no representatives to it, to pay no taxes and to organize a government of his own. What will come of all this blustering nobody quite knows. If the past is any guide, nothing serious will come of it, and Ulster, after raising a tremendous fuss, will submit to the inevitable and in a few years hold the balance of power in the Irish Parliament.

One of the most significant features of the campaign for and against the present Home Rule bill has been the complete passivity of the English electorate. The fears and watchwords that so passionately stirred the country in 1886 and 1893 have been outgrown and the predominant feeling to-day is rather one of anxiety to have done with this restless and recurrent problem of Irish government. The old bitterness and rancor and contempt have wholly disappeared and in their place has arisen a sincere desire to do Ireland generous justice and to make such reparation as is possible for the tragic blunders of the past. I wish I could think that the Liberals had risen to the full height of their opportunity and had drafted a Constitution for Ireland in the same lofty and spacious spirit of statesmanship that they displayed a few years ago in their dealings with South Africa. Such praise, in my judgment, cannot be awarded them. None the less the bill they have introduced is a long step toward the lasting settlement of the Irish question, and if it becomes law, it will give the Irish what they have never yet had—a considerable hand in shaping their own destiny and development; it will arouse in them a fresh and practical interest in their native land; and in the long run it may not only unite all Irishmen to one another but may unite Ireland to England by ties of mutual helpfulness and sympathy far more enduring than the unnatural, the deeply detested, and the irritating link that now joins them.



BY DAVID BELASCO

ONCE when young I wrote a story. I managed to make most of my friends read it, and they all said it was "full of clever things." I thought so myself, and sent it to a "leading magazine." It was promptly returned.

For the remote possibility of this event I was not wholly unprepared. I was not entirely certain that my effort was a masterpiece, and I understood vaguely that there were experienced writers of even greater ability whose stories might find favor with the editor above mine. So the pang of disappointment I felt when the postmaster handed me the unmistakable, long, fat envelop gave place to pleasurable expectation of finding a warm little personal note from the editor, telling me how much promise my work showed, explaining why this first effort fell short of availability, and offering kindly hints whereby I might make improvement.

I found instead a printed slip, and on it was inscribed the following sentiment: "The editors beg to be excused from offering comment or criticism upon manuscripts that prove unavailable for publication."

This, as I then regarded it, inconsiderate and unjust treatment of my ambition had the beneficent effect of making me abandon story-writing forthwith and forever. More likely than not there was an attitude of genuine kindly regret back of that inclosure, but I did not appreciate then, nor till very many years afterward, that no one whose task it is to pass judgment upon the brain-work of others can escape having his sympathies appealed to —that is, if he himself be capable of honest brain-work worthy of the name. To indulge such a feeling to the extent of opening a correspondence school, even for more promising writers than I, was of course a physical impossibility.

If from such a labor of Hercules the editor begs to be excused, how much more should the theatrical manager! He, too, must read, weigh, confer about, and judge many manuscripts in an eager search not for several printable ones a month, but for two or three producible ones a year. From these adequate acting versions must be evolved, and he must personally supervise this task. Add to it the exacting work of casting, rehearsing, staging, and watching over each production throughout its career, and you have reason enough for the

manager's criticism of most play manuscripts being confined to "No."

A young man who came to see me recently reminded me of my own early feelings about the editor's printed slip. He was assistant dramatic editor of a well-known daily in one of our good-sized Western cities, and he presented an introduction from his chief. His call seemed purposeless till he rose to go. Then his sudden hesitation and diffidence were appealing. An encouraging smile enabled him to unburden himself.

"Could you give me a hint," he said, "as to the best method of marketing a play?"

"An untried play," I replied, "is one of those works of man to which it is impossible to apply the law of supply and demand except by a sort of intuition; and intuition at best is fallible. Bricks or breakfast foods can be marketed; not so new plays. They are read and either accepted or declined. The only 'method' is to send your play around to the various managers."

"Yes," he persisted, "but out of the mass of plays so submitted there must be some—say half a dozen—each of which the manager recognizes as being very nearly right, and any of which he himself could quite easily make right. Could you give me some idea of his criterion of choice among them?"

"There is, as you say, not much difference between several plays that are 'almost right.' Emerson points out somewhere that the difference between men is very slight, but he adds that difference is supremely important. It is as difficult to explain why one chooses a play for production as why one chooses a friend."

All the more reason, apparently, for the manager's being expected to promulgate some general formula for successful playwriting. But even that attempt would be of only doubtful benefit to the tyro. Think of the length of the personal note that would have been required to explain to my own youthful inexpertness just why my story was rejected! It must have defined clearly such subtleties as "the feel" which an editor gets of his readers as a class, and the "tone" he must maintain to satisfy them. The manager likewise strives for a tone to pervade his various playhouses, and he gets the feel of the audiences his efforts attract. His own understanding of such things is acquired by the closest observation of how the living human mass is affected by many things. To impart the swift, elusive lessons thus learned is so difficult that the manager almost never tries.

Perhaps this failure to offer advice to the inexperienced is mainly responsible for the notion that managers constitute a cabal for the suppression of true genius. Not a few aspirants are fond of picturing to themselves the strongholds of drama jealously guarded by a lot of grim and greedy ogres, all of whom some evil spirit has bewitched with the box-office point of view.

That, let us frankly admit, is the one tangible and specific talisman that enables the manager to judge of a play manuscript. Moreover, the most important advice that can be given the playwright is to study the box-office point of view without fear, even though a bugaboo has been made of it by some self-constituted high priests of art.

There is nothing new in the box-office point of view. It prodded Manager W. Shakspere into writing and producing the kind of plays he felt sure would fill the Globe Theatre in London four centuries ago. It caused Manager Augustin Daly to choose, for his first venture, "Under the Gaslight," a play revealing a moving railroad train "for the first time on any stage." To-day it could not get a hearing save in the houses devoted exclusively to the "thriller." Later the box-office made Mr. Daly turn to musical comedies, which brought him in the money he was willing to lose, if necessary, on elaborate productions of the very plays Shakspere had found profitable at the Globe.

If of such shifting currents in the favor of playgoers the actual box-office statistics remained, what a valuable study they would furnish for both managers and playwrights! Even the mere existence of the box-office has always been a blessing, —in disguise, if you will,—for without it, to rap sharply the sponsors of drama over the knuckles, we should long ago have had no more plays addressed to humanity, and the theater would have been completely given over to the intellectual aristocracy familiarly known in our day as "highbrows." An outcome so unfortunate for

the world the box-office has been chiefly instrumental in preventing, and I doubt whether dramatic history records a truly great play that does not give evidence that its author learned much of his art from the box-office point of view.

How, then, shall the inexperienced playwright learn from it? If the acquirement of facility in dramatic composition, the most precise and exacting of literary forms, must still be supplemented by acquaintance with a cash-register code, why, it seems reasonable to ask, do not managers open schools where its secrets may be learned? They do—by building theaters.

The statement seems like an easy way of keeping one's counsel—warning off the inexperienced by advising him to gain experience. Yet it is the only piece of truly practical advice the manager can give. He cannot fairly invite the amateur to learn from him, but with him, and their common classroom must be found in the theater itself.

Here, if he go as a learner, the playwright will find this advice no closed circle of sophistry. If he is capable of profiting by experience at all, though he may find it circuitous enough, it will resolve itself into a spiral path leading upward to his goal. He will profit much from observing the successes of others, more by their failures; for not even the box-office point of view enables managers to reject all the bad plays. A plentiful supply of them is reserved every season for the public, which passes judgment more swiftly and silently than could the most sordidly commercial manager imaginable. Wherever the animate judgment of an audience can be observed, an important lesson awaits the aspirant for dramatic laurels. There is not a manager who would not envy him the opportunity to study all the unsuccessful plays that are produced.

Again this managerial advice is exasperatingly negative and non-committal. But the box-office says "Don't" far more frequently and definitely than it says "Do," and any introduction to its dictum will get little further than fault-finding, leaving constructive principles to be inferred. For learning the faults fatal to a play manuscript is where the curriculum begins in the theater's school of experience.

The aspiring playwright must be willing to endure this exhausting sort of theater-going if he would become in any measure a competent critic of his own efforts. Let him not flatter himself that he is "a serious student of the drama" unless he goes to school.

But at the start he must be told not to waste his time entering the theater in this way if he has not "the root of the matter" in him—a sixth sense enabling him to distinguish action from mere argument, situations from mere scenes, truths from mere facts. Only then will he be able to discern the dramatic quality between action and action. He must see that comedy is not achieved when the audience laughs only at the actors and not at the play. (How often I have had to talk an actor out of some make-up that would have called attention away from his lines!) He must know that the loving father, hurled to death from the platform of a swiftly moving train while bringing a glass of water to his child in the next car, furnishes "tragedy" only in newspaper parlance.

Events less plain than this, which no less obviously "the fingers of the Fates have failed to touch," are frequently enough mistaken for dramatic timber. Hopeless novices are industriously engaged in transliterating the news of the day, in which they see great "dramatic possibilities." Managers are constantly receiving manuscripts which attempt to make plays out of a sensational shooting, a divorce scandal, a "romantic" elopement, or an unusual newspaper biography.

It is true that some of these sordid stories do find their way upon the stage in the low, sensational theaters, but only at the hands of play-mongers pandering to the morbid curiosity of the unintelligent. The sort of box-office point of view which makes them possible is not even remotely related to that which gives the reputable manager his criterion. Unless the learner can apprehend for himself such distinctions as these, he should go to the theater only to be amused; for he will never know *why* headstrong old *Sir Peter Teazle,* worrying over his own wisdom in marrying a pretty country girl, is comic, while headstrong old *King Lear,* gibbering with his *Fool* in the storm, is tragic.

Above all, let not the amateur suppose he has this "action sense"—if we may call it so—simply because he can come away

from the theater and talk cleverly about the play. Thus many a one has convinced himself that he possesses the "critical faculty," exemplified to-day for the most part by a bootless verbiage, conglomerate of fantastic personal talk and bookishness.

I speak not of books, assuming that the learner will get what help he can from them—from the study of great dramas, much, perhaps; from treatises upon them, little; from contemporary dramatic criticism, scarcely anything. For it is the strong tendency of the critic to speculate upon what should or should not affect the audience. It is the business of the playwright to observe for himself what *does* affect it. Thus only can he learn to estimate unerringly the relative value of "method" employed to make action convincing and compelling behind the footlights.

He will begin, of course, to cultivate his "action sense" by observing closely the life about him; he should inform it from the master work of great dramatists; but all the ideas thus gained he must strictly clarify by personal and independent study of what is done well or ill in the theater of to-day.

In a recent article in the "Fortnightly," Mr. William Archer has very succinctly expressed himself on this subject, and inasmuch as the distinguished English critic's point of view is so identically my own, I believe I can do no better than to quote him verbatim. He says:

> It is extremely wholesome for a playwright to have a public to take along with him other than the band of fervents whom no vagary can shake off, and, conversely, it is extremely unwholesome for any artist to take pride in being misunderstood. When Browning was content to write, "Oh, British public, ye who love me not," he acquiesced not so much in the stupidity of the public as in his own limitations. If Meredith, as a young man, could but have made one success it would have had a beneficent and humanizing influence on his whole career as an artist. And though the poet or the novelist may wrap himself up in himself and still be great, that feat is impossible to the dramatist. The history of drama does not record the name of a single playwright who failed to win the ear of his contemporaries and was acclaimed by posterity. The public is a fundamental condition of the art of drama, just as the ocean is a fundamental condition of the art of shipbuilding. You may construct the most wonderful vessel imaginable, but your labor is wasted if it declines to float. This is a very trite and obvious piece of wisdom, yet it is likely to be forgotten by some of the ablest of our dramatic shipbuilders.

Mere understanding of the principles in accordance with which the Greek or the Elizabethan drama was constructed will not teach one how to write plays for his contemporaries. Nor will minute knowledge of the theatrical history of those days inform one as to what will now evoke applause. Not so very long ago the entrance of a cripple or a hunchback was sufficient to get a laugh from the audience. In these humanitarian times there is no fun to be made out of physical deformity.

Perhaps a Rostand might tinge a grotesque nose with tragedy, but the playwright is wisest who does not tamper with the prejudices of the modern audience. A lady once brought me a play already rejected by several managers and wanted to know the reason. It was a very dramatic story, excellently told, and fitted unusually well the exigencies of modern productions in all save one respect: the situations of importance were all woven about a birthmark always apparent upon the cheek of the heroine. From her first entrance to the final curtain-fall the audience would have been subtly repelled by this pivotal deformity, slight as it was in itself.

It is most common to warn the amateur that his greatest difficulty will be the mastery of the purely technical details of dramatic construction. He must indeed learn these, at least sufficiently to prevent him from turning out things hopelessly beyond the pale of stage-craft, and he is usually sent to books for this purpose. He evidently makes good use of them, for it is a fact that only a small proportion of play manuscripts are rejected solely because of insurmountable faults of technic. I do not mean that most manuscripts are anywhere near technical perfection, but that, other things being equal, their lack of technic can readily be supplied, as it often is in the most successful plays, by those who *must* be expert in the technical requirements of the stage. These do not

write the text-books on this subject, however. I know of only one extant whose author made his living behind the footlights. If helpful treatises on technic can be written out of knowledge gained almost entirely from a seat in the theater, the observant amateur should be able to become perfect in this branch of his work in the same way.

At least he should be able to learn there quite as readily as from books not to write a play with forty characters and no woman in the cast. Such a play was sent me once by an author who should have known better. It should not be hard to conclude that managers do not want plays with five acts and fifteen changes of scenes, no matter how effective they may have been in the sixteenth century. Then the mere hanging-up of a card changed the scene. Now the almost marvelous refinements of scene-building and stage-effects, with their consequent heavy expense, should show the veriest tyro why managers prefer the play of few characters and one setting if possible, and convince him that he would best approximate his efforts to that type. Shakspere was clever enough to have utilized "boxed-in sets" and electric lighting; had they been ready to his hand, he would have altered his dramatic construction so as to admit of them.

Far more common than technical failures, and far more easily fallen into, are the faults which more often compass the rejection of plays. Perhaps chief of these is a tendency to overdecorate a dramatic theme, compelling it to carry a profusion of by-products of the author's fancy or erudition. This is by no means confined to those of limited literary experience, but it is painfully prevalent among writers of reputation in other lines when they suddenly determine to turn dramatists. They cannot resist the temptation always to tickling the palates of their intellectual peers, and the result is that the average theater-goer is bound to miss "some important business of the play." It is as though a clever musician should so overload an old folk-song with trills and turns that none but musicians equally clever could recognize the tune.

No less doubt does the box-office have concerning the play the action of which is shaped to exploit some theory or emphasize some pet preachment or propaganda of the author's. Two American dramatists, both of them having had considerable experience, recently produced plays the plots of which, each in a different way, were shaped into a study of mental telepathy. One author halted his plot for an entire act while his leading character delivered a dissertation to two other actors upon the power of "suggestion." Had it not been for the fact that the seasoned playwright had introduced it somewhat cunningly at the moment of greatest suspense, and that there ran through the drama a theme of considerable human interest, the auditorium would have been emptied of its listeners long before the end of the dissertation.

Here the playwright was treading on ground extremely treacherous—ground upon which nobody short of a Shakspere should ever venture. Any subject which requires long dissertations to make itself clear to the audience has no place on the stage. The stage is the place for action and for dialogue, not for dissertation. If the theme of the drama cannot be put across the footlights through the medium of human action and the natural and inevitable dialogue growing out of such action, the author should seek some other than the dramatic form in which to express his ideas. No dramatist can afford ever to forget the original and precise meaning of the Greek word drama—"The Thing Done." And that advice applies to all dramatists, whether old and tried or young and inexperienced, alike.

It is pathetic indeed when the amateur, mistaking them for the essentials of his art, begins by cultivating vagaries which the box-office tolerates only, if at all, in writers of great reputation. These are the impermanencies of drama, its curious exceptions, not its high-water mark. They are almost certain to secure the rejection of any play by an unknown author who may attempt them.

The box-office bowed to reputation when Tennyson's "The Cup" and "The Falcon" were produced. Despite their poetic charm, they have not survived as plays for the people, and that this is not the people's fault, "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" bear witness—plays in which quite as compelling a spirit of poesy as Tennyson's never oversteps its place as the handmaid of drama.

Evidently the extremely esthetic mind of the late laureate lacked the "action sense" which that of the butcher's son of Stratford-on-Avon possessed abundantly.

Play-readers will, I believe, agree that manuscripts from highly cultivated intellects most commonly show a lack in this respect. Such minds are too much inclined to indulge in side issues of thought; they cannot readily shake off the habit of minute analysis and a fondness for subtleties of style which make their writings charmingly discursive and indirect. Discursiveness is fatal to drama, for it fills in so much shading that the high lights of action are lost.

Perhaps the most encouraging and most needed warning of the box-office to the would-be dramatist is against spending years in the acquirement of erudition and the formation of a style of tessellated beauty. A famous American novelist, pre-eminent for the subtlety of his style and the fineness of his character-drawing, is said to be now writing his first play. Reputation in his case, too, will secure its production, but I doubt whether any manager familiar with the author's fiction believes him capable of turning out an "acting play." Experience shows that the rather rough-shod directness of writers of meager cultivation more often achieves a play of this sort than does the finely labored adornment of the precision. And the manager never accepts the play of such an author because of its preciosity qualities, but despite them—if he accepts it at all.

It is difficult indeed for authors to disabuse their minds of the notion that a play must be "literature." If a play turns out to be literature in addition to being a play, so much the better; but in producing plays we are not trying primarily to produce literature. The purpose is to tell a convincing story in the brief two hours during which the actors may detain an audience. That is done in a totally different way from that of telling a convincing story by means of the printed page.

One of our foremost women novelists sent me her first play, and I opened it with great expectations, because few writers have shown so marked an ability to delineate certain types of character as she. Sure enough, there was her heroine unfolding her own and other people's characters in the dialogue, the masterly handling of which I had always admired in the author's fiction. But, lo! without the "literary" explanations and reflections at which she was also an adept the characters were all flat. The dialogue alone she could not make to "carry" the story.

If the box-office is obdurate against the fault of over-adornment, it is no less so when the playwright follows out the unfortunate notion that realism consists solely and only in portraying events exactly as they occur in real life. Here the author loses the swing of the drama's action by the photographic reproduction of its minute details. In common with all other of the fine arts, the art of drama and stage-craft consists first, last, and always in the exercise of an exquisite faculty for selection and rejection. It is the essentials of action and of dialogue, and them only, of which the skilled dramatist avails himself. Any dialogue, or snatches of dialogue, that do not have a bearing directly upon the evolution of the drama being enacted, any piece of business that does not directly aid that evolution, is only so much dead wood, and should be lopped off. The value of this method Whistler exemplified with startling effect in all his later work. Always a master hand at the difficult task of selecting just those elements which contribute to the pictorial effectiveness of a scene, and of eliminating all else, Whistler's genius became toward the end of his life positively uncanny, as witness his several "Nocturnes" and his wondrous "Forge." The budding dramatist will do well to study the methods of Whistler and apply them to dramatic composition. It is a good thing to "Whistlerize" his product before offering it to a manager.

All dramatic timber, to be sure, must be hewn from real life, but it is almost never that a section of life can be sawed out bodily as it stands to make a drama. Dramas are being acted about us every day, but we do not see them simply because of the commonplace detail with which they are surrounded. Put any one of them on the stage, with the announcement that it occurred just as presented, and though the audience may possibly admit that it all might have happened, they will frequent some other playhouse for entertainment.

I saw a play once where the entire action was laid in a single setting of a New

York flat. The extreme accuracy of the scene did credit to the scene-builder and the property-man. The absolute "naturalness" of all that was said and done there was so "lifelike" as to be absolutely uninteresting, and much of it was so minute as not to reach the audience.

The playwright here had not learned thoroughly the lesson that things on the stage are calculated to give impressions of realism rather than to be real. There everything—acting, stage-craft, scenery—must be manipulated to affect not one individual observer, but many in the mass. Hence the only realism possible must be the result of compromise between what can be seen and heard by the man in the front row of the orchestra, and what by the man in the last row of the gallery.

So delicate is such an adjustment of effects that both playwright and manager must sit regularly in the school of the theater and never be too old to learn. This was brought home to me very forcibly while producing "Is Matrimony a Failure." The play is written in a vein of what the text-books call "high comedy," with an abundance of farcical element, an extremely difficult combination to get successfully over the footlights. At the end of the first act nearly all the apparently happily married folk of a little town discover that their unions will not stand in law. The second act is dominated by farce, as the men refuse to be remarried in due form unless they can make better terms with their wives. The husbands band together and take up residence at the village hotel to wait for the wives to give in. The act closes with the most farcical husband of the lot, scurrying across the stage, valise in hand, pursued by the most farcical wife. The audience is left laughing uproariously.

In rehearsals I had prepared a different ending, calculated to bring the audience back to the sound human element that underlies the play. After the laughter-provoking couple had passed across the stage, I introduced the one couple that do not separate. The discovery of the flaw in all the other marriages had been made that very afternoon at their silver-wedding celebration. Their own union has been flawless, and around them and their daughter and son-in-law revolves most of the serious element of the play.

The pair come out and sit dejectedly on the porch in the deepening twilight. Within, the daughter lights the lamp and at the piano plays softly "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee." The strain dies away, there is an instant's pause, and then the mother buries her face in her hands and says with a half-sob, "And this was our wedding-day!"

I had worked hard to get this little scene just right. It brought tears to the eyes of nearly every one who witnessed the dress rehearsals. Even one hardened old observer whose boast is that he is never affected by stage pathos confessed that he felt a lump in his throat.

The play had its première in Atlantic City, where the audience was, if anything, above the average intelligence. They laughed in whirlwinds all through the second act, the escape of the ridiculous husband provoking an explosion. All became quiet as the little scene described progressed. People began to wipe their eyes; but it was a moisture of mirth alone. To my utter consternation, when the mother spoke her concluding line and the curtain came slowly down, the audience burst into a perfect howl of laughter.

There was a sharp lesson in the psychology of the theater. The pathetic touch had been "sprung" upon a laughter-possessed assemblage without warning. The "reaction time" necessary to produce emotion in the mass had not been taken into account. There was no argument possible, no appeal to the canons of art or literature. The box-office point of view had distinctly said "Don't," and my pet scene was abolished at once.

On the other hand, even such old subjects as marriage and sex, for example, will never cease to furnish a well-nigh infinite variety of interesting and appealing themes, because they cover so vast an area of human thought and experience. It is not to see what might be, but what must be, that brings people to the theater.

If in what has been said some of the novice's cherished notions about art have been negatived, let him not conclude that the box-office point of view makes it necessary for either playwright or manager to seek the shelter of mediocrity in his work, still less to pander to the low and vulgar in human nature. This befalls only those who make of the box-office their

master instead of their servant. In the latter capacity it teaches a playwright how to make an honest living by writing plays no whit lacking in originality and morals. It compels him to do this, however, by finding always human themes and treating them so as not merely to please or mildly interest a few, but to grip the heart of humanity.

When the box-office has taught him this, no playwright need unlearn aught of his cherished mental equipment. He will acquire that "honest method" enabling him to bring it all to bear in the mingling of exquisite diction with accurate character-drawing, realism with flights of fancy, beauty of thought with a simple and direct appeal. He may draw out of his treasure-house things new and old, provided he do so, as Hamlet puts it, "with as much modesty as cunning." Let me quote the passage:

> It was . . . an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.

THE DARK

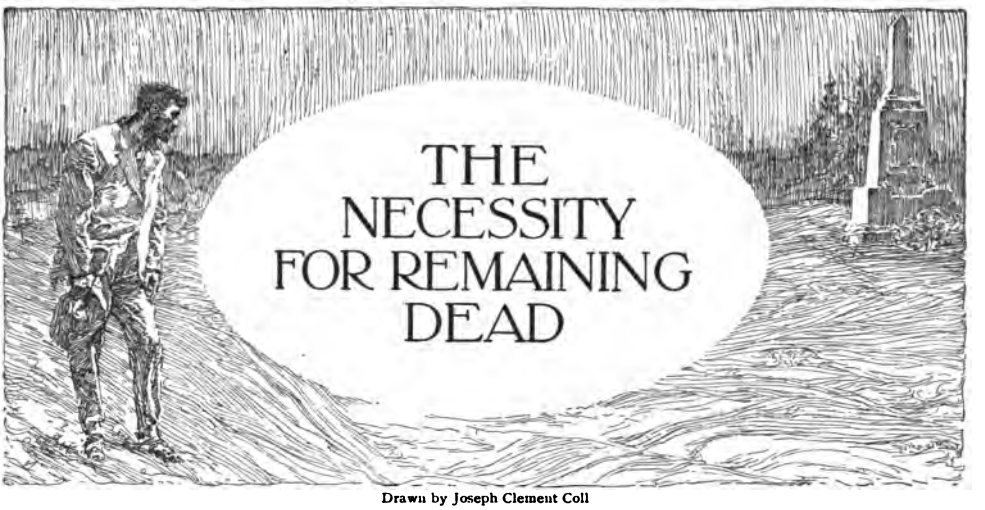
BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

OUR cottage never seemed so warm and kind,
Never yourself so near and dear to me.

For in the columned quiet of a wood
Long hours I sat alone, and saw the night
Steal down gigantic, and the stars take fire
One after one from embers in the West.
One after one, in gray-green wastes of sky,
They glittered to being, till their multitude
Made heaven electric. Then a wind came on
And spread great darkness over all the world.

Some ancient fear got sudden hold on me
Out of the night and huge, unhuman powers.
Despite my hundred centuries of man,
I seemed a timid day-thing in the dark,
With its blind hunger for its close six walls;
And so I fled, much wondering at myself,
Where little lights revealed our cottage, fast
To shut me from the vastness of the skies.

Draw close, smile, talk: all this is small and ours.
God is without, and His infinitude!



Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

Author of "The Yes-Man," "When He Came Home," etc.

ABOUT half-past eleven on a June night, a north-bound freight kicked an empty box-car off on the spur-track at Fairlake, and, with its two locomotives shouting out of time, went on up the steep incline to Hodgdon Summit.

The north-bound freight had left something else at Fairlake—a man who stood beside the empty box-car and slapped his clothing and shook himself as though he knew he must be covered with dirt and dust, though in the darkness he could not have seen it.

For two days it had been raining steadily. The sky had cleared at last, and the light of the stars was sufficient to reveal on all sides pools of water and heavy black mud, which sucked at the man's shoes as he waded through it.

Without hesitation, the man picked his way along the edge of the narrow road which led from the railroad tracks up into the village of Fairlake. It was evident that he knew the way. He passed three or four houses, dark and still, as though uninhabited. Soon the road widened, and sidewalks manifested themselves to his feet. At short intervals there were large trees on each side of the road. It was the conventional approach to a New England village.

The road led into an open space, the usual village common, at one end of which loomed the outlines of a church, with blunt spire reaching above the trees. On both sides of the green there were low buildings, distinct to this man because he knew they were there and what they were. On this open space where he now stood he had played when a boy before and after school and at the noon recess.

Here was the soldiers' monument, dedicated to those men of Fairlake who had died in the war between the States. On Decoration day there were memorial services in fair weather at the base of this shaft of granite. He remembered as a boy swinging on the heavy iron chain suspended from four posts about the monument.

There were only two artificial lights to be seen from the square. One was a kerosene lamp in a glass case hung outside the general store. The other was in the rear of the post-office. They made two spots of yellow in the black shadows of the huge elm-trees. It was all silent, all peaceful: Fairlake was sleeping.

The man walked slowly across the square. At the end farthest from the soldiers' monument, he came upon another shaft of granite, much smaller than the other, but, like it, set off by iron chains. "Hello!" said the man, aloud, "here 's something new since I was here." He stepped over the chain and ran his hand over that face of the polished granite block toward him. He could feel letters carved in the stone. For a few moments he tried

to read the words with his finger-tips, as the blind do. He was not adept at that, and could be sure only of a few large letters. Then he found a match, lighted it, and began to read:

IN MEMORY OF
RUFUS OSGOOD
WHO DIED SERVING HIS COUNTRY

A whiff of breeze blew out the match. The man fumbled in his pockets nervously, and found one more—half a match, indeed, but the useful half. He rubbed the head a moment on the lining of his coat, and got another light. In the moment's flare he saw the words "Philippine Islands," and then the match sputtered out. He had no more matches.

But what he had read was enough. He sat down on the low granite pedestal and expressed his astonishment first by a low whistle and then by an odd collection of oaths, none of which seemed to be directed toward anybody or anything, and all in a voice which showed no resentment or anger.

He fumbled again in his pockets. It was no use. The matches were gone. "Rufus Osgood!" repeated the man. "Died serving his country—Philippine Islands." Then he began to laugh. "There 's only one Rufus Osgood ever lived in this town, and that 's me!"

WHAT he read on the shaft of stone changed the plans of the man who had come, stowed in the corner of an empty freight-car, to revisit the scenes of his childhood and youth. He had had the idea of begging or bulldozing a few dollars and perhaps food and shelter for a time from the people of Fairlake, and then beating his way up the road to a good-sized city, where there was some "excitement."

He had another idea now. He scented bigger game than a dollar or two cajoled, with hard-luck stories, from his former acquaintances. He felt bold enough to go, at this midnight hour, to the house of James Stonehill, the richest and most powerful man in Fairlake, rout him out of bed, and announce himself. He strode across the common, and in a few minutes was at the gate of the Stonehill house. But a recollection of the old man, with shaven upper lip and white chin-beard, flashed into his mind. This old man had once thrashed him with a stout cane. He paused with his hand on the gate. The house was dark, and, as he remembered, forbidding.

"Well," said the man suddenly, "I 've got them where I want them. What 's the use of being scared of old Stonehill?"

He went up the steps and pulled the bell. He heard the jangling of the bell inside, and stepped back instinctively. There was no immediate reply, and to impress himself with his own boldness he pulled the bell again.

A window above went up, and an impatient voice cried:

"Who 's there? What do you want?"

The man below stepped down from under the veranda roof to where he could see something white at a window of the second story. He answered, with a voice not so steady and self-assured as he could wish:

"It 's Rufe Osgood."

"You 're drunk; get out of here! Go home!" yelled the man above, and slammed the window.

The man below pulled the bell again—pulled it several times. Again the window opened, and this time the voice above was high-pitched and indignant.

"You go along, or I 'll make it hot for you."

"My name is Rufus Osgood," said the man below. "You know my voice, Mr. Stonehill. I want to talk to you on important business."

He heard the man above mutter:

"It does sound like Rufe's voice." Then he added, "Wait there a minute, and I 'll come down."

Soon through the panes of glass in the front door a light was seen approaching. A bolt was shot back, and the door opened. An old man, half-dressed, raised a kerosene lamp above his eyes and peered out at the visitor. The man outside could not have shown to worse advantage than under this sallow, uncertain light. His week's stubble of beard, his red-lidded eyes, his coat-collar turned up and only half concealing a collarless shirt, and a battered soft hat, combined to present a repulsive figure to the eyes of the man with the lamp.

"Rufe Osgood 's dead," said the old

man, laconically, without waiting for the other's words.

The reply, "You lie!" sprang naturally to the lips of the man outside; but in his heart he was afraid of this grim old man. He changed it to, "I am Rufe Osgood, Mr. Stonehill. You recognize me, don't you?" Then he added the thought that was just then uppermost in his mind, using it as identification: "You whaled me with a cane once for stealing your apples."

Stoical and undemonstrative as James Stonehill was, he showed the effect that the sudden appearance of Rufus Osgood at his door at midnight produced within him. The hand bearing the lamp trembled somewhat. He coughed nervously. Finally he said curtly, "Come in."

They went into the parlor. Bits of half-dried mud fell from the visitor's filthy shoes. He noticed it, and was surprised to find himself muttering something apologetic about not observing a boot-scraper at the door. It had been a long time since he had apologized for anything to anybody. But he was back in Fairlake now, and generations of careful housewives, abhorrent of unwiped shoes, spoke through him. However, Mr. Stonehill seemed not to hear.

The men sat down facing each other. Osgood, feeling that the burden of proof lay upon him, began, in that declamatory tone which street beggars employ, to identify himself.

The old man stopped him abruptly. "I know you," he said. "I never forget faces. What are you doing here? We thought—"

"I was underground," replied the other, with a grin. "Well, you see I ain't."

"No," said Mr. Stonehill, without relish; "so I see."

"I was reported dead to the War Department, I suppose. The regiment I enlisted in was sent to the Philippines; you know all about that. After we quit fighting the Spaniards, they kept us there chasing the niggers. We had a hot time, my company, in a place called El Buey—that 's their lingo for 'bull.' We lost half our men. I don't know just how it happened, but one of the niggers got me with a bolo—you know what a bolo is? Well, it 's a kind of a curved sword. We were fighting in a lot of underbrush. When I woke up there was nobody around. If you don't believe what I 'm telling you, I 'll show you the scar."

"Never mind that," was the reply. "Go on."

"Well, that 's about all I 've got to say. I 'm alive all right; you can see that." He was about to add that he had lived for two years in a Filipino village, but he concluded that that information might entail questions which he had no desire to answer, and he contented himself with saying, "I 've come back to see the old place again."

By this time Mr. Stonehill had risen, and was pacing back and forth in front of his visitor, his hands in his trousers' pockets, and his head bowed forward in perplexed thought.

"This is a bad mess," he said, half aloud. Then he stopped and faced the visitor. "Of course I 'm glad to know that you 're safe and sound, Rufe. Of course. I must say, though, that this sudden return of yours places me—or, rather, the trustees of the village—in a predicament. You 'll know why at the proper time. Now, I want you to wait right here while I go out and pull the other two trustees out of bed and bring them here. This is an important matter. I can't handle it alone." He looked at the big old-fashioned clock. "I won't be gone long. Here 's a cigar. Don't set the place afire; and don't track that mud around any more than you can help."

The old man went into another room, and soon reappeared, wearing a heavy top-coat. "I 'm getting along in years," he said. "I have to be mighty careful about catching cold." At the outer door he paused a moment with his hand on the knob. Then he returned to the parlor and pulled down the roll-top of a desk there, trying it to see if the lock had caught. After a moment's glance about the room he went out.

Rufe Osgood heard the old man's steps grow fainter on the walk in front of the house. He began to laugh aloud. "You 'll know why soon enough," he exclaimed, repeating the old man's words. "He thinks I don't know already about that fine monument in memory of Rufus Osgood. This is the best joke I ever heard of."

The man looked about the room with an air of proprietorship. He found a match, lighted the cigar, and blew the smoke through his nose, appraising the quality.

"A nickel stinker!" he said, laughing. "Just like old Stonehill." But he went on smoking with evident satisfaction.

Then he began to picture the possibilities of his situation. He had the upper hand of the people of the town; no doubt of it. It was in his power to make them the laughing-stock of the whole country. They had erected a monument to a man who was n't dead, who, in fact, had been "panhandling" in New York at the very moment when they were dedicating the memorial. He would make them sweat. They had never given him a chance when he was a boy. Other boys were encouraged to be somebody. He had been encouraged to be something less than nobody. He had been whipped when other boys had been scolded. He had been scolded when the other boys were laughed at. It was not his fault.

But another very insistent idea kept running through Rufe Osgood's mind. Suppose he should brace up, go to work, and try to be somebody after all? It was coming on haying-time. The ability to swing a scythe was almost a standard of manhood among the farming people of Fairlake. Even as a boy he had cut as clean a swath as any. He might hire out to a farmer for the summer and fall, and go into the box factory for the winter. There was a good deal more satisfaction, after all, in this life of quiet, hard work, than in bumming about the country as he had been doing. Besides, there was the monument. They must have thought something of him to put that up on the common. It would be a mighty poor return for such kindness to bleed the townspeople of the few dollars he might get.

Rufe Osgood got up and walked about the room. Without knowing it, he was trying to readjust himself to life. He was even trying to live up to the cold granite block out there on the common.

There were footsteps on the front walk. The door opened, and James Stonehill came in, followed by two other men. One was tall, thin-faced, with red hair curled tightly on his head, and a reddish-brown mustache. Rufe remembered him at once —Luther Weatherbee, a good-natured man, fond of playing checkers in the back of the general store. The other man was thin, too, but short. He had gray, watery eyes, which were now struggling between curiosity and sleep. His name was Robert Rudd. Rufe did not know him; in fact, this man had come to the village since Rufe's enlistment.

"Do you know him?" asked Mr. Stonehill, addressing the tall man, and pointing to Rufe.

"That 's Rufe, all right. Hello, Rufe!" exclaimed Mr. Weatherbee, extending his hand in a friendly way. "Glad to see you."

The third man, Rudd, regarded Rufe contemptuously, and just the shadow of a malicious satisfaction showed itself on his face. The reason was evident when he spoke.

"You 'll recall, Squire," he said to Mr. Stonehill, "that I was n't in favor of this monument business from the start. I said it was a waste of money. There 's Lake Street, which needs to be widened and filled in. I 've seen four teams get mired in that mud-hole near the bridge—"

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter in hand," interrupted the squire, with a frown. "I take it you voted for the memorial."

"Under pressure," replied the other—"under pressure. But I tell you it hurt my feelings to see four hundred dollars—"

"Three hundred and forty," interrupted Mr. Weatherbee.

"—Of the taxpayers' money squandered on that tomfoolery. Putting up a monument for—for what? For a man that was deceiving us into believing—"

"Hold on there!" cried Rufe, angrily. "How did I deceive you?"

"That 's pretty strong, Rob, I 'm afraid," added Mr. Weatherbee. "I can't see how Rufe deliberately deceived anybody."

"Deceived us? Of course he did," insisted Rudd. "We thought he was dead, did n't we? And now he comes sneaking back in the middle of the night, and making a parcel of fools of us. If that ain't deceit, what is?"

"You talk as if I 'd have done you a big favor by being really dead," said Rufe.

"I don't wish any man dead," was the

reply. "But people officially dead ought to stay dead, I say. The next time I vote for a monument, I want an affidavit from the undertaker. And then I 'll vote against it."

"This talk is all very well," said Mr. Stonehill, "but you can see that it don't get anywhere. It don't make much difference who was in favor of the monument and who was n't. I will say this: I favored it myself. Why? Because Fairlake needed something of that kind. We 've got ideals in town, plenty of 'em, but they ain't clear enough. They needed to be fixed on something definite. I figured that the town needed a hero. In the first place, a hero is a good thing for the children. I 've no doubt it 's done the young folks a heap of good just looking at that memorial. And a monument like that is a business asset, too. I 'm a business man, and I know. I 've sold more goods out of my store since it went up. It brings money into town. It brings good families, too. Nice people move in where they see a patriotic spirit like that monument shows."

"We already had a big monument to the Civil War," objected Rudd.

"That 's true; but you can't go on thinking about the Civil War forever. You 've got to get something new. There was a time when people would get excited about Bunker Hill. They don't any more. People want variety, a new hero now and then."

"Well, we got one," said Rudd with a sour grin. "What are we going to do with him?"

"That 's the question," replied the old man. "Now we 're coming to the point. We 've got two things to do. One of them is to take down that monument. I don't suppose it would be a dead loss. Perhaps we could sell it to somebody for use in a cemetery. It 's good granite; some one ought to want it."

"You can't get much for second-hand stuff," said Rudd, "particularly second-hand monuments, erected by mistake."

Mr. Stonehill turned to Rufe. "I 'm going to ask you to step out in the hallway a few minutes," he said. "You can sit down on the stairs." The old man shut the door, and beckoned the other men to move their chairs closer. Then he continued in a low voice: "If it gets out that we have made a mistake in putting up that monument, and have got to take it down and cart it off, we three men, as trustees of the village corporation, will never hear the last of it. You can depend on that; it will follow us to our graves. It 'll get into the newspapers, even into the magazines. They 'll make jokes about it from one end of the country to the other. And it will hurt the town.

"It will hurt the town in more ways than one—in a business way and in a moral way. They 'll laugh at heroes after this. If you mention patriotism, they 'll think right off about that monument to Rufe Osgood, and even the children will hoot at it. Now they 've got an ideal. If we have got to smash it, all right; but it will be a long time before they 'll believe in another." The squire paused, and looked at Luther Weatherbee. "Do *you* want to take down the monument?"

"No, by gee! I don't, Squire."

"Do you, Robert?"

Mr. Rudd squirmed. "I don't want to have my picture in the newspapers as one of the three biggest fools in the world," he said.

"No, I thought not," said Mr. Stonehill, dryly. "Well, then, there 's only one other way to do, and that is to get Rufe Osgood out of this town before daybreak, and keep him out forever. He 's got to go away and forget who he is and where he came from. We 've seen Rufe. He 's a pretty hard-looking object. He 's a boozer, I suppose, like his father before him. He probably has n't seen five dollars for so long he would n't recognize it. I think we could make it an object for him to get out of here and stay out. I 'd be willing to chip in ten dollars. I know you would, too, Luther; and I suppose, the way you feel, Robert, you 'd rather put in five. Well, twenty-five dollars would be a heap of money to Rufe. He might drink himself to death on it—"

"No such luck," interjected Mr. Rudd.

"The poor devil!" said Luther Weatherbee. "If he could only straighten up!"

"Besides, Squire," added Rudd, "I wonder you don't see the weak spot in your plan, you being a business man. Do you suppose this fellow Osgood would stay away after getting hold of that money? Don't you believe it. He 'd be

back for more inside of a week, and for more and more. He 'd blackmail us, as they say, till we could n't buy food for our families. He 'd regularly live on us. Just think of that a minute."

After a brief silence, Mr. Stonehill leaned back in his chair and sighed heavily. "I dare say you 're right, Rob. Something like that did flash across my mind, but I suppose I was so anxious to see a way out of this scrape that I did n't weigh it enough. It looks like we 're stuck."

"The trouble is, Squire," said Luther Weatherbee, "that it begins to seem as if we did n't erect that monument to Rufe Osgood at all. I begin to think we just kind of put it up in honor of ourselves, and, as you said a while ago, for business and moral effect. I 'd like to see it stay, though, or else I 'd like to get out of town on the early milk-train."

"At least we can bounce that tramp out of town," added Mr. Rudd. "It would look fine, would n't it, to have him hanging around, officiating at the tearing-down ceremonies? Oh, this thing makes me sick!"

"The only thing we can do is to get Rufe in here and see how he feels about it," said the squire. He went to the door and threw it open. "Come in, Rufe," he ordered.

Rufe Osgood blinked as he entered the lighted room. He rubbed a dirty hand across his eyes. Despite the invitation to sit down, he remained standing, near the door.

"Rufe," said Mr. Stonehill, "you see how things are. You can gather from what you 've heard here that this town has gone and put up a monument inscribed to your memory out there on the common. We had good reason to think that you had fallen in battle. It seems that the only way you 've fallen is one where people don't rightly get monuments put up to them. You 're a heavy drinker, ain't you, Rufe?"

"I 've drunk some," replied the man.

"This ain't no fit place for you, this town, Rufe. As long as you were dead and gone, as we had reason to think, the town was willing to overlook your faults, even to forget all about them. You could n't expect us to put up with you in your present condition. What did you come poking back here for, anyway? What did you expect to get?"

The man standing at the door tightened his muscles visibly, like a man who is going to take a cold plunge. For the first time he looked the old man in the eyes squarely. In his own eyes there was something weak, hopeless, a little appealing, but, above all, straightforward.

"Mr. Stonehill," he began, "I 'll tell you straight. I came here to pick up what I could. I did n't have any regular plans. I struck a freight bound north, and I jumped it. I happened to think there were people here who knew me, and might cough up a few bits of change.

"I saw that monument out on the common. I lit a match to find out what was on it. I knew right off what had happened. Then I came over to your house because I thought you 'd be willing to do something for me. I figured out that I could put you people in a hole."

"What did I tell you, Squire!" cried Rudd, exultingly, forgetting in his eagerness to prove himself right that the squire's discomfiture was also his own.

Just a single ugly look flashed toward Rudd from Rufe's eyes, then he was as before. "Then, Mr. Stonehill, while you went out after these two gentlemen, I got to thinking. First I figured out how much I could get out of it. I tell you right, I did n't have many chances when I was a kid here in this town. I don't remember much encouragement. But, anyway, I got to thinking, too, that I might get a job here, and brace up, and quit bumming around. Well, don't look scared, Mr. Rudd; I ain't going to do it. I forgot for a minute about that monument. Of course I know that would n't go at all. But I got kind of mixed, thinking about the two things at once.

"I been out there in the dark, thinking. I never knew how much better a man could think in the dark. I heard one or two things you said when you spoke loud. I heard what this gentleman said about me coming back for more money. I can see he ain't no friend toward me, but I 'll say for him that he was right: that was one of the ideas that was in my mind. It looked to me like once you begun to give up, you could n't very well stop.

"Well, let me tell you right now I don't want your money. I 've got a big-

ger idea than that. It came to me all of a sudden out there on the stairs. I said to myself, 'Rufe, you 've got the only chance now you ever had. Here 's a town full of people, barring three men, who believe in you. They thought once you were no good. Then they changed their minds, or they had 'em changed for them. They think now you were somebody, after all. They 've forgotten all about the reputation you had when you lived here. They don't stop to remember that your father was no good, and your mother died when you were a little shaver because he did n't treat her right. Why not leave things as they are?' Well, that 's my idea.

"I 'll get out of here. It won't need a cent to make me go. I 'll be nobody from the time I hit the railroad tracks down below. The people think I was somebody, after all. It ain't so; but it won't hurt 'em. You won't tell them any different, you three gentlemen, because you 've got good reason to keep shut up. Let things be as they are. What do you say?"

There was a moment's pause.

"If we could be sure—" began Mr. Stonehill.

"You can be dead-sure. I 'll go now before it comes light. What do you say? Will you leave the monument be? Will you let it stay there? Will you let 'em think I was somebody, after all—and that the whole family was n't rotten and no good?"

None of the three men replied. They looked at each other questioningly. The only affirmative was the lack of any negation.

A look of earnestness showed on Rufe's face.

"I 'll get out quick," he said. "Nobody 'll see me. If you 'd let me have a few matches."

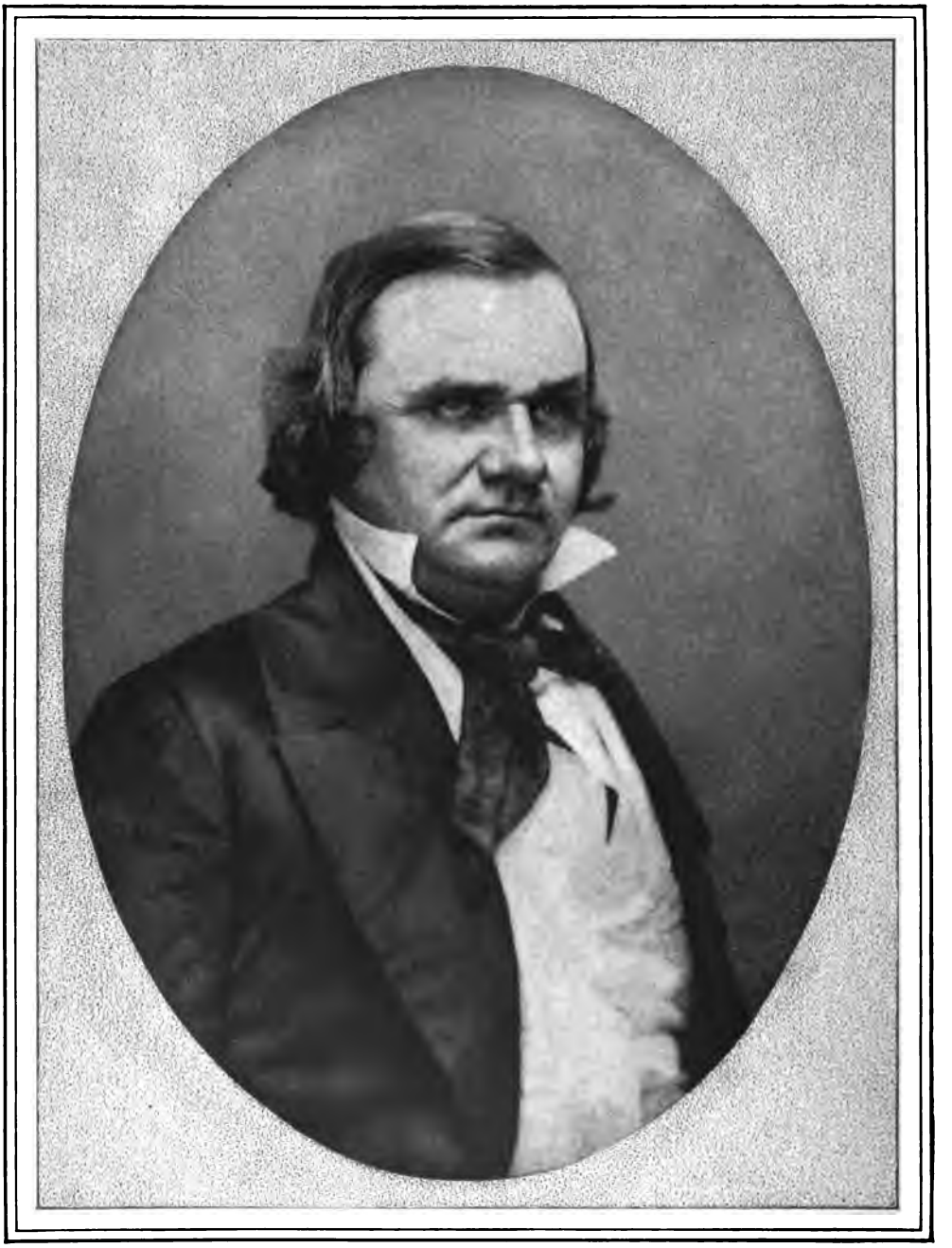
Without a word Luther Weatherbee handed him what he wanted. The outside door opened and closed gently.

The corporation trustees, actuated by a common thought, went to the door, opened it, and looked out. For several minutes they gazed into the darkness of the common. Then a light flickered over at the end where the monument was. Then it was gone.

SHIPWRECK

BY ROBERT BROWNING HAMILTON

AS some poor merchant who has toiled to gain
The wealth of India, silks and costly dyes
And varied treasure, sees his fond emprise
Fail at the last, and of his ship remain
Naught but a wreck whose creaking timbers strain
Ready to part, yet dares the desperate skies,
The hungry sea, and with wild longing tries
To save some gem, but sinks to death in vain;
So, when my life seems wasted, and I see
Its wreck before me, all my wealth of years
Sinking in depths of hopeless, mocking past,
I gather up the days I spent with thee,
And struggle on until the end appears,
Hoarding their rich remembrance to the last.



Owned by Mr. Frank E. Stevens, Dixon, Illinois. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

From an unpublished photograph taken at Alton, Illinois, probably in 1854, for Douglas's friend Major Nathanial Buckmaster

THE WIDE AWAKE CAMPAIGN

1860

DRAWINGS
by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

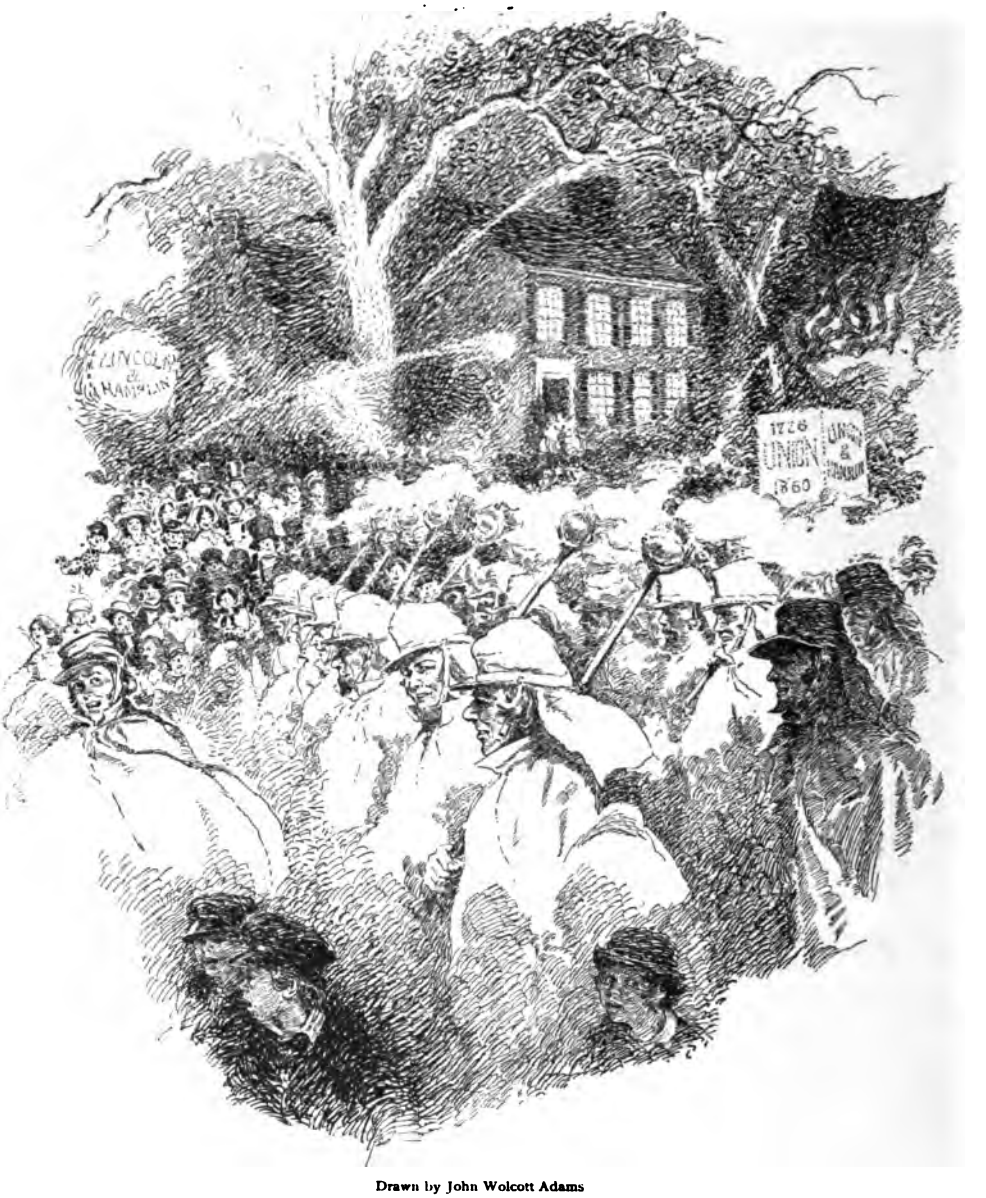
Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE ARRIVAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE CANDIDATE

In the Wide Awake Campaign of 1860, the tickets opposed to Lincoln and Hamlin were Douglas and Johnson; Breckenridge and Lane; and Bell and Everett.

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

A CAMPAIGN BONFIRE



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

A TORCH-LIGHT PARADE OF "WIDE AWAKES"

TO A SEA-BIRD

LYING IN A CASE IN THE BIRD MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

BY CLYDE WALTON HILL

IN this dark corner, under the dim glass,
What breast is this, upturned and white and still?
—Why are you here, whose pinions could surpass
All but the lightning's speed? Why should you fill
This niche, who erstwhile must have roamed at will
The leagues on leagues of blue,
At home in cloudy heights beyond our mortal view?

Far-faring sea-bird, nursling of the gale,
Cliff-dweller from yon cloud-banks near the sun,
What towering crags of tempest did you scale,
Before what mighty winds exulting run?
And now, by some earth-crawling man undone,
How low I find you here,
Fallen how far from skies that were your native sphere!

Your long wings, like the rain-clouds in their hue,
Restful at length, how many miles have flown!
From earth men saw a speck against the blue,
And thought, "Poor simple bird!"—Oh, had they known
That you were but a transient in their zone,
And ere three noons, might gleam
In foreign skies beyond their fancy's farthest dream!

You may have floated through a moonlit night
Silent o'er Venice and Italian fields;
You may have revelled in the kindred white
Of glacier-burdened Greenland; or where yields
The Indian Sea its pearls; or yet where shields
The Southern Cross aglow
All Polynesia's vast sea-prairies dim below.

You did not have, like man, small neighborhood;
All height and all direction were your home;
From wild coast-mountain and sea-verging wood
You strayed at will through clouds to heaven's dome;
The earth's four corners, floored by Ocean's foam,
Your different chambers they,
And all sun-warmed for you, or cooled by the dashing spray!

Afar from union with the elements,
Here in our lower death you strangely sleep
In loveliness too rare for earthly sense,
Born of the Empyrean and the Deep.
Oh, be forever with us! Ever keep
Our thoughts where now they soar,
Even as on your wings, lost in the Evermore!

Drawn by Reginald Birch

BY ANNE WARWICK

"VOILÀ les cartes postales! Une jolie p'tite carte aux fleurs, M'sieu'?" The shabby little woman with her cards stopped at the table next to mine—the table of her legitimate prey, an American tourist. He was a tourist and not a tourist, this one; he fitted the little Boul' Mich' café as he would have fitted a coat he had once worn, but had outgrown. It was the woman with him, his wife, who proclaimed him the visitor. She sat erect, in the hard-cut, tailor-made gown, the inevitable questioning, detached, immovable expression of the American woman *en tour*. Outside the expression, she was not bad-looking: she had features.

"There, buy one of the wretched creature, do, Dick," she urged in a voice cut like her clothes. "She looks hungry and —no, one 's enough. Dees centimes, nace pah?" to the woman.

"*Oui,* Madame." The little woman took the penny, looked back over her shoulder a moment at the two, a quiet smile on her face, and went on. She might have been a pretty woman once; now she was only shabby.

I turned again to my filet of sole. It was a hot night, July, and we ate outside; old Marcel, bowing, placed my table as usual well back from the street, in a cool corner where the Americans were the only other occupants. He had been *maître d'hôtel* of the Café aux Oranges ten, fifteen years ago, old Marcel; from his rambling, wistful tales of the Quarter of the old days I had got more than one excursion out of Paris in summer. For tales of the Quarter in the old days are rare now, and editors pay for them—in due course.

"M'sieu finds the *vin blanc* a sauce to repeat?"

"Superb, Marcel. Tell me, why the Americans in this corner *à moi?*"

The old man hung his head apologetically. "I would not have arranged it, M'sieu, only this gentleman—but I will tell you. M'sieu will not bore himself by one little story?"

"Ah, but no; in fact, I must have a story, or by next week I shall be living off air soufflé. A bit more sauce, Marcel."

He served me, then, lowering his husky voice, hunched up against the wall, with his back to the Americans, and began:

"It is summer, M'sieu; it is, even as

now, July, and the Café aux Oranges serves the dinner outside. In this corner a young man has set himself. *Bon Dieu!* but he is of a *melancholie,* this young man; and I, who know him well—I suffer that he eats only an omelet at sixty centimes, with a glass of light beer. Of a truth, M'sieu, I suffer, for he is a young man than whom none is more generous; when he has money, he is very good for me. But to-night he eats nothing; he goes hungry, and his eyes they have that look of *fin du mois*—M'sieu knows—when the bills come in?"

"I know, oh, yes; you can let that go for his eyes."

"Eh bien, he sits, the poor young man, plunged in despair, in darkest anguish, and once he murmurs to me, 'Ah, Marcel, if I could but find the face! I could paint, Marcel, I know I could paint, if only I could find the face!' I steal him an extra heel of bread and try to make a little pleasantry; it is what all my young gentlemen say who are artists, M'sieu—that face! *La! la!* for that face the Quarter is still never changing. I think to myself sometimes, What if they all should find her at once! We should know *banquets de luxe* at the Café aux Oranges. Ah, but yes, the young gentleman, M'sieu. M'sieu takes next a little *fricassée,* yes? The young gentleman he sits in this corner and stares black; blacker and blacker he stares, until finally—it is nine o'clock—he is just about to go away, when there at the table where you are sitting, M'sieu, some one comes and places herself. Have I said? It is a young girl. She is alone, she is timid, she is a very young girl, and what a face!

"I am stupid. I gape at her. But the young man he seizes my arm. 'Marcel,' he cries—'Marcel, it is she! I have found her! Marcel, it is *the face!*' And quite wild, like that, he jumps up and goes over to her. He sits down at her table, and she, *pauvre p'tite,* is terrified. She rises, she is about to go in the greatest precipitation; but he implores her: 'Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, do not go, I beg of you! Stay, Mademoiselle, I am poor. I starve. You can help me.'

"An air of most deep surprise overtakes her. She sits down. 'You wish *me* to help *you?*' she says, and, ah, M'sieu, it is a voice even more heavenly than the face. 'But never in all Paris is there one whom I can help; all wish to help me.'

"And then she tells him of her mother, who is always an invalid, and how they make fine lingerie for a great shop, in their little room, Rue des Petits Enfants; and how it is very hard for her, being young and beautiful, sometimes, as now, to be obliged to come to the restaurants alone.

"And he—he laughs just like a child, and throws a franc out on the table. 'There, Marcel,' he cries, 'it 's the last, but so much luckier. A bottle of Chablis, *hein,* to drink the health of mademoiselle?'

" 'Lys,' says the girl. Ah the voice, M'sieu! Like the little waterfall that plays at Versailles.

" 'Mademoiselle Lys!' Then he sits up sharp. 'Lys, Marcel! I have it! I have it! *Lilies,* Marcel, great sheaves of them, armfuls of them, banks, walls, clouds of them, deep-blue, mauve lilies, massed and massed; and in the midst of them that face, Marcel!' He has grabbed me round the waist, this mad young man, and is waltzing with me up and down the terrace. I am of a horror lest the *patron* will come out; but who can resist this young man? Ah, but he is of an enthusiasm—an enthusiasm to make one sigh. He dances, he pirouettes, he whistles. He sings a chanson, but with a zest. And—there are no others left outside—Mademoiselle Lys regards him always with such a smile out of her great, dark-blue eyes. Such a smile"—the old voice slackened—"M'sieu has finished with the *fricassée?* 'Do you mean you will paint me?' she asks softly when at last the boy drops down, panting, into his chair beside her.

" 'Will I paint you! Ah, my child, will I paint you! Listen!' He leans forward, but he does not touch her. 'I will paint you so that the very gods themselves will worship you. I will paint you, yes, in fields of purple lilies, great, mauve, blue lilies, and I will paint just your face—the face, the face I have longed for.' And then—his voice holds a I-do-not-know-what of rareness, of worship, M'sieu—he bends and kisses her little hands just where they lie in her lap. And 'You will do this for me, Lys?' he asks very low.

" 'But yes,' she tells him, wondering. 'Are you not the one person in Paris I can help?'

"And then they arrange. She will have to come Sundays, and some other days when she can work at night and so not lose the time. Her mother can do so little, she explains to him; for herself she would not mind to lose the work, but—

"Then he gets very red and very white, and he tells her how he will pay what he can; he is an American, and his father will give him no money since he has chosen to come to Paris and be an artist instead of staying in that—Cincinnati is it, M'sieu? and making soap. But he will save. He will pay all he can; she shall not lose.

" 'M'sieu,' interrupts Mademoiselle Lys—'M'sieu, if you give me money, I cannot pose for you. I will help you,' she says with what simplicity, what tenderness! 'It will give me happiness to help you; but, you see, I do not sell my face.'

"And he looks at her, and his face all —how shall I say?—*melts,* and he can only kiss her little hands again. He can say nothing. And it is arranged that next Sunday she will pose. M'sieu will pardon me an instant? I go to fill this American's glass.

"*Alors*—and the roast, M'sieu? M'sieu desires *un peu de salade avec? Alors* I do not see them again for eight days, and then they come in together. Ah, but it is good to see youth, M'sieu! All youth is *jeunesse dorée,* no? It makes one sigh. They come in tremulous, as we say, *palpitant,* of that solemn joy that only the very young can show. One sees they are engaged in an ideal.

" 'And the picture?' I ask the young monsieur, respectfully, once he has commanded. 'It goes, the picture of the lilies?'

" 'The picture—O Marcel!' cries the young monsieur.

" 'O Marcel!' cries Mademoiselle Lys; but her eyes are blue, ah, of what a blue, *ma foi!*

" 'Marcel, it will hang in the Salon, you shall see; it will make me famous.' He is nervous, feverish, this young American; his eyes they burn; but when he looks at Mademoiselle Lys they grow soft. 'Yes,' he says, but gently, 'you will make me famous, my little one, and then—'

"He looks at her. Mademoiselle Lys blushes divinely. I am engrossed with their soup. They forget to eat it. Ah, youth enchanting! It makes one sigh.

"After that they come always on Sunday, and sometimes, but rarely, in between. He knows that she will not sell the face, and he will not that Gaston, Jean Touquet, and the rest shall see her. You see, M'sieu, she was not a model; she was—just for him—that face. And, *bon Dieu!* but he is of a jealousy for her! He will not allow that a man look at her, and I ask you how can men help themselves from looking at her when to see her great eyes is itself a glimpse of blue paradise! So they go on; the summer passes. And always on Sundays they come here to the Café aux Oranges at the unfrequented hour when there is no one else; and sometimes this young man is very miserable. But she, the angel, she says to him, 'Never mind, *mon* Richard'—yes, it is that she calls him, so soft, so compassionating—*'mon* Richard. Never mind; next week it will go. You shall see.' And then she pats his hand, ah, but with the air most adorable, and he smiles at her; and he is comforted.

"One Sunday she wears a little bunch of violets, and *nom d'un pipe!* what a beautiful hat! She is in it like a flower, like a slender, flowering lily; and I, M'sieur,—it is the impertinence, but I cannot help it,—I tell her so. I say, 'But mademoiselle is rarely beautiful to-day,' like that. And she, you think she is angry with me, the poor Marcel? No. She says to me, with what radiant smile, 'It is the hat M'sieu Richard gave me, Marcel. See, is it not lovely? Yesterday a gentleman came, a rich friend of M'sieu Richard's, to the studio, and when he saw the picture, he said: "My friend, you will be great. One day we shall call your name and raise our hats." And he bought three sketches. Think, then, Marcel—three sketches! So this morning comes the concierge to my room with the hat. Richard has sent it and the violets. Ah, Richard, he is successful; he thinks first of me!' She gives him, M'sieu, what a look! He is outside himself, he is exalted. They lose themselves in each other's eyes; I hurry away with their *viande froide.* Youth, M'sieu! But it is sad, too. It makes me sigh.

"Here is M'sieu's *entremets*—a *crême renversée, hein? Eh, bien,* the summer passes. I am sad sometimes to see Mademoiselle Lys so pale—so pale and thin.

She is working late nearly every night now, working very late, so that the day she can pose; for a few weeks and the exhibition will be opened. The picture must be finished. It is nearly finished now. The young M'sieu Richard he comes in, he eats in jerks, he says nothing, not even to Mademoiselle Lys. At moments he seems hardly to see her. He is—how shall I say?—imprisoned in that picture; it is his food, his breath, his life. And for her, too, though it is true she is more imprisoned in M'sieu Richard. She watches him so quiet, so almost breathless; yet she does not speak to him. When he will be silent, so will she sit silent, too, as long as the end of the dinner. Once he is impatient with her; he speaks crossly. M'sieu, I, the poor Marcel, want to kill him. But she only answers always so gentle, and he is ashamed and begs her pardon. 'My dear,' she tells him,—ah, M'sieu, I wept to hear her!—'are you not tired, sick with all this? Do I not understand, my dear?'

"Sometimes I must wonder who understands when she is tired, M'sieu. They do not speak of that. And so the summer passes, and September comes, and the competition. He has sent the picture; it is gone. I know the minute I see their faces one Sunday morning.

" 'It is finished, M'sieu?' I venture, myself trembling a little,—you can understand, M'sieu; it is as though I perhaps have held the paint-box for that picture,—'it is complete?'

" 'It is finished, Marcel,' he says, sitting down by mademoiselle; 'I have sent it. It is complete.' And his face, M'sieu, though it is tired like exhaustion—his face holds what peace, what peace of heaven! He eats to-day slowly and like every forkful is delight. *Enfin,* he cannot eat much, poor garçon; the money has gone for paint. And his clothes, too, are shabby—shabby like the little woman's who sells post-cards, M'sieu. While for Mademoiselle Lys, it makes one catch one's breath only to look at her. Truly, it makes one catch one's breath.

" 'You will learn soon enough, Richard?' she asks when they are eating their bread and cheese. 'We shall not have to wait long? You will hear in eight days?'

"He smiles at her. One can forgive him his impatience just now when he smiles like that. 'I think yes, *chérie,* in eight days. But it does not matter, though we hear not for two weeks; it will be accepted. "L'Ame des Lys" will be accepted, and it will take a prize. Have no fear. I tell you I know.'

" 'Ah, but how I hope so!' sighs mademoiselle, with wistfulness. 'My dear, I hope so. But you have confidence!'

" 'Yes, I have confidence,' says this mad boy, slowly; 'I have confidence because of the face, Lys, your face that is the picture. Of the lilies I have no fear. The color is miraculous; I know not how I got it; but it is the face that will make my glory.' And then, like that first time, he bends and kisses her hands. And, M'sieu, I steal away; it is more than youth I look at then: it is love.

"In another week they are back again, this time mad, crazy, without themselves. They seize me both by the arm,—mademoiselle is as wild as he,—and they shout, they cry: 'It is accepted, Marcel! It is accepted! The picture will hang in the autumn Salon! You hear that, Marcel?' And they dance with me, they twirl me about, they tear me to pieces, in their joy. And I—I laugh like crazy, too. I am crazy, I think, M'sieu, just to see them. Ah, but youth, its gaiety! It breaks the heart, M'sieu; it makes one sigh. M'sieu will take coffee, no?

"You are writing, M'sieu, but you cannot write that down—their joy, that smile on their faces, that way they laugh, the tears yet in their eyes, and talk so fast. The words will not permit themselves. They, even the words, dance over each other.

" 'And we will have an apartment in Rue Léopold-Robert, petite Lys,' babbles M'sieu Richard; 'we will be married at Christmas, and have an apartment in Léopold-Robert. Yes, by Christmas I shall have sold many pictures. I sold two to-day, ah, *ma mie!* that gentleman paid me, *think,* fifty francs! Or he will pay me,' adds this mad young man no less happily. 'And when the picture shall take a prize, and I shall have *œuvres commandés,* I shall be engaged for months in advance. Ah, yes, we will be married at Christmas, *chérie,* and always I shall paint your face. Yes, only your face; that has brought me glory at last.'

" 'Richard!'

"That face is itself a glory divine; never again do I see it so beautiful, M'sieu. No; it is, what you call it? Mademoiselle Lys's great moment. *Oui,* her great moment. M'sieu permits that I restore his glove to this American? He has dropped it; they are careless, these Americans. *Voilà,* the matches, M'sieu.

"The next minute M'sieu Richard is leaning forward most earnest; he clasps her hand. 'Promise me, Lys, that no one else shall paint your face. They will ask, they will beseech, when it is known about the picture. And when they see you, they will go mad; but do not heed them. Promise me, promise me,' he begs her the most passionately, 'no matter what happens, promise me that no one else shall paint your face. No one else *ever,* Lys!'

" 'I promise.' She regards him with wonder. Ah, those deep, dark-blue eyes! 'I promise, Richard; no one else ever. But why,' she asks him, 'when no one will see me? Do you not remember, we arranged that I should wear a thick veil to the exhibition? And in these poor clothes.'

" 'They will not always be so poor, my little love,' he tells her, tenderly. 'Soon they will be of silk, soft silk, and the color of blue lilies. And of course sometime they must see you, these vultures, when you are my wife.' Mademoiselle blushes divinely. I have trouble to turn my eyes away. 'But you have promised,' he exults; 'no one else shall ever paint you.'

"And then they talk more seriously: of mademoiselle's mother, who grows weaker and weaker, and of what they can do for her when the winter comes, and M'sieu Richard shall have money. 'Ah, but, my dear, you are good,' sighs mademoiselle; 'you are too good for us, my Richard.' 'And what are you for me?' he asks. Oh, he is a *brav* young man, M'sieu! He is just twenty-five, and *brav.* 'What have you? What has the face been for me?'.

"All at once, M'sieu, I see her look at him inquiet. She hesitates, she starts to speak, then stops. At last she says: 'Richard, do not be angry, but, I sometimes wonder if it is myself you love or—only the face. Do you love *me,* Richard, or do you love what you have painted, your ideal? Answer me, Richard; answer me! Is it only the face?'

" 'Why, you little stupid,' laughs the young man, with tenderness, 'of course it is you, *mignonne!* What an idea to worry yourself with! Do you think, *petite sotte,* I should want to marry a piece of canvas —just what I could put on a piece of canvas?'

" 'No.' She gives a sigh profound. 'And you do want to marry me, don't you?'

" 'My angel!' he cries. Ah, yes, M'sieu, it is love.

"I see them no more for ten days. Then M'sieu Richard comes in with many young men. They are gay—*mais, d'un gaieté!* They drink, they sing, they make jokes; they toast M'sieu Richard's name till they are hoarse. One, Jean Touquet, lies *gris,* stupid, in a corner; yet still they drink. M'sieu Richard has the face flushed, feverish. He looks to me somehow like a stranger; I cannot explain; when he is with mademoiselle he is different. 'Now tell us whose the face is, Deekie,' they shout to him. 'The game is played, old boy; you 've won. Now tell us, who is the face?' And they all roar and laugh and beat him on the shoulders, shouting, 'Tell us, tell us, who is the face?' But he—he gets quite white, —ah, how I rejoice, M'sieu, to see him get white!—and all he says is: 'Never. Not while I live.' And for a reason I do not know they are less gay after that; and soon they go home, all but Jean Touquet, who is asleep on the bench.

"M'sieu bores himself? No? Then I continue; but M'sieu will have more coffee, *v'là?* One day mademoiselle comes alone to the Café aux Oranges. I have noticed she comes often alone now to meet the young monsieur. He does not go to fetch her as formerly. It is a gray November day; it rains. Mademoiselle has thin boots; she sits down wearily. Only a few clients are in the restaurant; always they come at the unfrequented hour, these two. I bring her a coffee without she tells me.

" 'Thank you, Marcel.' Ah, that voice, that *tristesse!* 'M'sieu Deek is not yet come? He is busy without doubt, Monsieur Deek; he is going to America.'

" 'Mademoiselle!' I said like that, M'sieu—'mademoiselle! To America! But why?' You see, M'sieu, he is so gay, so *insouciant,* I have forgotten he is not of us; I have forgotten he is American.

" 'His father has sent for him,' says Mademoiselle Lys, oh, so quiet. She does

not notice to drink the coffee. 'Since the picture was given a prize, his father has heard of his success and sent him money.' It is like that, M'sieu. He hears of his success, so he sends him money. 'His father begs him to return just for one month or two—a little while,—ah, but her lip trembles, Mademoiselle Lys!—so he will go. To-day he comes here for the last time, Marcel.'

" 'Mademoiselle!' I am a dolt; it is all I can say. *Mais* when I see the young M'sieu, I say, too: he comes here for the last time. He is, like that night with those young gentlemen, different. He is nervous; he has in his eyes a brilliancy, an excitement; he laughs too many times. And when he looks at mademoiselle, M'sieu, I could shed tears. Truly. He does not see her!

" 'You will remember to write, Richard?' she says. Her black dress seems too big for her,—the mother has died,—it hangs away from mademoiselle.

" 'But of course,' he laughs, one of the too many times; 'of course I 'll write, *chérie*. And you—don't forget you 're to keep the secret. You are to let no one know whose face is "L'Ame des Lys." '

" 'I will not forget,' she says, but slowly. 'And you will come back—'

" 'Oh, by Christmas.' He laughs again. 'By Christmas I 'll be back, and we shall have great larks, eh, *petite?*' I tell myself he says nothing to her of that wedding at Christmas.

" 'Yes, indeed,' he smiles, M'sieu. Ah, it is to break the heart! *Mais* he does not see her. He looks at her, and his eyes are in America, in ambition, in fame. I could shed tears. I watch them go away.

"He puts her in a cab and pays the man; but he does not go with her. 'Some one might see, you know, dear,' he says, 'and then the cover *would* be off the pie.'

"She smiles again; it is odd to think that now he is recognized. 'Good-by,' she says, 'and—my dear—if you should forget me, you—you will still remember the face, will you not?' M'sieu, I was in the door. I could hear every word.

" 'You dear child; but of course I will remember!' he cries, and kisses her. He thrusts something into her hand. 'You may need this before I come back,' he says. And I see the pink; it is a hundred-franc note, M'sieu! A hundred francs for 'L'Ame des Lys,' who would not sell the face! She cries to him, she thrusts it back; but the *cocher* drives away fast. We can see her still down the boulevard, holding the money from her, scarcely touching it.

"M'sieu Richard turns to me. 'What had the little one,' he wonders, of a surprise, 'that she would not take the money? She may need it before I come back.'

" 'I do not think that she will need it, M'sieu,' I say,—oh, I was of an audacity, no doubt,—'I think when m'sieu comes back he will find she has not needed it.'

" 'Eh, bien, tant mieux alors,' he cries gaily. No, to-day he sees nothing, this young man. I remember well now he is American. 'Au 'voir, Marcel,' he says to me, his eyes so hard and bright; 'au 'voir! They want me to paint in America and get rich; but I shall return, Marcel. Do not disquiet yourself; I shall come back.'

"AND, M'sieu, I never saw him again until to-night. M'sieu excuses me while I make the count of this American? He bores himself here; he would go. Or perhaps it is madame who bores herself. M'sieu excuses me?"

"But she, Marcel?" My note-book slipped into its pocket. "What became of her, Mademoiselle Lys?"

"She, M'sieu? She has just sold him a post-card. A penny post-card, with flowers."

PIXY WOOD

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE vat-like cups of the fungus, filled
With the rain that fell last night,
Are tuns of wine that the elves distilled
For revels the moon did light.
The owlet there with her "Who-oh-who,"
And the frog with his "All is right,"
Could tell a tale if they wanted to
Of what took place last night.

In that hollow beech, where the wood decays,
Their toadstool houses stand,
A little village of drabs and grays,
Cone-roofed, of fairy-land.
That moth, which gleams like a lichen there,
Is one of an elfin band
That whisks away if you merely dare
To try to understand.

The snail, which slides on that mushroom's top,
And the slug on its sleepy trail,
Wax fat on the things the elves let drop
At feast in the moonlight pale.
The whippoorwill, which grieves and grieves,
If it would, could tell a tale
Of what took place here under the leaves
Last night on the Dreamland Trail.

The trillium there and the May-apple,
With their white eyes opened wide,
Of many a secret sight could tell
If speech were not denied:
Of many a pixy revelry,
And rout on which they 've spied,
With the hollow tree, which there, you see,
Opens it eye-knots wide.

Drawn by Bernard Boutet de Monvel

A FRENCH CANAL

THE TRADE OF FRANCE

FRENCH THRIFT ACCOUNTABLE FOR SOME LOSS OF PRESTIGE

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

THE great German liner was slowly entering the harbor at Cherbourg. My friend, a Frenchman, stood by the rail gazing at the land, and I had a strong suspicion that there were tears in his eyes as he exclaimed with joy at the sight of the French flag floating over the custom-house ashore. He had been away only four months, but it was a real home-coming, as it is to every Frenchman. They know only one home, these people, and that is their native land. The prospect was not specially attractive: a group of sand-dunes, a small town lying white and glaring in the hot sun, a few idlers loafing on the pier; but nevertheless my Gallic friend's tears at last found their way out and rolled unheeded down his cheeks. He was not ashamed of them, and they meant nothing unmanly, for I knew he was of the Legion of Honor, to say nothing of being the possessor of several medals bestowed for gallantry in action in Algiers.

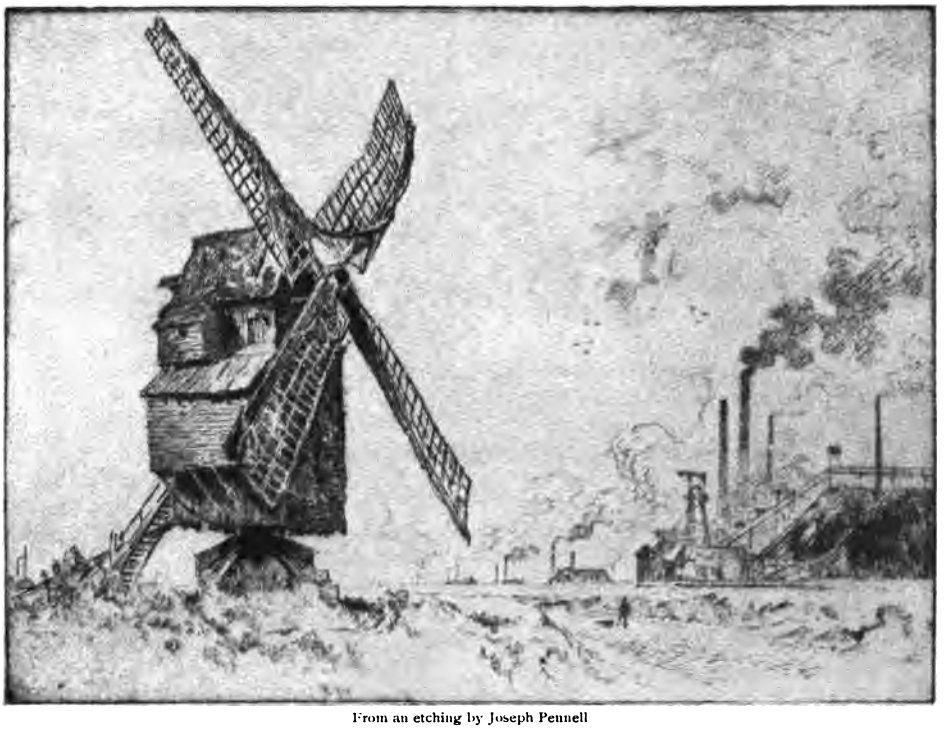
We went down the gang-plank to the deck of the tender which had come alongside. A hasty glance over the pile of luggage revealed to my friend the disconcerting fact that one of his bags had been left on the steamer—a small bag, but important, as it contained his furlough and other papers. He rushed up the gangway to return to the deck of the big ship, but a sturdy German officer met him half-way and told him he must return to the tender as the ship was leaving at once. In broken English, spoken with almost unintelligible rapidity, and accompanied by tremendous gesticulation, the disappearance of the bag was announced. The officer was stolid, cold, and indifferent. He shrugged his

shoulders, said they would look later, and that the bag, if found, would be sent on from Bremen. The Frenchman quivered with rage, indignation, and excitement. His tears, his home-coming, and everything else were forgotten in this hideous outrage that was being perpetrated upon him. Gently but firmly he was told again that he must retreat at once to the tender. Grasping the rail of the gangway where he stood, he shouted defiance to the German and, striking a dramatic attitude, announced that there he stood and would stand until the bag was found. The gangway could not be moved without danger to his person, and the situation looked so serious that people became hysterical with laughter and excitement. The German officer again shrugged his shoulders, returned to the deck, and issued a sharply spoken order to a dozen or more stewards standing about, who at once disappeared on the run into the ship. A few moments of tense silence followed, during which my friend stood at attention, his eyes flashing defiance, his whole attitude that of a man ready and expecting to die in a great cause. A steward came out of the cabin and ran down the deck with a small black bag in his hand. He gave it to the officer, who passed it on to my friend. The face of the latter broke into smiles, and his whole body relaxed. Taking off his hat, he gave the whole ship's company assembled a sweeping bow, blew a kiss to the German officer, and joined me on the deck of the tender, saying, with a voice full of an emotion renewed where it had been left off a short time before, "I shall kiss the first French soldier I meet."

And, what is more, he did, and neither was there any embarrassment in it, for it seemed quite the correct and proper thing to happen to a French soldier should he perchance meet a fellow-countryman and comrade just landing on the shores of "la belle France."

It is the affair of the moment which engrosses the Gallic mind, the thing he is at work upon, the emotion experienced. Thus it is that his immediate surroundings come first in his sense of proportion. Visiting among the people of southern France remote from cosmopolitan influence, who had been born where they lived, as had their fathers and mothers before them, I found that the first interest to all was the family income, as it might be affected by general financial depression, bad crops, an advantageous marriage of son or daughter, etc. This interest covers such a vast proportion of the activities of life that there is little left for other things. Governmental affairs are not taken seriously; in fact, nothing else seems to cut deep into life as they live it. A heated political discussion over the dinner-table ends suddenly, and is quite forgotten, if some local or family affair presents itself for consideration, while an occasional visit to Paris is the extent of the family travel. They admit that other nationalities have good qualities, but express sincere commiseration for the comparative seriousness of mind and sternness of manner which in their thoughts are associated with the English and Teutonic character. They are sorry for us that we take life so seriously, and yet, if they but knew it, no one in the world takes more seriously the affairs of the individual than do these same French people. The thrift of which they give evidence in every action of their daily lives is only an expression of their seriousness where they themselves are immediately concerned.

It is impossible for any one who knows France, and has felt the charm of the country and its people,—and who has not?—to approach French problems in a severely critical spirit. The beautiful cities, the broad stretches of wonderful Corot landscape threaded by marvelous roads, form the playground of travelers from other lands. No matter what is sought, there it can be found. The gay life of the streets, the opportunity for the spending of money for beautiful things, the charm of art and music, are offered to the guest of Paris. Those who seek the quiet and freedom of plain or forest have not far to go, and a thousand places, each seeming more attractive than the other, make their appeal for a longer stay than the visitor can afford. The greatness of France is of so recent a date that one forgets it is not more distant. The whole country gives the impression of a quiet backwater where one can put in for rest and enjoyment, and without discomfort watch the turgid stream of life in other lands as it rushes by. No other country suggests this feeling in such a compelling way, yet in these pushing times of modern material



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

AN OLD MILL AMONG NEW MILLS NEAR VALENCIENNES, FRANCE

progress it is all counted as against her success in the international struggle for the trade of the world, that prize which costs annually more blood and money than did the final political dismemberment of Europe.

The form taken by money in each country is a curiously accurate indication of the character and tastes of the inhabitants thereof. The stately English bank-note of splendid workmanship and uncompromising severity; the German note, with its rude proportions and florid style of finish; the American certificate of most convenient size, perfect workmanship, crispness of design, and with the glint of the metal it stands for; the slovenly Italian paper money, dirty, carelessly cut, and to be carefully inspected before it is accepted as genuine; and then the beads and shells of the savage. There is no better illustration of this reflective character than the money of France. Carefully adjusted in size to fit the wallet carried by every careful Frenchman,—and all Frenchmen are careful of money,—fine of texture, artistic in design, and light and delicate in coloring, it possesses a fineness beside which the money of other nations looks cold and brutal. In the same way the French show fineness and subtlety in their manner of living, their loves and hates, their crimes, their politics, their fighting, and even in their trade and manufacturing. They have no real competitors in this. If it could be said that the money also revealed the strength as well as the delicacy of the Damascus blade, and this were true, all would be well with that nation which holds the center of the map of Europe. But here the simile ends, for while the temper is good and the edge is keen, in international affairs it fails to strike the convincing blow.

An ambassador of one of the great powers who recently came back to Paris after an absence of years, found that the most interesting change which had taken place during his absence was in the spirit of French diplomacy. He said:

"When I was here before, it was almost apologetic; now it is aggressive. In my earlier days here French diplomats expended their energies in politeness and in

endeavoring to meet the wishes of others. To-day France has a diplomacy all her own: she has rights, is aware of them and stands by them; in fact, one might almost say that a 'cocky' attitude prevails in diplomatic circles, which seems strange to those recalling the days of French diplomatic isolation."

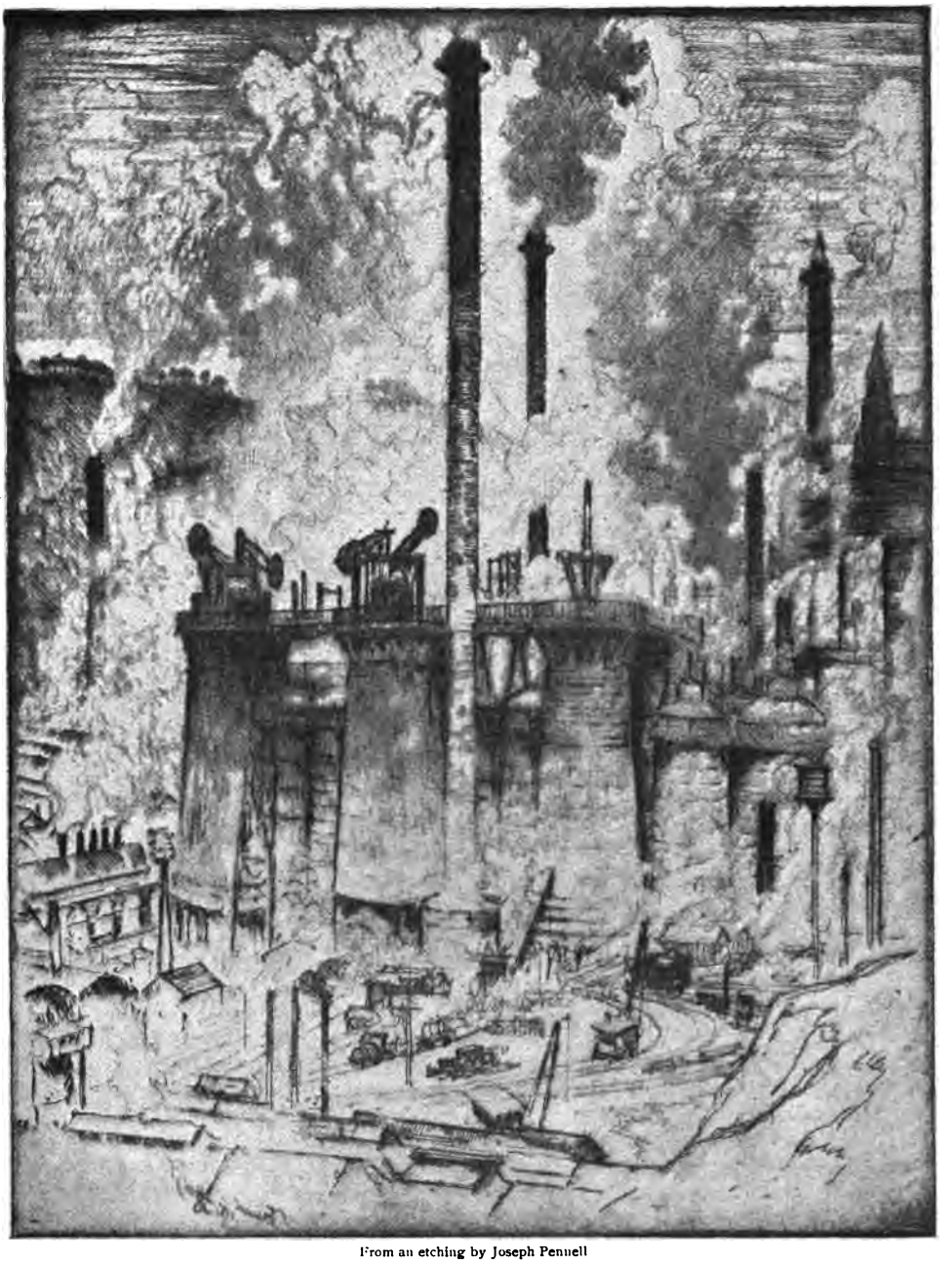
"What is the answer?" I asked.

"England," the diplomat replied. "It 's all there. The Anglo-Franco alliance has put new heart into French diplomacy, and aware of England at her back, she is even inclined at times to the vulgar and not always safe occupation of making faces at her old enemies. It is a good thing for Europe, this renaissance of French diplomatic courage, and thus for the world. There is less chance of war because of a better political balance among the powers; but it also tells the story of a France that has gained little in strength while those about her have increased their stature. The time was not so long ago when France needed no allies to assist in preserving her wonderful heritage of power."

As the diplomat concluded his remarks, my memory went back to what the late John Hay had said when asked as to the position of France in the dual alliance. His reply, given instantly, was, "That of a kept woman, unpaid," and I also thought that if that able statesman were alive to-day, he would amend his characterization and admit she was now collecting her arrears of debt from her partner to even such an extent that Lord Rosebery said not long ago in a spirit of bitterness that France was apparently dictating the foreign policy of England at a cost to the latter of the friendship of other and stronger nations.

A new strength has come to France politically through her close alliance with England, but there is no such source to draw upon to put more life and vigor into her industries and commerce. Political allies are useful in chancelleries, but are often a hindrance rather than a gain in material things. This is because the friendship of the powerful is paid for in concessions which are sometimes a form of tribute. There always seemed to me to be a certain element of pathos in this Anglo-Franco alliance. The two peoples are as different as races can be, and at heart are entirely unsympathetic. A French cavalry officer was recently descanting to me with great enthusiasm upon the beauties of the alliance between the two countries. He spoke with all the energy and emotional extravagance of language of the Latin, and dwelt upon its glories until I was almost convinced I had at last met a Frenchman who really loved the English. When he had finished his rhapsody he became very thoughtful for a few moments, and then turning to me with most charming naïveté, he remarked thoughtfully and regretfully, "I wish the English were not such a rude people."

In all the activities of his life the Frenchman gives one the same impression —that of lightness, grace, and politeness, to which may be added that of charm, if you can put out of your mind the possible lack of sincerity, the fear that he is volatile, and, extending that feeling to his occupation, the impression that his work and its results do not have that serious place in the economics of mankind which means permanent and steady progress. The Frenchman takes nothing seriously all the time but his income. That is his all absorbing passion. Once gratified,— and his ambitions are generally modest,— he will give his attention to government, to pleasure, to life in all its other phases. The thrift of the French is proverbial. Out of 379,418 estates from which the state collected death dues in 1910, about ninety-six per cent. were less than $10,000 each, and the average value of them all was $3000. The statement is made with considerable truth that no one in France spends more than four fifths of his or her income. The saving mania of the average Frenchman is as notable as is the spending mania of the average American. The former has a purpose, an end in view: he intends to accumulate either that he may not need to labor or that his children may begin where he left off. It may be counted as a heresy to say it, but it is nevertheless true that from this saving mania have come some of the greatest evils which afflict France to-day, and it is one of the most cogent reasons for her stationary population and her comparatively snail-like pace in the march of general industrial and commercial progress of the great nations. France at one time was the greatest of all the Western powers; to-day she follows



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

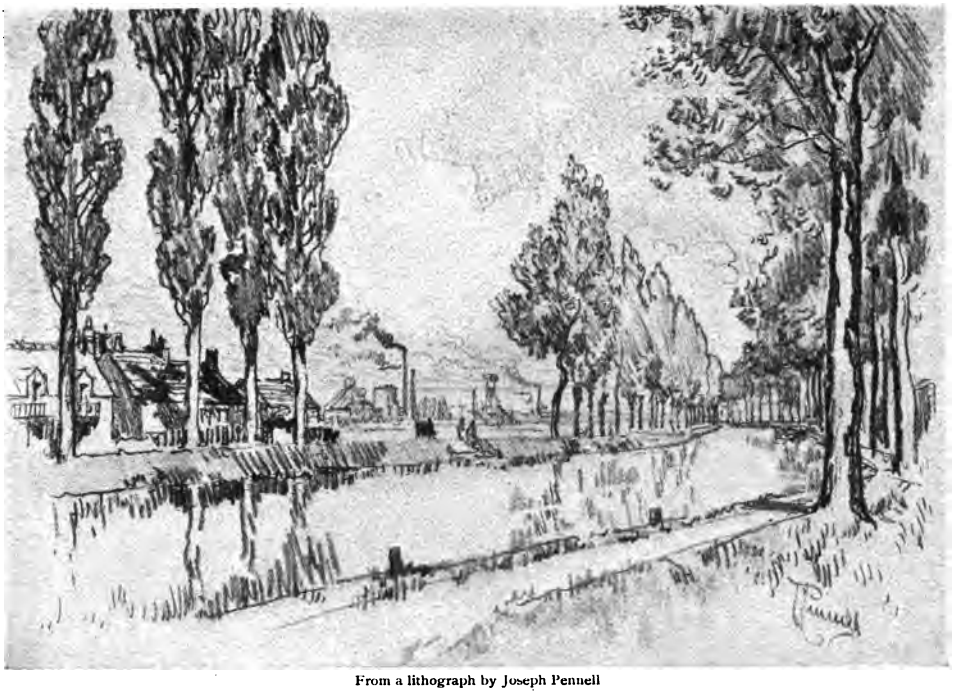
THE HIGH FURNACE; SCHNEIDER'S IRON-WORKS AT LE CREUSOT

where others lead. Still a great and wonderful people, possessing a force, a resisting power, and an influence upon the whole world which must not be underestimated, her proud position as first was lost long ago. More recently her people have sacrificed their opportunity for industrial leadership upon the national altar of so-called thrift and financial safety, which was erected during a reaction from the extravagance of a century ago. The socialist may suggest that it is an ideal condition for a people, each with enough, none with too much. Carried out to a completed evolution, it would mean, however, that France would become a vast community of small money-lenders, greedy for increasing interest and fearful of increasing outgo. This is what has happened to France to a degree only limited by the inability or lack of desire on the part of all the people to succeed in achieving the ambition of the majority. The desire to save and to live upon the interest of savings is not a new development. It has existed for many generations. Many decades ago it sapped to a certain extent the national vitality of France. One of its advantages to Germany was the prompt payment of the five billions of indemnity after the war, but none who yielded of that tribute lost a farthing. The nation carries the burden to this day to the extent of a thirty-three billion franc national debt, the most appalling responsibility of its kind the world has ever seen, and with little or no prospect of its being lessened. The payment of this indemnity was an example of what France could do —an example which, owing to its dramatic features, attracted the attention of the world. Since then the French people have done almost equally startling things in finance of which little is heard.

The French nation is the great international creditor. No really great loan here, there, or elsewhere may be counted a success until it has been favorably quoted on the Paris bourse. New York may agree to take ten millions of this or that flotation, and millions more may be subscribed for elsewhere, but in the long run these securities are caught in the steady tide that flows toward the vaults of the Paris banks, and there find a resting-place. One bank alone in that city has half a million customers, and if it wills, it can absorb an issue of millions, distribute the securities among its clients, and count the affair as one of an ordinary day's work. In its vaults are thousands of boxes belonging to its thousands of clients. In one box may rest a bond for 100 francs, while the next one may be bursting with securities representing hundreds of thousands. Here you may read the legends over the different sections, and note the internationalism of the French investor; for a Chinese loan may rest side by side with one to the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is all to the good, so far as the French client is concerned, first, if it is safe, secondly, if it yields satisfactorily of that "income" upon which his heart is set and of which he dreams. Fifty-eight millionaires died in France in the last twelve months, each one representing "thrift" carried to the *n*th power.

The educational system of France is a great machine preparing all the children by the same method and in the same manner to such fitness as may enable them to pass a civil-service examination and secure a government salary, small though it may be, to add to the individual income. The son must have a start in life to enable him to make greater progress toward leisure than his father. The daughter must have a *dot* that she may marry well and swell the fortunes of the family to be. All this sounds admirable, but it is the province of sober, unprejudiced analysis to ask whither it all leads. The France of to-day, the character of her people, and the national problems with which they are faced, are unmistakable indications.

One of the great evils to the state from the conventional point of view is that the population of France is virtually at a standstill so far as increase is concerned. There are many reasons for this limitation in the size of families, but not the least important is the thrift of the people. To have more children means more expenditure, and also the division of the heritage among more people. One child may be assured a competency; two might find a shortage for both when the estate was divided. The *mariage de convenance* is merely an expression of the thrift idea, and it may have something to do with the fact that there are about three million men and women in France over the age of thirty who are unmarried. Those



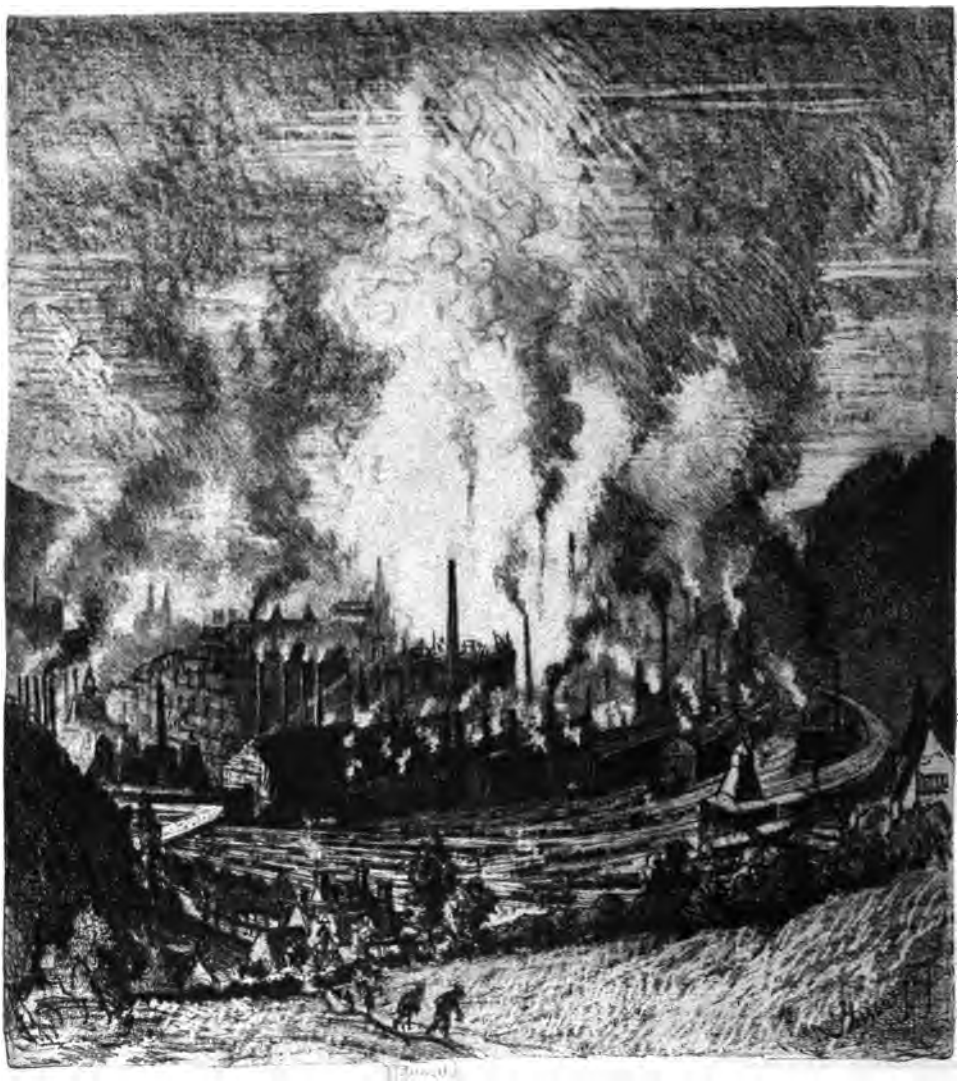
From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

A CANAL NEAR THE COAL-MINES OF BLANZY

who deal with French business men know that in no country is a bargain harder driven, or a slight advantage one way or the other more seriously considered. It can easily be understood that while the increased cost of living has caused the peoples of many nations to growl and grumble, it has instigated the people of France to actual riot and wars of reprisal upon the more or less innocent vendors of the necessaries of life. Living in the same manner in France that the American does at home means that it costs even more in France to-day than it does in America. It is only through the marvelously ingenious economies of the French housekeeper that five francs is made to go further than a dollar. The ability to convert a tiny morsel of meat into a nondescript entrée is born of a thrift not only ingenious, but artistic as well.

In this national trait of thrift is found one of the great reasons for the lack of vigor, strength, daring, and purpose in French industry. The French are not travelers or emigrants. As a rule they are failures as colonists, notwithstanding the fact that the French colonies and protectorates have an area twenty times that of the mother country, and contain a population twenty million in excess of the population of France itself. A hundred years ago Frenchmen who emigrated had their property confiscated, and the descendants of people who made such laws are well content to stay at home. Travel means to them an expenditure in excess of the returns. The emigrant as a rule leaves nothing behind him and, omitting the poorest class, virtually every Frenchman is tied to his native land by his investment. Be it large or small, as the case may be, it is the core of things for him, and with it he prefers to stay.

Socialism is strong in France because of the protest of those who have not against those who have, and because of the intellectuals in revolt against the established order of thrift and its narrowing effect upon national and individual life. The bad years of recent times, when the wine crop has been a failure and other crops have been scanty, have been direful years for the French people. At best the living margin is small, the saving margin still smaller, and with this wiped out, the people have grown bitter, discontented, and riotous. There are railway strikes in all



From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

SCHNEIDER'S IRON-WORKS AT LE CREUSOT, ABOUT SIXTY MILES FROM DIJON

These are the most important works of the kind in France.

lands, but even the great strike in England in 1911 developed no such dangerous social symptoms as were plainly manifest in the railway strikes in France the preceding year, though as strikes they did not appear so serious. Train wrecks through *sabotage* were an almost daily occurrence, showing a temper among the people not easy to account for and not favorable to their character. I once asked a prominent Englishman whether the monarchical idea grew stronger or weaker in England as the years went by. He replied without hesitation to the effect that he believed it was stronger because of the example of the failure of a republican form of government that the English people had constantly before them just across the channel. His opinion was more or less prejudiced, but it must be admitted that the events of the last two years in France show that the French people have not yet wholly perfected themselves in the science of self-government.

To build new works, enlarge old ones, adopt new methods, and enter the struggle for the trade of the world, require not only spirit, ambition, intelligence, skill, and industry, all of which the French people have in abundance, but they also require daring in capital adventure and a willingness to stake all that the returns may possibly be larger. Along lines with which he is familiar, branches of trade in which he excels and leads the world, the Frenchman not only holds his own, but as the demands of the nations increase in luxuriousness of taste and prodigality of expenditure, his trade enlarges. By that natural growth and that alone is measured the comparatively slow expansion of French import and export trade and commerce. The foreign trade of France, while lacking in features of phenomenal growth, is most illuminating in its character. Over two thirds of the imports are raw materials, and about sixty-three per cent. are manufactured goods. The character of these manufactured exports are still more significant—cotton cloth, silks, feathers, clothing, and lingerie, laces, artificial flowers, jewelry, perfumery, precious stones, novelties, leather goods, art works, and wines. These form a large proportion of the $1,100,000,000 worth of goods sent abroad by the French people in 1910. An addition of millions must be made to these figures to cover the value of goods carried away by travelers who look upon Paris as the Mecca of the shopping world. The slow growth of the foreign trade of France as compared with the well-known progress made by England, Germany, and the United States, and the fluctuating character of the French trade, are shown in the following table:

	IMPORTS	EXPORTS
1880	$1,000,000,000	$693,000,000
1890	867,000,000	750,000,000
1900	843,000,000	780,000,000
1910	1,304,000,000	1,064,000,000

In 1899, France sent to the United States $48,000,000 worth of goods, and in 1910 she sent $92,000,000. In 1899, France bought from the United States to the extent of $80,000,000 and in 1910 she bought $140,000,000. That her growth in foreign trade is due largely to the increasing power of other nations to buy luxuries is shown in the Franco-American figures, for they account for a large percentage of the growth, and of course it is a well-understood fact that America and the American people have made the most amazing strides of all in their power to absorb the products of the earth and of man's handiwork.

If it were not for France, the troubles of the American customs officers would be decreased by half, for it is the dainty workmanship of that country which is most easily smuggled. The beautiful evening hat which Madam wears to go ashore in New York at eight o'clock in the morning is always from Paris. A bit of wire, some cloth, a few feathers or flowers, which the Paris milliner sells for 100 francs, making nearly ninety per cent. profit for her labor, and which would "cost at least $50 anywhere on Fifth Avenue," is a temptation few resist, and any customs inspector with a sense of humor must have many enjoyable moments to compensate for the more serious and disagreeable part of the day's work.

To France the United States sends raw cotton, hides, skins, tobacco, oils, metals, and machinery. A list of important articles it is true, but it yields no artistic suggestion. They are necessities, and give a profit to those who sell; but what a difference in character, and how little they contribute to American labor, as compared with the flimsier but beautiful things sent to us in return by these people so artistic in their designing and so dexterous with their hands! In no country is the skilled workman so clever, so original, so fine in his finishing. The first fine automobiles were of French workmanship, each one different from the others, each a triumph of mechanics and art, and France led the world in their production. When the market demanded larger quantities, lower prices, and standardization, the French failed to keep pace with England, Germany, or the United States, and dropped out of the race as a serious competitor abroad. And this is the history of a hundred industries of vast importance in the trade of the world. New York and London jewelers send precious stones to Paris to be set. Men and materials may be imported, but the results are not quite

the same. There must be something in the French atmosphere or environment which tends to charm, grace, and originality.

One of the most pathetic sights I ever witnessed was a week-end tourist party of Parisian shopkeepers in London. They left Paris Saturday, planned to spend their Sunday inspecting the window displays of the smart London establishments on Regent, Bond, and other streets. They rose from their beds Sunday morning to a cold, gray day. They wandered through a wilderness of streets lined with shops, it is true, but with windows tightly shuttered, so that nothing within could be seen. No drinks were to be had, no theaters were open; there was no place to go, and nothing to do. The high spirit of adventure with which the party left Paris had all disappeared by Sunday night, and they sat about their hotel, mournfully regretting the boulevards, the cafés, and the festive Sunday of their native city. Monday morning they gladly returned to Paris wiser in some ways, but as ignorant as when they left as to the methods of the London window-dresser.

While the character of French exports makes them particularly profitable, it has the drawback of being subject to financial depression abroad. It might be added also, to change in the fashions; for the Lyons silk industry suffered a very heavy decline—nearly twenty per cent.—through the introduction of the narrow skirt for women. This might, however, be looked upon as retribution, for it was the French dressmakers who decreed its appearance. French exports are a measure of prosperity elsewhere. When times are bad in America, the sale of luxuries decreases; hence there is less demand upon France, whose people supply a large part of them. Works of art, jewelry, laces, silks, and expensive wines, which form a considerable portion of French exports, are not bought by a people concerned as to finance or in the doldrums of a dull stock market. It is not alone politeness or international amity which prompts the French people to wish us strength in our stride. England is the best customer France has, and in turn France buys more from England than elsewhere, although much of the trade credited to England is material en route to or from other lands. It is only the direct trade between countries for which figures are available. Next in importance to France as a customer comes Belgium, then Germany, while the United States is fourth on the list. In supplying France with her materials for manufactures and food supplies, the United States is second only to England.

The most notable, in fact the only notable, success modern France has achieved in administering the affairs of other peoples is in northern Africa. There she has done well for herself, as well as for the natives, and her trade both ways with Algeria is nearly 150 millions annually. If the administration of Morocco is as successful, the returns will be great, now that she has to all intents a monopoly there, and the indications are that in the years to come Morocco will prove to be the most worth while of all northern Africa. The land is yet almost unexplored, but within a few years its fertile valleys will be opened to the adventurous pioneer trader and settler, and those who have been privileged with a glance into the possibilities assert that the results of a peaceful occupation and development of that country will astonish the world.

At the time of the recent war talk over the Moroccan controversy I was sitting one day in the garden at Versailles. Near me stood a park policeman with his breast well covered with medals. He was a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War and an honor man in the Algerian service.

"What will happen to France if you have another war with Germany?" I asked him.

"Oh, it will be different this time," the old man replied as he drew himself up proudly; "it will be another story to tell."

The spirit is there unbroken, quick flaming in young and old, but it is the call to arms, the thrill of battle, the defiance of the foe, that the Frenchman has in mind when he speaks of war. He fails to see the slow-moving transport-wagons, the hospitals, the food supplies; to question the honesty of his ammunition or the training and knowledge of those in command. These things are too material, too methodical, in other words, too banal, to be included in any test of patriotism or measure of national strength. There is little chance that France will ever be at war again with any great power, so the test will probably never come. In the

meantime we can admire the spirit, and hope that it will never be called upon to make the sacrifice which would be willingly, even joyfully, rendered.

In the effort to stimulate her foreign commerce and enterprise, France has tried many artifices, including various forms of subsidy, direct and indirect. Goods carried to France in French ships have a considerable advantage at the custom-houses, and yet three fifths of French overseas commerce is carried in foreign bottoms. To extend steamship lines under the flag, great subsidies have been paid, but the lines do not prosper, in one case boats being run merely for the purpose of securing the grant. Even with government aid the French cable company maintains itself with difficulty against its foreign rivals. There is no encouragement for subsidy advocates in the experience of the French people.

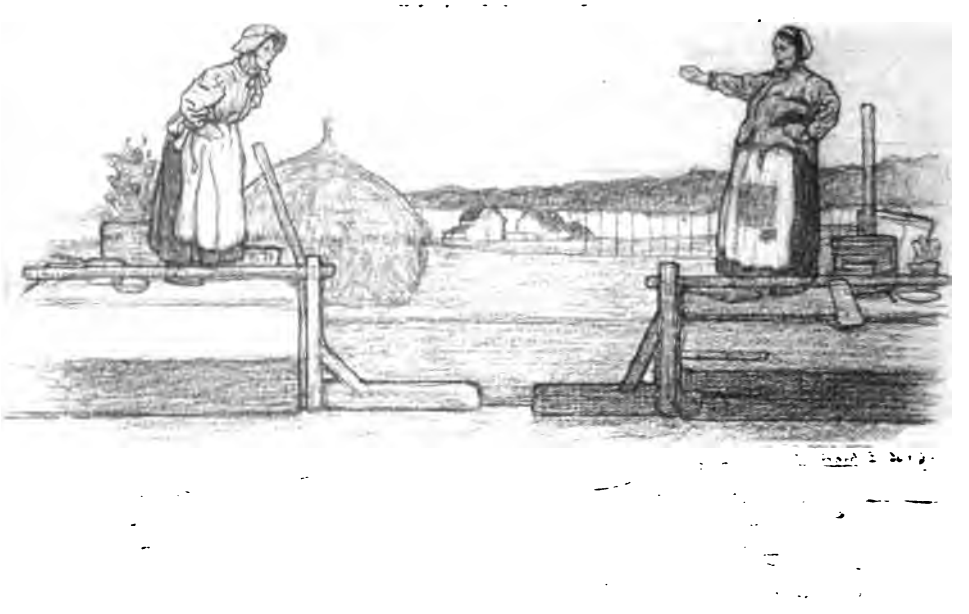
On an area of 200,000 square miles, one half of which is under cultivation, France supports a population of about 39,000,000, which scarcely varies from year to year. For some time past agricultural conditions have been most disastrous. Bad seasons, floods, and crop failures have reduced the people to despair. One half of the population finds its occupation in agriculture, and one half of the people of the whole country are bread-winners. Sixty-four out of every one hundred men are wage-workers, and thirty-three out of every one hundred women. The unhappiness which can come to a people so dependent upon industry when dull times prevail is intensified in this case by the importance attached to the savings which must be laid aside each year, if life is to be counted a success. To own a government bond with its lottery attachment is the ambition of all, for the bond not only yields an income, but there is always the hope and a chance of a prize, something that has not been worked for, a sudden accession of wealth. Other securities naturally yield better returns, but with those who have more imagination than wealth they are not so popular.

Opportunities for foreign trade expansion in France are not great. The outside world will continue to supply raw materials and food stuffs as the need prevails, and as the cost of production decreases and the strength of trade combinations increases in other lands the French manufacturers of machinery and staples may be more and more crowded in their home market. A great industrial leader of England once said to me: "If America can do now what she does with her goods in our own markets when times are good in America and prices high, Heaven help us when the American manufacturer seeks an outlet for a surplus created by depression and an overstocked market at home! We shall be ruined." It is in lines wherein she is not supreme that France is vulnerable in competition. It is true there is the tariff to protect her, a bulwark not yet possessed by England, but, after all, a tariff can keep out only to the point where the makers thereof will consent or can profit thereby. During the recent period when France imposed her maximum tariff rates against American goods, and while negotiations were in progress for a more friendly status, the French rested secure in the belief that America must have the wines of Champagne and would come to terms. With a happy disregard of facts it was argued that because of this France held the upper hand. When it was realized that Germany sent more wine to the United States than did France, and that even France herself was a larger buyer than seller of wine, the French government officials found themselves at odds with their position of independence, and retreated therefrom. The truth of the matter is that last year France imported over eight million hectoliters of wine, and exported a little over two million. The French people are wine-drinkers, and they draw upon Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy for enormous quantities to supply the home deficiency. These importations will be even larger during the next few years, for the wine industry has fallen upon evil days, with bad seasons and labor troubles. The controversy as to the use of the word champagne which raged so violently in 1909 had no political or social significance. It was merely a question of confining or extending the area from which wine could be sold to the trade as champagne. The dispute gave rise to rioting and loss of property, but beyond this it gave no threat to the social structure.

The trade-union idea does not appear to have taken deep root in French soil. The growth in membership has been slow, and the total to-day is much smaller in

proportion to population than in the United States, England, or Germany. Strikes are frequent, and a larger number of workmen are generally affected by the dispute than elsewhere. It can also be noted that a smaller percentage of these disputes are settled in favor of the workers than in any other country, while the percentage compromised is double that of Germany or the United States. They are a race by themselves, these French people, and they do things differently from the Teuton or the Anglo-Saxon. Their minds work in different lines, and to the end of individual action rather than concerted effort. Waves of emotion sweep the land, but in the material affairs that underlie the actual problem of living they are as unmoved as the most stolid race.

To the French the world owes much of the imaginative science which leads to brilliant discoveries and bold adventure in little-known fields of research, and the domain of psychics is a particularly fascinating theme for French intellect. To estimate correctly the strength and virility of the French nation it is necessary to dismiss from the mind absolutely the measures of value current in America and England. Unless this is done, the French social structure looms large as a symptom of decay, and the necessary sense of proportion and perspective is hopelessly lost. They have evolved a manner of life, a standard of conventional morals, and a measure of values unknown and strange to the Anglo-Saxon mind; it might almost be said, in some of their aspects, abhorrent. These may not make for the greatness of the nation in the councils of the powers or even in the markets of the world, but they do not destroy the national integrity of purpose which underlies the life of the France of to-day. The country lies in the heart of the world, it might be said, at the mercy of ally or enemy, but supplying to all a lightness, a vividness of life, and a serenity of self-confidence strangely in contrast to her international accomplishment in the material things. Toward this glow, be it that of sunset or of dawn, all people turn with relief as to a charming landscape, from the more somber and sordid picture of the brutal industrial struggle which rages to the north, the west, and across the Atlantic.



Drawn by Bernard Boutet de Monvel

A PARTING SALUTE ON A FRENCH CANAL

Drawn by Reginald Birch

THE GREAT DISCOVERY ABOUT BUXTON

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Author of "The People Called Quakers" (THE CENTURY for June)

KENT COLLEGE, to the superficial view of the sightseer or the visiting parent, is like a pleasant dream of peace and quiet. Except at chapel time, or between recitations, its elm-shaded walks and low halls of old brick sleep on the river bank, and even the squirrels on the turf move with an academic leisure. The business man, escaped for a while from the mad excitement of his seven-hour day in the city, looks about him half contemptuously, half in envy, and meeting his classmate Professor Scott on the library steps, makes what he feels to be the proper compliment upon the charms of academic life, to which Professor Scott responds by an ironical shrug.

For it is all an illusion, this quiet of peaceful thought, this dream of academic leisure on the river bank, and has been since Brand, the famous paleontologist, became president in place of old Prexy Brown. Kent College is now dominated by research. Within those quiet buildings are seething laboratories; the lights burn till midnight in the studies of the faculty, and you need not watch five minutes to see an old squirrel, who has not yet adjusted himself to the new order, come near to lose his life under the rapid tread of some professor who is trying to get a little more work into the hours which are allowed him by his wife, the guardian of his health.

Timothy Blake, like the squirrel, belonged to the old order, Prexy Brown's order, and had not entirely readjusted himself. Although still in early middle age, he had made his Kent reputation, and got his assistant professorship, in the days before English literature became a science. He had been a promising youth, then; a little advanced; in fact, something of a specialist, a word just growing fashionable. His course on The Age of Buxton had made that famous English essayist as familiar to the graduates of Kent as Thackeray, Dickens, or Rudyard Kipling. His study, with its famous set of Buxton first editions, and its drawing of Buxton by Hazlitt, had given to many generations of Kent students their first sniff of literary atmosphere, and his brilliant, enthusiastic appreciations had stirred whole classes to read. But in the more strenuous (and less lazy) days which came with the new order his promise began to seem less brilliant. A rather penetrative essay upon Buxton which he wrote for a popular magazine was brutally whacked in a

philological journal because of gross inaccuracy in dates. He was accused in open faculty meeting of giving "cinch" courses which all the dead-beats in scientific work seemed to pass without difficulty.

About this time a graduate student, the first in Kent, a grim youth who had come from the outside world to study Buxton, fastened upon him. Each day he sat in the classroom, impassive, immovable, come to test Blake's famous Buxton lectures for *facts*. Facts went into his note-books; opinions—be they never so striking—could not stir his pen. Timothy hated, then feared, then envied him. He saw a creature of the new order preparing to make Kent a factory of facts, as the president had so neatly put it. Salaries went up, all except Blake's, and a few remarks upon the necessity for productive work was all that Timothy could get from the president in answer to his complaints.

Professor Blake's wife was a thoroughly practical woman. "Tim," she flung across the breakfast table at the wall of morning paper, "if I can't make you talk to me, I can make you listen. At Nancy's luncheon yesterday they were talking of scholarship, and Mrs. Brand, I know, was speaking of you. She said—"

"That discoveries should be made in literature and history as well as in science. That Kent was to be a factory of facts."

Mrs. Blake gasped. "Did I tell you that last night, dear? I 'm sorry to be such a fool."

Timothy's mild, nervous face emerged from behind the paper. His mouth was twitching, but his eyes were harassed and doubtful.

"I know her ideas of scholarship—in their source. She 's only the horn of the gramophone." He shook the crease out of his paper savagely.

"Well, dear—the president *may* be a gramophone; but he turns the crank. Yes, you need n't laugh; I know that 's a mixed figure, but it says just what I want to say. Besides, look at this." She tore open a bill rendered, and passed it to him, "and—and—" She unfolded a college announcement—"this—oh, Tim!"

So they had dropped him from the Bristell lectureship this year! Smith had got it, on the strength of his book on "The Romaunt of the Rose"!

"You *see-ee!*" said Mrs. Blake.

Timothy played defiance. "I see what the ingratitude of princes means," he snorted. "Is there a man in the faculty who has taught as many Kent graduates as I have?"

"But, dear, it is n't teaching they want."

"They ought to want it."

"Now, Tim, I know I 'm a time-server, and a Mammon worshiper, and a materialist, so you can just save your adjectives for your lectures; but I *am* a practical person, and you 're not; every one says you 're not. They want research: why don't you research? You could make discoveries just as easily as that *dirty* Professor Beans, who is n't even *civilized*. And, dear, you know there is n't anything really *new* in your Buxton lectures—except, of course, ideas and interpretations."

Blake flushed angrily. The shrewdest blows come from the best-beloved. Then he flung the paper on the floor, rose, thrust his fingers in his waistcoat, and cleared his throat, as in his famous imitation of dear old Prexy's Commencement speeches. "Mrs. Professor Blake," he began.

"You are *so* comical, dear; but don't drop those ashes."

"*Mrs.* Professor Blake. I hereby announce that, pursuant to instructions, I go to make some research, not moved by science perhaps, but certainly urged on by mighty kicks from our butcher, our baker, our candlestick maker, and—ahem—our *be*loved president, the fa-amous paleontologist, Professor Brand."

"Go on, you old fool, but first come look at your baby."

In his study, Timothy dropped his nonsense quickly enough, and sat at his desk with head clasped in both his hands. A guilty memory, and a guiltier love of quiet morning hours of reading obsessed him. A vague indefiniteness of purpose filled him with a cold fright. He went over the fields where he might claim familiarity. Everything seemed to have been done, Buxton most of all. His mind warmed as he thought of the task of opening all this wealth to the callow undergraduate; it chilled at the word research, and the imagined audience of scientists asking for *facts*. It must be Buxton? Buxton must go on the dissecting table. What would that blasted graduate stu-

dent do if he were in this box; if he knew as much about Buxton; if he had the brains (this last subconscious and unexpressed) of Timothy! He 'd nuzzle for facts. "Josephine!" Blake pushed open the swinging door with his foot. "What is a fact?"

"A fact?" floated up from below. "Why—anything that 's real; that is n't just beautiful, or true, or nice to think about. You know what I mean."

"Thanks. That helps immensely." He swung to the door. "His graduate student was a fact, at least! Yesterday he had broken in upon the interpretation of the famous Salopian essay on old age—the most eloquent and most touching description in the language—to ask about the obscure history of Buxton's father, whose last years were not recorded in the biographies. The point seemed unimportant. The father was unquestionably dead—the essay very much alive; and yet—an idea sprang into his mind—here one might sink a shaft, and haul up a few chunks of facts to heave at the scientists. Blake had made his reputation by teaching Buxton; Buxton's literary eminence was as important to him as his own honor; grubbing at side-issues seemed a waste of time when there were so many undergraduates still to be taught the finest prose in the language. And yet— He gathered up the loose sheets of an essay on the cream of literature (it seemed a little dilettantish this morning), put a few odd volumes of verse from his desk to the shelves where they would not tempt him. "Josephine," he called through the chink of the door, "I 've begun."

"That 's *fine,* dear. Try to get through by twelve. I want lunch early."

Timothy exploded. But a sobering reflection came to him. Was his attitude toward research so much wiser than his wife's? If the life of Buxton's father should, for example, throw light upon, add force to, the great third Salopian! If his obscure end had not been obscure to his son; if the essay's glorious description of the fading-away of life in love had been biographical! How such a discovery would silence the critics on the faculty who called him unproductive! He compressed his nostrils as one scenting smoke. Gröbe's monograph on Buxton's sources might give a clue; then, the Axon parish records. He pulled down half a dozen volumes and set to work.

It was about three months later that I ran up to Kent to give a talk on municipal politics to the senior class, and visit Tim Blake. Josephine met me in the hall with that ceremonious politeness which she always gives to the arrivals and departures of familiar friends.

"How do you do?" and she drooped her wrist prettily; then, with a hurried bound into informality, "Come right in, John, and have a cup of tea. I know you 're dying to see Tim, and he 's crazy to see you, or will be when he gets through."

"What is it, tennis?" I asked.

"Tennis! John! Since he began research he *never* plays tennis! I have to *drag* him from his desk. I tell everybody that the responsibility for his health rests *entirely* upon me."

"But what?"

"Oh, he 's making a great discovery about Buxton's father. It 's going to revolutionize the Salopian essays. Two lumps?"

"How do you know when you 're making a discovery? One, please," I answered.

Josephine glanced at me sharply to see if I were ironical. "You 'll get *no* lumps, Mr. John, if you try to be so smart. It 's easy enough to make fun of scientific work like Tim's, but he gets *facts,* not just *opinions,* as you do."

"Josephine Blake," I gasped, "are you sane? Is n't Tim a literary man? Am I not a lawyer? If either handles facts, who is it? What are you talking about, anyway!"

Josephine stirred her tea quite calmly. "Oh, you did n't know we 'd gone in for research, did you? Of course; and I 've been arguing so much for science against mere culture this week that I forgot you were n't involved. Forgive me. But I felt you *must* approve of Tim's discoveries. He 's making a career. But his temper 's gone—just this week—oh, quite completely! They say it 's usually that way, just on the *brink,* you know."

Tim in a bad temper! "I don't believe it, Josephine!" This time I was surprised.

Mrs. Blake shrugged her shoulders

magnanimously. "Of *course,* John. If you knew about research, you 'd know that *always* happens. Oh, I don't mean he throws things at me! But he 's nervous, and worried—and—well, up there most of the time." She waved her spoon vaguely toward the ceiling. "But the more distraught he is the more baby and I are pleased. *We* are practical and we know there is to be a professor of English elected this year. Don't we, chubbikins?"

The baby in his bassinet did not answer; and neither did I, fearing to be ironical.

Timothy's temper, at dinner that night, was not at all what I had been led to expect. Instead of a nervous excitation a deep melancholy seemed to possess him, and when he did rouse himself, it was only to speak sarcastically of his new joy in life now that he had ceased to appreciate literature and begun to dissect it.

Nevertheless I followed Tim into his study expecting an evening of scholarly boredom. "Josephine tells me you 're to be congratulated," I said; "I 'm only waiting to hear just what for, in order to say the proper thing. But you 're not looking yourself, Tim. I 'll have to say that first."

Tim closed the door very carefully; listened through the crack for an instant, and then turned with a look on his face which made me drop my lighted match.

"Looking well!" he ejaculated. "John, I 'm a soul in torment!"

Tim was always emotional. "What 's the matter?" I asked soothingly. "Won't the discovery come?"

He flung a chair around for me, upsetting a pile of note-sheets, which he did not even bother to pick up; jerked another out from the desk for himself, and then shoved it back again. "I 'm too nervous to talk sitting; make yourself comfortable, and I 'll unburden my heart. I made that infernal discovery Josephine is always prating about a month ago. You need n't congratulate me on *that!*"

"Now, Tim," I interrupted, "remember that I 'm a lawyer, and don't know just what scholars like Josephine and you mean by a discovery. Please explain."

"A discovery in literature," he answered, "is the revelation of facts about literature, hitherto unknown; said facts being either unimportant or unpleasant. I know no other definition that fits," and he puffed his cheeks out in the way he had after a neat turn in a lecture.

"Be fair, Tim," I interrupted. "How about the discovery of the probable order of Shakspere's plays, or of—say—the sources of The Canterbury Tales?" But he would not stop to answer me.

"You remember Buxton's essay on Old Age; that third of the Salopian series which I read at your Friday night club last year? Three months ago, when Josephine—that is, when I was urged to go in for scientific work in literature, I decided to tackle an interesting problem presented by that essay. You remember that wonderful idealization of the end of life: those gorgeous sentences in which all that seems weakness, loss, degeneration, is made to appear but the crumbling of the frail tenement of clay, the fraying of the garments of the growing spirit. Wait a moment—" He pulled down a book from an upper shelf, and let it fall open at an accustomed place:

> My father sat beside the open door. The sun fell warmly on his wan forehead, and in imagination I saw the ripened thoughts stirring more gently under its influence. His worn but faithful body responded lazily to the spirit full-fed upon life and ready for its change. His sleep and waking were little different, and no earthly pleasure touched him save our love.

"You remember?" Tim brought down the book with a smash on the desk. "My boy, when Buxton wrote those words his father was carding flax ten hours a day to pay his board, sleeping in one of the worst black holes in England, and eating food which the County Commission two years latter called swill! He was in the Axon workhouse! And Buxton, writing that wonderful essay on age and love in his apartments at the Albany, rich, famous—by Jove, I still try not to believe it!—Buxton knew he was there, and was too mean, or too proud, to help him. 'No earthly pleasure touched him save our love.' John, I 've proved that the man who has done more than any other in English literature to ennoble old age, was a damned hypocrite!"

"I suppose that 's a pretty big discovery," I said with complete incomprehension of the real issue. "It ought to mean some advertisement for you, Tim."

Blake choked out a cloud of smoke, sputtered, and then suddenly dropping all his histrionics, sat down quietly.

"You don't understand the situation, John, or you would never have said that. Look here. The one asset I have is literary enthusiasm. When I see in a boy's eye a little spark of appreciation for nobility, sweetness, beauty, truth—all that literature means, I can turn out all my forces, and fan and fan that spark until it spreads. I think that 's worth doing. I think they need me here at Kent. But they wanted something else; Josephine is ambitious; and I 've got pride enough to try to measure up to *any* standard. So in I go for research. And—"

"You make an important discovery," I interrupted, still adrift. "I don't see what you 're so blue about."

Blake flung himself back in his chair. "Oh, what 's the use," he groaned; "if I can't explain to you, I 'll never make it clear to Josephine. Look here. Suppose you 'd been pleading a case for a man accused of a nasty murder, and got his confession at the last minute. How would you feel? But then I don't suppose you 'd care, being a practical man. It 's different with me. Here am I making the whole center of my teaching Buxton, Buxton, Buxton. Why, I 've brought tears to the eyes of half a class with that essay on old age; and for years I 've been sure that when we studied Buxton I 'd *make* my courses understand the moral and spiritual uplift that is bound to come with a real appreciation of literature. I 've put ten years into learning how to pass on the message of Buxton. And now a day knocks it all out! A day's work makes him seem like a phrase-maker, a word-peacock, an insincere preacher of sententious platitudes, who ought to be exposed instead of taught! Don't you understand what this means to me? Unless—" he ended suddenly.

"Unless what—unless you 're wrong?"

"Wrong? Oh, no; I made the identification with the best authorities. I was sure his father had been in that workhouse the instant I found Buxton had left it twenty pounds in his will. And there is no doubt that old Jeremiah Miller (that was the name he took) was the man. Even the cleft beard fitted. That is n't what 's troubling me. See here—can I suppress this?"

"Suppress it!" I cried. "What for! If it 's true—and your evidence seems a little weak to me—it 's got to come out sometime, has n't it? And if it is going to alter completely our estimate of a great historical figure, you might as well get the reputation as some other man, might n't you?"

"Of course I know it 's my duty to publish it," Tim groaned.

"It 's your chance for a professorship," I interrupted. "The greater the man the more attention for your discovery."

"Attention!" he groaned again, "I should say so. I gave my graduate student a few crumbs the other day. You should have seen his pencil work."

"He may get ahead of you."

"Not much. You don't realize the intricacy of this research work. No, I 'll publish it," he shouted, "and follow up with something ten times as important. I have n't been working for three months on this miserable discovery. I 've been working here day after day on a piece of literary criticism to prove absolutely and definitely, with Buxton here as an illustration, the independence of art. I 'm going to show that the artist has a double personality; that his left hand sometimes does n't and often should n't know what his right is doing. John, I 'm going to prove Buxton's moral greatness as an *artist,* and put him higher when I 've done than he was before we knew that in life he was a hypocrite."

"What *are* you declaiming about, Tim?" came Josephine's muffled voice from below. "You must n't use up your strength."

"I intend," Blake continued in a hoarse whisper, "to separate Buxton's thought from Buxton's life."

"My advice is not to try," I said coldly. "Stick to your discovery. You 'd have difficulty in persuading me of the other; and I suppose I 'm built of the same stuff as your practical president."

Tim's eyes closed wearily. "I know, I know," he answered. "I 've been thinking about little else for three months. My teaching 's gone to the bad; I have n't taken my exercise; my temper 's soured. Here—you 're sick of all this. Have another cigar, and let 's talk of the law, or politics, or the baby, or something refreshing. A month more of this would have landed me in nervous prostration."

"A month more?" I asked.

"Yes, next week ends it. The Buxton Centenary, you know. I 'm down for the leading paper—a discovery—Josephine 's told everybody. If you want to see yours truly shoot off some fireworks come on up. It will be an amusing occasion—for somebody."

"Do come," said Josephine, pushing open the door rather suddenly. "We 'd *love* to have you; and can't you finish your talk then?"

Tim laughed—for the first time that day—and we went to bed.

CENTENARY SAM, so the boys called him, was a little, hustling fellow who had been a class or two after me at Kent, and was now adjunct professor on the faculty. His specialty was centenaries. All the world of knowledge was his province, and only the professors of such recent sciences as sociology, eugenics, and forestry were safe from his appeals for celebrations. Centenaries were cheap and good advertising, so the administration backed up Centenary Sam.

Buxton of course was too juicy a name to be missed by Professor Samuel Brinker. As I walked toward Thurber Hall that evening I saw him hurrying up the walk ahead of me with Blake's portrait of the author by Hazlitt slung over one shoulder, while groups of students and faculty folk were converging toward the big doors over which in electric lights (good advertising idea this) BUXTON was shining. I do not know whether I was more amused or nervous at the prospect. The little tempests of this little faculty world tickled the comic spirit within me, but somehow I felt that in this one the real happiness, and perhaps the usefulness, of a personality was involved, and Tim, for all his absurdity, had a sensitiveness of spirit, a fine enthusiasm for the things he did do well, which made me wonder if he were not quite as valuable as practical men like the president and myself. After all, was n't it policy to fit a tool to its uses. Look at what success they were having with Centenary Sam!

The audience that night I regarded as a kind of jury, and so I looked it over rather carefully. The rows of undergraduates, in the midst of which I found myself, were negligible, so I thought then. They did me good. They were just such careless, teasing *blagueurs* as I had been in college. The two next to me were matching pennies. "It is thy throw, Flaccus," said one. "And thus I take thy denarius," answered the other. "Say, Bill, what kind of seats did you get for to-morrow night?"

But it was farther back that the real judges sat. I looked them over carefully, and when I saw the president, two members of the corporation, three heads of departments, and, with chins to the front, and the light of responsibility in their eyes, the three faculty wives whom (so Josephine said) one had to get on with in order to stay in the little college, I knew that this was not a centenary, but an inquest, and I trembled for Tim. Josephine came in alone as I watched, and sat as near them as she could get. As she spread her plumes and sank into her seat, I caught a smile in transit to the seats of the mighty, which said, as plain as could be, "We, too, are of the elect." If only Tim did n't make a mess of it! I found myself growing irritated with his sensitive, sentimental temperament. He had the goods. Let him deliver them, and get what he could. The college had owed it long enough.

Centenary Sam was bustling up and down the aisles, shaking hands right and left as if it were his party, patting his students on the back, stiffening into portentous gravity when he passed the corporation. He seemed to wish to make his diminutive body conspicuous by the rapidity of its motions. As he passed my row, a sallow youth got up clumsily and whispered something in his ear. Brinker hesitated an instant, glanced at Tim, then pounded his youth on the back, crying, "Good, good; I won't forget you," in tones that brought all eyes toward us.

Then he scurried to the platform, ran through his opening remarks, in which, for there was an old jealousy between them, Tim got no mention, and declared the inquest open. "Ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "Kent is an active laboratory for the production of knowledge. This meeting of ours is more than a celebration; it is a symposium upon Buxton, where any active worker in the field is invited to present his results before the formal proceedings begin. La-

dies, this meeting is co-educational, even if Kent is n't."

No one volunteered any remarks; naturally, since we had been invited to hear Blake lecture, and what little most of us knew of Buxton we had learned from him.

Brinker waited just long enough to make the pause embarrassing, then, pretended to catch an eye in the audience, half rose, and announced, "Mr. Biggs."

I saw the lean and sallow youth—from the cut of his clothes quite evidently no undergraduate—get up and pull a manuscript from his pocket. He murmured something of a contribution that Professor Brinker had asked him to reserve for this centenary (oh, spiteful Centenary Sam!), and without further preliminary began to read. By the fifth sentence I saw the whole miserable business. It was clear to me that this was Tim's graduate student, and that he had worked out for himself from Tim's hint the pitiful discovery. It was all there: workhouse, will, name, even the cleft beard! I could have wept for Josephine. What was n't clear was Blake's part in it. I looked at Tim; saw a purple face; and guessed that consciously or unconsciously, probably the latter, it was all a miserable steal. Biggs also was ambitious, Biggs also wished to make a hit with a discovery—there was the explanation of this underhanded secrecy. I saw Tim's manuscript shake in his hand where he sat. Poor devil, what could he do with it? He was bottled. Nothing to do but accuse his own student of theft, and give up his lecture altogether, or strike off on some insane defense that would bring his college chances toppling on his head. Even then I would have kept my mouth shut and trusted to blind luck to expose the truth, if the corner of my eye had not caught agitation on Josephine's brow. If she should break loose! The boy had not sat down before I was on my feet.

My nervous "Mr. Chairman!" turned all eyes upon me and left nothing in my mind but the lawyer's impulse to talk for time while my ideas were gathering. "I am accepting your invitation, sir, to speak," I continued, "because, although I am only an amateur in literature, Buxton, thanks to my friend Professor Blake" (a little cheering applause), "means very much to me; and because I feel, as a lawyer, that we should have a full statement of the grounds for the charges that Mr. Biggs brings against so great a reputation for moral excellence as his. We should all like to know *where* his suspicions began, and—and what grounds for confirmation of his purely circumstantial evidence are to be found in the other literary work of this author." It was a poor attempt, but the only leading question I could think of.

I must have let some of my strong feeling slip into my voice. Through the conventional atmosphere of the lecture-room I could see that a little thrill, as of real emotion, had passed. It was not the discovery; perhaps five in the room were moved by that; it was a nervous tension that carried from Tim's face, from my voice, and fixed all eyes upon one or the other of us. I heard them whispering, "What is it?"

But who can save a fool from his fate? Before Biggs could reply, Tim had stepped on the platform, with what looked like a scowl in my direction. He asked for the floor; paused; stammered; and turned red with suppressed emotion. I dropped my eyes; my face burning with anticipation of his miserable fiasco. A pause lengthened into a minute of deadly quiet until at last I jerked up my head. Blake was calmly sorting over note-sheets. Triumph unmistakable shone in his face. "If the charge made against Buxton is true," he said quietly, "and, as I had some part in forming it, I shall assume for the moment that it is true; then—" he stopped and picked up his audience row by row, until I could see a wave of excited suspense follow his burning glance—"then I have an opportunity long sought," and with that he flung his notes on the desk, strode out into the center of the platform, and burst into an astonishing flood of oratory. Suddenly I grasped it all. The graduate student had given him his chance; he had taken upon himself the odium of the detested discovery, and left Blake free to swing through his long-labored defense. It was the impassioned exaltation of Buxton the artist which he had been forming for three bitter months; it was more: it was a magnificent defense of the perfect artist whose fate it is to be an imperfect man. As he reasoned, expounded, be-

sought, proclaimed, that damning accusation of hypocrisy dropped farther and farther behind, excused by parallels, hidden behind unsuspected merits, serving at last as an excuse for a new definition of sincerity in art. Even the lazy boys dropped their knees from the seat-backs; the women were flushed with excitement. It was n't the reasoning, it was the passion, that got the audience. You heard a father pleading for his brilliant, wayward son; you felt that here was a man to whom literature really meant something. I never doubted Tim as a teacher again. He could have taught metaphysics to freshmen if he loved it as he loved Buxton! But as a scholar,—that was a different question!

He paused in a storm of applause. It subsided slowly, but not slowly enough to hide—oh, fatal sound—a sniff! I looked about, and located the slow wagging of a professorial head. Also the president was saying something to the president's wife. "You can't do it, Timmy," I groaned.

A cool, icy voice glided from somewhere in the hall: "But what, Professor Blake, are the *facts* of the case? Was Buxton a hypocritical ingrate, or was he not?"

Was it the word "facts" that cooled the audience, and silenced the whispers of enthusiasm! "It was a good fight, Timmy, but the opposition has you," I thought.

Nevertheless Blake was gently smiling like one who pities the ignorant and weak. "Only the Lord Almighty knows who is, and who is not a rascal," he answered. "I 've tried to show you that for a real appreciation of Buxton we should leave that question to Him, and ourselves study Buxton's art."

"Bosh!" said some one, not inaudibly.

"Yes, bosh!" said Timothy. "The accusation you have heard brought against Buxton to-night *is* bosh! I have a letter in my pocket from the Hampshire Poor-Law Commission which proves that there is nothing whatever in Mr. Biggs's supposed identification. Jeremiah Miller was a potter of Cobden. I have a copy of the certificate of his marriage and birth. There was no other inmate who by any stretch of imagination could be supposed to be the father of the man whose memory we have to-day met to commemorate. It makes no difference to my argument, and yet—" he addressed the excited undergraduates—"for your sake, because Buxton is full of the spirit which animates Kent, and for my sake, because I love him like a brother, I am happy through and through." A thunderous roaring reaction followed his last words and he sat down amid not merely applause but cheers.

As we crowded out under the still blazing "Buxton" of the electric lights, I found myself next to Josephine, who was in the midst of a whirl of congratulations. "Well, has he got it?" I whispered to her.

"Sure, *absolutely* sure," she whispered back, and turned to shake hands with the president.

"For his research?" I asked maliciously, when I could get her ear again.

"Oh, was n't it *wonderful,* the way it worked out," she chattered, untouched by my shaft. "And did you hear the boys applaud? I never knew them so crazy over any one. The president said so himself."

"Popularity counts, then?" I asked.

"Oh, *yes,*—it 's even better than research," she responded.

Tim was waiting for us on the cross path. His eyes were still burning; but he looked a little embarrassed when he saw me with Josephine.

"I 'm a rotten scholar, John," he said softly. "It was just a chance, that letter to England, and the answer came only yesterday. But I got my opportunity."

"You made it," I answered. "It was pretty clever to hold the evidence until you had worked on the emotions of the jury."

"I sometimes can rise to the occasion—even if I 'm not practical," Timothy chuckled; "but heavens, what luck!"

"Oh, was n't it, dear?—to think they *all* were there to hear you—" Josephine switched into our conversation, but switched off instantly for another connection.

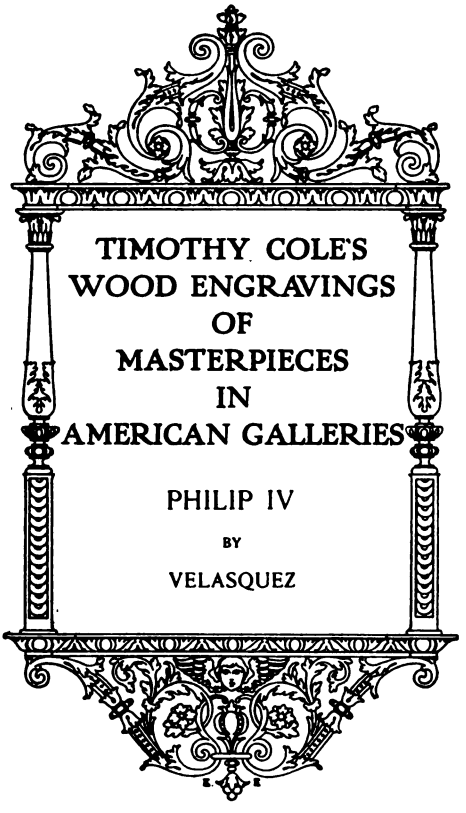
"You 'd better stick to your trade," I said as gently as I could. "You 're a wonderful teacher, Tim, but the Lord never made you to do research. If you try it again, I 'll tell on you."

"It was n't the Lord, it was the president and Josephine," he answered simply. "Let 's wind up at the club."

Owned by Mr. Henry C. Frick

PHILIP IV. BY VELASQUEZ

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—XII)


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES
PHILIP IV
BY
VELASQUEZ

Drawn by Reginald Birch

THE DEUTSCHES MUSEUM IN MUNICH

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS

THE Deutsches Museum is not only Germany's greatest museum, but it may fairly be esteemed the most important educational institution in the fatherland. I was so assured by Germany's foremost living educator, Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, before I saw the institution itself. My subsequent visit convinced me that the estimate was not exaggerated.

The museum might be characterized as a scientific kindergarten for adolescents and adults. School-children are brought to it from all over Germany and from neighboring lands, but likewise adults of every class crowd its halls. In viewing its scientific treasures and listening to popular expositions of their meaning and influence, patrician and plebeian literally rub elbows as almost nowhere else in Germany. High army officials mingle for the nonce on an equality with privates, social aristocrats with carpenters and bricklayers. So the direct influence of this unique educational institution extends far beyond the usual bounds of college or university.

The exhibits are commensurate in scope. They illustrate the entire history of the development of the sciences and the mechanical arts that supply at once the foundation and the essential superstructure of modern civilization. Having devoted some years of my life to the effort to put between the covers of books a record of the scientific developments in question, I was perhaps better qualified than the casual visitor might be to appreciate the difficulties that had been overcome, the thoroughness of the investigation, and the untiring energy that found final expression in the extraordinary exhibits that stretch away gallery after gallery through the corridors of the two large buildings.

Were one to attempt to describe these exhibits in detail, a volume would be needed for each successive gallery of all the scores, from that which shows the theoretical and practical details of mining and metallurgy, at the entrance-hall, to that giving an elaborate presentation of the evolution of the flying-machine, at the exit. Obviously, then, I shall make no detailed analysis of the contents of the museum. I can at best name a few of its principal exhibits, with just a word here and there of interpretation as to their meaning and educational influence.

The Deutsches Museum owes its origin to the initiative of a Bavarian engineer, Dr. Oskar von Miller. It enjoys the patronage of the foremost scholars and highest officials of Germany. It will ultimately be quartered in a building costing two and a half million dollars, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1906 with all

due ceremony by the Kaiser himself, and which is now progressing rapidly toward completion. Meantime the "temporary" quarters in which the exhibits are shown

SOME SPECIFIC EXHIBITS

THERE are fifty-two rooms in the main building, and sixteen more in the second

DR. OSKAR VON MILLER (AT THE LEFT); COUNT VON ZEPPELIN, THE FAMOUS BALLOONIST (CENTRAL FIGURE); AND HERR GABRIEL VON SEIDE (AT THE RIGHT)

Dr. von Miller was the originator of the Deutsches Museum and has been from the start its director and chief guiding spirit. Count Zeppelin has shown a keen interest in the enterprise and coöperated in the development of the museum. Herr von Seide has been intrusted with the construction of the new National Museum.

are almost palatial in character, and it would be difficult for even a critical visitor to suggest any improvement in the arrangement or completeness of the exhibits themselves.

building, each room devoted to a particular department of science. Merely to walk through the rooms, therefore, becomes a somewhat arduous journey, and to attempt a thorough inspection of the

exhibits in each successive room would certainly be the work of several months. The entrance-hall will serve as well as another to illustrate the educational method through which matters usually considered obscure and technical are made clear and accessible.

This room presents the essential facts of the science of geology. It attempts to give the observer a precise and tangible knowledge of the facts concerning the formation of the earth's crust—the making of mountains and valleys, the laying down of new strata in the ocean-beds, the successive populations of the earth's surface throughout the geological ages, and the present condition of the strata underlying our feet.

Perhaps the first thing to catch the visitor's eye as he enters the room will be a large fresco-painting, covering one side of the hall, giving an ideal view, according to the best scientific authorities, of the region of Munich in the ice age. Equally conspicuous on another wall is a painting showing the tropical flora and fauna of the Jurassic period.

Below the paintings are successions of plaster models of sections of the earth's crust, and pictures and diagrams, supplemented by legible placards, illustrating the history of those successive studies of the fathers of geology through which our present knowledge of the subject was elaborated. These exhibits would furnish material for a history of geology and the development of geological theories.

THE ORIGINAL AIR-PUMP OF OTTO VON GUERICKE

This is the first air-pump constructed of any kind. It was made about the middle of the seventeenth century by Otto von Guericke, burgomaster at Magdeburg. It is six feet high. The "Magdeburg Spheres," with which he mystified his neighbors, are shown at the bottom of the photograph. Von Guericke's demonstration that air has pressure laid the foundation for a new department of science.

In the second room, practical aspects of the geological story that have to do with mining are given elaborate representation. Here again there are fresco-paintings, though now present-day conditions are represented. For example, a painting of a factory town is shown. But the conventional view of such a scene is supplemented by a vivid presentation of a section of the earth beneath the town, showing the coal-bearing strata and the mining-shafts that everywhere penetrate these strata. A glance at the wall on which all this is represented gives one a more definite and lasting impression of the real nature of a coal-mine than could be gained from the most vivid of verbal descriptions.

A general idea of the character of the coal-bearing strata having thus been gained, one may see for himself the local conditions in a mine by descending a stairway to subterranean passages that precisely duplicate the conditions of a veritable mine. The intricate passages are shored up with rough beams. At every turn one comes upon lifelike figures of miners engaged with pick or shovel, with windlass or electric drill. Here is a man with a safety-lamp; there another with an oxygen tank and equipped with a suit and helmet like that of a diver. The lifelike figures, as one comes upon them unexpectedly in the dark corridors, are positively startling. A guard presses a button setting the electric borers at work with a sound that adds the last touch of realism.

REPRODUCTION OF THE LABORATORY OF A MEDIEVAL ALCHEMIST

The characteristic furnaces and other apparatus of the alchemist, with which efforts were made to learn the secret of producing the philosopher's stone that should transform baser metals into gold, are shown here in detail.

One emerges from the catacombs with unforgetable visions of the conditions of a coal-mine both as they were in earlier times and as they are to-day, and inspects the varied exhibits having to do with every aspect of mining, and passes on with renewed interest to the room in which the story of smelting and the manufacture of steel is clearly illustrated.

OTHER INDUSTRIES AND MECHANICAL ARTS

WITH equal vividness all other departments of science are made tangible. If one is concerned with prime movers, he will see large models of windmills and water-wheels in actual operation, a full-size reproduction of Watt's famous steam-engines, down to the latest models of gas-motors and turbines. If one's interest turns toward the productive industries, he may study the entire story of agricultural development. He may see at a glance models showing the barbarian digging into the soil with a forked stick and, at the other end of the scale, the many-bladed, steam-driven plow of the most advanced present-day agriculturist.

In the field of land transportation, there are all manner of vehicles, from the crudest cart to the perfected locomotive and automobile.

In water transportation one may find an entire floor devoted to models of ships, from crude canoe and catamaran to the large and wonderfully elaborate model of the newest dreadnought of the German navy, shown in section.

If one is interested—as who is not?—in that newest aspect of transportation, the conquest of the air, he may find this illustrated in no less tangible and interesting fashion. Here are pictures illustrating the entire development of the balloon, from the earliest efforts of the Montgolfiers; and vividness is given to this exhibit by the presence of baskets and parachutes that are all that remain to tell the tragic story of actual ballooning incidents.

In another room are models of the various types of dirigible balloons, including, of course, the famous ones of Count Zeppelin. There are also large paintings illustrating incidents in the remarkable flights of the "Zeppelin II."

Yet another hall gives the history of the aëroplane. A life-size effigy of the ill-fated pioneer Lilienthal in the act of manipulating his glider is suspended in the middle of the room. At the end is a model of the Wright biplane, with an effigy of Orville Wright at the helm; and all manner of apparatuses, together with pictures of flying reptiles, stuffed birds, and winged

LAY-FIGURES IN A MINE

The apparatus in the foreground is an electrical drill, which is actually set in operation by touching a button. The lay-figure in the background is operating a drill of another type. The entire equipment and apparatus of mines of various types may be seen in different parts of subterranean passages in the museum.

mammals, and kinetoscopic views, complete the story.

THEORETICAL SCIENCES

SHOULD one wish to turn from these practical mechanisms to the history of the more theoretical sciences, he will find a bewildering profusion of exhibits. To whatever department one may turn,—astronomy, mathematics, optics, heat, electricity, and magnetism, it matters not,—he will find his expectations more than realized.

So abstruse a topic as chemistry, for example, is found to be full of interest for even the casual visitor. Here is one room fitted up to represent the laboratory of a medieval alchemist, with all of its mystifying crucibles and carboys reminiscent of that futile quest after the philosopher's stone that should turn baser metals into gold and reveal the secret of eternal youth.

An adjoining room shows the laboratory of Lavoisier, that extraordinary French worker who, though he fell victim to the guillotine in the days of the Terror, lived long enough to lay the foundations for the modern science of chemistry.

Then one may note the progress in technical method as shown in the laboratory of the famous German chemist Justus von Liebig, who, about the middle of the nineteenth century, did epochal work in the fields of organic and agricultural chemistry.

Finally there is a fully equipped chemical laboratory of our own day, with all its intricacies of elaborated apparatus. Everything is labeled, of course, so that the most uninformed visitor may gain a clearer notion of the meanings of what he sees; and a walk through the successive rooms gives a clearer notion of the history of the development of the science of chemistry than might be gained from the reading of many books.

EPOCH-MAKING APPARATUS

THERE is one important feature of the more technical exhibits that cannot fail to interest the most casual visitor. This is the presentation, wherever possible, of the original apparatus used in epoch-making experiments by great discoverers to whom progress in the different lines of science has been chiefly due.

Here, for example, is the original air-pump of Otto von Guericke, and beside it lie the hollow hemispheres of brass, about two feet in diameter, that are famous in history as the Magdeburg spheres. Nearly

every one knows the story of how Von Guericke mystified even the scientific world and created wonder and consternation among his neighbors by exhausting the air in the hollow sphere made by placing these hemispheres together, and then successfully wagering that teams of horses could not pull the hemispheres apart. This spectacular demonstration of air-pressure seems simple enough now, but it appeared to be no less than miraculous in the year 1650, when it was performed; and the inspection of the actual apparatus with which the demonstration was made gives a certain freshness to the oft-told story.

Other original pieces of apparatus are the first lithographic press of Senfelder (1797), the first electric telegraph of Sommerring (1809), the original spectroscopic apparatus of Fraunhofer (about 1820), the electrical apparatus of Ampère (1820), the extraordinary series of Leyden jars with which Ohm tested the laws of electrical conduction (1827), the electrical ovens of Berthelot, Borchers, and Roessler, and the first electric motor vehicle of Werner-Siemens (1879). Each one of these exhibits stands forth as a milestone of scientific progress and would merit a section of exposition had we space for it.

Of peculiar interest to the American visitor must be the unique mechanism reproducing the experiments of the Yankee lad who afterward became Count Rumford. This is not the original apparatus, to be sure, but it reproduces the original conditions, even to the building in which the famous experiment of cannon-boring was performed, and models of the horses that supplied the power. The experiment was made, it will be recalled, to test the production of heat, Count Rumford having conceived the idea that heat is not a material entity, a fluid, such as the science of his time considered it to be, but a mere mode of motion among the particles of matter. At the close of the eighteenth century, by tests applied in his cannon-boring experiment, he proved that heat in indefinite quantities could be produced as the result of mere friction; that water could be boiled, for example, by merely putting a receptacle in contact with his cannon.

THE PUMPING SYSTEM IN A COAL-MINE

The photograph shows a section of a wall of one of the rooms devoted to mining industries. Paintings show the buildings where the engines are located that develop the power for operating the pumps. The pumps are working models. The visitor sees them in actual operation pumping water from the mines. The various strata of loam, gravel, clay, stone, and coal are imitated with great fidelity.

This epochal experiment prepared the way for a revolution in the attitude of the scientific world toward the supposed "imponderable" fluids, heat, light, and electricity; and the museum authorities have done well to reproduce the apparatus here on so expansive a scale that it cannot fail to attract the eye of the most casual visitor.

THE TRUE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE EXHIBITS

BUT why, it may be asked, should we of to-day care to inform ourselves about these pioneer experiments of our fathers? Why is it not sufficient that we should know that heat is a mode of motion, and not a material fluid, without concerning ourselves as to how, when, or by whom the experiments were made through which this fact came to be a part of common knowledge?

THE MECHANICAL BUGLER

The figure is here shown undraped to permit a view of the interior apparatus which causes the movement of the arms. The notes of the bugle are phonographically produced.

The answer is simple. It is because the history of a science furnishes the clearest and most satisfactory key to the present state of that science. The generality of

VIEW IN THE ROOMS DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AËROPLANE

The photograph shows Lilienthal's famous gliding machine, the forerunner of the aëroplane. The lay-figure is intended to be Lilienthal himself and makes clear his method of manipulating his famous glider. It will be recalled that he was killed because his glider was overturned by a gust of wind. The Wright brothers took the matter up where he left it, and the motor-driven aëroplane was the result. A model of the Wright machine is partly visible in the background above.

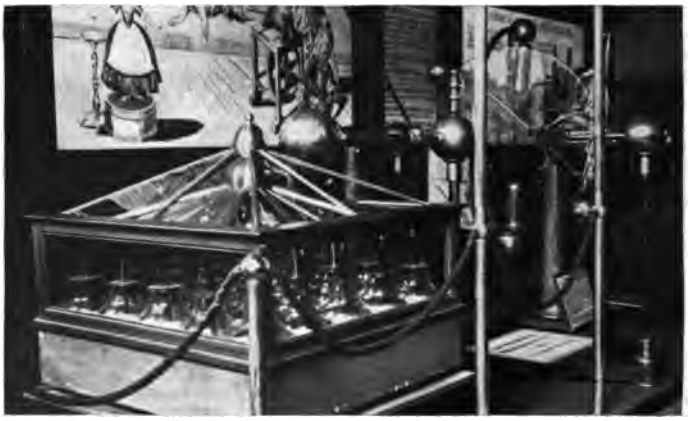
It will be recalled that James Watt's revolutionary discoveries were inspired by observation of an early type of steam-engine that he had been asked to repair. Suppose that in the course of the coming years a single youth, pondering over some mechanism in the Deutsches Museum, as James Watt pondered over the defective steam-engine of Newcomen, should be led to modify that mechanism with results comparable with those that attended the experiments of Watt, then obviously the museum, thanks to this single invention, would pay back its cost to the German people a thousand times over, and justify the efforts of its promoters.

It is an open secret that Germany has gone ahead by leaps and bounds in recent years chiefly because official Germany has fostered the scientific spirit on the part of its laboratory workers, and given recognition to the results of their labors.

The lesson of it all is that we must

educated people to-day have, for example, only a vague and ill-defined notion of the character of heat, precisely because they have never heard of Rumford's experiment and sundry other experiments made by a small group of his successors. They were taught in school that heat is "a mode of motion," but this phrase came home to their intelligence with no such force, developed no such definite picture, as would have become a part of their mental equipment had they been permitted to glance at a model of Rumford's cannon-boring experiment and to ponder over its meanings.

And, *mutatis mutandis,* the same thing is true of the other fundamental principles of science. Hence the incalculable value, as an educational influence, of making clear the story of the evolution of the scientific conceptions that are solely responsible for the progress of practical civilization.



VIEW IN ONE OF THE ROOMS DEVOTED TO ELECTRICITY

The apparatus in the foreground is a very powerful battery composed of twenty-five large Leyden jars and is the original used by Ohm, the celebrated electrician, in many of his experiments. The story of the development of electricity is illustrated in the different machines shown here. Among other pieces are the mechanisms with which Hertz demonstrated the electromagnetic nature of light, and so laid the foundation for wireless telegraphy.

VON GUERICKE'S DEMONSTRATION OF AIR-PRESSURE WITH HIS "MAGDEBURG SPHERES"

The large painting in the museum, of which the above is a reproduction, gives a vivid impression of the force with which two brass hemispheres from which the air had been exhausted were held together by air-pressure. Von Guericke's demonstration, in the middle of the seventeenth century, constituted one of the most picturesque incidents in the history of science. His air-pump is shown in the foreground of the picture.

spread broadcast a better knowledge of scientific affairs, and I know of no better way in which this can be accomplished than by the establishment of such a museum as that above described. We already have splendid zoölogical collections and museums of natural history. These are of great popular interest, and not without a certain educational value; but they represent interests that pertain to a somewhat early stage of human progress. They are for the entertainment of children rather than for the education of adults. In the last analysis they teach very little, and can hope to teach very little, that is of practical value in the betterment of our race.

But if we were to supplement these museums by collections dealing with the natural history of man, as illustrated by the scientific mechanisms that are the milestones of his progress from savagery to present-day civilization, we should have an exhibit which, as I have already attempted to show, would not only be of intense interest to every student of human progress, but would also exert an enormous educational influence in the way best calculated to make for progress in the future.

If it be worth while to spend money to exhibit the life-histories of reptiles, birds, and the lower order of mammals, must it not be of greater importance to make known to the coming generations the life-history of man himself?

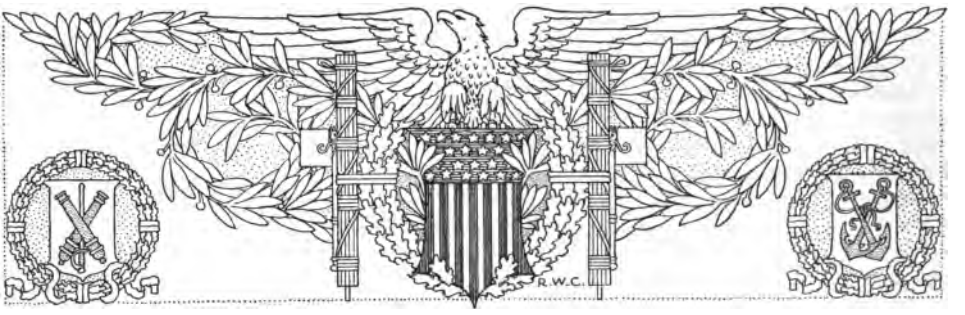
It is highly gratifying to be able to record that a definite plan to meet this obvious public need is now under way. A society known as the Society of American Museums has recently been organized, the intent of which, as announced by its chief promoter, Dr. George F. Kunz, is to develop a series of exhibits expressly modeled after those of the Deutsches Museum. In the interests of future civilization in America, it is to be hoped that the new organizations will experience no difficulty in securing the twenty-million-dollar endowment estimated as needed.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EDWIN MARKHAM

FROM THE PAINTING BY PRINCESS LWOFF-PARLAGHY

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITURE)



SOCIALISM AND ITS MENACE

WHY GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP WOULD NOT HELP THE WAGE-EARNER

THE VIEWS OF PRESIDENT TAFT

As reported by Charles Dewey Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee

SOCIALISM is a short-cut whereby the impatient idealist would achieve economic perfection. Like a skilfully cut diamond, it presents so many facets that to every man one or other of them reflects the light, and from this many have been led to believe that it is all light. But it would be as fatal an economic blunder to attempt to substitute Socialism for the natural laws it seeks to replace as it would be to substitute diamonds for incandescent lights for purposes of illumination.

Socialism has so many forms, and includes so many schemes for social betterment, that it is virtually a generic name, and any attempt at its discussion is apt to be met with the objection, "That is not the sort of Socialism which I mean." Underlying it all, however, is the righteous indignation of men who have a keen appreciation of that inequality and unfairness of distribution which is an accident of our economic system, but which they mistakenly assume to be its inevitable concomitant. And pervading all schools of socialistic thought is a hatred of private property, which is an effect that the Socialist mistakes for a cause and to which he attributes those ills which all thoughtful students of economics seek to remedy.

IT IS GOOD TO EQUALIZE OPPORTUNITY, BUT BAD TO EQUALIZE REMUNERATION

SOCIALISM seeks to equalize opportunity, and in so far as it does that it is good; but Socialism also seeks to equalize remuneration, and in so far as it does that it is bad.

Socialism seeks to effect, if not an absolutely uniform distribution of this world's goods, at least an approximately equal distribution, and in that it is doomed to failure.

Socialism would effect a just remuneration and unfailing employment for the wage-earner by having the Government assume charge and direction of the greater instrumentalities of manufacture and enterprise, and employ the wage-earner.

Just how Socialism would effect the transfer to the Government, whether by condemnation and purchase or by seizure without compensation, the Socialist rarely states, although the Fabians favor the former process. Nor does he make clear how he would determine the wage to be paid to the army of government employees he would create, except that he has suggested a committee or commission to determine what shall be a just rate of compensation.

THE GOVERNMENT'S UNJUST WAGE-SCALE

PASSING over for a moment the problem of the acquirement of these industries and taking up that of rates of wages, we are immediately confronted by the enormous difficulty which an equitable adjustment presents. The present service of the Government shows this. Wages paid under the Government are not just. The compensation of unskilled labor is out of all proportion to that of skilled labor. Messengers in the government service, performing tasks which in business houses are ordinarily assigned to boys who are serving an apprenticeship and are paid $150 or $200 a year, receive from $600 to $900 per annum, whereas skilled labor, if that term may be applied to scientists, chiefs of divisions, who must be possessed of more than ordinary executive ability, and others of exceptional attainments, rarely receive from the Government more than half the compensation they can command in private business.

The reason is obvious. Every man, whether he be a messenger, a laborer, or a scientist whom it has taken years to train, has a vote, and the vote of one is as potent as that of the other. This being true, those who have not attained to any marked degree of efficiency, and whose services, therefore, have only a minor economic value, but who constitute by far the large majority, are able to exert an influence which maintains their rate of compensation above the value of service they render. This is partly offset by depressing the compensation of those whose service is more valuable. And in practical operation this results in the most efficient servants of the Government being constantly won away by private enterprises which offer greater remuneration, and in discouraging those of mediocre ability or energy, at least to an extent which prevents their striving to make their services more valuable. The reward for the extra effort is insufficient to induce it. As a consequence, the government service is always unduly expensive, is usually less efficient, and has gained the unenviable reputation of diminishing the energy and destroying the initiative and enterprise of those who remain long in it. Nor can there be any doubt that these unfortunate results are contributed to materially by some of the very ends which the Socialist regards as desirable, the assured tenure of employment and the certainty of fair remuneration.

WHY GOVERNMENT SERVICE IS NOT PROFITABLE

COMPARED with private enterprises, no service rendered by the Government pays. None is conducted so economically, nor is this due by any means to a difference in wages. It is rarely possible to secure the enterprise, the personal interest in the service, the careful curtailment of expense, the unfailing scrutiny of product, which are well-recognized essentials of success in private business. It is impossible to dispossess a very large number of the employees of the more or less unconscious feeling that they are working for a government which need not practise economy, which will not recognize exceptional service, and whose prosperity and certainty of remunerating its employees are wholly independent of the character of service rendered by such employees.

TWO MEN FOR ONE MAN'S WORK

EVEN in the selection of the comparatively small number of employees in the government service it has been found necessary to eliminate that personal equation which contributes so greatly to efficiency in private business. For many years men were appointed to the government service not because of their fitness for the work to be performed, but as a reward for their activity in the field of politics. Under that system it usually required two men to perform one man's work, often more, and the greatest injustices were perpetrated, those with little or with diminishing political influence being required to render inordinate service to compensate in some measure for the indolence and inefficiency of those who were secure because of the extent of their political "pull." To remedy this condition, the civil-service reform was instituted, with the result that foremen and chiefs of divisions are now obliged to accept employees designated by the Civil Service Commission as a result of competitive examinations. This system, while vastly preferable to the former, is still woefully deficient as compared with the

methods employed in private business. That faculty of judging human nature and selecting just the right man for a particular type of work which is the most valuable asset of the business man, and which contributes more than aught else to his success, is wholly lost to the Government. The man who passes with most credit the formal civil examination may be, often is, wholly lacking in initiative, push, and executive ability, and yet no better method of selecting government employees has ever been devised.

And these defects are common to the civil service of all governments. Great Britain has never made its telegraph and telephone service pay expenses. The large majority of the experiments in the municipal operation of public utilities in every land have proved economic failures. Governments the world over have tried experiment after experiment in the conduct of varying forms of service, with a virtually unvarying result, pecuniary loss.

VALUE OF THE INDIVIDUAL FACTOR

To those of us who are convinced that there is a fatal defect in the socialistic philosophy, the reason for these failures is obvious. It is due to the absence of the individual factor, the personal influence of the business leaders, and the proper recognition of the individuality of the employees. Even in private business these defects are a constant menace to enterprises which attain to undue proportions.

Business men of wide experience know full well that combination does not always mean profit, that there is a point beyond which the economies effected by combination are more than offset by the loss of individual leadership and direction, and that even long hours of labor and wholly inadequate wages have in many instances failed to transfer the balance from the debit to the credit side of the ledger. Indeed, the President is persuaded that only where a great trust possesses something in the nature of a natural monopoly does it enjoy a greater advantage in the conduct of its business than does the smaller concern the proportions of which are such that all its operations may come under the watchful and discerning eye of one or more proprietors.

COMMON SENSE VERSUS THEORY

In the consideration of economic theories we are prone to become lost in abstractions, some being carried to surprising lengths by the impetus of their enthusiasm, others being brought to a sudden standstill by the inexorable mandates of hard common sense. But there are few of us who need to theorize about the characteristics of human nature or who have not learned by sad personal experience its frailties and its defects, and the application of the knowledge gained from actual experience must always prove the severest test of the socialistic hypothesis that a politically created committee or commission can prescribe with justice the rates of compensation for human labor. Such a committee or commission must be the creature of the majority of the voters, and until, or unless, the majority of the voters shall become equalized in their earning capacity, such a committee can only do injustice. The earning capacity of the majority will always be far below that of the exceptionally energetic and proficient, while the tendency of such a committee must always be toward an equalization of compensation until absence of exceptional reward for exceptional service would inevitably reduce all to a dead level of mediocrity, the attainment of which would sound the death-knell of human progress. The social revolution which is the Ultima Thule of the Socialist will be possible only after human nature shall itself have been revolutionized.

COMPETITION AS A SPUR TO EFFORT

The individual worker, spurred on by competition and struggling against the inexorable laws of supply and demand, becomes the keener because of the conflict, acquires efficiency in the strife, and achieves a victory the greater because of the very obstacles he has been obliged to overcome. No substitute for this conflict has yet been devised, nor can it be so long as human nature remains the same, a material which can be molded only on the anvil of adversity and tempered only in the furnace of economic strife. Appalled, however, at the carnage to be seen on the economic battle-field, the Socialist seeks a system which would obviate the conflict

and the injustice, and to that end he would eliminate competition, establish social or governmental supervision of all fields of human endeavor, prescribe rates of compensation by the decrees of supervisory commissions or committees, and would, in effect, nullify the laws of supply and demand and ignore the inequalities of individual efficiency. But he is oblivious of the tendency of such a program to a dead level of individual mediocrity, its menace to that individual enterprise and abnormal endeavor which always have and always will contribute greatly to human progress.

Socialism is a one-sided philosophy. It takes heed only of man's social needs and obligations and wholly ignores his individual aims and aspirations and achievements. But as man has both social and individual needs, both social and individual capacities, in a word, is a being with a dual nature, any philosophy which ignores the one and overdevelops the other, is certain to prove inimical to his welfare and a bar to his progress, and is itself fundamentally unsound.

STATE-SOCIALISM A DELUSION

If these conclusions be true, then that form of Socialism popularly known as "State Socialism," which would transfer to the Government the conduct of great industrial enterprises, must be doomed to failure. The effort to procure through broader Federal employment even an approximate equalization of wages would inevitably result in overpaying the inefficient and the moderately efficient, and underpaying the highly efficient, and that means, as the President said in his letter of acceptance, "the appropriation of what belongs to one man to another." If, as the President believes experience has proved, economical operation of industries by the Government is an impossibility, the Government, in attempting to conduct certain industries, would be compelled to insure to itself an absolute monopoly because it could not compete with private enterprise. This, in turn, would mean either operation at a serious loss to the Government or a material enhancement of the prices of the products. Either the consumer would be compelled to defray the increased cost of production, increasing his cost of living, or the deficit would have to be made good from the public revenues, and they, in turn, replenished by increased taxation. In either case, it would mean "the appropriation of what belongs to one man to another." When we reflect that over $12,600,000,000 is invested in manufacturing, over $16,600,000,000 in railways, $600,000,000 in telegraph and telephone lines, in this country, it is easy to appreciate how great would be the financial disaster should the Government undertake to conduct only these four lines of industry and do so at a loss. Suppose, for instance, that the Government "took over" these four industries, and the first year "paid a five per cent. loss," to employ the commercial expression. That would amount to a loss of virtually $1,500,000,000, or nearly $500,000,000 more than the entire national debt. When Uncle Sam is conducting his present business wisely and as economically as possible he manages to take in about $50,000,000 more than he pays out. Of course he sometimes falls far short of this and has a deficit at the end of the year, as he did in the fiscal years 1908 and 1909, but even if we assume, for the sake of argument, that he can collect every year $50,000,000 more than his expenses, it would take him thirty years to pay off the loss incurred in one year by his little experiment in State Socialism. And Uncle Sam has never conducted his business in such a way as to warrant an experiment which might easily prove so disastrous.

THE ROAD TO CONFISCATION

Now, to go back to the problem of securing the industries and the capital which the Socialists maintain the Government should acquire and control. This problem has already been ably discussed in The Century, and for the present purposes it is only necessary briefly to recall the argument.[1] It is there pointed out that the Socialist program calls for collective, or governmental, ownership of railways, telegraph and telephone lines, farm and city lands, manufactures and banks and banking capital; that these industries and properties in the United States represent a capital of over $70,000,000,000, that if, according to the program of the Fabians, these were

[1] See "Why Socialism is Impracticable," by Charles R. Miller, in The Century for April, 1910.

acquired by purchase, the Government would incur a debt of $70,000,000,000, on which the interest at three per cent. would amount to $2,100,000,000 a year. It is shown that the interest on all the public debts of the world amounts to only $1,550,000,000. Now, is it conceivable that, wholly irrespective of its ability to manage these properties once it had acquired them, any government or people could incur such an enormous debt or, having incurred it, could hope to pay the interest thereon? Is it possible to escape the conclusion that the ultimate aim of Socialism, whether it be repudiated by the Fabian idealist or acknowledged by the franker, and probably more practical, communist, is confiscation, seizure without remuneration, "the appropriation of what belongs to one man to another"? The practical exigencies of an impracticable system can lead to no other goal.

Reverting for a moment to the irreconcilable conflict between the socialistic philosophy and human nature, let us call attention to another serious defect. That is, the policy of correcting financial inequalities by the imposition of an inheritance tax so large as to amount virtually to confiscation. It would seem to require little argument to demonstrate that one of the greatest incentives to industrial energy and thrift is the desire of the bread-winner to provide for the future welfare of those he holds dear. Rob him of this by the prospect that his accumulations will revert to the state at his death, and you have robbed him of what to most men is the chief inspiration to enterprise and saving. Do that, and you have robbed the world of one of the mainsprings of its progress. Nor will you replace this motive power by assuring the bread-winner that society will care for those he loves and leaves behind.

Examined in the cold, clear light of common sense, Socialism will not bear the test, though viewed merely as a philosophy, it is not without its attractions. Indeed, it is these attractions which constitute its danger. It holds out a promise it cannot fulfil. It represents to the dreamer the vision of a society in which all shall be equal, in which life will be easy and industrial toil and strife will have been reduced to a minimum. Its apostles, the sincerity of many of whom we cheerfully concede, cannot preach their propaganda without exaggerating the defects of our present condition, arousing an unwarranted animosity toward the holders of property, the energetic, and the successful. They distract men's minds from the practical reforms which deserve the attention of every patriotic citizen and voter while they center them on an alluring picture of the unattainable.

And to the idle, the slothful, the unambitious malcontent, Socialism at once affords an excuse for his own defects and holds out the promise of an economic revolution which will remedy the evils for which his own delinquencies are chiefly responsible. To such as these Socialism presents a constant and almost insuperable temptation to persist in habits of idleness and thriftlessness, interrupted only by an energy devoted to the denunciation of society and the present social system. Socialism is a menace to good government because it undermines patriotism and saps civic interest and enterprise, exaggerates the discontent of the discontented, and discourages from greater effort the human failure who is led by it to believe that his misfortunes are due solely to an unjust economic system which deprives him of opportunity and robs him of a fair remuneration for his service.

OLD-FASHIONED PROGRESS BETTER THAN SHORT-CUTS TO PERFECTION

A CONDEMNATION of Socialism would hardly prove useful without some suggestion of the alternative. There are few so blind or so stupid as to deny the existence of the very real evils which Socialism seeks to obliterate. How are they to be corrected if not by Socialism? Let us suggest, by the gradual remedying of each in its turn, a process at times painfully slow, but gratifyingly certain; a process repugnant to the impatient, the seeker after short-cuts to perfection, but a process which for more than 2000 years has made for human progress; a process which is responsible for the civilization of to-day, which will be responsible for the millennium, if it is ever reached. Step by step man has progressed. Step by step he has conquered obstacles, developed his economic systems, broadened his commerce, invented labor-saving devices, and even eradicated diseases which

from time to time have threatened his extinction. And step by step he must go on to an end, for there is no broad highway nor rapid transit to perfection.

But slow as has been the process, stupendous have been the results. And this brings us back to the reference made to the relation between the profits of the trusts and their possession of natural monopolies. By these are meant undue privileges on the railways, whose rights of way constitute a natural monopoly, or the possession of water-power, oil and mineral deposits, as in the case of the Steel Trust and the Messaba ore-fields, the oil-wells owned by the Standard Oil Company, the water-power owned or devoted to the special service of the Paper Trust, and so on. Examination and analysis of the trusts will, it is believed, invariably show that to the possession of some resource which was by its very nature a monopoly has been due their acquisition of undue advantage in commerce and any inordinate profits they may have made. But, as the acts of this administration prove, the Government is not awaiting the arrival of a socialistic revolution to begin the correction of these evils in the economic system. The iniquity of railway rebates and the unfair advantage which they afforded to certain shippers were discovered. Legislation prohibiting them has been enacted, and has been so strictly enforced that rebates have become an abuse of the past.

PROVISION FOR FUTURE BETTERMENT

FURTHER acquirement of streams and water-power has been effectually checked. To this end President Taft has withdrawn from entry—that is, from passing into private ownership—1,800,000 acres of land. The creation or extension of the coal monopoly has been prevented by the withdrawal of 68,000,000 acres of coal-lands and the insistence that these and other mineral lands shall only be leased, not sold. So too with phosphate-lands, oil-lands, forest-lands, and other resources which in private ownership would contribute to the upbuilding of monopolies and the defeat of economic justice; the President has insisted that title thereto shall remain in the Government.

Maladministration and impositions due to the tariff have doubtless contributed to the creation of monopolies and to economic injustice. President Taft has done everything possible to take the tariff out of politics, and to secure its revision by scientific instead of log-rolling methods. And finally, his administration has prosecuted with relentless hand those combinations, or trusts, which have effected combinations in restraint of trade and pursued evil methods to drive their competitors out of business.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

EMOTION AND THE THINKING-CAP

THE problem of carrying a Presidential election is mainly how by iteration to excite the voters to believe in some real or artificial peril to the country. The bellows of emotion is used to kindle the untouched coal of feeling, first to a red-hot state and then to a devouring flame. Men who at the beginning of a campaign have presented an excellent imitation of sober-minded citizens actually contemplating questions of government become by November, through a contagion of catch-words, as blind and mad in their partizanship as young lovers in their love. This repetition of party cries suggests George Eliot's saying that "iteration, like friction, produces more heat than light." Sometimes the peril suggested as imminent is the destruction of American manufacturers, with, incidentally, the ruin of the American working-man; sometimes, on the contrary, it is the subversion of liberty itself by one or the other of these classes. Whatever may be the measure of actual danger, it has hitherto been the business of the partizan manager, the political organ, and the "spellbinder" to throw the voter into a state in which his reason will give way to his prejudices, and an epithet will have more power with him than an argument.

There are two considerations which would seem to point to a diminution during the present year in the susceptibility of the electorate to these hectic influences. One is the fatiguing excitement of the Presidential primaries, which is likely to react in intelligent people to a serener state of mind. Human nature simply cannot keep up the racket. To quote again the ten-year-old saying of Woodrow Wilson's, "Life is not all running to a fire," though sensational journalism would have us think so. The second consideration is to be found in the abundant prospect of "bumper" crops. There are now, as heretofore there have been, and as hereafter there will be, plenty of social and economic ills to be cured, and it behooves one to speak with respect of all sincere attempts to cure them; but these cannot be traded upon by politicians as readily in a year of commercial promise as in one of dire distress.

On the other hand, two new elements must be taken into account, as tending, in certain quarters, to an increase of emotion. For the first time in a Presidential election the votes of women in six States are likely to have a large total effect, and these will add an influence from the sex which, on the whole, is moved more by feeling than by reason, and which, moreover, is an influence likely to be played upon easily by politicians. Again, the campaign has taken on an entirely novel phase in what may be called the political capitalization of benevolent work, which is sure to emotionalize politics to a very great extent. The "settlement," for good or ill, is now fairly in the political field, and before long we shall discover whether this movement is likely to do more good to politics than harm to benevolence. Perhaps the time may come when, in addition to Tammany benevolent associations, we may have Progressive college settlements, Republican dispensaries, and Democratic outdoor relief. Nobody seems to be considering the social peril involved in partizan charities.

We are very far from meaning to say that emotion should have no place in politics. Great wrongs call for great indignation, and indignation comes to the surface in emotion. But it is important to bear in mind that government is a practical adjustment of means to ends, a difficult and complicated business, to which emotion may supply a motive, but for which it alone cannot provide a solution. In politics emotion is one of the most manifest of all the

> causes that conspire to blind
> Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind.

Apparently, there never was a campaign when it was more desirable to put on one's thinking-cap and to keep it on.

THE MEN HIGHEST UP

ASTOUNDING as was the depravity of the men who last July, in the center of New York, brushed the gambler Rosenthal from their path of greed, their conduct is less surprising than the public astonishment over the relations found to exist between vice and the police. Those conditions are as natural as weeds in a garden. They persist without the slightest intermission, and are kept down only by persistent uprooting.

A police official of experience who takes any other view of his husbandry is either looking away from his duty in order to promote his own private aims or to oblige, or obey, a man higher up. An elected official who has any authority over the police, and who assumes, or can be persuaded, that a period of quietude is a season of efficiency, is either lacking in the ordinary grasp of human nature which should belong to a man capable of serving a public trust, or is actuated by a belief in the value of graft as a source of political power. Even he may only be blinking at the facts to oblige the man highest up in the political hierarchy.

A period of quietude in the domain of vice may be taken as proof positive that its votaries and the police are hand in glove for a division of the spoils of illegal pleasure and vicious follies. Even a considerable degree of agitation may be used to divert attention from a too apparent coalition, as in the case of the fake raids on the low band of gamblers with whom Rosenthal was associated. To keep down the weeds with the most efficiency they must be pulled up by the roots at short intervals, and compelled to wither in the sunlight. And even then the man higher up, if conscientious, must reflect that the seed is always in the soil for a new crop of weeds, which will germinate and flourish the moment aggressive action ceases.

Wheresoever vice is allowed to rest long enough to do business at a profit, there the customer-buzzards, and the tribute-taking harpies will be gathered together. When the man higher up is nodding, or affecting to close his eyes, police protection is as spontaneous and as regular as the tides of the ocean. To affirm that such is the fact is no reflection on the general efficiency of the police. Among all classes of men whose duties depend on absolute probity some will be found liable to temptations of greed. As the police have the greatest power of discomfort and suffering over those who have the largest means and interest to bribe, the corruption of some of them is inevitable. The fall of an individual policeman, here and there, may begin with a favor to a friend, or a trifling gift, and rapidly grow to a regular contribution for official courtesies. From individual policemen the benefits of protection may gradually extend to a group having the sanction of an officer just a little higher up. It is then that a "system" of graft takes shape as naturally as certain substances tend to crystallize. In all probability twenty-four hours did not elapse after the recent arrest of a manager of a colossal system of graft, before the individual beginnings, if not the main personnel, of a new and a better disciplined system, were brought into activity. The need of a system, to vice and to the men higher up, was heightened rather than lessened by the awful and sporadic exposure; and the risk of more scandal was actually lessened, as when after lightning has struck several times near a particular place, everybody gives thanks that the danger is over and reverts to pleasant dreams.

When any man higher up is able to collect and distribute the tolls of a "system" during any two consecutive months, it may be accepted as a fundamental truth that the man still a little higher up knows all about the system. Even if none of the spoil lodges with him, with the lapse of time and the growth of profits he cannot avoid the knowledge that shares are going to men still higher up. Hunger for the collection of tolls from vice spreads with the rapidity of appetite among wolves when prey is scented; and the men higher up cannot easily avoid knowledge of the system from a thousand envious or complaining witnesses, unless, indeed, consciences are quieted by greed, or paralyzed by the political menace of the man who is highest up.

In every recurrent and quickly forgotten scandal that has defiled the history of one after another of so many American cities,

political power with controlling influence has been found to be "the man highest up." But in most cities when a political ring is broken it passes out of power and leaves room for the gradual growth of a new ring which evolves another reign of graft. Not so in New York. Here the political power which is the man highest up has been erected into an institution. Even when it suffers temporary defeat at the polls, it seems easily to keep alive the various systems of graft bearing the trademark of Tammany. Whether they be the payments for nominations; or favors to corporations; or leniency to citizens wishing to break little laws a good deal, or big laws a little; or the millions easily diverted from vice; or the other millions safely gathered as the fruit of public contracts; no matter what line of graft is exposed, the leaders of Tammany Hall may sit serenely on their gilded thrones, unaware, if they please, of the existence of systems as they rise; or indifferent, if they please, when a system sometimes perishes.

But the fact remains that whether systems rise or perish, the leaders of Tammany Hall are the men who could banish graft from the administrative circles of New York City. Reforms have been instituted in the manners and cosmetics of their political court, but not in its aims and its purpose. Many are of the opinion that nations like Great Britain and Germany owe their freedom from urban graft to the fact that in their scheme of rule "the man highest up" is not threatened with recall through the ballot-box. Neither are the leaders of Tammany subject to such recall; but further parallel cannot be traced.

The features of the Rosenthal atrocity which cause the most amazement are the unnecessary boldness of the assassination and the large number of assistants. These things emphasize the moral complicity of the men higher up. The stupendous pyramid of official graft was being put in jeopardy for the time being to gratify the spite of one gambler, miserably lonely and pitiably weak. With an audacity adapted to the crisis, the guilty ones among the police organized the kind of conspiracy best calculated to cast suspicion on Rosenthal's rival gamblers. Such a conspiracy could have looked safe only to men who knew absolutely that Higher Up Avenue was lined with friends all the way to the Hall of protection. But the gray car skidded unaccountably, and the first load landed, surprised yet confident, at the portal of the Tombs.

Now, the gray car has another and a heavier load to carry. Why did it go forth on its murderous mission with its official number in place? Possibly because it was necessary to conceal from the owners of the car the enormity of its mission; but certainly also because it is easier to falsify the police record of a car number than to alter it for a police job; and that is what happened. A man who observed the number of the car went to the police station and reported it. The officer at the desk entered a number in the blotter, but it proved to be not the right number. Was this the kind of mental mistake for which Richard Grant White invented the word "heterophemy," or was it a slip of the pen to correct a slip in the plan? But why hold on a trivial charge the man who reported the number of the car, unless to make sure that he should not report the *correct* number to others? The unexpected early appearance of the District Attorney at the police station rectified the amazing falsification and supplied the only key to the conspiracy. But how could the numerous members of the group of active conspirators enjoy the freedom of the town for several days after the crime unless there were official conspirators, passive and powerful?

These are a few of the skeleton passengers in the specter car which waits at the curb of Tammany Hall for the men who are the political power highest up.

CAMPAIGN PROMISES

THE readiness of candidates for office to seek to fool the voter to the top of his bent by promising him shortcuts to the millennium has been a favorite theme of satirists and moralists in all ages. Aristophanes dealt with it in much the same spirit as Shakspere, Cleon anticipating Jack Cade; while in Rome and France, as in England and America, the practice has been held up to endless ridicule.

No one has winged sharper arrows at the too facile campaign promiser than Lowell in "The Biglow Papers." Some of his phrases on the framing of party plat-

forms have entered into our political vocabulary, such as "standing on the Constitution" (in order to trample it under our hoofs), and "frontin' South by North." Also it was Lowell who, in his "Speech of the Hon. Preserved Doe," most deliciously expressed the seasoned politician's dread of being too precise in pledges:

For when you 've done all your real meanin' to smother,
The darned things 'll up an' mean somethin' or 'nother.

This fear, however, was not before the eyes of that Scottish aspirant for a seat in the House of Commons of whom Abraham Hayward tells, and who, while making all sorts of promises, was asked if he would "vote for an alteration of the Decalogue." Not hearing the question distinctly, he inquired of a treacherous friend at his side what the query was about. Being told that it related to flogging in the army, he promptly spoke up and declared, to the horror of his audience, that he would vote for its "total and immediate abolition."

A strange aspect of the whole matter is that, as popular cynicism in regard to party pledges has been increasing, so have the extent and intensity of these commitments by men seeking office. It seems to be thought that the way to make up for a lot of broken promises is to offer a larger set next time. The process is one long effort to pay off political notes by renewing them. Planks in political platforms have come to be considered, like the supposititious Morgan of Anti-Freemasonry days, "good enough until after the election."

The attitude of many a political manager is frankly similar to that which the old French Legitimist assumed in his conversation with Niebuhr about the *charte*. He said it was true that it had been promised to the people, but nobody was fool enough to suppose that it would be actually granted.

Repeated exhibitions of that kind have, it is evident, made American voters highly skeptical and distrustful about campaign pledges. Public men understand this well, yet it would appear that they know no other means of seeking to allay this mounting suspicion than by laying their hands on their hearts, and vowing that *this* time they will do exactly what they say. They even undertake to make of a platform promising everything to everybody a solemn "contract!" But, unluckily, the Constitution does not forbid the violation of the obligation of such a contract.

Many parties, many pledges,—that is what creates the embarrassment of riches for Americans in their Presidential contest of this year of grace, mercy, and promises. When it is only a question between Codlin and Short as to which is the better "friend,"—that is, when most of us have to read only the platforms of two parties, with what degree of credulity we can summon up,—the difficulty is not so great. At the present moment, however, others are trying to push both Codlin and Short aside by outbidding them in promises. This competition in seeing who can make the greatest offer has certainly resulted in some of the most varied and comprehensive displays of cure-alls ever dangled before the American public. Of one of the political programs a veteran observer of our politics has privately remarked that it outstrips anything in his experience, since it sets out to raise everybody's wages, cut down everybody's hours of work, reduce the cost of all the necessaries of life and then adds with a grand flourish: If you want more money, the Government will print it for you!

A recent English traveler in Baluchistan had from a holy man in that country a story about Moses which does not appear in the Scriptures, yet which has its pertinence to this matter of politicians proposing to do away with all the evils of the human lot. The patriarch was sitting in his house very sad, and the Lord said to him:

"Prophet Moses, why art thou cast down?"

"Alas!" said he, "I see so many people sorrowful. Some are unclothed, and some are hungry. I pray Thee make all happy and contented."

The Lord promised it should be so. But soon Moses was again disconsolate, and once more the Lord asked the cause.

"Lord," cried the prophet, "the upper story of my house has fallen down, and nobody will come to mend it; they are all too busy enjoying themselves."

"But what am I to do?"

"Lord, make the people as they were before!"

It is needless to speculate about the possibility of some such revulsion following the fulfilment of the all-comprehending political promises now made from so many quarters to American citizens, for no American citizen is so gullible as to suppose that a tithe of them can be kept. But the very excesses into which the custom has run suggest the need of a radical change of practice. When nobody believes you, why go on asseverating? If platforms are no longer given attention, not to say credence, on account of their much-promising, the natural and sensible thing to do would be to cut them down, to make them less ambitious and more trustworthy. It is not necessary for American candidates for office to adopt a *Coriolanus*-like attitude in despising the multiplied and often ignorant demands made upon them by the people, but they might well cultivate more of *Coriolanus's* scorn of attempting to "take in a town with gentle words."

SPARING POLITICAL OPPONENTS

MR. MONYPENNY, in his "Life of Disraeli," records in a foot-note a statement made by Disraeli in 1836 in reference to the King having given up an intended visit to the City of London in 1820. It is as follows:

Sir Robert Peel told me that Hume was the real cause of the King's not going to the City. They had received many warnings and much information, when suddenly Hume sought a confidential interview at the Home Office and told Peel he was in possession of information of an extraordinary character, and that an insurrection was certain. Afterwards Hume had the impudence to make a speech in the House of Commons abusing the Ministers for not letting the King go, and declaring that it was his solemn belief that the outcry was all an alarming invention of their own. "I might have risen and crushed him, the impudent dog," said Peel. Why did he not? The interview was certainly confidential, but the speech absolved the Minister, in my opinion.

Disraeli himself was later to make proof in his own person of Peel's forbearance toward a political adversary. When in 1846 he delivered a violent attack in the House upon Sir Robert, that statesman rejoined that it was rather odd that one who thought so badly of him should have applied to him, five years before, for a position in the Government. This Disraeli at once denied, and Peel let the matter drop, though he had in his bag at the time the very letter in which Disraeli had made his rather abject plea for office! Goldwin Smith had this fact direct from the Duke of Newcastle. He himself also saw the letter in the Peel correspondence, —it has since been published,—and wondered that Peel had so rare a "delicacy" about using it with crushing effect at the moment, and "showed such indifference to Disraeli's poniard." Lord Rosebery's explanation is that Peel had "the solace which might be derived, under the philippics of an alienated supporter, from the possession of the orator's application for office."

Such restraint, magnanimity, or whatever it be called, is not so unknown in our own political history as recent events might lead one to infer. Lincoln was the least vengeful of men. "In politics," he once said to Colonel Hay, "I believe that the statute of limitations should begin to run very early." The power to pulverize an opponent was at least as often in Lincoln's hands as in Peel's, and he refrained from exercising it at least as often. Either statesman might have found high precedent. Plutarch sets it down of Pericles:

The report goeth, there was a naughty busy man on a time, that a whole day together did nothing but rail upon Pericles in the market place, and reviled him to his face, with all the villainous words he could use. But Pericles put all up quietly, and gave him not a word again . . . shewing no alteration nor semblance of trouble at all, though this lewd varlet followed him at the heels, with words of open defamation. . . . Yet the poet Ion saith, that Pericles was a very proud man, and a stately, and that with his gravity and noble mind, there was mingled a certain scorn and contempt of other.

Doubtless some public men are kept from acrimonious personal controversy by this kind of intellectual haughtiness

ascribed to Pericles. They will not stoop to notice base attacks. There can be no victory to them worth the ignominy of bandying epithets with a mere master of flouts and gibes. Even if they are sure of throwing a chimney-sweep in a wrestle with him, they know that they could not emerge from the struggle with unsoiled linen. So they are best content to answer never a word. There is, no doubt, in this attitude something of what George Eliot called "the laughter of the intellect." It is a joy to a certain type of mind to leave ignorance uncorrected and animosity unchastised. Such find a high inner elation in the proud thought expressed in Landor's line:

I strove with none for none was worth the strife.

From all this, to the practice and motives of the ordinary political manager, it is a great step down. Yet we find it true of the manipulators in politics, the chiefs of party machines, the bosses of a city or a State, that they, too, are sometimes long-suffering in dealing with antagonists, and do not always break an enemy on the wheel when they might. This comes partly from cynicism, partly from a scheming policy. Such men do not take their adversaries more seriously than they take themselves. Both are in the same "game." The one up to-day may be down to-morrow. Why be too hard on the unlucky dog that you might beat in public and drive away howling? You may be in the same fix yourself before you know it. Besides, you may any day need him in your business. Indeed, bosses are all the time growing flowers over the party-wall. To indulge in rancor is too expensive for them. Inter-machine friendships and favors are notorious. Why not? Ostensible opponents now, who can tell how soon they may not be working side by side? A boss cannot afford undying enmities. Live and let live is his motto. Hence the frequency with which a boss will say to a man who has been attacking him unsparingly: "That is all right. I am not so black as you paint me; but never mind. Some day you may want me, and I may need your help, and what you have said of me will not matter then."

In quite another class are the public men who are content to let misrepresentation and aspersions pass, serene in the conviction that history will do them justice. It is one thing to snatch a hasty verdict from the mob in a rough-and-tumble personal controversy. Wholly different is it to await in confidence the considerate judgment of a generation to come. Diaries and documents bequeathed to posterity may sometimes be the very best way of meeting bitter attack. In John Quincy Adams's "Diary" many an enemy was embalmed in the amber of his sober setting down of the facts to whom in his lifetime he disdained to reply. Later examples will occur to those who have read the diaries of Polk and of Secretary Welles. It was understood that President Benjamin Harrison left some carefully prepared documentary material relating to one of his controversies with Mr. Blaine. This he directed was not to be used until long after both were in their graves. The appeal was from the newspaper and the crowd to the historian.

The differing practice of public men in this regard appears to be partly a matter of temperament. Some are polemics by nature. They can no more decline a challenge to combat than they can refrain from winking when dust blows in their eyes. It is a matter of reflex action. We also have to reckon with the class of impetuous and rather violent reformers who are always wanting to rise and hew some Agag in pieces before the Lord. They are not stayed by any cynical reflection that the crop of Agags is inexhaustible, and that one can more profitably exercise his hewing muscles in other ways. Nor are they checked, any more than some of our recent controversialists were, by reflecting that a too great fury of assault injures the man who makes it. When Francisco Pazzi flung himself, dagger in hand, upon Giuliano dei Medici, he severely wounded himself in the mad ferocity of his attack.